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AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR THE PEOPLE.

CONDUCTED BY

J. G. HOLLAND.

FROM MAY, 1877 TO OCT., 1877.

SCRIBNER & CO.

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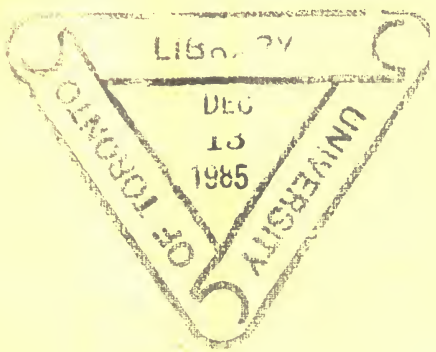

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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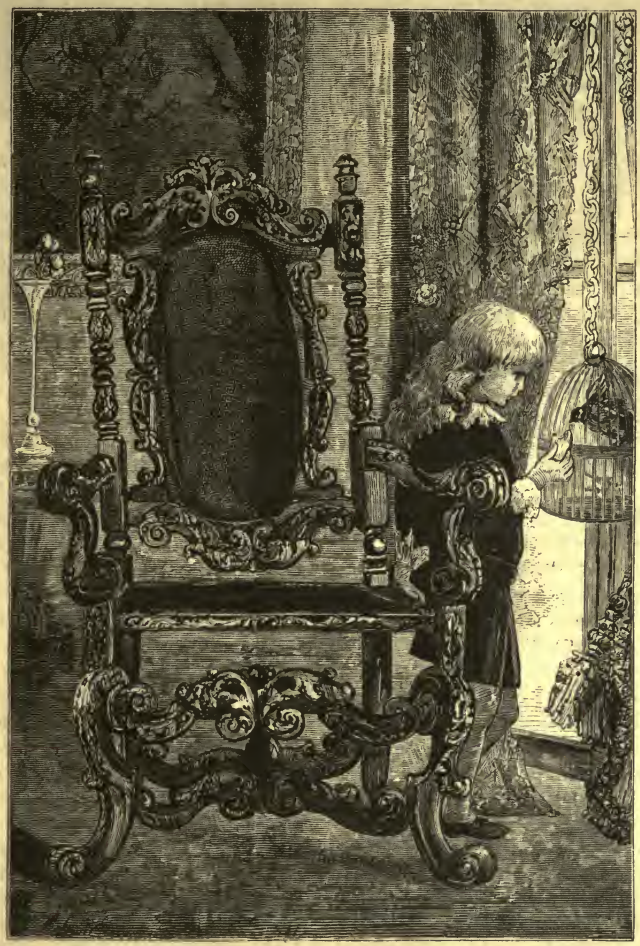
BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. XI.

PLEAS AND REMONSTRANCES.



NO. 1. A JACOBEAN CHAIR.

A WEEK or two ago at a prettily furnished table

"In after dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine,"

chance brought up the name of a poet-philosopher very dear to some Americans who were young thirty years ago, never thought of without a stirring of the heart, mingled of reverence and affection. It seems that in his old age this man, like many another whose work has been a force to help lift his generation up to a higher plane, is not so rich in this world's goods as he would be if all the grateful thoughts that spring up at the mention of his name were coined into gold and poured into his lap. He lives in

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a plain, good house in the country, the windows of which look out upon a modest acre or two of his own; he eats plain fare, and is pleased with what he eats, and cares, no more than the most homespun of his neighbors, for luxuries, or for the things that go for show. His luxuries are the liberal sunshine that streams in at his windows, the Æolian harping of the pine-tree grove that shelters his house, and the peace that dwells within its walls. It happened that some well-to-do people from the city had been visiting the poet's family, and they brought back to town a melancholy report of the condition of things they found there. Would Peek-in street believe it! The poet's table was set out with plain white china (Heaven grant that a closer view might not have found it only earthenware!), and some of it was chipped, and the tumblers were not mates, and the wine-glasses were in such a way that they actually had to be supported by the tumblers! It mattered not that to this plain house, and to its frugal New England table, came the picked society of the world, or that the best people in the land think it an added pleasure to their lives to be of the company. These fine city-people (one wonders how they came there!) saw nothing but the plain living, and found no compensation in the high thinking.

An incident like this might make one ashamed of the time he has given to thinking and writing about "things," if he could not comfort himself with the assurance that there has been nothing in his treatment of the subject, or in the advice he has given, inconsistent with good sense, or with right ways of living. It has been taken for granted that all his readers knew how little furniture, and decorations, and equipage, have to do with happiness or with true largeness of life. Almost all the great men of this world have lived in an absolute independence of things. The shining lights of our own time especially have been remarkable in a luxurious society, for the Spartan simplicity of their surroundings.

We all know of Wordsworth's abstemiousness, and though this were excessive, yet it is of a piece with English habits, and Shelley and Keats, Hunt and Godwin, knew how to be happy and to make others happy, without a parade of "things." It is true that though the list of great men, and of men not great, but who live in the immortality of our affection, who have known "how to do without" is a long one, yet there are others who make a love of "things" respectable, to say the least: Solomon, Plato, Julius Cæsar, Thomas à Becket, Lord Bacon ("a queer list," I think I hear the reader laugh!), will befriend with their example—lovers of luxury, every man of them!—whoever wants an excuse for having two gowns and everything handsome about him, and does not wish to be written down an ass for the same!

What excuse, then, for writing all these pages to tell people how to do what so many good people get along very well without doing, without desiring to do? No excuse at all is needed, for these pages are not written for those who do not want advice, but for those who do, and though plenty of people are well content to go through life without spending money, thought, or time upon superfluities, yet the number is far greater of those who are not content with this wholesale abstinence; who will round the edge of their rough work-a-day world with beauty, or, at least, with taste, and who want better fare than only "to drink the clear stream and nothing eat but pulse;" and we have wished, being of their party ourself, to give them a helping hand.

But, now and again comes a letter or a spoken word that tells us the mark aimed at has not been always hit. Letters like that of the Texan gentlemen, quoted in the March installment of these articles, are not the kind we refer to: that was an unreasonable complaint, because the writer should have known we were not attempting to cater for persons in his case. Indeed it would have been easy to put his complaint in a humorous light. It was somewhat as if a a writer had made an essay on "Flower Gardens," and after giving some hints as to the ordering of them, and adding some pictures of the flowers it would be well to have if you could get them, he should receive a letter saying that the writer didn't like the essay, nor did his neighbor either; for they couldn't see how their cows could get enough to eat in these lily and violet beds, while the thorns of the rose-bushes would infallibly prick their noses. But, here, along with many letters thanking the writer of these articles cordially for what he has tried to do, and asking for advice in sundry plans and difficulties, comes one written evidently by a person of education and refinement complaining very amiably that to people of small means these articles of mine, with the objects pictured, are of

hardly any use. "Will not some one of your contributors," the letter goes on to say, "write for people with small incomes, telling them how to get pretty furniture and furnish their houses with taste, for little money?"

No. 2. FAYENCE WATER-COOLER.

Now, we can assure this correspondent that no contributor, however desirous to do what is wanted of him, can accomplish the task—not for want of literary skill, nor for want of sympathy with people of small means, but because all the conditions of the furnishing market are against us. People may dress on a little money, and may set a good table on a little money; but unless they give a great deal more time to it than they ought to be able to afford, they cannot, here in America, furnish their houses elegantly and individually on a little money. Now and then one can find in an old country-house, or at auction, a piece of furniture, a chair, a table, a sideboard, which he gets at a bargain; but, to get a roomful, a houseful, of good furniture, and get it for a song, so rarely happens that the hope of it need not be entertained. I know of one house which is almost entirely furnished with old American (or English) and old Dutch furniture, but it is one house picked out of ten thousand. It belongs to a deservedly prosperous artist, and the collecting this furniture has been the amusement of stray hours for many a year. The old Dutch furniture, remarkable for its richness and for its condition, was bought in Holland while its owner was a student there; and, handsome as it is, it cost but little money, partly because at that time nobody cared for such pieces, and partly because it was bought from poor people who did not know its artistic value. The owner told me that one of the largest and handsomest of his cabinets belonged to a poor family living in a room with no floor but the earth. The cabinet was probably the last relic of their better days, or was a fixture of the old house itself,—all that was left of a houseful of such furniture; but to those who owned it now it was only a big cupboard much too large for anything they had to put in it, and so they gladly saw it changed into a handful of hard cash. As our student was going to Italy in a few days, however, he was obliged to leave his cabinet behind him, and when he returned he found it waiting for him where it had stood for many a long year (perhaps ever since it was first made), and he then transported it to New York with the other pieces he had collected. To-day, at Sypher's and at Pottier & Stymus's there are six or eight pieces of this same style of furniture, any one of which costs more than all the pieces our young student brought home with him, put together. The specimens of American, or old English, furniture that he has in his town-house, and with which his country-house is furnished throughout, were all collected from the farm-houses of the region round his country-house, and they were all bought for far less than must have been paid for ordinary modern furniture such as is sold in the wholesale establishments of Canal street and the Bowery.

The only use there is in citing such a case as this is to show what has been done, and to suggest what may be done by another. But nothing can be done by any one who does not care enough for the matter to take a good deal of trouble to get what he wants; and to those who insist so warmly that a house cannot be made pretty and attractive without money, I venture to insist as warmly that money is the least important element in the business! Taste and contrivance are of far more importance than money; and of all the attractive houses that it has been my good fortune to see, by far the greater number have owed their attractiveness to the taste and to the ingenuity of their owners rather than to their long purses. A person with no need to think about the cost of anything may go into Cottier's rooms and buy and order right and left, and give the house commission to decorate and furnish,

and upholster, and fill his cabinets with "old blue," and never spare for cost, and when all is done, nobody who comes to visit him shall say, "How beautiful this is! How interesting! What taste you have!" but only, "Oh, then, I see Cottier has been with you!" There has simply been a transfer of goods from one show-place to another.

The truth is, we are depending too much in these days on furniture and bric-à-brac for the ornament of our houses, and not enough on things more permanently interesting. We ought to seek (at least so it seems to me) the individual expression of ourselves, of our own family life, our own ways of living, thinking, acting, more than the doing as other people are doing, more than the having what other people are having. I am not in for a tilt against fashion; fashionable people may do what they like; 'twere vain to say them nay. They may buy embossed brass coal-scuttles and put them in the middle of their parlor hearths in front of dummy fire-places, neither coal-scuttle nor fire-place ever having been intended to be used; they may put china cats nursing their kittens on their satin sofas, and enjoy their being taken for real ones by old beaus and maiden ladies; they may put artificial flowers in garden-boxes in their windows; they may do anything that comes into their nonsensical pretty heads, and all we shall have to say about it is what old Mrs. G—— said after some stylish girls had been "going on" and "showing off" their new-fangled dress and airs: "How nice it is of 'em to do so, dear!"

No. 3. "OF STUDIE TOKE HE MOSTE CURE AND HEDE."

So when people want to know how they can do as the rich, fashionable people do, and not pay for it what the rich, fashionable people pay, I am lost in wonder, and have no reply. If you have taste, perception, contrivance, and if you really enjoy having tasteful, pretty, beautiful things about you, you will somehow have them; but they will come out of yourself, and will look like you, and not like another. But if you only want to be in the fashion, and to have things that either come from Marcotte's, or Herter's, or Cottier's, or look as if they came from one of these places, you must be content, either to pay the round price for the real things, or to put up with such second-rate copies of them as your small means will buy.

"Oh, yes!" says an objective case; "but you talk about Cottier's, and you publish the most provokingly pretty pictures of elegant and costly things, and you describe them and descant upon them, and *aggravate* us so ['tis a woman, and a young and pretty one, who is talking, else never that pet word of pretty, young American women—a meaningless vocable, their own invention]—*aggravate* us so, that we can't rest till we have tried to get things like them, and then we find they are far too dear; and then when we ask you how to get them cheap, you tell us it can't be done! What makes you show them to us if you know we can't get them? What's the use?"

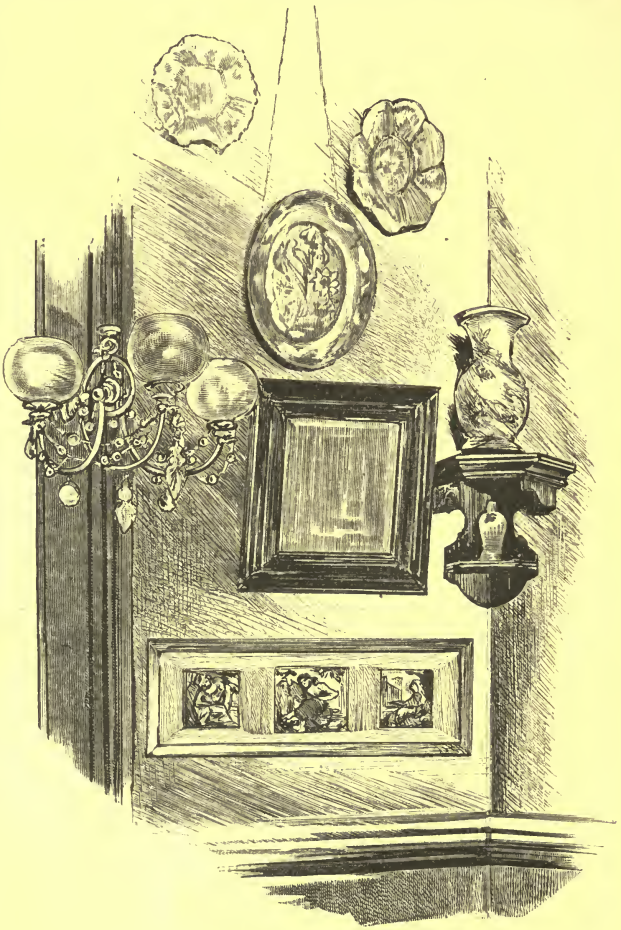
To this tearful indictment, what can we reply? First, it is a fact that many of the things figured in these articles are inexpensive compared with things of the same general, decorative, and elegant character that are to be found in the rich shops. Very many of them belong to people who are not at all rich in this world's goods, and in all those that do not exist, except in the drawings of Messrs. Babb, Inglis, and Sandier, the intention has been to make them as inexpensive as possible. I believe that where people have clubbed together, and had four or five of any one of these pieces made by a country carpenter, they have found they got far more for their money than they could have got by going even to Canal street—I mean that their handsome table or book-case has not cost them as much as a homely, ill-made travesty of the "style" would have cost them.

No doubt many of the designs are of costly pieces, far beyond the reach of any but long purses. But let the reader note that these pieces have always been selected by the writer on account of their elegance and good taste rather than for ornate richness and luxuriousness; and all through this series of articles the aim has been to put before the reader what are believed to be good models, not with the expectation that they would be copied or imitated, nor often holding out the hope that their likes could be had again, but only with the hope that something might be accomplished in improving the general taste. Yet even of this the writer has said as little to himself as possible, for it is no small presumption for any one to think he can help his fellows much, and he is pretty sure, before he gets to the end of his task, to find that he needs help as much as any one.

There is a fortune in store for any one who to-day will supply the public with well-made, well-designed furniture—well-designed both for beauty and use—at cheap rates. It can be done by first getting from competent hands designs that have been thoroughly thought out, reduced to their simplest element, and so planned that they can be made in quantities,—on the same principle that Canal street furniture is made, the difference being in the workmanship and in the design; for it is not only the fact that the Canal street stuff is made by the hundred dozen at a time that makes it cheap. It is because the wood is not seasoned, and because all the parts are put together in the least scientific, "good enough" way. Injustice is often done to what are called "expensive establishments" by our not knowing the cost of making their goods. A chair made by Herter or Marcotte is put together in such a way that only violence can break it, and it can be re-stuffed and re-covered for fifty years, and be as good as new. Now, almost all the furniture made by these houses is made to order; they keep very little material in stock, and even their chairs and sofas, of which they keep more ready made than of the other regulation-pieces, have to be covered to suit individual tastes. Now, let the reader think what is implied in this "making to order." A staff of accomplished draughtsmen has to be employed, and an accomplished draughtsman, if he be a steady, facile workman, is always able to command a good salary. Then, the best workmen that are to be had are kept all the year round on good wages; and, lastly, only the best materials are used, and for covering and the like, the fashion must be not only kept pace with, but wealthy paying custom depends on its being also a little antedated. I do not speak now of rents and the salaries of employés, but merely of the necessary expenses of producing furniture. We must remember, too, that rich buyers do not want their orders repeated for other customers, nor do they want things that other people have; and to make one piece of furniture alone is more expensive than to make six pieces alike. Does a man whose shoes have to be made for him exclusively, so that every projecting joint shall live at ease on its own corner lot, expect to pay no more than the boy who can slip his well-shaped foot into the first shoe of his size that is presented?

Miss Maria R. Oakey has drawn for us, this month, a handsome chair of carved oak, such as is occasionally to be found on the

other side the water, and when found ought by all means to be purchased if possible. These chairs have the double advantage that they are both handsome and comfortable, and that they are well made is proved by the way they have stood their century or two of wear-and-tear. When we are looking at this Jacobean furniture, or at the earlier French furniture of the time of Louis XIII. or Henri II. of France which compensated for inferior richness by its stately elegance and its artistic reserve, we debate a little with ourselves whether our furniture of to-day does not err a little on the side of austerity, or whether when sumptuous, as of course it often is, it does not owe its sumptuousness too much to stuffs and extrinsic ornaments, too little to its design. The study of the work of former times, so much in vogue to-day, whatever it may be doing for our higher art (and its usefulness in this regard may reasonably be questioned) is putting off indefinitely the day when we shall have originality in our own manufactures. The furniture designed to-day, where it reproduces the forms of the last two hundred years,—such forms at least in which carving did not play an important part,—is often very handsome, but when the designer is thrown upon his own resources, he rarely comes out well. You may go through one furniture establishment after another and not find a sideboard, a bookcase, a bedstead, a writing-desk, that is well designed, hardly one that is designed at all. I am speaking now of the ordinary places into which we all of us go when we want to economize. I am not thinking of the Marcottes, the Herters, the Cottiers—because in these places we do often see pieces the design of which has been carefully thought out, and which show some independence, though even in these places there is far less individuality to be found than there would be if the society their proprietors cater for were not so fond of walking in ruts. But, besides that we have to admit in the face of all the evidence, that the designing faculty is not very active in this age, we weaken what we have of designing faculty, by perpetually and persistently copying the designs of those who have gone before us. Those earlier times were as profuse in design as ours are poor, and we go on robbing them, without in the least diminishing the supply. In France, in Germany and in Italy, the workmen have attained great skill in reproducing the design of the Renaissance time, but this is mere copyism; when they attempt to originate, they are, artistically, little above London or New York.



No. 4. ODDS AND ENDS.

We have, therefore, in our poverty of the artistic faculty, thrown ourselves on bareness or simplicity, as we like to call it, and, in default of the power to carve and to produce luxuriant forms, we have covered up our nakedness with a world of bric-à-brac. For closed cabinets, rich in architectural forms and sculptures, caryatides and panels, we have *étagères*, mere assemblages of shelves,

with no beauty in themselves, and meant to pass unnoticed in the beauty or curiousness of the multitude of objects that fill them. We make no more tapestry, and we try to persuade ourselves that wall-paper can take the place of that mode of decoration with its entertaining individuality. We have but little art in our day that would have been called art in the great days, and, in our own country, hardly any art at all that is reckoned such, outside of our own boundaries. At any rate, if the statement be quarreled with, we must admit that we have no painting or sculpture that can fairly be called "decorative," and we never shall have, until our artists get down from their high-horses and condescend ("condescend!" Hear the word, spirits of Giotto and Raphael, of Veronese, and Titian, and Tintoret!) to paint our walls for us, nor think it enough to sell us their little squares of paint at killing prices —the frames not included!

Cut No. 2 shows a book-case fitted into the space between the mantel-piece and the window of a small room, the problem to be solved having been to accommodate both the book-shelves and a large working-table against the same wall space. This was partly for the sake of convenience, that the owner might have his books of reference within easy reach, and partly from necessity, since the room was not large enough, or the wall space not skillfully enough divided to permit the book-case to be in one place, and the table in another. The table was about five feet long, the space between the chimney-pier and the wall a little short of six feet, and it was desired to get all the good possible out of this space. I may note, in passing, that the artist who has made the drawing of this subject has placed the window at the student's right hand instead of at his left hand, so that the light comes wrong. Of course, in reading or in writing, as well as in drawing, the light should come from the left hand, both for the sake of his eyes and for comfort, and our student would never have taken the pains he did to rig up this corner, unless he could have started with the necessary condition of "light from the left hand" fulfilled.

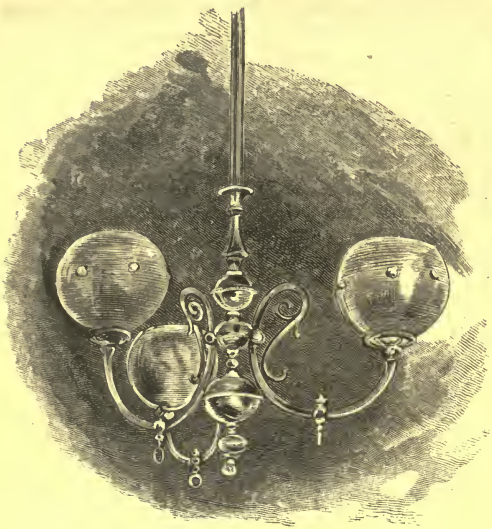
Against the chimney-breast, then, and against the wall at the window end of the space to be filled, uprights were planted, solid planks of pine, chamfered on their front edges and projecting three inches farther in the lower part than in the upper. This was partly for more stability and partly because deeper shelving was needed below for bigger books. These uprights were not fastened either to the chimey-pier or to the wall. They were held in their place by the shelving. But, as six feet is too wide a space for a shelf that is to support books to span, a third upright was placed at a point that permitted the table to be set against the wall between it and the one that was placed against the chimney. The narrower space thus inclosed was filled with shelves that went down to the floor,—five shelves in all, adjustable by grooves in the upright at various heights to suit, and useful for dictionaries and folios. Over the table are three shelves (and the table itself, pushed well back against the wall, makes a fourth shelf), and these, having a span of five feet, and dividing between them a height of about three feet, accommodate a goodly number of books, such as are in constant use by the owner for reference in his tasks. It may be added that these shelves are made thicker than would commonly be thought necessary (the lower one is of two-inch stuff, and the upper one of inch and a quarter); but a shelf that sags with its load of books is a disagreeable, and even a dangerous thing, and it was thought best to err on the side of safety. Besides, by molding the front edges of the shelves they lose any offensive look of too great stoutness.

The room in which these shelves are placed is a low one, but yet there is space between the ceiling and the top of the case for casts of the "Night" and "Morning" of Michael Angelo, but Mr. Lathrop remembered, perhaps, that these casts had been introduced into another book-case arrangement figured in these articles, and so made our student a fencer, and gave him foils and masks and gloves for his book-case. For the sake of picturesqueness, too, he has half emptied the well-filled shelves.

Before leaving this drawing, I would say a word or two about the table. It is made on a good plan and after twenty years of constant service, is no whit the worse for wear. The supports are two thick planks with the edges cut and chamfered (inartistically done, in the owner's salad days) and stayed by four braces, two below which make an excellent rest for large books, and two above which give a solid rest for the thick table-top. In case of need this table comes to pieces; the top is lifted off, and the braces are drawn out from the supports. When put together, it is as steady a table as can be desired. In the hands of a good

designer such a table can be made handsome as well as useful.

Of the remaining drawings of this article



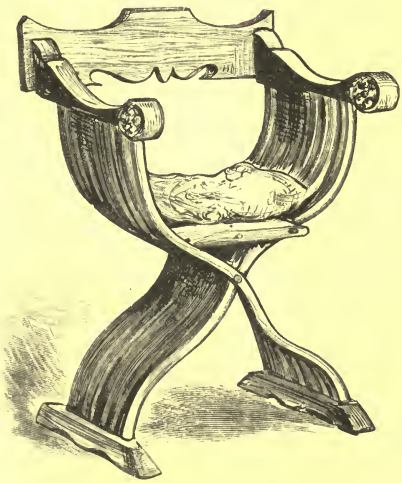
No. 5. EASY LINES.

Cut No. 5 is a gasalier for the center of a room, and No. 4, a bracket gasalier, with a small corner shelf, a mirror in a frame of ebonized wood, and a long frame containing three drawings. In this latter cut there are also shown some plates suspended on the wall, but there is here no attempt at combination; the objects are shown as they happened to be chance-assembled on the walls of the Messrs. Cottier's delightful show-room. Cut No. 2 is another of the "cisterns" of which mention was made in a former article.

Cut No. 6 is a drawing of a folding-chair of a sort common in Italy in the sixteenth century. Their use spread over Europe, and references to them as joint-stools are common with the Elizabethan writers. The model from which this drawing was made is in the Boston Art Museum in the Lawrence Room. It is No. 10 of the catalogue, and is ascribed to the fourteenth century. In Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence" is a wood-cut of Savanarola's cell in the convent of San Marco in Florence, and one of these chairs is represented there. They are very comfortable, besides being picturesque, and the sides being formed of many ribs, there is elasticity as well as strength.

As several persons have written to ask the address of the New York merchant who has the Russian wooden bowls for sale, I have inquired and found that it is Mr. W. H. Ropes, Jr., 70 Wall street.

These scattering articles are brought to an end with the present one, and they are expected presently to appear transformed into a book with, if not entirely new scenery, dresses and appointment, at least more order of arrangement, and some new matter.



No. 6. "I TOOK YOU FOR A JOINT-STOOL.

SMITH COLLEGE.

FRONT VIEW OF SMITH COLLEGE AND PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

At the close of the last century, Mary Somerville was stealthily procuring mathematical books and studying them by night to escape the censure and disgrace which might be expected if her occupation were known. Since that time a marvelous change has taken place, not merely in the popular estimate of the value of knowledge to woman, but in the facilities offered her for acquiring it. No feature, in fact, of the present century seems more remarkable than the number of private schools, academies and colleges, which have sprung up during the past fifty years for the higher education of woman. Most of them, it must be confessed, are inferior both in scholarship and educational appliances to our best secondary schools for young men; they are none the less interesting as indicating a great social revolution,—a growing conviction that mind in either sex is worthy of the highest culture. Any one, also, who has watched the progress of this new movement can readily perceive a steady improvement in the character of the instruction given in some of these schools.

Within a few years two or three female colleges have been started, which, in the idea of culture they represent and the means they possess of realizing it, will not compare unfavorably with those which have been established for men. The one which, perhaps, in its endowment, methods, and studies bears the closest analogy to the American college, and also exhibits in its social and domestic arrangements the widest departure from prevailing traditions, is Smith College, recently located at Northampton, Mass.

It is an interesting fact, connected with the origin and design of this institution, that it was founded by a woman. Hitherto, rich women have given very little for the education of their sex. They have contributed liberally for other objects. Reform-schools, hospitals, mission enterprises, have found in them liberal patrons. True to popular sympathies, they have been more ready to aid any direct effort to alleviate suffering or to prevent vice than to promote knowledge. When they have been keen-sighted enough to perceive that knowledge is often the shortest route to popular prosperity, they have been inclined to give it to men rather than to their own sex. Male colleges have often received substantial aid from women, who acquiesced readily in the notion that the fruit of the tree of knowledge was for man alone.

The women who have been our foremost champions of the higher education of their sex have generally been poor teachers who

have felt in their own experience the value of knowledge, and have generously done what they could to give it to others. The liberal and progressive idea which Smith College embodies was conceived by a New England woman, Miss Sophia Smith.

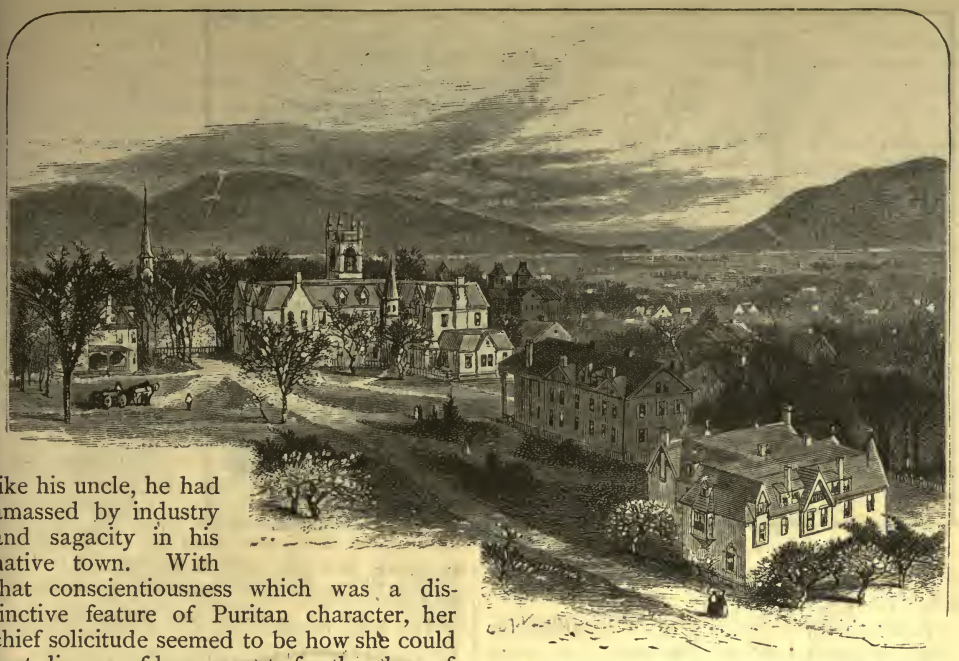
Miss Smith was born in Hatfield, Mass., August 27, 1796, where she spent the greater part of her life. The family was not conspicuous in church or state; but it furnishes some of the best illustrations of New England character and success. Her grandfather—born in Hatfield—was a commissioned officer of the common wealth during the French and Indian wars, and his six sons also became prominent and substantial citizens of Hatfield. All of them were noted for their thrift and industry. New Englanders would call them "forehanded." One of them, Oliver Smith, never married, but amassed a large fortune and bequeathed it to establish the Smith Charities—a unique system of benevolence, now holding over a million of dollars, and distinguished especially for the inducements it offers to matrimony in the form of liberal marriage portions for worthy young men and women. It is a noticeable fact that the large fortunes which were acquired by the members of this family were mainly devoted to provide for others the peculiar blessings which the donors themselves had never enjoyed.

Though Miss Smith lived in a family and community by no means devoid of intelligence, yet she shared with her generation in those deprivations which arose from the scantiness of the provision for the education of women. Her intellectual advantages were very limited, and she received little instruction beyond what the primary schools of her native town afforded. Though she faithfully improved all her opportunities for gaining knowledge, and in later life became a great reader, yet, in her youth, she knew little of books except the Bible. Her knowledge of arts was confined principally to those which were considered essential to a good housewife. The scenes and pursuits common to any quiet country village were the chief educating forces of her life. One who knew her well says of her: "She was a woman of discriminating, comprehensive mind; no fickleness, no visions, no vagaries; firm and decided in her natural and her Christian character, yet full of charity and good-will toward all. There was not a particle of bigotry or sectarianism about her."

There was little, however, it must be confessed, either in herself or her surroundings, which would seem prolific of great enterprises. Her father was not rich like his brother Oliver, and at his death, left the greater portion of his property to his two sons, according to a prevailing custom; but he gave enough to his two daughters to maintain them, with close economy, in respectable circumstances After her sister's death, Miss Smith continued to live alone in the old homestead. When she was forty she became quite deaf, and that infirmity tended to make her life still more isolated; yet personal deprivation seemed to quicken rather than to deaden her benevolent impulses, and her simple and unostentatious life was ennobled by many plans and endeavors for the good of others.

MISS SOPHIA SMITH.

At the age of sixty-five, very unexpectedly to herself, her unmarried brother Austin bequeathed to her a large fortune, which,



SMITH COLLEGE AND NORTHAMPTON, WITH MOUNTS HOLYOKE AND TOM IN THE DISTANCE.

like his uncle, he had amassed by industry and sagacity in his native town. With that conscientiousness which was a distinctive feature of Puritan character, her chief solicitude seemed to be how she could best dispose of her property for the glory of God and the good of man.

Fortunately, her confidential adviser at this period was her pastor, the Rev. John M. Green, a cultivated gentleman, whose broad views and scholarly attainments were of great assistance. With his aid, she wrought out a scheme for the higher education of woman, which, for its faith in female capacity, and its broad and liberal provisions, marks an era in our educational history. When she was fully satisfied of the wisdom of her plans, she bequeathed the great bulk of her property for their realization; not forgetting, however, her native town, to which she left seventy-five thousand dollars for the endowment of a secondary school.

There is a good deal that is heroic in the spectacle of this lonely woman, shut out in a great measure by her infirmity and secluded life from so many human interests and pleasures, quietly elaborating a plan by which she could broaden and enrich the lives of multitudes of her sex, and give increased dignity and power to woman in the generations to come.

> "Others shall sing the song,
> Others shall right the wrong,
> Finish what I begin,
> And all I fail of, win."

In her will, Miss Smith defines the object of the college to be, "the establishment and maintenance of an institution for the higher education of young women, with the design to furnish them means and facilities for education equal to those which are afforded in our colleges to young men."

With the sagacity and unselfish foresight which marked her decisions, Miss Smith determined not to make the college merely subsidiary to her native town, but selected for its location Northampton, that famous old town whose beauties have often been remarked, and which one of our poets thus describes:

> "Queen-village of the meads,
> Fronting the sunrise and in beauty throned,
> With jeweled homes around her lifted brow,
> And coronal of ancient forest trees—
> Northampton sits, and rules her pleasant realm."

In addition to its remarkable natural attractions, Northampton has peculiar advantages as a location for such a college. Grouped about it, within short distance, are Amherst College, the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Mount Holyoke Seminary, and Williston Seminary. Through the proximity of these different literary institutions, their extensive art and scientific collections, libraries, and other educational resources may be so combined and practically used as to secure many of the advantages of a large and well-endowed university without

INTERIOR OF STUDY-ROOM.

destroying the individuality and efficacy of a truly collegiate training.

After this wise choice of a location for the college, Miss Smith finished her work by appointing a board of trustees to execute the provisions of her will. These she selected with great care, endeavoring to bring together a body of men, who by their experience and skill in educational and practical affairs should be able successfully to realize her ideal in the organization of the new college. Soon after these arrangements were perfected, Miss Smith quietly passed to her rest, June 12, 1870, aged seventy-four years.

The following year Smith College received its charter with full powers "to grant such honorary testimonials, and confer such honors, degrees and diplomas, as are granted or conferred by any university, college, or seminary in the United States." This was the first charter of the kind ever issued by the commonwealth of Massachusetts to an institution for the education of women.

In 1873 Rev. L. Clark Seelye, D. D., at that time Professor in Amherst, was elected President of Smith College. After a careful inspection of the principal educational institutions in this country and in Europe, and consultation with leading educators and architects, he reported to the trustees plans for building, and courses of study, which were adopted. In the erection of the buildings, his constant and wise supervision, together with the suggestions of a fine artistic taste, aided greatly in producing the happy combination of elegance with fitness for practical uses which mark their construction; while the preparation of the curriculum bears an equally strong impress of broad and liberal ideas as to what a thorough education for women should comprise.

Perhaps we cannot indicate more clearly the character of the intellectual culture which this college is designed to furnish, than by giving a few quotations from President Seelye's inaugural address.

He thus emphasizes the fact that Smith College is not to be a preparatory school, or to be encumbered with one.

"I believe this is the only female college that insists upon substantially the same requisites for admission which have been found practicable and essential in male colleges. * * * * * Long experience has already taught male colleges the necessity if they would be true to their ideal, of insisting upon thorough preparation for their work. We do not see how female colleges can be exempt from this necessity, if they are to give young women similar advantages. Women, they say, jump to conclusions; but can they jump over grammars, spelling-books, arithmetics, and geometries, and begin, on an equal footing with our best gifted sex, the study of the higher branches of literature and science? If the female intellect be subject to the ordinary laws which control the acquisition of knowledge, then it must have the lower before it can receive the higher education. * * * * * * Let the requirements for admission be determined, not by the number of the students desired, but by the demands of the highest intellectual culture, and you have done much to put an end to the lack of system and many of the shams which have been the bane of female education.

"It has been the custom in most female colleges to combine preparatory and collegiate work. This may at times be necessary; but there are obvious disadvantages in this plan * * * * Children of either sex, at the age when their preparatory collegiate work should commence, are in special want of parental influence and care. Where the lack of good schools necessitates their absence from home, they need, we think, an institution differently constituted from a college. They require greater restraints and more personal supervision. It is difficult to wisely adjust the requirements of one institution to the varied ages and capacities of preparatory and collegiate classes. The regulations which are beneficial to the one are injurious to the

other. The greater number of preparatory students are apt to tax disproportionately the energies of the teachers, and the advanced scholars suffer in consequence of it. Great as are the objections on the score of government and personal care, there is a still greater objection to the plan in its effect on the popular estimate of a higher education. It directly fosters the notion that the name of culture is sufficient. Young people, who are apt to be easily satisfied with the semblance of things, frequently feel that a few months of preparatory work in a college are sufficient, and retire to enjoy their honors."

Referring to the fact that Smith College gives to the classics and mathematics that prominence they long have had in the higher mental culture, President Seelye maintains that their place in a college curriculum is not due to chance or custom, but to a true philosophy of the growth of the human intellect.

"A college, as I understand it, aims to educate by giving a student the freest access to the best thought of the best minds. It seeks to make one familiar, not merely with that portion of the human intellect which is represented in the comparatively narrow range of popular thought and tradition, but with the growth of the human intellect as a whole. * * * * If this be its proper aim, I do not see how a college can eliminate or materially abridge the study of the classics. For the languages of no other peoples have had so potent an influence in developing the human mind, or can interpret for us so clearly the varied stages of its growth."

As great objection has frequently been made to the study of Greek in female colleges, and as it is not required for admission to any other, President Seelye devotes considerable space in his address to show its historic connection with the growth of our civilization. He closes his argument thus:

"I will not now insist upon that mental discipline which the mere study of the Grecian language is so well calculated to impart; upon the advantage which it has in a system of education from having so many appliances in the dictionaries, grammars, and commentaries which ingenious and able instructors have given, so that a study of Greek brings us into communion with the best scholarship, and the acutest intellects of all European countries; nor will I insist upon the testimony which comes from the great majority of the ablest educators, that the youth who have passed through classic studies make greater progress in all others than those who have had no classic training; upon the fact that the men most eminent in literature and art have been trained under classic influences; all these, and many other arguments for classic study, I pass by unnoticed. I would simply justify its place in our college curriculum upon the relation which it has had and ever must have to the growth of the human intellect. On this ground alone I maintain it must always be a prominent study in any institution which seeks to give the most extensive acquaintance with mind. We grant that Greek has often been taught so that the time of the student has been wasted, and the intellect deadened rather than quickened; we grant that there has been a tendency to grammatical analysis in classic study and to wearisome exercises, as irksome as they are useless; we grant that classic study has not infrequently been made the end, instead of the means of a higher education. Let us have less grammar and more Greek; less writing Greek verse and more study of Greek poetry; but let us not in our higher institutions of learning give up the study of that language which more speedily and effectually than any other ushers us into the best thinking of the ages."

In thus advocating classical study, the importance of the modern languages is also recognized.

"* * * While, however, we lay much stress upon the study of the classics, we are by no means disposed to give up the modern languages. Indeed, we should consider ourselves justified in holding fast to the classics on account of the facility which they give us in mastering other tongues. Through Athens and Rome is still the shortest route to German, French, or English thought; and as two ancient languages more than any other acquaint us with the human mind, so there are two modern languages, aside from our own, which stand in a similar relation. In German and French we find the best thinking which any foreign literature of modern origin can offer us. These languages, therefore, enter appropriately into our curriculum. * * * Neither do we propose to leave young ladies in ignorance of their own language and literature for the sake of making them accomplished classic, or German, or French, scholars. * * * * Know English by all means! But that knowledge is being gained most effectually by every translation which we make from other languages, by all the insight which we gain into the meaning of those words from which so many of our own are derived, by all the light which is thrown upon the origin and construction of our speech. The English must necessarily be the study of life. It is therefore the more important, while we are in a state of pupilage, to make us acquainted with those aids to its study which are to be found in foreign languages, and which we can learn more readily from accomplished teachers. In addition to these aids, however, we

VIEW FROM LAKE PARADISE (MT. HOLYOKE IN THE DISTANCE).

propose to give greater attention to the direct study of English than is given in many of our male colleges; special studies will be given in its literature; the student will be made familiar with its masterpieces and its origin, and appropriate exercises devised to give both a clearer understanding and a better expression of thought in our native tongue."

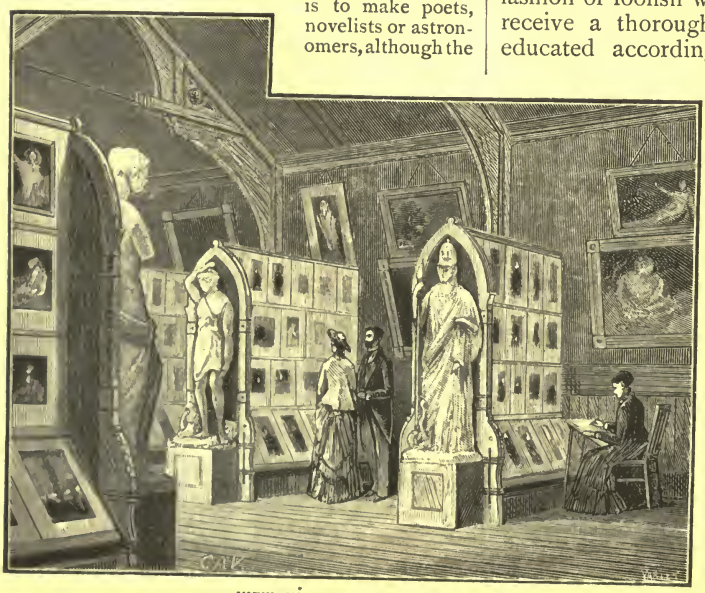
Mathematical study for young women is thus defended:

"What classic study is to literature, mathematical is to scientific. As it is impossible to thoroughly understand the mind in books without the one, so it is impossible to understand the mind in nature without the other.

"It would, indeed, be easy enough to show the increasing importance of mathematics to practical life; the assistance it gives the sailor and the engineer; our indebtedness to it for the most highly prized comforts of our civilization. But it is not for its practical utility that I advocate its place in the higher education. That utility, indeed, is due to the study which had no thought of practical results. Nor does it owe its place to its importance as a mental discipline, although the testimony of many generations of educators bears witness to its value as an intellectual exercise. Rather would I justify the prominence of mathematics in the higher education, because it is the study, above all others, which gives us a knowledge of the mind in nature. To it, more than to any other source, we are indebted for what we know of physical sciences."

In contending for these distinctive features of a college course, President Seelye does not ignore the claims of the fine arts:

"A college, if it be true to its character, can make no department of knowledge a specialty. It is not a school to make musicians, painters, or sculptors, any more than it is to make poets, novelists or astronomers, although the training which it gives may be better fitted than any other for future eminence in any of these professions. * * * In the fine arts, as in literature and science, the college should simply aim to give that broad and thorough acquaintance with mind which is in itself the best preparation for special work in any calling. If this be its aim, however, it cannot be true to its character and ignore art. Too many of the grandest creations of the human intellect are embodied in the fine arts to remain unnoticed by an institution which seeks the highest mental culture. * * * If our higher schools are to fulfill their mission, they must see to it that no unusual artistic gift be impoverished from lacking the nutriment of that broad and generous thinking on which alone it can grow to its greatest strength and beauty. * * * The college should have its gallery of art, where the student may be made directly familiar with the famous masterpieces; it should have facilities for musical culture in good instructors and instruments. Lectures, models, and special exercises should keep alive and develop the æsthetic faculties."



VIEW IN THE ART GALLERY.

Those who appreciate the relations of collegiate studies to the great circle of knowledge and to the human intellect, will perceive at once, from the ideas which this address expresses, how great an advance in the education of women Smith College marks.

Assuming that there is one true philosophy of mind wherever it exists, the course of study is arranged as far as possible on a philosophic basis rather than upon one of accommodation to any imagined deficiencies of women. The position is firmly taken, that the studies of women have long enough been appointed at hap-hazard, according to fashion or foolish whim, and that if she is to receive a thorough culture, she must be educated according to those laws which control all rational beings. It is maintained that those studies which have taken their place in the higher education of man, because philosophy and experience alike show them to be the surest and most expeditious means to reach the greatest intelligence, are just as valuable to woman in her efforts to attain the same completeness of mental development.

Smith College stands alone in this position, and is the only institution for women that insists upon substan-

tially the same requisites for admission as are required from young men in their best colleges, and that has also provided a course of study equally broad and complete.

At the same time, it does not insist upon a cast-iron course, either in language or science. After the first year, three elective parallel courses are arranged, called respectively: classical, literary, and scientific, which afford ample opportunity to individuals to indulge their respective aptitudes. Enough studies, however, are common to each of these courses to insure that all shall have the essentials of a liberal culture. Those whose tastes lead them especially to scientific studies are still required to have some knowledge of the humanities, and those who are more inclined to the humanities are expected, also, to have some notion of natural laws and forces.

STAIRCASE IN MAIN BUILDING.

Smith College does not, however, restrict its advantages to those who may desire to take all of its regular studies. No student can receive the degree of the college who has not passed through the prescribed course; but in case a young lady wishes to pursue a special line of study, she is allowed to do so, provided she is sufficiently mature and well prepared to enter any of the regular classes in those branches which she desires to prosecute. No instruction is given, however, by the college, to any one in a lower grade of study than that embraced in its curriculum.

While the course of study is thus arranged according to a philosophy of the intellect as intellect, it is not forgotten that it is a woman's college. The students are not treated as if they were simply intellect or as if they were men. Regard is had to womanhood, and the mode of life and buildings are adapted to woman's wants and capacities. An effort is made, also, to educate her social faculties, and to preserve and increase the refinement and grace which have ever been considered essential to a cultured woman. Miss Smith says in her will: "I would have the education suited to the mental and physical wants of women. It is not my design to render my sex any the less feminine, but to develop as fully as may be the powers of womanhood."

To carry out this wish of the founder, the trustees determined to inaugurate a new departure with reference to college buildings. Instead of the immense caravansaries, four or five stories high, in which are gathered recitation-rooms, kitchen, dining, and sleeping rooms, it was determined, in order to realize both an academic and a home life, to erect one central building for strictly collegiate purposes, and to group around it smaller dwelling-houses which should furnish homes for the students. These residences were to accommodate about twenty-five students, and at the head of each household there was to be a lady who should sustain to it a relation similar to that which a lady in an ordinary home holds to her own family. She should preside over it and give direction to its social and domestic life. Each household should form by itself a separate establishment, and yet all should be connected by similar interests and pursuits as a literary community. The lady teachers might also live in these dif-

A RECEPTION IN THE SOCIAL HALL.

ferent families, and by their society and influence contribute to the general welfare and interest. None of the buildings were to be more than two stories and a half high, in order to avoid numerous staircases. These plans have thus far been strictly adhered to, with gratifying results. The beneficial effects of the home-like life are very apparent both in the health and manners of the students. The nervous tension and excitement which must necessarily arise where great numbers are gathered together, and regulations multiplied, are avoided, and the quiet and freedom of a smaller family are secured.

Personal peculiarities can also thus be more satisfactorily studied, and refining influences more successfully exerted. Instead of formal lectures on decorum and social proprieties, the aim is, through the natural daily intercourse of a well ordered family, to develop the best social characteristics.

In these different homes the young ladies receive their friends, enjoy their games and festivities, and their smaller sociables from time to time, while in the larger hall in the college building they also frequently meet, with invited guests, for various entertainments. Instead of being shut up entirely to their own society, they are thus made acquainted with intelligent and refined people of many different classes. Musical concerts and readings are interspersed to give variety to their life.

The private rooms of the young ladies are designed to suit different tastes. Some of them are for two persons with study and bedroom; some are arranged as single rooms; all are well ventilated and comfortably furnished.

The style of the main collegiate building is secular Gothic. It is built of brick, trimmed with stone, and the interior is elegantly finished in unpainted native woods. On the lower floor are the recitation, reading,

REAR ENTRANCE OF COLLEGE BUILDING.

and dressing rooms. A large well-furnished laboratory is finely arranged in a single story, sufficiently disconnected from the main building to prevent any annoyance from gases.

On the second floor there are the large social hall, cabinets, art gallery and art lecture-rooms, and offices. The main rooms of the second story are so arranged that they can all be thrown together whenever it is desirable for literary or social entertainments, and other purposes. The social hall, used also as a chapel, affords a striking combination of elegant architecture and beauty of finish. The art gallery, even unfurnished, would delight the eye of an artist. This gallery is divided into alcoves by an ingenious arrangement of Gothic screens, which are covered with several hundred autotype copies of representative paintings of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German, and Spanish schools. The ends of these screens are finished to form effective backgrounds for casts representing noted statues. There are also oil copies of celebrated paintings of the different schools. The art lecture-room has its walls covered with illustrations of the French school, and an adjoining room is to be devoted to the English school of art.

The college opened in the fall of 1875. That it might create its own traditions and *esprit de corps*, it was determined to receive no students to any advanced classes until these classes had been formed in the regular order of growth. Only one class, therefore, corresponding to the Freshmen in male colleges, was organized the first year. The names Freshman and Sophomore have been discarded, and First and Second Class have been adopted as titles instead, with Junior and Senior for the following years.

Large numbers of applications were received on the opening of the college, from those who, not fully understanding the requirements for admission, were not sufficiently advanced in their preparation to enter. Fourteen were admitted, and formed the First class. Last year another class of sixteen was formed, so that two regular classes are now in complete working order.

An opportunity for actual comparison of attainments was furnished during the last fall term, when, owing to the illness of the Professor in Latin and Greek, two Professors from Amherst college came daily, for several weeks, to take charge of the classes in those departments. The young ladies were able, without difficulty, to carry on the same amount of work in the same studies as the young men in Amherst, and with a higher average scholarship.

In accordance with the desire of the founder, the college is undenominational, though thoroughly Christian. "Sensible of what the Christian religion has done for my sex," said Miss Smith in her will, "and believing that all education should be for the glory of God and the good of man, I direct that the Holy Scriptures be daily and systematically read and studied in said college; and without giving preference to any sect or denomination, all the education and all the discipline shall be pervaded by the spirit of evangelical Christian religion."

Miss Smith directed in her will that not more than one-half of her bequest should be expended in buildings and grounds. The remainder was to be invested as a permanent fund for furnishing teachers, library, and apparatus, and for the general purposes of the institution. The trustees, entering fully into the spirit of this wise direction, have, by judicious management, kept far within the limits allowed them. Indeed, the sums required for the erection of the buildings and the current expenses of the college have been drawn thus far from the income of the property, without encroaching upon the original endowment. The amount which the college received from Miss Smith's estate in 1871 was $387,468. To this was added $25,000 by the town of Northampton, to comply with a condition concerning the location of the college. The estimated value, at present, of the productive funds of the college and real estate, is $525,000. The college is thus enabled to offer to rich and poor alike, a superior education, at a sum far below its actual cost. It is also enabled to offer scholarships of $100, annually, to any one who needs assistance. It is hoped that this ability may be greatly increased by additional contributions.

Those who are watching with some anxiety to see what will be the effect of this higher education for women upon the health of the students, will be glad to know that the experience of Smith College has been most encouraging in this respect; and that the majority of the students have improved in their physical condition during their connection with the college. This fact may serve to strengthen the belief of those who are fast coming to regard it as a proved truth, that the mind, employed in healthful study, under careful conditions, exerts an invigorating influence upon the whole being,

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER XXXV.

In the bedroom above the small parlor a fire was burning at midnight, and by this fire Grace was watching. The lamp was turned low and the room was very quiet; a dropping cinder made quite a startling sound. When a moan or a movement of the patient broke the stillness—which was only at rare intervals—the curate rose and went to the bedside. But it was only to look at the sufferer lying upon it, bandaged and unconscious. There was very little he could do. He could follow the instructions given by the medical man before he went away, but these had been few and hurried, and he could only watch with grief in his heart. There was but a chance that his friend's life might be saved. Close attention and unremitting care might rescue him, and to the best of his ability the curate meant to give him both. But he could not help feeling a deep anxiety. His faith in his own skill was not very great, and there were no professional nurses in Riggan.

"It is the care women give that he needs," he said once, standing near the pillow and speaking to himself. "Men cannot do these things well. A mother or a sister might save him."

He went to the window and drew back the curtain to look out upon the night. As he did so, he saw the figure of a woman nearing the house. As she approached, she began to walk more slowly, and when she reached the gate she hesitated, stopped and looked up. In a moment it became evident that she saw him, and was conscious that he saw her. The dim light in the chamber threw his form into strong relief. She raised her hand and made a gesture. He turned away from the window, left the room quietly and went down-stairs. She had not moved, but stood at the gate awaiting him. She spoke to him in a low tone, and he distinguished in its sound a degree of physical exhaustion.

"Yo' saw me," she said. "I thowt yo' did, though I did na think o' yo' bein' at th' winder when I stopped—to—to see th' leet."

"I am glad I saw you," said Grace. "You have been at work among the men who were hurt?"

"Ay," pulling at a bush of evergreen nervously, and scattering the leaves as she spoke. "Theer's scarce a house o' th' common soart i' Riggan as has na trouble in it."

"God help them all!" exclaimed Grace, fervently.

"Have you seen Miss Barholm?" he asked next.

"She wur on th' ground i' ten minnits after th' explosion. She wur in th' village when it happent, an' she drove to th' pit. She's been workin' as hard as ony woman i' Riggan. She saw us go down th' mine, but she did not see us come up. She wur away then wi' a woman as had a lad to be carried home dead. She would ha' come to *him*, but she knowed yo' were wi' him, an' theer wur them as needed her. When th' cages coom up theer wur women as screamed an' held to her, an' throwed theirsens on their knees an' hid their faces i' her dress, an' i' her honds, as if they thowt she could keep th' truth fro' 'em."

Grace trembled in his excitement.

"God bless her! God bless her!" he said, again and again.

"Where is she now?" he asked at length.

"Theer wur a little chap as coom up i' th' last cageful—he wur hurt bad, an' he wur sich a little chap as it went hard wi' him. When th' doctor touched him he screamed an' begged to be let alone, an' she heerd an' went to him, an' knelt down an' quieted him a bit. Th' poor little lad would na let go o' her dress; he held to it fur dear life, an' sobbed an' shivered and begged her to go wi' him an' howd his head on her lap while th' doctor did what mun be done. An' so she went, an' she's wi' him now. He will na live till day-leet, an' he keeps cryin' out for th' lady to stay wi' him."

There was another silence, and then Joan spoke:

"Canna yo' guess what I coom to say?"

He thought he could, and perhaps his glance told her so.

"If I wur a lady," she said, her lips, her hands trembling, "I could na ax yo' what I've made up my moind to; but I'm noan a lady, an' it does na matter. If yo' need some one to help yo' wi' him, will yo' let me ha' th' place? I dunnot ax nowt else but—but to be let do th' hard work."

She ended with a sob. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands, weeping wildly.

"Don't do that," he said, gently. "Come with me. It is you he needs."

He led the way into the house and up the stairs, Joan following him. When they entered the room they went to the bedside.

The injured man lay motionless.

"Is theer loife i' him yet?" asked Joan. "He looks as if theer might na be."

"There is life in him," Grace answered; "and he has been a strong man, so I think we may feel some hope."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE next morning the pony-carriage stopped before the door of the curate's lodgings. When Grace went down-stairs to the parlor, Anice Barholm turned from the window to greet him. The appearance of physical exhaustion he had observed the night before in Joan Lowrie, he saw again in her, but he had never before seen the face which Anice turned toward him.

"I was on the ground yesterday, and saw you go down into the mine," she said. "I had never thought of such courage before."

That was all, but in a second he comprehended that this morning they stood nearer together than they had ever stood before.

"How is the child you were with?" he asked.

"He died an hour ago."

When they went upstairs, Joan was standing by the sick man.

"He's worse than he wur last neet," she said. "An' he'll be worse still. I ha' nursed hurts like these afore. It'll be mony a day afore he'll be better—if th' toime ivver comes."

The rector and Mrs. Barholm, hearing of the accident, and leaving Browton hurriedly to return home, were met by half a dozen different versions on their way to Riggan, and each one was so enthusiastically related that Mr. Barholm's rather dampened interest in his daughter's protégée was fanned again into a brisk flame.

"There must be something in the girl, after all," he said, "if one could only get at it. Something ought to be done for her, really."

Hearing of Grace's share in the transaction, he was simply amazed.

"I think there must be some mistake," he said to his wife. "Grace is not the man—not the man *physically*," straightening his broad shoulders, "to be equal to such a thing."

But the truth of the report forced itself upon him after hearing the story repeated several times before they reached Riggan, and arriving at home, they heard the whole story from Anice.

While Anice was talking, Mr. Barholm began to pace the floor of the room restlessly.

"I wish I had been there," he said. "I would have gone down myself."

"You are a braver man than I took you for," he said to his curate when he saw him,—and he felt sure that he was saying exactly the right thing. "I should scarcely have expected such dashing heroism from you, Grace."

"I hardly regarded it in that light," said the little gentleman, coloring sensitively. "If I had, I should scarcely have expected it of myself."

The fact that Joan Lowrie had engaged herself as nurse to the injured engineer made some gossip among her acquaintances at first, but this soon died out. Thwaite's wife had a practical enough explanation of the case.

"Th' lass wur tired o' pit-work; an' no wonder. She's made up her moind to ha' done wi' it; an' she's a first-rate one to nurse,—strong i' the arms, an' noan sleepy-headed. Happen she'll tak' up wi' it fur a trade. As to it bein' *him* as she meant when she said theer wur a mon as she meant to save, it wur no such thing. Joan Lowrie's noan th' kind o' wench to be runnin' after gentlefolk,—yo' know that yoresens. It's noan o' our business who the mon wur. Happen he's dead; an' whether he's dead or alive, yo'd better leave him a-be, an' her too."

In the sick man's room the time passed monotonously. There were days and nights of heavy slumber or unconsciousness,—restless mutterings and weary tossings to and fro. The face upon the pillow was sometimes white, sometimes flushed with fever; but whatever change came to pass, Death never seemed far away.

Grace lost appetite, and grew thin with protracted anxiety and watching. He would not give up his place even to Anice or Mrs. Barholm, who spent much of their time in the house. He would barely consent to snatch a few minutes' rest in the day-time; in truth, he could not have slept if he would. Joan held to her post unflinchingly. She took even less respite than

Grace. Having almost forced her to leave the room one morning, Anice went down-stairs to find her lying upon the sofa,—her hands clasped under her head, her eyes wide open.

"I conna sleep yet a while," she said. "Dunnot let it trouble yo'. I'm used to it."

Sometimes during the long night Joan felt his hollow eyes following her as she moved about the room, and fixed hungrily upon her when she stood near him.

"Who are you?" he would say. "I have seen you before, and I know your face; but—but I have lost your name. Who are you?"

One night, as she stood upon the hearth, alone in the room,—Grace having gone down-stairs for something,—she was startled by the sound of Derrick's voice falling with a singular distinctness upon the silence.

"Who is it that is standing there?" he said. "Do I know you? Yes—it is——" but before he could finish, the momentary gleam of recognition had passed away, and he had wandered off again into low, disjointed murmurings.

It was always of the mine, or one other anxiety, that he spoke. There was something he must do or say,—some decision he must reach. Must he give up? Could he give up? Perhaps he had better go away,—far away. Yes; he had better go. No,—he could not,—he must wait and think again. He was tired of thinking,—tired of reasoning and arguing with himself. Let it go for a few minutes. Give him just an hour of rest. He was full of pain; he was losing himself, somehow. And then, after a brief silence, he would begin again and go the weary round once more.

"He has had a great deal of mental anxiety of late,—too much responsibility," said the medical man; "and it is going rather against him."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE turning-point was reached at last. One evening, at the close of his usual visit, the doctor said to Grace:

"To-morrow, I think, you will see a marked alteration. I should not be surprised to find on my next visit that his mind had become permanently cleared. The intervals of half consciousness have become lengthened. Unless some entirely unlooked-for change occurs, I feel sure that the worst is over. Give him close attention to-night. Don't let the young woman leave the room."

That night Anice watched with Joan. It was a strange experience through which these two passed together. If Anice had not known the truth before, she would have learned it then. Again and again Derrick went the endless round of his miseries. How must it end? How could it end? What must he do? How black and narrow the passages were! There she was, coming toward him from the other end,—and if the props gave way——! They *were* giving way!—Good God! the light was out, and he was held fast by the mass which had fallen upon him. What must he do about her whom he loved, and who was separated from him by this horrible wall? He was dying, and she would never know what he wanted to tell her. What was it that he wanted to say,—That he loved her,—loved her,—loved her! Could she hear him? He must make her hear him before he died,—"Joan! Joan!"

Thus he raved for hour after hour; and the two sat and listened, often in dead silence; but at last there rose in Joan Lowrie's face a look of such intense and hopeless pain, that Anice spoke.

"Joan! my poor Joan!" she said.

Joan's head sank down upon her hands.

"I mun go away fro' Riggan," she whispered. "I mun go away afore he knows. Theer's no help fur me."

"No help?" repeated Anice after her.

She did not understand.

"Theer's none," said Joan. "Dunnot yo' see as ony place wheer he is con be no place fur me? I thowt—I thowt the trouble wur aw on my side, but it is na. Do yo' think I'd stay an' let him do hissen a wrong?"

Anice wrung her hands together.

"A wrong?" she cried. "Not a wrong, Joan—I cannot let you call it that."

"It would na be nowt else. Am *I* fit wife fur a gentlemon? Nay, my work's done when the danger's ower. If he wakes to know th' leet o' day to-morrow morning, it's done then."

"You do not mean," said Anice, "that you will leave us?"

"I conna stay i' Riggan; I mun go away."

Toward morning Derrick became quieter. He muttered less and less until his voice died away altogether, and he sank into a profound slumber. Grace coming in and finding him sleeping, turned to Joan with a look of intense relief.

"The worst is over," he said; "now we may hope for the best."

"Ay," Joan answered, quietly, "th' worst is ower—fur him."

At last darkness gave way to a faint gray light, and then the gray sky showed long slender streaks of wintry red, gradually widening and deepening until all the east seemed flushed.

"It's mornin'," said Joan, turning from the window to the bed. "I mun gi' him th' drops again."

She was standing near the pillow when the first flood of the sunlight poured in at the window. At this moment Derrick awoke from his sleep to a full recognition of all around him. But the strength of his delirium had died out; his prostration was so utter, that for the moment he had no power to speak and could only look up at the pale face hopelessly. It seemed as if the golden glow of the morning light transfigured it.

"He's awake," Joan said, moving away and speaking to those on the other side of the room. "Will one on yo' pour out th' medicine? My hand's noan steady."

Grace went to the bedside hurriedly.

"Derrick," he said, bending down, "do you know me?"

"Yes," Derrick answered in a faltering whisper, and as he said it the bedroom door closed. Both of them heard it. A shadow fell upon the sick man's face. His eyes met his friend's with a question in them, and the next instant the question put itself into words:

"Who—went out?"

Grace bent lower.

"It was Joan Lowrie."

He closed his eyes and waited a little as if to gain fresh strength. There rose a faint flush upon his hollow cheeks, and his mouth trembled.

"How"—he said next—"how—long?"

"You mean to ask me," said Grace, "how long she has been here?"

A motion of assent.

"She has been here from the first."

He asked no further questions. His eyes closed once more and he lay silent.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JOAN went back to her lodgings at the Thwaites', and left Mrs. Barholm and Anice to fill her place.

Too prostrate to question his nurses, Derrick could only lie with closed eyes helpless and weary. He could not even keep himself awake long enough to work his way to any very clear memories of what had happened. He had so many half recollections to tantalize him. He could remember his last definite sensation,—a terrible shock, flinging him to the ground, a second of pain and horror, and then utter oblivion. Had he awakened one night and seen Joan Lowrie by the dim fire-light and called out to her, and then lost himself? Had he awakened for a second or so again and seen her standing close to his pillow, looking down at him with an agony of dread in her face?

In answer to his question, Grace had told him that she had been with him from the first. How had it happened? This he asked himself again and again, until he grew feverish over it.

"Above all things," he heard the doctor say, "don't let him talk and don't talk to him."

But Grace comprehended something of his mental condition.

"I see by your look that you wish to question me," he said to him. "Have patience for a few days and then I will answer every question you may ask. Try to rest upon that assurance."

There was one question, however, which would not wait. Grace saw it lying in the eager eyes and answered it.

"Joan Lowrie," he said, "has gone home."

Joan's welcome at the Thwaites' house was tumultuous. The children crowded about her, neighbors dropped in, both men and women, wanting to have a word with her. There were few of them who had not met with some loss by the explosion, and there were those among them who had cause to remember the girl's daring.

"How's th' engineer?" they asked. "What do th' doctors say on him?"

"He'll get better," she answered. "They say as he's out o' danger."

"Wur na it him as had his head on yore knee when yo' come up i' th' cage?" said one woman.

Mrs. Thwaite answered for her with some sharpness. They should not gossip about Joan, if she could help it.

"I dunnot suppose as she knowd th' difference betwixt one mon an' another," she said. "It wur na loikely as she'd pick and choose. Let th' lass ha' a bit o' quiet, wenches. Yo' moither her wi' yore talk."

"It's an ill wind as blows nobody good," said Thwaite himself. "Th' explosion has done one thing—it's made th' mesters change their minds. They're i' th' humor to do what th' engineer axed fur, now."

"Ay," said a tired-looking woman, whose poor attempt at mourning told its own story; "but that wunnot bring my mester back."

"Nay," said another, "nor my two lads."

There had been a great deal of muttered discontent among the colliers before the accident, and since its occurrence there had been signs of open rebellion. Then, too, results had proved that the seasonable adoption of Derrick's plan would have saved some lives at least, and, in fact, some future expenditure. Most of the owners, perhaps, felt somewhat remorseful; a few, it is not impossible, experienced nothing more serious than annoyance and embarrassment, but it is certain that there were one or two who were crushed by a sense of personal responsibility for what had occurred.

It was one of these who made the proposition that Derrick's plan be accepted unreservedly, and that the engineer himself should be requested to resume his position and undertake the management of the work. There was some slight demurring at first, but the catastrophe was so recent that its effect had not had time to wear away, and finally the agreement was made.

But at that time Derrick was lying senseless in the bedroom over the parlor, and the deputation from the company could only wait upon Grace, and make an effort at expressing their sympathy.

After Joan's return to her lodgings, she, too, was visited. There was some curiosity felt concerning her. A young and handsome woman, who had taken so remarkable a part in the tragedy, was necessarily an object of interest.

Mr. Barholm was so fluently decided in his opinion that something really ought to be done, that a visit to the heroine of the day was the immediate result. There was only one form the appreciation of a higher for a lower social grade could take, and it was Mr. Barholm who had been, naturally, selected as spokesman. He explained to Joan the nature of the visit. His friends of the Company had heard the story of her remarkable heroism, and had felt that something was due to her—some token of the admiration her conduct had inspired in them. They had agreed that something ought to be done, and they had called this evening to present her with a little testimonial.

The bundle of crisp bank-notes burned the hand of the man who held them, as Joan Lowrie listened to this speech. She stood upright before them, resting one hand upon the back of a chair, but when the bearer of the testimonial in question rose, she made a step forward. There was more of her old self in her gesture than she had shown for months. Her eyes flashed, her face hardened, a sudden red flew to her cheek.

"Put it up," she said. "I wunnot tak' it."

The man who had the money laid it upon the table, as if he were anxious to be rid of it. He was in a glow of anger and shame at the false step they had made.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I see we have made a mistake."

"Ay," she said, "yo' ha' made a mistake. If yo' choose to tak' that an' gi'e it to th' women an' childer as is left to want bread, yo' may do it an' welcome."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE first day Fergus Derrick was allowed to spend an hour in an easy-chair by the fire, he heard the story of his rescue from the lips of his friend, listening to it as he rested against the propping cushions.

"Don't be afraid of exciting me," he had said to Grace. "I have conjectured until I am tired of it. Tell me the whole story. Let me hear the end *now*."

Derrick's breath came quick and short as he listened, and his haggard face flushed. It was not only to his friend he owed his life, but to Joan Lowrie.

"I should like to see her," he said when Grace had finished. "As for you, Grace—well—words are poor things."

"They are very poor things between friends," was Grace's answer; "so let us have none of them. You are on this side of the grave, dear fellow—that is enough."

During the rest of the day Derrick was silent and abstracted, but plainly full of active thought. By night-fall a feverish spot burned upon his cheek, and his pulse had quickened dangerously.

"I must wait," he said to Grace, "and it is hard work."

Just at that time Anice was sitting in her room at the rectory, thinking of Joan also, when there came to her the sound of footsteps in the passage and then a summons to the door.

"You may come in," she said.

But it was not a servant, as she had supposed; it was Joan, with a bundle upon her arm.

"You are going away, Joan?" she said. "To-night?"

"Ay," Joan answered, as she came and stood upon the hearth. "I'm goin' away to-neet."

"You have quite made up your mind?"

"Ay," said Joan. "I mun break loose. I want to get as far fro' th' owd life as I con. I'd loike to forget th' most on it. I'm goin' to-neet, because I dunnot want to be axed questions. If I passed thro' th' town by day-leet, theer's them as ud fret me wi' their talk."

"Have you seen Mr. Grace?" Anice asked.

"No. I shanna ha' th' chance to say good-bye to him. I coom partly to ax yo' to say it fur me."

"Yes, I will say it. I wish there were no need that I should, though. I wish I could keep you."

There was a brief silence, and then Joan knelt on one knee by the fender.

"I ha' bin thinkin' o' Liz," she said. "I thowt I'd ax yo'—if it wur to happen so as she'd drift back here again while I wur away—as yo'd say a kind word to her, an' tell her about th' choild, an' how as I nivver thowt hard on her, an' as th' day nivver wur as I did na pity her fro' th' bottom o' my soul. I'm goin' toward th' south," she said again after a while. "They say as th' south is as different fro' th' north as th' day is fro' th' neet. I ha' money enow to help me on, an' when I stop I shall look fur work."

Anice's face lighted up suddenly.

"To the south!" she said. "Why did I not think of that before. If you go toward the south, there is Ashley-Wold and grandmamma, Mrs. Galloway. I will write to her now, if you will let me," rising to her feet.

"If yo'll gi' me th' letter, I'll tak' it an' thank yo'," said Joan. "If she could help me to work or th' loike, I should be glad enow."

Anice's mother's mother had always been her safest resource in the past, and yet, curiously enough, she had not thought of turning toward her in this case until Joan's words had suggested such a course.

Joan took the letter and put it in the bosom of her dress.

"Theer's no more danger fur *him?*" she said. "Thwaite towd me he wur better."

She spoke questioningly, and Anice answered her.

"Yes, he is out of danger. Joan, what am I to say to him?"

"To say to him!"

She started slightly, but ended with a strained quietness of manner.

"Theer's nowt to say," she added, rising, and preparing to go.

Anice rose also. She held out both her hands, and Joan took them.

"I will go down-stairs with you," said Anice; and they went out together.

When they reached the front door, they kissed each other, and Anice stood in the lighted hall and watched the girl's departure.

"Good-bye!" she said; "and God bless you!"

Early in the morning, Derrick called his friend to his bedside.

"I have had a bad night," he said to him.

"Yes." Grace answered. "It is easy enough to see that."

There was an unnatural sparkle in the hollow eyes, and the flush upon the cheek had not faded away.

Derrick tried to laugh, and moved restlessly upon his pillow.

"So I should imagine," said he. "The fact is—well, you see I have been thinking."

"About——"

"Yes,—yes,—Grace, I cannot wait,—I must hear something. A hundred things might happen. I must at least be sure she is not far away. I shall never regain strength as long as I have not the rest that knowledge will bring me. Will you go to her and take her a few words of gratitude from me?"

"Yes, readily."

"Will you go now?"

"Yes."

Grace would have left the room, but Derrick stretched out his hand and touched him.

"Stay——" he said.

Grace turned to him again.

"You know,"—in the old resolute way,—"you know what I mean the end to be, if it may be?"

"I think I do."

Grace appeared at the rectory very soon afterward, and asked for Miss Barholm. Anice came down into the parlor to meet him at once. She could not help guessing that for some reason or other he had come to speak of Joan, and his first words confirmed her impression.

"I have just left the Thwaites'," he said. "I went there to see Joan Lowrie, and find that she is not there. Mrs. Thwaite told me that she had left Riggan. Is that true?"

"Yes. She went away last night. She came here to bid me good-bye, and leave a farewell message for you."

Grace was both troubled and embarrassed.

"I ——" he faltered. "Do *you* understand it?"

"Yes," Anice answered.

Their eyes met, and she went on:

"You know we have said that it was best that she should break away entirely from the past. She has gone to try if it is possible to do it. She wants another life altogether."

"I do not know what I must do," said Grace. "You say she has gone away, and I—I came to her from Derrick."

"From Mr. Derrick!" Anice exclaimed; and then both relapsed into silence.

It was Anice who spoke first.

"Mamma was going to send some things to Mr. Derrick this morning," she said. "I will have the basket packed and take it myself. If you will let me, I will go with you as soon as I can have the things prepared."

CHAPTER XL.

THE interview between Anice and Derrick was a long one. When, in answer to Derrick's queries, Anice said, "She has gone to Ashley-Wold," Derrick replied:

"Then I shall go to Ashley-Wold also."

Grace had been called out almost immediately after his return to the house; but on his way home Anice met him, and having something to say about the school, he turned toward the rectory with her.

They had not gone far, however, before they were joined by a third party,—Mr. Sammy Craddock, who was wending his way Crownward. Seeing them, Mr. Craddock hesitated for a moment, as if feeling somewhat doubtful; but as they approached him, he pulled off his hat.

"I dunnot know," he said, "after aw, if it would not be as well to ha' a witness. Hope yo're nicely, Miss," affably; "an' th' same to yo', Parson. Would yo'," clearing his throat, "would yo' moind shakin' honds wi' a chap?"

Grace gave him his hand.

"Thank yo', Parson," said "Owd Sammy." "It's th' first toime, yo' know, but it shanna be th' last, if yo' dunnot see owt agen it. Th' truth is, as it's summat as has been on my moind fur some toime,—ivver sence th' accident, i' fact. Pluck's pluck, yo' see, whether yo're fur a mon or agen him. Yo're not mich to look at. Yo' mowt be handsomer, an' yo' mowt be likelier,—yo' mowt easily ha' more muscle, an' yo' dunnot look as if yo' wur loike to be mich i' argyment; but yo're getten a backbone o' yore own,—I'm danged if yo' ha' na."

"I'm much obliged to you, I am sure," said Grace.

"Yo' need na be," answered Sammy, encouragingly. "Yo' need na be. If yo'd getten owt to be obleeged to me fur, I should na ha' so mich to say. Yo' see I'm makin' a soart o' pollygy,—a soart o' pollygy," with evident enjoyment of the word. "An' that's why I said as it mowt be as well to ha' a witness. I wur allus one as set more store by th' state than th' church, an' parsons wur na i' my line, an' happen I ha' ben a bit hard on yo', an' ha' said things as carried weight agen yo' wi' them as valleyed my opinion o' things i' general. An' sin' th' blow-up, I ha' made up my moind as I would na moind tellin' yo' as I wur agoin' to wi'draw my oppysition, sin' it seemit as if I'd made a bit o' a mistake. Yo're neyther knave nor foo', if yo' are a parson. Theer, now! Good-mornin' to yo'!"

And Sammy went on his way enveloped in complacency.

"Noan on 'em con say as I wur na fair," he said, shaking his head as he communed with himself. "I could na ha' done no fairer. He desarved a bit o' commendation, an' I let him ha' it. Be fair wi' a mon, say I, parson or no. An' he is na th' wrong sort, after aw."

He was so well pleased with himself, that he even carried his virtue into The Crown, and diffused it abroad over his pint of sixpenny. He found it not actually unpleasant to display himself as a magnate, who, having made a most natural mistake, had been too independent and "straightforward" to let the matter rest, and consequently had gone to the magnificent length of apologetic explanation.

"I ha' bin havin' a word or so wi' th' little parson," he said. "I ha' ben tellin' him what I thowt o' what he did th' day o' th' blow-up. I changed my moind about th' little chap that day, an' I ha' ben tellin' him so."

"Yo' ha'," in an amazed chorus. "Well, now, that theer *wur* a turn, Sammy."

"Ay, it wur. I'm noan afeard to speak my moind one way or t'other, yo' see. When a mon shows us he's med o' th'

reet cloth, I am na afeard to tell him I loike th' web."

CHAPTER XLI.

Two weeks after Joan left Riggan, she entered the village of Ashley-Wold on foot. With the exception of a few miles here and there, when a friendly wagoner had offered her a lift, she had made all her journey in this manner. She had met with discouragement and disappointment. She had not fancied that it would be an easy matter to find work, though she had expressed no doubt to Anice, but it was even a more difficult matter than she had imagined. At some places work was not to be had, in others the fact that she was an utter stranger went against her.

It was evening when she came to Ashley-Wold; the rain was falling soft and slowly, and the air was chill. She was cold, and faint with hunger. The fire-light that shone through the cottage windows brought to her an acute sense of her bodily weariness through its suggestion of rest and cheerfulness. The few passers-by—principally men and women returning from their daily labor—glanced at her curiously.

She had held to the letter as a last resource. When she could not help herself she would ask for assistance, but not until then. Still she had always turned her face toward Ashley-Wold. Now she meant to go to Mrs. Galloway and deliver the letter.

Upon entering the village she had stopped and asked a farmer for directions. He had stared at her at first, hardly comprehending her northern dialect, but had finally understood and pointed out the house, whose gables could be seen from the road-side.

So Joan made her way toward it through the evening rain and mist. It was a pretty place, with a quaint picturesqueness. A hedge, which was a marvel of trimness, surrounded the garden, ivy clung to the walls and gables, and fancifully clipped box and other evergreens made a modest greenery about it, winter though it was. At her first glance at this garden Joan felt something familiar in it. Perhaps Anice herself had planned some portion of it. Joan paused a moment and stood looking over the hedge.

Mrs. Galloway, sitting at her work-table near the window, had found her attention attracted a few moments before by a tall young woman coming down the road which passed on one side of the hedge.

"There is something a little remarkable about her," she said. "She certainly does not belong to Ashley-Wold."

Then Joan stopped by the hedge and she saw her face and uttered a low exclamation of surprise at its beauty. She drew nearer to the window and looked out at her.

"She must be very cold," said Mrs. Galloway. "She looks as if she had made a long journey. I will send Hollis to her."

A few minutes later there tripped down the garden walk a trimly attired young housemaid.

"The mistress had seen her from the window and thought she looked cold and tired. Would she come into the house to rest?"

Joan answered with a tinge of color on her cheek. She felt a little like a beggar.

"Thank yo', I'll come," she said. "If th' mistress is Mrs. Galloway, I ha' a letter fur her."

Mrs Galloway met them on the threshold.

"The young woman, ma'am," said the servant, "has a letter from Lancashire."

"From Lancashire!" said Mrs. Galloway.

"Fro' Riggan, mistress," said Joan. "Fro' Miss Anice. I'm Joan Lowrie."

That Joan Lowrie was a name familiar to her was evident by the change in Mrs. Galloway's face. A faint flush of pleasure warmed it, and she spoke quickly.

"Joan Lowrie!" she said. "My dear child's friend! Then I know you very well. Come into the room, my dear."

She led her into the room and closed the door.

"You are very cold and your shawl is wet," laying a kind hand upon it. "Give it to me, and take a seat by the fire. You must warm yourself thoroughly and have a cup of tea," she said, "and then I will begin to ask questions."

There was a wide, low-seated, low-armed, soft-cushioned chair at one side of the fire, and in this chair she had made Joan seat herself. The sudden change from the chill dampness of the winter day to the exquisite relief and rest, almost overcame the girl. She was deadly pale when Mrs. Galloway ceased, and her lips trembled; she tried to speak, and for a moment could not; tears rushed to her eyes and stood in them. But she managed to answer at last.

"I beg yore pardon," she said. "Yo' ha' no need to moind me. Th' warmth has made me a bit faint, that's aw. I've noan been used to it lately."

Mrs. Galloway came and stood near her.

"I am sorry to hear that, my dear," she said.

"Yo're very kind, ma'am," Joan answered.

She drew the letter from her dress and handed it to her.

"I getten that fro' Miss Anice the neet I left Riggan," she said.

When the tea was brought in and Joan had sat down, the old lady read the letter.

"*Keep her with you if you can. Give her the help she needs most. She has had a hard life, and wants to forget it.*"

"Now, I wonder," said Mrs. Galloway to herself, "what the help is that she needs most?"

The rare beauty of the face impressed her as it invariably impressed strangers, but she looked beneath the surface and saw something more in it than its beauty. She saw its sadness, its resolution.

When Joan rose from the table, the old lady was still standing with the letter in her hand. She folded it and spoke to her.

"If you are sufficiently rested, I should like you to sit down and talk to me a little. I want to speak to you about your plans."

"Then," said Joan, "happen I'd better tell yo' at th' start as I ha' none."

Mrs. Galloway put her hand upon her shoulder.

"Then," she returned, "that is all the better for me, for I have in my mind one of my own. You would like to find work to help you ——"

"I *mun* find work," Joan interrupted, "or starve."

"Of any kind?" questioningly.

"I ha' worked at th' pit's mouth aw my life," said Joan. "I need na be dainty, yo' see."

Mrs. Galloway smoothed the back of the small, withered hand upon her knee with the palm of the other.

"Then, perhaps," she said slowly, "you will not refuse to accept my offer and stay here—with me."

"Wi' yo'?" Joan exclaimed.

"I am an old woman, you see," Mrs. Galloway answered. "I have lived in Ashley-Wold all my life, and have, as it were, accumulated duties, and now as the years go by, I do not find it so easy to perform them as I used to. I need a companion who is young and strong, and quick to understand the wants of those who suffer. Will you stay here and help *me?*"

"Wi' yo'?" said Joan again. "Nay," she cried; "nay—that is not fur me. I am na fit."

On her way to her chamber some hours later Mrs. Galloway stopped at the room which had been Anice's, and looked in upon her guest. But Joan was not asleep, as she had hoped to find her. She stood at the fireside, looking into the blaze.

"Will you come here a minnit?" she said.

She looked haggard and wearied, but the eyes she raised to her hostess were resolute.

"Theer's summat as I ha' held back fro' sayin' to yo'," she said, "an' th' more I I think on it, th' more I see as I mun tell yo', if I mean to begin fair an' clear. I ha' a trouble as I'm fain to hide; it's a trouble as I ha' fowt wi' an' ha' na helped mysen agen. It's na a shame," straightening herself; "it's a trouble such as ony woman might bear an' be honest. I coom away fro' Riggan to be out o' th' way on it—not to forget it, for I conna—but so as I should na be so near to—to th' hurt on it."

"I do not need another word," Mrs. Galloway answered. "If you had chosen to keep it a secret, it would have been your own secret as long as you chose that it should be so. There is nothing more you need? Very well. Good-night, my dear!"

CHAPTER XLII.

"Miss," said Mrs. Thwaite, "it wur last neet, an' you mowt ha' knocked me down wi' a feather, fur I seed her as plain as I see yo'."

"Then," said Anice, "she must be in Riggan now."

"Ay," the woman answered, "that she mun, though wheer, God knows, I dunnot. It wur pretty late, yo' see, an' I wur gettin' th' mester's supper ready, an' as I turns mysen fro' th' oven, wheer I had been stoopin' down to look at th' bit o' bacon, I seed her face agen th' winder, starin' in at me wild loike. Aye, it wur her sure enow, poor wench! She wur loike death itsen—main different fro' th' bit o' a soft, pretty, leet-headed lass she used to be."

"I will go and speak to Mr. Grace," Anice said.

The habit of referring to Grace was growing stronger every day. She met him not many yards away, and before she spoke to him saw that he was not ignorant of what she had to say.

"I think you know what I am going to tell you," she said.

"I think I do," was his reply.

The rumor had come to him from an acquaintance of the Maxeys, and he had made up his mind to go to them at once.

"Ay," said the mother, regarding them with rather resentful curiosity, "she wur here this mornin'—Liz wur. She wur in a bad way enow—said she'd been out on th' tramp fur nigh a week—seemit a bit out o' her head. Th' mon had left her again, as she mowt ha' knowed he would. Ay, lasses *is* foo's. She'd ben i' th' Union, too, bad o' th' fever. I towd her she'd better ha' stayed theer. She wanted to know wheer Joan Lowrie wur, an' kept axin fur her till I wur tired o' hearin' her, and towd her so."

"Did she ask about her little child?" said Anice.

"Ay, I think she did, if I remember reet. She said summat about wantin' to know wheer we'd put it, an' if Joan wur dead, too. But it did na seem to be th' choild she cared about so much as Joan Lowrie."

"Did you tell her where we buried it?" Grace asked.

"Ay."

"Thank you. I will go to the church-yard," he said to Anice. "I may find her there."

"Will you let me go too?" Anice asked.

He paused a moment.

"I am afraid that it would be best that I should go alone."

"Let me go," she pleaded. "Don't be afraid for me. I could not stay away. Let me go—for Joan's sake."

So he gave way, and they passed out together. But they did not find her in the church-yard. The gate had been pushed open and hung swinging on its hinges. There were fresh foot-prints upon the damp clay of the path that led to the corner where the child lay, and when they approached the little mound they saw that something had been dropped upon the grass near it. It was a thin, once gay-colored, little red shawl. Anice bent down and picked it up. "She has been here," she said.

It was Anice who, after this, first thought of going to the old cottage upon the Knoll Road. The afternoon was waning when they left the church-yard; when they came within sight of the cottage the sun had sunk behind the hills. In the red, wintry light, the place looked terribly desolate. Weeds had sprung up about the house, and their rank growth covered the very threshold, the shutters hung loose and broken, and a damp greenness had crept upon the stone step.

A chill fell upon her when they stood before the gate and saw what was within. Something besides the clinging greenness had crept upon the step,—something human,—a homeless creature, who might have staggered there and fallen, or who might have laid herself there to die. It was Liz, lying with her face downward and with her dead hand against the closed door.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Mrs. Galloway arose and advanced to meet her visitor with a slightly puzzled air.

"Mr. ——" she began.

"Fergus Derrick," ended the young man. "From Riggan, madam."

She held out her hand cordially.

"Joan is in the garden," she said after a few moments of conversation. "Go to her."

It was a day very different from the one upon which Joan Lowrie had come to Ashley-Wold. Spring had set her light foot fairly upon the green Kentish soil. Farther north she had only begun to show her face timidly, but here the atmosphere was fresh and balmy, the hedges were budding bravely, and there was a low twitter of birds in the air. The garden Anice had so often tended was flushing into bloom in sunny corners, and the breath of early violets was sweet in it. Derrick was conscious of their spring-time odor as he walked down the path, in the direction Mrs. Galloway had pointed out. It was a retired nook where evergreens were growing, and where the violet fragrance was more powerful than anywhere else, for the rich, moist earth of one bed was blue with them. Joan was standing near these violets,—he saw her as he turned into the walk,—a motionless figure in heavy brown drapery.

She heard him and started from her reverie. With another half-dozen steps he was at her side.

"Don't look as if I had alarmed you," he said. "It seems such a poor beginning to what I have come to say."

Her hand trembled so that one or two of the loose violets she held fell at his feet. She had a cluster of their fragrant bloom fastened in the full knot of her hair. The dropping of the flowers seemed to help her to recover herself. She drew back a little, a shade of pride in her gesture, though the color dyed her cheeks and her eyes were downcast.

"I cannot—I cannot listen," she said.

The slight change which he noted in her speech touched him unutterably. It was not a very great change; she spoke slowly and uncertainly, and the quaint northern

burr still held its own, and here and there a word betrayed her effort.

"No, no," he said, "you will listen. You gave me back my life. You will not make it worthless. If you cannot love me," his voice shaking, "it would have been less cruel to have left me where you found me —a dead man—for whom all pain was over."

He stopped. The woman trembled from head to foot. She raised her eyes from the ground and looked at him, catching her breath.

"Yo' are askin' me to be yore wife!" she said. "Me!"

"I love you," he answered. "*You*, and no other woman!"

She waited a moment and then turned suddenly away from him, and leaned against the tree under which they were standing, resting her face upon her arm. Her hand clung among the ivy leaves and crushed them. Her old speech came back in the sudden hushed cry she uttered.

"I conna turn yo' fro' me," she said. "Oh! I conna!"

"Thank God! Thank God!" he cried.

He would have caught her to his breast, but she held up her hand to restrain him.

"Not yet," she said, "not yet. I conna turn you fro' me, but theer's summat I must ask. Give me th' time to make myself worthy—give me th' time to work an' strive; be patient with me until th' day comes when I can come to yo' an' know I need not shame yo'. They say I am na slow at learnin'—wait and see how I can work for th' mon—for th' mon I love."

THE END.

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

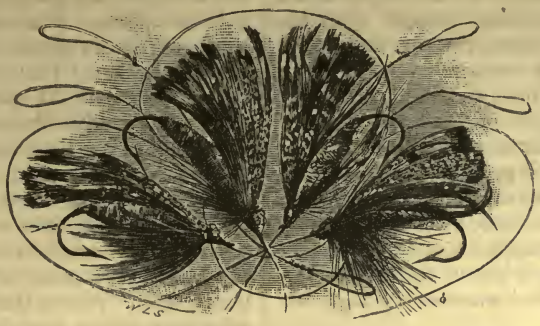
DEATH, thou'rt a cordial old and rare;
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyám, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakspere for a king-delight.

These were to sweeten thee with song;
The blood of heroes made thee strong.
What heroes! Ah, for shame, for shame!
The worthiest died without a name.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt;
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
If death such dear distillment be,
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

SEA-TROUT FISHING.



WHAT is a sea-trout? A problem, to begin with, though quite a minor one, since naturalists have for some time past kept specimens waiting their leisure to decide whether he is a cadet of the noble salmon race or merely the chief of the familiar brook-trout tribe. Science inclines to the former view, upon certain slight but sure indications noted in fin-spines and gill-covers. The witness of guides and gaffers leads the same way, and the Indians all say that the habits of the sea-trout and the brook-trout differ, and that the contrast between the markings of the two kinds of fish, taken from the same pool, forbids the idea of their identity. Yet the testimony of many accomplished sportsmen affirms it. The gradual change of color in the same fish, as he ascends the stream, from plain silvery gray to deepest dotted bronze; his haunts at the lower end of pools, behind rocks, and among roots; his action in taking the fly with an upward leap, not downward from above,—all these resemblances support the theory that the sea-trout is only an anadromous brook-trout. If the form and disposition of the spots are material, then new names of species need to be devised for the many varieties of California trout, some blotched with color like a snake's skin, others striped from gills to tail with a single vermilion streak. Indeed, the difference in colors between the brook-trout and the sea-trout ranges within a far narrower scale than that between parr, grilse and salmon. The question has already been before a jury, as so many questions involving facts of science do curiously drift under the sagacious ken of that palladium of our liberties, so unfit to solve them. Certain poachers of the south shore of Long Island, charged with invading the close time for brook-trout in that lovely region of sea-seeking runlets, alleged in their defense the identity of the burden of their creels with the sea-trout, whose comings and goings are bound by no inland law. The jury, incompetent either to acquit or convict, had the good sense to disagree. And thus, until a final word of authority upon the contents of their alcohol-jars comes from the cabinet of the learned, this fish is still a fugitive from the jurisdiction of science.

Careless of being classified so long as he can escape becoming a specimen, the sea-trout leisurely grows during his early years to an average weight of from two to two and a half pounds. They are often taken of much greater size. Among a hundred fish some seven or eight will reach a weight of three pounds and upward. They are not seldom caught weighing six or eight, and many more are found weighing between one and two pounds. It is a fair conclusion that the usual weight of the adult fish may be fixed at two pounds and a half, regarding the smaller ones as adolescents, and the larger as monsters. For the latter are dull and heavy in action. They take the fly with a surge instead of a break, and drag more than they leap or rush when hooked, seeming unaware of either their strength or their danger until they are fairly netted. On the contrary, a two-pound fish is full of mettle and ruse—one would say, of fire, in any other element. He spurns the water for the fly, tears the line whirring out, zigzags, leaps and darts, and yields some moments later than his heavier rival whose nose he has thrust aside to snatch the bait.

If Soyer could open his mouth on the subject, and bid his palate judge—Soyer, who, alas, has gone from the active to the

passive state of cooking, if his epigram epitaph, "*Soyez tranquille*" be true—or was it written for his wife?—he would murmur amid grateful tears over the experiment, that a sea-trout is either younger than his prime or past it, unless two or two and a half pounds, neither more nor less, offer the judicious epicure the acme of firmness, pinky flake and sapid curd. Their vagrant habits forbid our learning where the greater part of their growth is gained, or what its precise yearly rate of increase is. The way of a ship in the sea, confessed by the wise king one of the four mysteries too hard for him to solve, is a primer's lesson compared with the way of a fish that wanders through sea and river both.

Sea-trout are found in both hemispheres in the northern belt of the north temperate zone. Neither to Asia nor to South America are they known to resort. Their geographical distribution seems marked in longitude by the Norway border of Europe and the western coast of our own country. Their range northward is probably limited only by such conditions as exclude the possibility of life. In the late Polar expedition, Dr. Moss succeeded in capturing a small salmonoid inhabiting fresh water lakes as far north as 82° 40′. Along the whole coast of Labrador and the Dominion, and up the St. Lawrence River nearly to Quebec, they abound.

Nor is saltness of their medium essential to life, so long as they find an opportunity for migration to and from the depths. In Lake Superior and the streams flowing into it on the northern shore they are plentiful at the usual seasons.

While in the sea, anadromous fishes are of course lost to observation. But it can hardly be supposed that they rove aimlessly through it, or resort to very great depths or very great distances from its shores. The annual return of many if not all of the survivors of those hatched in a particular river, to the very nooks of the coast and tidal streams where their life as young fry began is undoubted. Extraordinary as so subtle an instinct seems, compared to our senses, with their limited relations to the world about us, it is not more wonderful than that which guides the returning flight of birds, through an element as trackless, to their original nests. The frequent experiments of Scotch experts with marked salmon, and lately those of our own fish commissioners with shad, prove that this recurring and unerring sense of locality is not an old wives' fable, but a true discriminating and impelling *heimweh*.

Even when they "swim into our ken," the study of the ways of fish is perplexing and uncertain. Fur and feather do not elude us as fin does. The naturalist can track a beast to his haunts, and finds him tangible and of the earth. Birds descend from their heights to nest and live within his view. Fish fleet like shadows through their mobile element, and much of the science regarding them must be as shifting and wavering as light in water,—much that goes with their vagrant and invisible existence must always remain within the sphere of conjecture. When, therefore, the return of migratory fish to their home rivers is spoken of, absolute precision as to times and ages is not intended. Some salmon are found in rivers, and the same is probably true of sea-trout, in every month of the year, at every stage of growth, both ascending and descending. But there is a general law, that at a fixed period, and for the purpose of spawning, guides the great body of migratory fish up to the head-waters of the tidal streams out of which they originally came.

Along the Canadian coast sea-trout begin to press in toward fresh water in the latter part of July. They enter the estuary of the St. Lawrence by myriads upon myriads, sending off detachments north and south as they move on until the main body is scattered into groups, of which those tending to the upper river make their appearance off the Saguenay during the first week in August. In the particular stream of which experience enables us to speak most definitely, their arrival is timed with singular punctuality for the 5th or 6th of August. Often a pool that on one of those days held only a lingering and indifferent salmon or two on their upward run, would become filled during the following night with the vanguard of the advancing body of large sea-trout. In a general way it may be said that the season for the latter begins when that for the former ends, though belated salmon are often intermingled for a time in the same pools with the first comers among the sea-trout. A very backward season, or a dash of cold storm crossing the summer, as it sometimes does in those regions, may delay their approach to the shore for a few days, but not materially. For a time they hover about the outlets of the streams, haunting the reefs and passing out and in with the ebb and flow, seeming to grow gradually accustomed to the fresh water, till a higher

tide helps to lift them over the bars and among the rocky passes of the rapids that abound in the smaller rivers. Very good sport may be had for a time in taking them at the mouths of the streams, from the long sand-spits past which some of these empty, or the slippery rocks and jagged reefs barring their discharge. At the distance of a far cast from the shore their back fins show pointing above the surface of the incoming waters whose breadth gives free space for long and vigorous runs. The guides and Indians will tell you—and experience proves them to be quite in the right—that the run of the fish is governed by the moon, and is greatest when she is full or new. At those periods they pursue their way up the stream in larger numbers, simply because the higher tides then prevailing aid them to pass the bars and rapids. Your guide's statement of fact is correct, while he errs, as many a wiser man has done, in attributing the effect to a primary instead of a secondary cause.

When once fairly in the current of fresh water, their movement up-stream is very rapid. Passionless and almost sexless as the mode of the nuptials they are on their way to complete may seem to more highly organized beings, they drive with headlong eagerness through torrent and foam, toward the shining reaches and gravely beds far up the river where their ova are to be deposited. The females come first, afterward the males, and the earliest runs of the fish always contain those of the largest size. For several days and nights they continue passing swiftly, seldom lying many hours in the same pool, never taking a backward stroke,—then all at once there is a marked break in their streaming by, and the first run has gone on. Another one soon follows, and they persevere successively coming past till late in September, or even into October. All the fish of any one run are of nearly the same weight, and they continue decreasing in size with each successive run, until, as you descend the river, only an occasional straggler over one or one and a half pounds can be caught. On the California coast they, as well as the salmon, are at least a month later in entering the rivers which remain during a great part of the summer too shallow and tepid to afford them a safe abode, until a heavy rain-fall comes.

These crowding refluent ranks are but a small proportion of those that quitted their native streams for the sea. Thinned as they are by voracious enemies there, and decimated again in shallower waters by man's destroying devices, the amazing fecundity of migratory fishes barely avails to maintain the annual supply. From some coasts these fish have wholly disappeared. Our own people are more destructive in this respect than any other. They manage these things better in the Dominion. There the importance of the fisheries as an object of commerce and a source of food, yielding for these interests as they did, for instance, in 1875, over ten and a half millions of dollars, has attracted legislative protection, through measures which it would be difficult to apply generally or efficiently in our extended and democratic country. So far as the authority and resources of the fish-commissioners of the different states extend, they are doing useful and honorable work which deserves the widest public recognition and support. In Canada, all salmon-breeding rivers are leased, inspected, guarded and yearly reported upon by a special commissioner in the Department of Marine and Fisheries. Salmon rivers are also sea-trout rivers, and good sea-trout fishing can only be obtained, except in streams too insignificant to be worth preserving, by taking either a lease of a salmon stream, or a license from a lessee to fish one. There is little difficulty in making the latter arrangement, both because the seasons for the two varieties of fish are not concurrent, and because a proprietor is only too glad to be aided in thinning out the sea-trout, which are very destructive to salmon-ova and fry.

Along the course of the St. Lawrence between Quebec and the Island of Anticosti, some of the principal affluents on its north shore are the Murray Bay River, the Black, the numerous branches of the grand and far-reaching Saguenay, the two Bergeronnes, great and little, the Escoumaine, the Saut de Mouton, the Port Neuf, the Saut au Cochon, the Laval, the Betsiamite, the Colombier, the River aux Outardes, the Godebout, Trinity River, the Pentecost, the Romaine, the Moisic and the Mingan. Some of these are famous salmon rivers, held on long leases by Canadians or by our own countrymen. A few are obstructed at the outlet or not far above it by dams, affording, however, certain and excellent fishing for a short time at their mouths. Others again do not bear a high reputation as salmon rivers, owing to their having been either neglected or over-fished. One, the Betsia-

mite, or Bersimis, is reserved for the use of the Indians. It is a fine river, but so cruelly fished, netted, speared and snared by its reckless proprietors that it has almost ceased to rank as a salmon-breeding water.

Many of these streams will long remain unvisited except by the most enterprising anglers, on account of their remoteness from the common lines of travel, and the forbidding uninhabited country through which they flow. The easiest access is still by the way of Quebec. As far as the village of Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, a daily steam-line runs. But sac might well be called the place of rest. Within forty-eight hours from New York one seems transported to one of the ends of the earth. All around it is vast and lonely. The great river stretches glimmering away to a shore seldom faintly seen. Behind, bare lofty crags shut it in, treeless and silent. A huge promontory bars it from the Saguenay, rolling black and cold as if drained from the eternal chasms of polar glaciers. The air comes thin and pure, the light falls sharp on the gray brows of the cliffs, and the brown sand washed up by the bay. Most of those trim cottages dropped

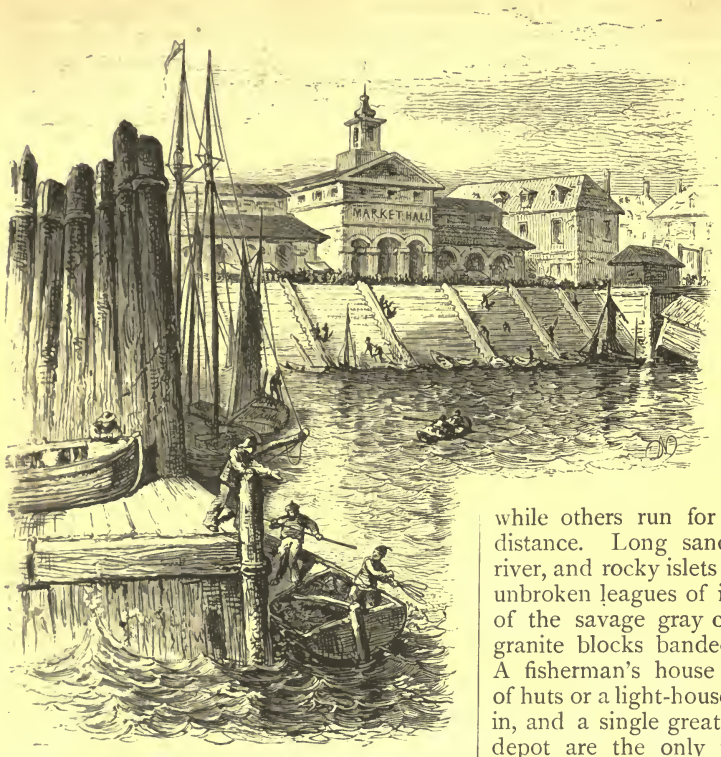
MAP OF SEA-TROUT WATERS TRIBUTARY TO ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

here all usual and comfortable ways of transportation end, and the solitary recesses beyond can be penetrated only by the aid of country carts or of small vessels. Taking into account the enforced delays of preparation, the forlorn condition of beasts, roads, and vehicles upon a land journey, and the accidents of winds, waves and fogs, a visitor to any of these streams is hardly safe in counting upon less than seven or eight days' traveling between it and New York.

Whatever its soft Indian name may mean (if it be not rather Breton), Tadou- among the rocks belong to the best people in the province of Quebec, and a few to countrymen of our own, who long ago found out this retreat for cool, economical, northern lotus-eating. Such traces of human life are lost like dots in the great spaces. The silence is broken every hour by a restless little bell, tinkling from the gable of the oldest church on the continent. This is a pocket-chapel, that could be set inside a town drawing-room, low-pitched, mossy and winter-bitten, dark inside with two hundred years' censer-smoke—the homely shrine for the simple faith of a poor and kindly race.

The hotel is everything that our sea-side caravansaries are not,—small, neat, quiet, with the host's hand for every wayfarer instead of being against him. Its neighborhood to the Saguenay attracts always a group of salmon-fishers, ready, for the strangers' benefit, with courtesy, information, and news from the streams. Everything indeed about the settlement is salmonoid. A short walk along the sands leads to a cluster of *habitans'* houses in a corner of the bay. Here, if the angler has taken due care for his arrangements in former years, his guides and skipper welcome him, and his *impedimenta* for the month's work are gathered. David, Gédéon, Edouard, Pierre Jacques, Fabian, with a dozen children, French and Indian mixture, meet him with hearty greeting. Poor Cyrille is missing. No paddle was more deft than his, no shot for a seal surer. Three years ago, in the St. John's, a treacherous whirlpool boiling up at the foot of a rapid wrenched the canoe out of his grip, and sucked him with it to the bottom. The lot of these *habitans* is miserably hard and poor. The stony soil grudges a little grass, or a handful of oats and potatoes. They make the rivers their farm, shooting seals on the ice, catching fish for salting, and hunting the porpoise. They are all wiry, agile fellows, temperate, docile, and good-natured. As guides they are thoroughly faithful and expert, but a trifle lazy at times, and slow to learn anything beyond their range of habit. Part of them are of mixed race, part pure Canadian French, with a trace of gentle blood now and then, due to some irregular noble of the early days. Tadousac being the *terminus a quo*, beyond which nothing can be had, the traveler's first care is to examine his sporting chattels, accumulated there during years, and to find or set them all in order. If rats have gnawed the canvas of his tents, or the bed-sacking or bags, these are to be mended. The winter in a store-house may have dealt hardly with his canoes, that need perhaps bark patches or a thwart, and certainly new pitching. The tinker's art is among his guide's accomplishments, should the "*batterie de cuisine*" show signs of wear. Then the *chaloupe* is to be inspected as she lies aslant above low-tide mark on the sands—a seven or eight ton lighter-built craft, of some three feet draft, one-masted, with jigger astern, and stub bowsprit. Midships is

CLEARING FOR A CAMP.



MARKET LANDING STAIRS, QUEBEC.

a hold for ballast and cargo, forward a cabin built for dwarfs but holding berths, seats, and a table, and astern a clear space for handling sheets and helm, large enough for enjoyment of the evening pipe and the morning *douche*. All at last overhauled and stowed, the canoes triced up outside the shrouds and the special case sorted of stores for the cruise, which may last no one knows how long, we wait for a gentle south-west and the first of the ebb.

Opposite Tadousac the St. Lawrence has a breadth of over twenty miles. Here the Saguenay, storming in, conquers the greater flood, as the Missouri does the Mississippi, and deepens the grandeur and wildness of its scenery. The southern bank is as picturesque and less rugged, but along the widening water we hug the northern shore, seldom stretching across far enough to see the outlines of the other break into distinct masses. Only below its junction with the Saguenay can the imperial character of this majestic river be felt. Crossing half a continent to meet the sea half way, it spreads like a sea itself, and tosses dangerous waves under a sudden gale. On the north it washes the base of spurs sent out by the great Laurentian range, whose iron-bound off-shoots frown down over the whole lower course of the river, retreating at points for a few miles, and opening everywhere among their recesses great breadths of a clayey soil, dotted with lakes, and channeled by rapid rivers. Some of these are fed by large sheets of water, and follow a course of over a hundred miles, while others run for less than a third that distance. Long sandy capes jut into the river, and rocky islets fringe it, but for many unbroken leagues of its flow it laps the feet of the savage gray crags or chafes round granite blocks banded with red and purple. A fisherman's house under a cliff, a cluster of huts or a light-house where a stream pours in, and a single great saw-mill and lumber depot are the only inhabited spots along hundreds of miles in its course. The voyager making a port from curiosity or stress of weather gains a hearty welcome, giving in exchange his week-old news, fresh and strange to his hosts. The immense expanse of the river, notwithstanding the steady commerce traversing it, is lonely as the sea—and often days pass without meeting a sail. With a fresh south-west breeze such as often prevails in August, the run has been made from Tadousac to the destination within twelve hours. Oftener, sailing with the morning ebb at nine, the afternoon of the next day has seen us at camp. One melancholy diary records four nights spent aboard with alternations of thick fog and baffling north-easter; our vessel after a tossing struggle of endless and hopeless tacks, turning tail to the blast each evening and bounding back for miles into some sheltered cove under the cliffs; and five days wasted in prematurely using up the stock of novels, counting wild ducks cutting the mist, listening for the blow of the grampus-like escape steam —*gibors*, the natives call him—and watching the graceful roll of the white porpoises. After making the mouth of the stream, a favoring tide must be waited for, to carry our craft a couple of miles up its wind-

ing channel, in search of a good anchorage. It is safer to retain the *chaloupe* during all the angler's stay. If she is dismissed, there is no certainty of her arriving again within a week of the appointed day, and with the possibility of illness or accident in these solitudes,—though these are mishaps the sportsman never counts on,—it is well to have the means of immediate return at hand. Besides, the vessel serves as a convenient store-house, to be visited from up-stream for fresh supplies, and for relieving the camp of accumulating fish. Higher than the flow of the tide it is not possible to carry the *chaloupe*, and about this point she is moored and the canoes then unlashed, loaded with the tents and a day's rations, and headed against the current for a six miles tug to the lower camp.

With a sweep round the first point hiding the *chaloupe*, you take possession of the wilderness, or rather the wilderness of you. The sense of loneliness descends suddenly, oppressively, yet with a charm. Stretched along the bottom of the canoe, reclining against cushions of well stuffed canvas sacks, with pipe alight, the quiet movement, the profound stillness, the lifeless aspect of nature, lull you into dreamy delight. The river is not picturesque, in the usual sense—its beauty is a stern beauty of its own. For some distance the rocks stretch along the bank, alternating with precipitous masses of clay, and sinking gradually into ranges of bowlders, then spreading out in pebbly beaches, where the first murmur of the rapids touches the ear from a distance. The hills are clothed with tall spruces, here descending rank on rank to the edge, there shattered and piled across gaps in the clay ramparts. Birches, some of noble height, are intermixed, and at the rim stout alders thrust their snaky branches in. At some points the shore falls level, sweeping back for a tract covered with bushes and such forest trees as the climate spares. But the pervading effect is somber—the prevailing color gloomy. Grays of the rocks, bluish browns of the clay, and the mournful hue of the spruce, shadow the water, which struggles in vain with its crisp breaks of white foam to brighten their reflections. Under the trees the color of the stream is dull olive, paling into brownish yellow in the open reaches, but with no tone of the brandy tint that often stains waters flowing from spruce forests. While the tide holds, the rapids are drowned, but a mile or two up they begin to show their teeth, and sound their dash. Shifting the paddle for the setting-pole, we work through the first of these, and glide into a still stretch of deep water covering great scattered rocks. In such pools salmon lie on their way up, but the trout prefer smaller and less smooth ones. From the break of the current among the surface rocks it can easily be seen what the height of the water in the river is,—whether the stream is so shrunken as to need tediously careful treatment, or so swollen that the turbid wave cheats both fish and fisher, or at that happy just medium in which the latter will go most safely, and the former most in danger. The guide slackens his stroke now and then, peering over the side to catch a glimpse of trout flitting like a

EN ROUTE.

shade through the depths if they have yet begun their wandering up, and often is able to say that they are moving in numbers—as often says it when none are seen. In his good-nature and eagerness to make it pleasant, this dear guide sees many things that are invisible, counts much more game than is caught, and never permits the puniest trout to be hooked without shouting "*quel saumon!*" Now and then whirling round a point, the river races down on us with the fierceness of a torrent, tossing in waves along a clay escarpment towering fifty feet, which it has cut down square and sheer as if with a razor. The rocks and pebbles are all shot off to the other bank, where the passenger may walk and wade while David gives the canoe rope, and plashes towing her alongside in the shallows. It is usual to refrain from casting the line on the way up, not only for the sake of avoiding delays—but, since the camp looks down on the choicest pool in all the river, why take the edge from the rapture of landing the best the first? As we ascend, the rapids grow more frequent—twenty have been counted from tide to camp, and all the number not told. More level spaces and denser trees succeed, the channel breaks up in places with islets of rock; and at last, rounding a

CLAY BANK AND RAPIDS.

curve, one of these lifts its feathery point of willows, David reverses his pole to hush the clang of the iron shoe on the stones, a few strong thrusts force the boat up against the rush of the narrowing outlet, and she touches the bank at the foot of the Homer Pool. Before anything is unloaded, the angler springs out, rigs a cast, and hurrying to the head of the pool, drops his first fly. That moment is crowded with the expectation of the whole past year. Two of us once so landed and so stood, and four large fish for each were raised and netted before the men had cleared the canoes of their load. But that year there was much grass in the place, and the multitudes of mosquitoes sat on it, being in number about a million, each having also compressed twelve months' expectation into that moment. The thirst for blood on our side was soon satisfied, while the insects, far from taking off their keen edge, grew industrious in putting it on.

At this point, the stream, spreading out to a hundred and fifty feet in width, wheels to the right, striking a turtle-shaped rock nearly flush with the surface which splits it in two, hollowing on the near side a deep pool, the breadth of a fair cast, and some sixty feet long. The farther side of this depression is a shelving wall, full of crevices and nooks, and the camp side a grassy bank four or five feet high, fringed at either end with bushes. Into the pool, above the turn, dashes a pretty run of swift water, three feet deep, with excellent wading ground. This little promontory is the only cleared spot on the stream. The trees were felled more than twenty years ago by an English baronet, who encamped with a retinue on this plateau, and has left traditions of famous sport. His forest lodge was chosen with the eye of a Nimrod, whose other eye must have been a landscape painter's. This basin is very seldom empty of trout. Last season eleven fish weighing seventeen pounds were taken from it within an hour before breakfast by one rod, and the whole yield of the pool during the four days for which it was vexed only with a few casts at morning and evening was seventy-two fish.

A description of the peculiarities of a lodge in this vast wilderness, and of the obstacles to penetrating it and the devices for surmounting them, will probably not interest woodsmen, who are familiar with them all. But the greater part of readers have rather vague notions of a camp, a canoe, or a rapid; and to them a rough sketch of these features of a life in the woods may be interesting.

We "build our light town of canvas" with the precision of Roman camp-pitching. Removed from the bank so far that no back-

ward-sailing fly may be arrested by its roof, one wall tent rises near the shelter of the shrubs, and another opposite, if the party consists of two or more persons. Between them are planted the table and chairs, which

HOME CAMP.

were sketched out rather than finished by rough carpentry of adze and auger many summers ago, and have wintered often in these thickets. Farther back, at the edge of the trees, stands an A tent for the men, and another to cover the provisions, with a space for the camp-fire between. Such a canvas house, with its outside fly stretched over, gives perfect shelter from heavy rains, and has nothing to fear except from sudden gusts that may rip out the tent-pins. Its inside furnishing is simple but complete. First, the bedstead demands the attention due to arrangements for inviting tired nature's sweet restorer during nine good hours out of the twenty-four. Four stout crotches, kept apart by cross-pieces, and sunk deep in the ground, lift, at a height of two feet above it, two poles run through the broad hems of a canvas sacking, which may be double and stuffed with hemlock twigs. They give a springy support to buffalo robes and blankets. The upper one of these is to be doubled down its length, and a wide sheet, folded in the same way, laid between. An air-pillow, and pillow-case, complete a bed as trim as any ever spread by a neat-handed Hibernian Phillis. On the other side of the tent a neat wardrobe with ample ventilation is built up with similar rods, on taller crotches. The dress needed is of thick woolen through-

out, though at some noon hours in the brief intense summer of that region, light clothes are comfortable. A few nights of last season were too hot for sleep—a rare experience. The mercury ranges usually between 40° and 74° but toward the end of August, and especially while aboard ship, the air is constantly chilly. Next, a sideboard rises against the rear tent pole, piled up of empty boxes, the upper one of which holds the library,—pegs being set in the pole for thermometer, spring-balance, and looking-glass if you will. The wine-cellar and spirit-vault are established outside the tent, under the fly. Add a block candlestick, strew the ground thickly with sapin covered by an India rubber cloth for carpet, and one is better lodged than many a tenant of a log-cabin. Next day after arriving, the guides go down again with all the canoes to bring a fortnight's stores from the *chaloupe*. This burden loads their light craft so deep that care and skill are needed to twist through the rapids, and it will be late in the afternoon before the ring of their iron-shod poles against the stones, heard in measured cadence half a mile off, gives the signal of their return.

The time of their absence may be improved to review tackle and perfect it for serious work. The prudent angler will take at least three rods. Two of these should not be very light for they may be called on, as has happened, to handle a salmon. In any case, the fish are so plentiful that it is not worth while to waste time over the smaller ones, and the most useful rod is one stiff enough

to snub a pound trout, and bring him promptly to net. A duplicate reel and line are of course provided. As to flies, the in-

KINGFISHER'S NEST.

difference of sea-trout about kind, when they are in the humor to take any, almost warrants the belief of some anglers that they leap in mere sport at whatever chances to be floating. It is true they will take incredible combinations, as if color-blind and blind to form. But experiments on their caprice are not safe. If their desire is to be tempted, that may most surely be done with three insects, adapted to proper places and seasons. One need not go beyond the range of a red-bodied fly with blue tip and wood duck wings for ordinary use, a small all-gray fly for low water in bright light, and a yellowish fly, green-striped and winged with curlew feather, for a fine cast under alders after the patriarchs. By all means make your own flies, or learn to do so, for the sake of practicing a delicate art, and amusing some idle hours on the stream. Besides, one's own handiwork is stronger than that of most shops, and with a pocket-book full of material, it will be easy to replace a loss, by no means infrequent, caused by the tipping of a canoe.

Wading drawers of India rubber, reaching well above the waist, are indispensable; and the foot that is shod with anything but a nail-studded sole will surely bring its wearer to great grief when it touches the treacherous clay. Much of the bottom is of this greasy stuff, looking like stone, but as slippery as glass, and unsafe for any foot-gear whatever. In some runs the river-bed is pebbly, but usually strewed with large stones, and of so swift a current as to render a knee-deep stand unsteady.

The day's work in camp follows quite a regular routine. About six the light wakes you—the guide never will. A dip in the pool, or a bucket dash at the brink tones the nerves for a firm touch of the rod, while the reel sings its morning song over a brace of fish caught for breakfast, which the cook-guide is preparing. This need be nothing more substantial than ham and eggs, of which a week's supply can be kept (unless indeed a *fondu* is prepared, which the guide can be taught to compose very well), fish-balls,—and David is an adept at these,—the trout, broiled on a wire gridiron, buttered toast or Boston crackers grilled, and marmalade, with tea or coffee. For a change, a partridge-chick can now and then be knocked over, or a squirrel or rabbit tried. After that comes the *chef-d'œuvre* of our wood-cook—*crêpes!* These are thin rice cakes, fried crisp in a pan, and eaten with maple sugar. Do not grudge the men a good hour over their own breakfast. This month is sunshine in their dull year, and such plain fare sybaritic to them. And a pipe in this air, lit with a wood-ember, is so doubly delicious that it needs no patience to prolong it awhile. About nine the canoe floats off, bearing you sitting flat in the bottom, and the guide upright astern, either to the lower pools to fish from the boat, or to the upper water where landing and wading are more convenient. The fish will rise at almost any hour

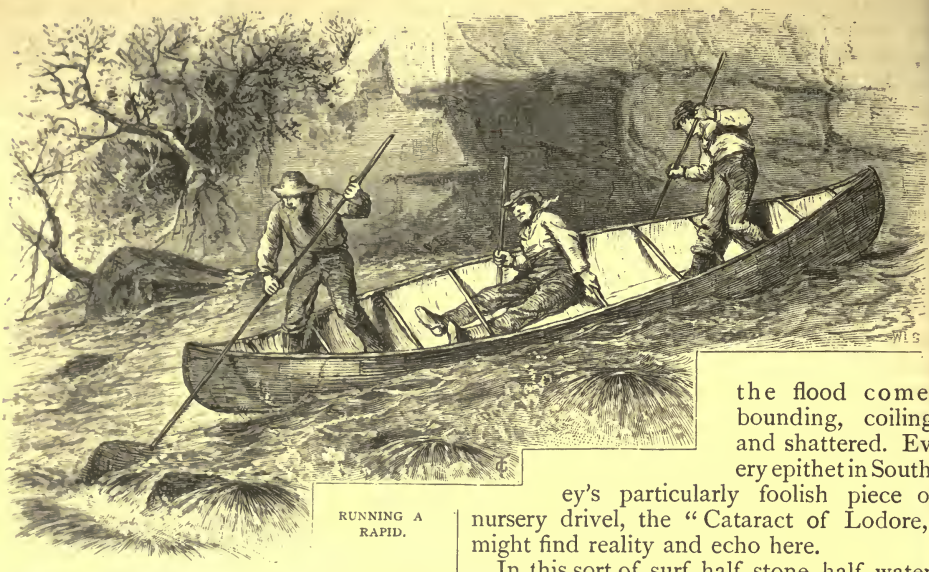
"PRAY YOU, AVOID IT!"

of the day, and in any weather,—rather more languidly from noon till three, under bright sky; rather more actively at early morning and after four. Where the water has gathered smoothness again after passing a rapid, it begins to deepen and converge to a point. Just there, in ten or fifteen feet depth, among the rocks forming a sort of dam, where the outlet of the pool breaks

over in a glassy curve, the large trout love to lie, watching for insects swept down. Your fly follows the swirl, swimming swifter, till just as it nears the rock at the very cleft of the fall, there is a surge, a tug, and the fish darts up-stream. The large ones seldom break the surface. Turn the rod at once with the reel uppermost, and do not check him till he tries to move down again, and then only gently. If he can be held away from the brink,—and it is not often, with care, that he slips over it,—from four to seven minutes should suffice to bring him to net, though if he be fresh run from tide and over three pounds, twice that time may be needed. It is well to search the neighborhood of the bushes, too, before descending more than half-way down the pool, or of any great rocks scattered on the bottom.

While the fisherman is busy, the guide left at home has been cleaning and curing the catch of the day before. No fish are wasted. Coarse salt and barrels always make part of the *chaloupe's* freight, and the trout not eaten are packed and carried to Tadousac, as an important and welcome addition to the winter's stores for these poor fellows' families. When a larger trout than usual is netted, he is greeted with the cry, "*C'est bon pour le baril.*" The return from the chase must be so timed that the rapids may be passed before dark. Immediately on landing, every fish caught is faithfully weighed (none being small enough to reject), and entered on the score. Usually dinner is at six, the morning's *carte* being varied only with one of three or four kinds of preserved soup, baked or fried potatoes, boiled rice, sherry and Bordeaux, cheese, raisins, coffee and a *chasse*. If you ask the best way of cooking the fish—those over two pounds weight deserve the pot; the flavor and juices of smaller ones above a pound, will be kept unwasted by roasting them under the coals; and as to those below a pound, since in this region not St. Anthony, but probably St. Lawrence, is their patron, let them follow his fate and grill on the gridiron. None are small enough to spoil by frying; but our *cordon*, with a little superintendence, is quite equal to a stew in claret. After dinner, the *plateau* is large enough for a quarter-deck promenade of thirty steps to and fro, till, finishing the second cigar, you look up about nine to see the Great Bear just over the tent stealing into the lingering twilight, and call David to make a "smudge" inside the canvas that may completely clear it of mosquitoes, and to tie down the flaps, shutting you in for the night. On Sundays the stream runs undisturbed. Reading, journalizing, and repairs of many kinds fill the time. Last summer the government guardian, an old acquaintance, chanced to arrive on Saturday night, and camped near us,—perhaps needlessly suspicious of a breach of Sunday close-time.

FOR BREAKFAST.



RUNNING A RAPID.

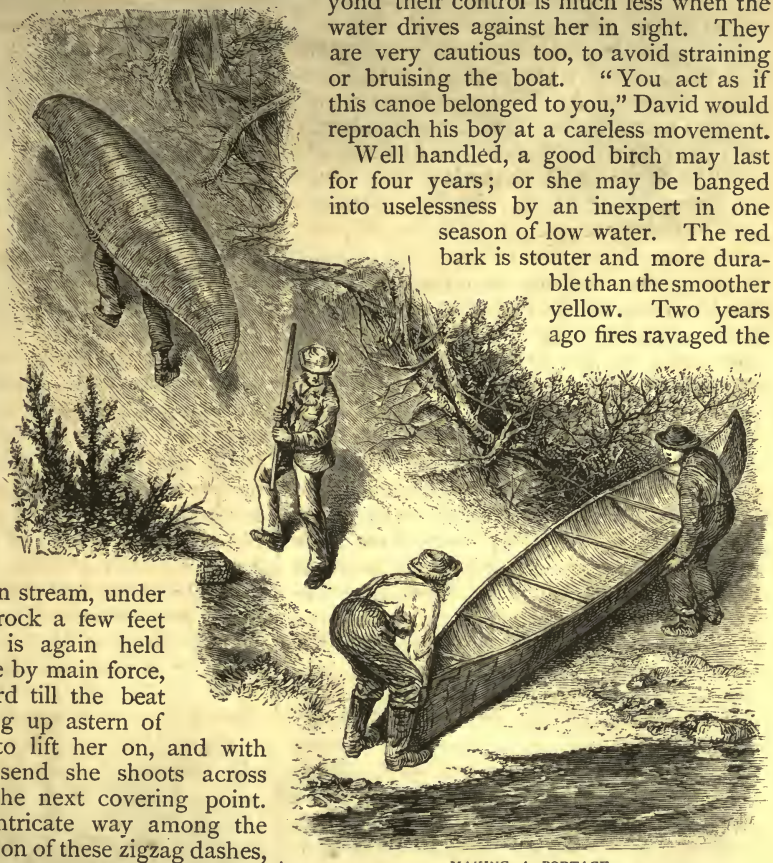
His business at this season was to examine and clear the portages, several of which are blazed along the river-side at points made impassable for canoes by the roughness or sudden fall of the rapids. The rapids vary greatly as to depth, height, and length. Some cover a rod of slightly broken water with small stones; some race for a quarter of a mile in surges over clay bottom, scooped and beaten as hard as rock, while others toss and dash on a sharp descent for twice that space out and in among a maze of granite bowlders. Up and down these last, and around some steep falls, the canoe must of course be coaxed with a line, the guide either wading and steadying her, or stumbling alongside ashore. Running a rapid is really piloting, for the natural fall, the lay of the rocks, and the best water between them, remain always nearly the same. Many a jagged old sunken lump or bowlder-head just above the surface, worn glassy smooth, with long weeds streaming like hair from it, looks familiar to the angler year after year. Most of the rapids may be waded across at very low water, but with considerable risk, on account of the irregular slippery foothold and the tearing current. The ascent or descent of a rapid is exciting, even without the trifle of danger it brings. The whispering ripple of the water deepens into an angry rush as you approach. At the head or foot the pitch looks much sharper than it really is, the eye taking in the foreshortened incline. Down among crowded clusters of rocks, now seen, now swept under, the flood comes bounding, coiling, and shattered. Every epithet in Southey's particularly foolish piece of nursery drivel, the "Cataract of Lodore," might find reality and echo here.

In this sort of surf, half stone, half water, a common wooden boat would be bumped to pieces in five minutes. The only thing that can float in it, the birch canoe, is one of those marvels of clever adaptation that look like genius. Such a canoe is really nothing but a basket with pointed ends and stiffened sides. You sit, float, and toss in her as you would in a basket, and without most watchful perpendicularity and tiresome tension of nerves in balance, you tip out of her as you would out of a basket. She is a mere single skin of bark sewed together with deer-sinews, rimmed with slight ash or birch strips, and connected across at top by five slender thwarts, or "bords," modeled in all her lines so that the deepest point is

TRACKS.

along the middle bottom, and she turns in the water every way as on a pivot. The draft, with two men aboard, is three to four inches. Buoyant, of elastic frame, unsteady to the lightest touch, endways or sideways, she answers to skillful control like a sentient thing, and throws a clumsy rider like a mustang. With her light grace and delicate color she is the lady of water-craft. The skill of these canoe-men is wonderful, only gained by long practice from early childhood. Nearing the foot of the rapid, while yet in still water, the guide drops the paddle, stands erect with his setting-pole in the extreme stern, his boy in the same attitude at the point of the bow, and studies the eddies and stones intently. In a moment she is swung alongside a rock, her peak thrust just round it across the stream — then with a mighty drive from the poles she darts diagonally through the torrent and whirls her tail down stream, under the lee of another rock a few feet higher up. She is again held hugging the granite by main force, and edging forward till the beat of the water boiling up astern of her center helps to lift her on, and with another powerful send she shoots across upward again to the next covering point. She threads her intricate way among the bowlders by repetition of these zigzag dashes, sometimes missing the aim and crashing back against a rock, sometimes beaten aside by the pole slipping on the bottom, with the guide's eye quick at every turn, and his muscles steadily braced. The men's pose, alertness and strength form a study. At times she must be thrust up by sheer power against the dead rush of the torrent, gaining inch by inch. David's cries to his boy rise above the noise of the water—"*Pousse! arrête! lance l'eau! hale l'eau! autre bord! pousse, pousse au loin!*" Accidents occur, but seldom from miscalculation. If a pole should snap while the stress of the flood beats on her, the canoe may be whirled broadside on, and capsized. Then there is a rolling and tumbling among the rocks, struggling for a footing, sometimes with hard bruises,—or if near the foot of the rapid, one may be swept into deep water and must keep a clutch on the point of the canoe till she drifts into shallows. Except in the larger rivers, there is not much danger of drowning. The guides prefer ascending to going down a rapid, as the risk of the canoe getting beyond their control is much less when the water drives against her in sight. They are very cautious too, to avoid straining or bruising the boat. "You act as if this canoe belonged to you," David would reproach his boy at a careless movement.

Well handled, a good birch may last for four years; or she may be banged into uselessness by an inexpert in one season of low water. The red bark is stouter and more durable than the smoother yellow. Two years ago fires ravaged the



MAKING A PORTAGE.

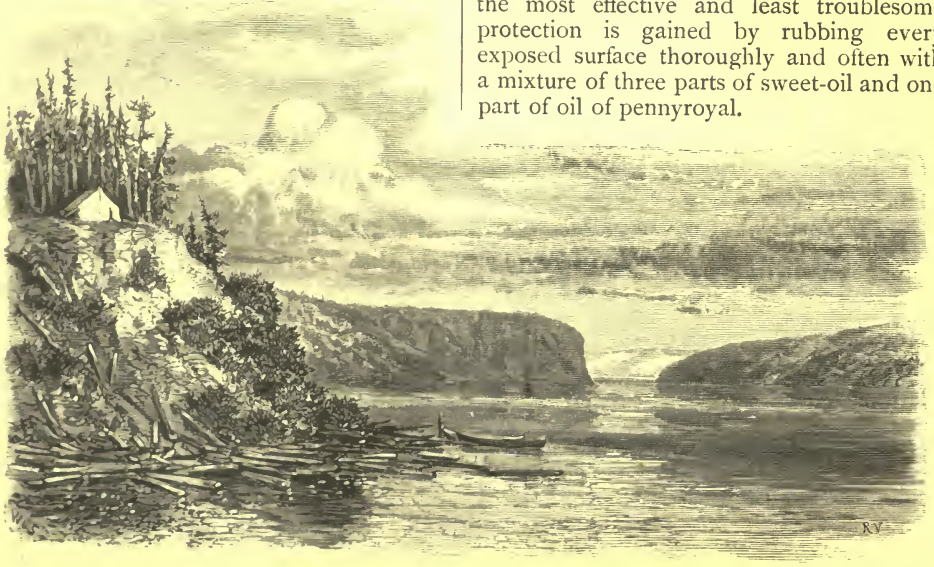
birch woods about the upper Saguenay, where much of the material is obtained, and forced the Indians to seek their bark at great distances, increasing the price of their work. A new canoe of the size used in these streams costs with equipment from eighteen to twenty-two dollars. These are eighteen feet long, three and a quarter across, and fifteen inches deep, weighing about forty pounds. They are Montaignie canoes, built by Indians of the north shore. The larger ones, used in the St. John's and the greater rivers, will carry

nine men, or a freight of nearly a ton. They are made by the Micmacs of the south shore and have higher peaks, and flatter bottoms, with less roll than the former.

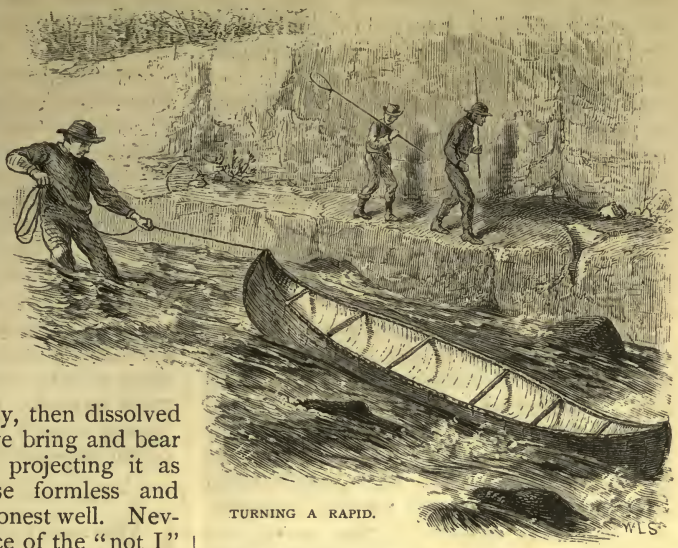
After eight or ten days spent at the home camp, all the pools within range have been several times whipped over, and the run of large trout sensibly slackens. At a point seven miles higher up (measured through its crooks,) the river rests, after its earlier wanderings for seventy miles through untrodden forests, and expands into a basin, between two and three miles across in either direction, deep set among craggy hills. Through this lake, and to the far regions beyond, all the fish, salmon and trout, pursue their pilgrimage. Just opposite the home camp a well marked portage opens, cutting off the bends, and bearing straight over a mountain and through dense woods to the lake by a rough course of three miles. Sunday, a leisure-day, is usually chosen for this march, and most of the hours of it are required to make the carry and settle the new camp. At one trip the men carry over tents and a week's provision, returning to bring the canoes on a second. Sixty or seventy pounds for each makes up a load, and with this settled compactly on the shoulders, and steadied by a broad strap passing over the forehead so as to leave the arms quite free, they climb the steep hill-crest, often cutting steps in the wet clay, and press through the woods at a quick gait, making the distance within two hours. Portaging the canoes is much more difficult and delicate work. They are turned over, hoisted on the head, and carried poised with the two hands at the edges, a little forward of the middle, giving the bearer at a distance among the trees the look of an ungainly two-legged elephant. This walk is an introduction to a stage of advance in the savage state. For a time ax and knife must be depended on for tools, sapin for beds, and birch bark for furniture. As we go on the thicket grows denser, and the solitude deepens. Very little animal life disturbs it. A few squirrels, and a partridge with her brood, will chirp and flutter; at the lake we shall see swooping fish-hawks, and hear the kingfisher's metallic cry. Occasionally in these woods, as on the stream, a fresh bear's track is crossed, but the silence here is seldom broken except by the ceaseless under-song of the mosquito's hum—

"The horns of Elfland faintly blowing."

This minim of insects must have a word. Since fishing began, he and his stinging kin have been the angler's pest. Herodotus thinks him worthy of mention, and describes the Egyptians' device for protection against him,—that of spreading a net over a shaded cleft in the rocks, through the meshes of which he will not pass unless the sun shines in. The Sicilian fisherman of to-day contrives precisely the same refuge from his attack. But after the experience of many years on many streams, the assertion is confidently made,—that all masquerading in veils, helmets, goggles and capes, brings mere vexation and impediment, and that the most effective and least troublesome protection is gained by rubbing every exposed surface thoroughly and often with a mixture of three parts of sweet-oil and one part of oil of pennyroyal.



LAKE CAMP.



TURNING A RAPID.

At the lake it is always cold. The sunsets over its rugged shores doubled in the crimson water, the frequent aurora flashing and streaming across the whole breadth of sky, and the clear stars looking down on a mirror as still, touch the feeling like beauty wasted since so rarely seen, if nature knows any waste. Through all the year that twilight grace of rock and sky and wave has floated blending into one harmony, then dissolved unseen, till now. Or do we bring and bear away that image with us, projecting it as sensation upon space, else formless and rayless? Fichte, thou reasonest well. Nevertheless, a puzzling instance of the "not I" is a fighting four-pound trout at summer sunset on such a stream.

A variation of sport may be enjoyed here, if one condescends to capture the great pickerel abounding in the lake, either by casting a spoon with a stout rod among the lily-pads, or by lazily letting ten fathoms of line trail from the canoe while the guide paddles slowly, till one of these pond-sharks, striking, gorges the gaudy bait, and is hauled up alongside, and knocked in his grim head with a short club. A couple of hours of this rude sport yielded to one line a hundred and twenty-two pounds, the largest fish weighing eight. This is merely justice pursuing murder, since the pickerel is a destroying terror to trout and salmon. They lurk in shoals around the outlet to seize the fish passing up, and wage havoc among them for a mile down the stream. Escaping these waylayers, the fish have still many miles to run before reaching the spawning-grounds. The intervening water above the lake is too free from rapids to afford good fishing until a tributary is reached, too far away to be attainable in the few days remaining. Pointing the flotilla peaks south out of the lake, we turn our backs upon nothing between it and Hudson's Straits, except the dreary solitudes of Labrador, with a few peaceable Indian tribes scattered through them. In its fall of two hundred feet through seven miles between the outlet and the home camp, the river breaks into magnificent pools, drained by sharp, rough rapids, with long intervening stretches of deep-water lurking-places (even so late) for salmon. Many of them of large size are passed lying at the bottom motionless, as if cased in ice, or heard breaking at night. A small one now and then absorbs the fly. In no part of the river are the sea-trout so large, bold, and strong. They are no longer the gray trout that sailed in with the tide. Their color is rich and high beyond description,—backs a glittering bronze, shot with gold, and crooked, dark streaks; bellies like pearl, and fins a fan of strong crimson, purple, and black spines. Their dazzling vermilion spots "bid the rash gazer wipe his eye." As a new puzzle for naturalists, some of the largest taken blush all exquisite rose wherever white usually shines. The beginning of the fishing and the verge of the pirate-pickerel's range is marked by a grand bald crag, towering four hundred feet, and sinking sheer into water, christened the Palisade Pool, where very large trout usually lie. The next few miles are a favorite preserve, always stocked in the season with a succession of splendid fish. The banks, still thickly wooded with larch, spruce, sycamore, and small shrubs, show less of clay than those lower down, and more of pebbly ledge and short sandy beaches, so that fishing afloat is exchanged for wading, which insures a longer, truer cast, and more ease in landing the fish. The long summer days of a week may be filled with excitement in whipping this range of twenty or thirty pools. So satisfactory is the work, indeed, that they are usually gone over several times on successive days, from a new camp established near half-way down to the great fall,

which separates them from the lower range of water, accessible from the original camp. This is pitched near a curve, just below which the river receives two or three cool streamlets into a circular basin, parted from its main course by a little stony tongue, fringed with bushes, and about thirty yards across. This spring pool is a favorite resting-place for trout on the way up, and they have been seen literally paving its sandy floor, though its clearness and exposure to the sun render them very shy. From this pool one

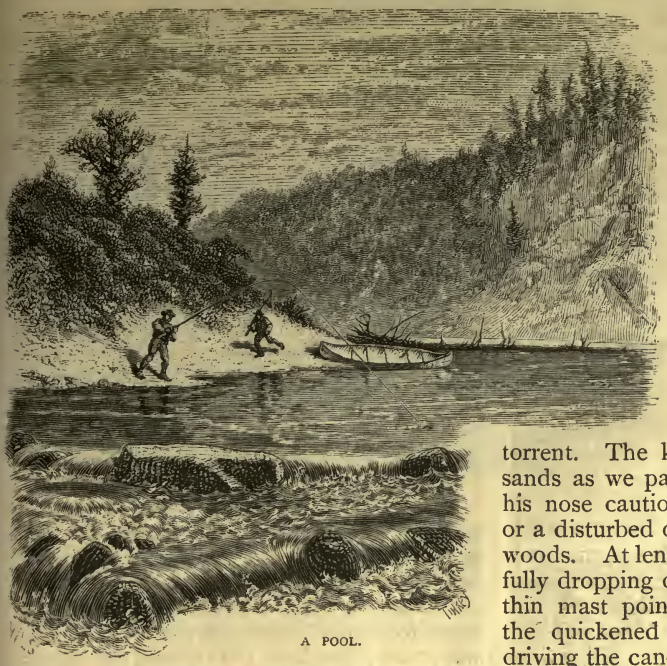
THE OUTLET.

hundred and six fish were taken by one rod in three days, thirteen of which weighed over three pounds, and the largest five.

Sunshine seldom interferes with the sport in this region seriously. Days of sullen, cold rain come on, leaving only an hour or two for work outside the tent. Sudden thunder-gusts break over us while afloat, driving us to the shelter of thick épinettes (dry spruces), or even to a pent-house under the canoe, turned bottom up, and propped on sticks. Sometimes a strange cloud of thin mist fills the valley, that seems to tingle with electricity, and is pungent with the smell of ozone. So sensitive the nerves become to that mysteriously charged vapor, that one glances at the twig-tips, almost expecting to see them lit with St. Elmo's fire, like yard-arms at sea in an electric storm. Only some seasons, however, and some days in each, are free from one of the two extremes of too much or too little rain. Last summer, for instance, the weather continued so hot and dry, and the stream ran so low, that for long stretches not a fish was to be found at all in the pools, all having resorted to the mouths of little inlets, where they hung clustered like a swarm of bees. Down from the middle camp the canoes go deeply loaded with tents and fish, dipping only now and then into an inviting pool, and taking some hours to reach a great rapid which seizes the river at the opening of a gorge and hurls it furiously along half a mile of tangled rocks, to plunge it over a steep, picturesque fall, thirty feet high. Down this rapid the guides will slowly, cautiously pole or lead the canoes, sending the passenger to scramble along a rough path among the cliffs, from which he looks down on their dwindled, struggling figures, and faintly hears their shouts. They meet again at the fall, round which, of course, the canoes are portaged, or slid down through a side chute, and we have passed the portal of the upper stream, and bid it farewell.

Three days of the best work for one rod in the upper waters, noted on the score in separate years, are,—37 fish of 79 pounds, 41 fish of 83½ pounds, 39 fish of 86½ pounds.

If the day of coming down to the home pool has been properly timed, its evening will be prolonged over the camp-fire to watch the full moon rise above a clump of pointed spruces fronting the tent. She brings the promise of a new run of fish, filling the pools after their week's rest, with occasional fine trout among them, lingering behind the seniors on their way up. A sweet sense of civilization attends the return from the deeper forests to bed and board, and the camp seems even neat and spacious after rougher quarters. The black flies are gone, and the mosquitoes only weakly wicked. Sometimes at morning frost sprinkles the ground, the days grow cooler, and the nights cold, till we sympathize with the man of old who cried, "Aha! I am warm; I have seen the fire," and enjoy the mere animal pleasure of heat.



A POOL.

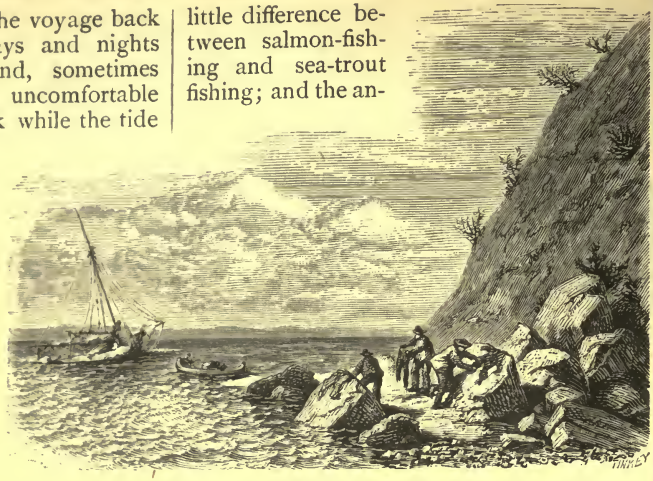
The men turn and resalt their fish, stowed in broad troughs of hemlock bark. The smell attracts small animals, and sometimes there is an alarm in camp that a bear has snuffed them out, and running out with the gun in the chilly night air, you catch sight of a lynx making off with one in his mouth. The sport is still fine; the fish, though not quite of the size of those earlier, rising and running with a dash. But the stores are dwindling, the canoes get leaky in spite of pitching, and the weather turns windy and changeable. The dull boom of the fog-gun from the light-house island—thirty miles off on the south shore of the great river—rolls oftener up the valley with a warning that autumn mists are gathering, and autumn storms brewing. There steals on a sense of having been a month without telegrams or letters, and suddenly some morning you say "enough," and order the flotilla down to the *chaloupe* with everything not needed for one day more. Next day, after an early breakfast, we strike tents, pitch the table and chairs into the bushes to save them from spring floods, pack the canoes with what remains to make an ample load, and cast one longing, lingering fly behind before pushing into the current. The catch is always very good on the way down in point of numbers, but is apt to reduce the score as to average of weight. It is not always possible to fish, or even to pause. Two seasons ago the river was very full on entering it, and after a week's difficult fishing, it rose steadily, with heavy showers, till its olive surface turned *café au lait* color, and rolled bank-full, effacing rocks and rapids alike. Down the middle, it tossed in waves over the sunk bowlders. A canoe would quickly have foundered there, and we were forced to drift along the margin, with the aid of branches, fairly washed out of the valley by the torrent. The kingfisher screams along the sands as we pass; perhaps a beaver pokes his nose cautiously out among alder roots; or a disturbed owl floats silently off into the woods. At length, after leisurely and regretfully dropping down for hours, the *chaloupe's* thin mast points above the next turn, and the quickened paddles cut the tide-water, driving the canoes alongside to take possession if she is found all right.

She may be found in quite a different condition. Some seasons ago the men had left her the previous night hauled out into a little bay, and anchored on so bad a bottom that when she grounded with the falling tide a rock started one of the planks below her quarter, and she lay stern under, half full of water, when we boarded her. Fishing out her cargo, and drying on the rocks what remained unspoiled, was a tedious waste of time; but when lightened and pumped out her planking sprang into place

A LOUP-CERVIER.

and was easily secured. The voyage back oftenest consumes two days and nights against a down-stream wind, sometimes strong enough to raise an uncomfortable sea in making the port tack while the tide ebbs, and to drive us to some anchorage till it turns. Good and honest fellows as the guides are, there is perhaps the slightest possible disposition on the skipper's part to lengthen the cruise for his chartered craft by a half day or more, so that it is usually early morning when she works slowly up with sweeps against the edges of the powerful Saguenay current, and rounds the point into Tadousac Bay. The summer birds have flown from the cottages and hotel,—the house seems only waiting our return to put out the fire in its hospitable stove and close its doors for the season. The steamer leaves L'Anse à l'Eau for Quebec late in the afternoon, giving time for a substantial civilized dinner off other service than tin, and for settling the accounts of the cruise.

The usual charge for canoe-men is a dollar and a half a day, in gold, and for the *chaloupe*, with its owner's services, two dollars. A liberal rule for calculation in laying in supplies at Quebec is to allow thirty cents for each ration, on the basis of two served to every man of the party each day for ordinary stores, with an addition for wine and spirits shipped, and for what the Germans call *delicatessen*, from which a quart of lime juice should by no means be omitted. The average cost of the month's excursion in each of four years—once with three in the party, once with two, and twice alone—has been from three hundred and seventy to four hundred dollars, including the sum paid for license to use the stream, as for salmon-fishing. It results, therefore, that with respect to region, route, equipment, and expense,—as to all things indeed excepting season, tackle, and size of fish,—there is little difference between salmon-fishing and sea-trout fishing; and the angler who can choose his month will of course prefer the former. If forced to content himself with the minor sport, he will find that health and experience are no less essential to its enjoyment, and that the charms of Nature, impartially kind to all enthusiastic wooers who seek her wilderness shrine, will more than compensate for its comparative tameness. The following instances may prove that his record, if modest, is not likely to be insignificant; even though it might not provoke Mistress Quickly's comment—

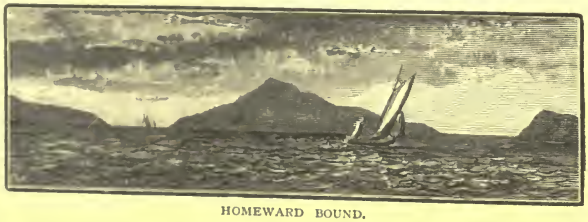


WRECKED.

"I'll warrant you, he's an infinitive thing on the score."

Years.	Rods.	Days.	No. of fish.	Weight.	Aver.	Over 3 lbs.
1872	3	17	1017	1204 lbs.	1 lb. 3 oz.	92
1874	2	13	222	274 "	1 " 3½	7
1875	1	10	282	399 "	1 " 6½	14
1876	1	23	389	560 "	1 " 7	26

When the angler, recounting these captives of his steel, pictures again each bright scene and hour of his summer's recreation, it will not be the least of his pleasures to remember that its fruits are aiding to make the cheerless life of his guides more endurable, in the long winter while those dark forests bow beneath the weight of snows, and the stiffening river shivers through all its depths under the blasts storming down those stern Laurentian valleys.



HOMEWARD BOUND.

AGAMEMNON'S TOMB.

Uplift the ponderous, golden mask of death,
And let the sun shine on him as it did
How many thousand years agone! Beneath
This worm-defying, uncorrupted lid,
Behold the young, heroic face, round-eyed,
Of one who in his full-flowered manhood died;
Of nobler frame than creatures of to-day,
Swathed in fine linen cerecloths fold on fold,
With carven weapons wrought of bronze and gold,
Accoutered like a warrior for the fray.

We gaze in awe at these huge-modeled limbs,
Shrunk in death's narrow house, but hinting yet
Their ancient majesty; these sightless rims
Whose living eyes the eyes of Helen met;
The speechless lips that ah! what tales might tell
Of the earth's morning-tide when gods did dwell
Amidst a generous-fashioned, god-like race,
Who dwarf our puny semblance, and who won
The secret soul of Beauty for their own,
While all our art but crudely apes their grace.

We gather all the precious relics up,
The golden buttons chased with wondrous craft,
The sculptured trinkets and the crystal cup,
The sheathed, bronze sword, the knife with brazen haft.
Fain would we wrest with curious eyes from these
Unnumbered long-forgotten histories,
The deeds heroic of this mighty man,
On whom once more the living daylight beams,
To shame our littleness, to mock our dreams,
And the abyss of centuries to span.

Yet could we rouse him from his blind repose,
How might we meet his searching questionings,
Concerning all the follies, wrongs and woes,
Since his great day whom men call King of Kings,
Victorious Agamemnon? How might we
Those large, clear eyes confront, which scornfully
Would view us as a poor, degenerate race,
Base-souled and mean-proportioned? What reply
Give to the beauty-loving Greek's heart-cry,
Seeking his ancient gods in vacant space?

What should he find within a world grown cold,
Save doubt and trouble? To his sunny creed
A thousand gloomy, warring sects succeed.
How of the Prince of Peace might he be told,
When over half the world the war-cloud lowers?
How would he mock these faltering hopes of ours,
Who knows the secret now of death and fate!
Humbly we gaze on the colossal frame,
And mutely we accept the mortal shame,
Of men degraded from a high estate.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

"THE NEXT MOMENT IT WAS IN THE YOUNG, STRONG ARMS."

CHAPTER XIII.

If Nicholas Minturn had undertaken to account to himself, or had been called upon to account to others, for the reasons which had induced him to take up his residence in New York for the winter, he would have been puzzled for his answer. To be near Miss Larkin was, undoubtedly, a first consideration. He had a hunger of heart that could only be fed by breathing the atmosphere in which she lived; but this he hardly understood himself, and this, certainly, he could not betray to others. He had had a taste, too, of society; and as Ottercliff could give him no opportunity for its repetition, his life in the ancestral mansion had become tame and tasteless to him. All this was true, but there was something beyond this. He was interested in himself. His interrupted voyage upon the Atlantic had been a voyage of discovery, pursued but half across his own nature. Of independent action he had had so little, that he was curious to see how he should come out in a hand-to-hand encounter with new forms of life. He had no business except such as came to him in connection with the care of his estate, and this was not absorbing. He found his mind active, his means abundant, his whole nature inclined to benevolence, and his curiosity excited in regard to that great world of the poor of which he had heard much, and known literally nothing at all.

He was entirely conscious of his ignorance of the ways of men. He was aware that he had no scheme of life and action, based upon a knowledge of the world. All that he had done, thus far, had been accomplished through the motive of the hour. He had seen, in moments of emergency, the right thing to do, and he had done it. He knew that other men had a policy which had come to them with a knowledge

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of motives,—which had come with the experience of human selfishness,—which had come with a keen apprehension of ends and a careful study of means. He very plainly saw this; and he was acute enough to apprehend the fact, not only that he would be obliged to rely on his instincts and his quick and unsophisticated moral and intellectual perceptions for maintaining his power and poise, but that he had a certain advantage in this. The game that policy would be obliged to take at long range,—with careful calculations of deflections, distances, and resistances,—a quick and pure perception could clap its hands upon. A mind that knew too much—a mind that was loaded with precedents, gathered in the path of conventionality and custom—would be slow to see a new way, while one to which all things were new would be hindered by nothing.

All that education and association could do to give Nicholas a woman's mind and a woman's purity, had been done; but behind this mind, and pervaded with this purity, there sat a man's executive power. Of this, he had become conscious in his occasional contact with men whose life was a scheme and a policy. What wonder, then, that he was curious about himself? What wonder that the discovery of himself should have been esteemed by him an enterprise quite worthy of his undertaking?

He had been installed in his apartments but a few days, when his presence in New York seemed to have been discovered in quarters most unlikely to acquire the knowledge. College friends who were having a hard time of it in the city found it convenient to borrow small sums of money of him. He was invited to dinners and receptions; and he learned that the flavor of his heroism still hung about him, and that he was still an object of curious interest. Then, various claims to his beneficence were presented by the regular benevolent societies. To all these he turned a willing ear, and lent a generous hand. It was a matter of wonder to him, for a good many days, how so many people, of such different grades, should know just where to look for him.

One morning, as he had completed some business of his own that had cost him an hour at his desk, Pont appeared with the card of "Mr. Jonas Cavendish." Who Mr. Jonas Cavendish was, he had not the remotest apprehension; but he told Pont to show him up.

Mr. Jonas Cavendish came in, holding before him, as if he expected Nicholas to take it, an old and carefully brushed hat. The weather was cold, but he wore no overcoat. There was a cheerful—almost a gleeful—look on the man's face, a dandyish air about his buttoned-up figure, and a general expression of buoyancy in his manner, that gave Nicholas the impression that he had suddenly fallen heir to a vast fortune, and had come to tell a stranger the news before visiting his tailor.

Nicholas rose to receive him, and Mr. Cavendish extended his blue hand, with which he shook that of the young man very long and very heartily.

"I suppose I ought to know you," said Nicholas, doubtfully. "Be seated, sir."

Mr. Cavendish sat down, and gave Nicholas a long and interested examination.

"Well, it doesn't seem possible! It—does—not—seem—possible!" said Mr. Cavendish. "To think that the little lad that I used to see at Ottercliff has come to this! Ah! time flies!"

Nicholas was so much embarrassed that he took up the man's card, and looked at it again, to see if it would not touch the spring in his memory that seemed so slow in its responses.

"I see that you are puzzled," said the man, "and I ought to say, in justice to—to all concerned, that, in one sense, you ought to know me, and in another sense that you ought not to know me. Now, let me try to assist you. Flat Head? Flat Head? Does it help you any? Don't you catch a glimpse of a pale and enthusiastic young man, bending over you, and playing with your curls? Flat Head, now!"

"No, I must beg your pardon. I cannot recall you."

"Don't feel badly about it, I beg of you. I'll tell you who I am in a moment; but psychology has always been a favorite study with me, and I want to make a little experiment. I have a theory that every event in a man's life makes an impression upon the memory, and can be recalled, if we touch the chords,—if we touch the right chord, you know. Now, don't you remember hearing old Tom say to your mother: 'Here's that plug of Cavendish turned up again?' Don't that start it?"

"So you knew old Tom?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, and a good old fellow he was. Queer, but good at heart, you know."

"Wont you sit nearer the fire?" Nich-

olas inquired, seeing that Mr. Cavendish was in a shiver.

"No, sir,—no. You wonder why I wear no overcoat. I would not consent to such a degree of effeminacy. My life has inured me to hardship. When I am within the confines of civilization, I endeavor, as far as possible, to preserve the habits I am compelled to follow among the wild tribe that engages my poor services. I should be ashamed to wear an overcoat, sir. Ah! your dear, departed mother has talked to me about it, with tears in her eyes, again and again."

Here Mr. Cavendish withdrew a soiled handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes, and blew his nose.

"The cold, as an exciting agency, will have its effect upon the mucous membrane," said Mr. Cavendish, with a trembling voice and an attempt to hide from Nicholas the cause of his emotion.

"I shall be obliged to trouble you to tell me who you are," said Nicholas.

"I suppose a young man like you never reads the reports of missionary operations," said Mr. Cavendish; "but I have given my life to the Flat Head Indians. I have not been able to do much, but I have modified them,—modified them, sir. If I may be permitted the rare indulgence of a jest, I should say that their heads are not so level as they were, speaking strictly with reference to their physical conformation. The burdens which they bear upon them are lighter. There has been, through my humble agency—I hope I say it without vanity—a general amelioration. The organ of benevolence has been lifted. Veneration has received a chance for development."

"And did my mother formerly help you?" inquired Nicholas.

"That woman forced things upon me, sir. I couldn't get out of the house empty-handed. I shall never, never forget her."

"Are you now at the East collecting funds?"

"No; I'll tell you just how it is. I am not here to collect funds. I am here, mainly, to report facts. I have all I can do to hinder my mission from assuming a mercenary aspect, and to prevent a mercenary aspect from being thrown over my past life. It vexes me beyond measure."

Mr. Jonas Cavendish was now approaching the grand climax of the little drama he had brought upon the stage, and rose to his feet for more convenient and effective acting.

"Only last night," said he, "I was with friends. I was just as unsuspicious as an unborn babe of what was going on. We talked about the past and its sacrifices. They ought to have known better. They had been acquainted with me and my work for a life-time, and it was not my fault that they presumed to cast a veil of mercenariness over my career. They knew—they must have known—that I had worked solely for the good of the cause. And yet, those friends, meaning well, but obtuse—utterly obtuse to the state of my feelings, proposed a testimonial: Sir, I give you my word that I was angry. I raved. I walked the room in a rage. 'Good God!' said I, 'has it come to this: that a miserable pecuniary reward is to spread its golden shadow over the sacrifices of a life!' I was indignant, yet I knew that they meant well. I knew that their hearts were right. They couldn't see that they were wounding me at the most sensitive point—that they insulted while they attempted to compliment me."

Mr. Cavendish here gave a complimentary attention to his "mucous membrane," and proceeded:

"Then I relented, and as my passion died, and my mind came into a frame more favorable to the conception of expedients, a thought struck me. 'I have it!' said I. 'Go away from me with your testimonials! Go away, go away! I shut my ears to you. Not a word! not a word about it! but make it an endowment, said I, and I'm with you!"

Here Mr. Cavendish had arrived at a high pitch of eloquence. His face glowed, his eyes flashed, and he stood before Nicholas, quivering all through and all over with earnestness and excitement.

"It ran through them like wild-fire," he went on. "They chose a president and secretary. They prepared the papers. They accomplished their object, and they spared me. We parted amicably, and here is the paper. If you esteem it a privilege to aid in this endowment, you shall have it, as the son of a woman whom I honored and who honored my mission. Act with perfect freedom. Don't put down a dollar more than you find it in your heart to put down. Think of it only as an endowment. Twenty-five dollars is a fair sum for any man. I don't want it in large sums. It ought to be a general thing, in which the whole people can unite. Then all will be interested, and all will feel that they have had a chance. Just put your name there, at the head of

the third column. I confess that I have a little feeling on the matter of leading names, and I trust you will pardon the vanity."

Nicholas drew up to the table, with a feeling of utter helplessness. The nice distinction which Mr. Jonas Cavendish recognized between a testimonial and an endowment was not apparent to him, but he saw that that individual apprehended it in a very definite and positive form. He was at a loss, also, to comprehend the propriety and the modesty of the missionary's agency in working up the endowment. The whole performance seemed to be an ingenious piece of acting, yet he was under an influence which compelled him to sign the paper, and to write the sum which Mr. Cavendish had mentioned, at the end of his name. He could not bring his mind to regard it as a privilege, but he seemed shorn of the power to repel the offer.

"I may as well pay this now," said Nicholas, rising to his feet and producing the money.

"You remind me of your mother, in many things,—in many things," said Mr. Cavendish, smiling his approval of the proposition, and pocketing the notes.

Then Mr. Cavendish gathered up his papers, thanked Nicholas on behalf of the committee and the cause, shook his hand and retired, with the same buoyant and business-like air which he wore upon his entrance.

Nicholas found himself unhappy and discontented when Mr. Cavendish closed the door behind him. He had done that which he knew Glezen would laugh at, but he felt, somehow, that he could not have helped himself. The man's will and expectation were so strong, that he was powerless to disappoint him. He determined only that he would be more careful in the future.

He had thought the matter over in a vague uneasiness for half an hour, when Pont appeared again, with the announcement that a sick man was at the door, and insisted on seeing Mr. Minturn.

"I don't want to see him," said Nicholas, shrinking from another encounter.

"Dat's jes what I tole him," said Pont; "but he says he *mus'* see you, mas'r."

"Well, I'm in for it to-day, Pont. I'll see it through. Show him up."

Pont was gone a long time, but at last Nicholas overheard conversation, a great shuffling of feet upon the stairs, and the very gradual approach of his visitor.

The door was opened, and a feeble-looking, shabby fellow appeared, creeping slowly upon feet that were apparently swollen to twice their natural size. They were incased in shoes, slit over the tops, to accommodate the enlarged members, with their manifold wrappings. With many sighs and groans, he sank into a chair, and Nicholas observed him silently while he regained his breath. There was no doubt in the mind of Nicholas that the man was not only poor, but miserable.

"I am troubling you," said the panting visitor at length, in a feeble, regretful voice, "because I am obliged to trouble somebody. I have had no experience in straits like these, and I have no arts by which to push my claims upon your charity. I am simply poor and helpless."

"How long have you been so?" inquired Nicholas.

"Only a day and a night, in which I have neither slept nor tasted food."

"Tell me your story," said Nicholas.

The invalid had a twinge of terrible pain at this moment, and lifted and nursed one of his aching feet.

"I walked the streets all last night, until just before morning, and I don't feel much like talk," said the man. "However, I'll make it short. I came here nine months ago, looking for work. Before I had been here a week, I was taken down with acute rheumatism. I ought to say that I am a son of Dr. Yankton of Boston, and that my home has been in Virginia for the last twenty years, though my life has been an official one,—at Washington,—in the departments. As I said, I came here for work, and then I was taken down. I had to go to Bellevue, and there I stayed until they got all my money, and then they sent me to the Island." (Another twinge.) "They dismissed me yesterday, without a word of warning. I had no chance to write to my friends for money, and I have no way to get home."

"And you say that you have neither eaten nor slept since your discharge?"

"Not a morsel and not a wink," said Mr. Yankton, comprehensively. "I couldn't beg. I can't now. Gracious Heaven! what a night! If I were to live a thousand years, I couldn't forget it. I went into the Bowery Hotel at midnight, and sat down. I sat there about ten minutes, when the clerk came to me and said he wasn't allowed to have tramps sitting 'round in the house, nights, and told me I must move on. He wasn't rough, but he was obliged to

obey orders. Then I walked until three, and found myself at the Metropolitan. I went in and told the clerk I wanted to sit down awhile, and he bade me make myself comfortable till the people began to stir. But I couldn't sleep, and here I am."

All this was very plausible, and Nicholas felt the case to be genuine; but he was bound to take the proper precautions against imposition.

"You have some credentials, I suppose?" said Nicholas, in a tone of inquiry.

"Plenty of 'em."

Then Mr. Yankton withdrew from his pocket, and carefully unfolded, a package of papers, and handed them to Nicholas. They showed very plainly, on examination, that Mr. Yankton, or somebody who bore his name, had been in the departments at Washington, and that he had left a good record.

"I would like to borrow," said Mr. Yankton, "the sum of six dollars. When I get to Baltimore, I shall be all right, and I shall at once sit down and return you the money."

Nicholas handed the sum to him, partly from benevolence, partly to get an unpleasant sight and an unwholesome smell out of his room; and he was surprised, when Pont had helped the crippled fellow down-stairs and into the street, that a vague sense of dissatisfaction was left, in this case, as in the other. He asked himself a good many questions in regard to the matter that he could not satisfactorily answer. He was, at least, in no mood for meeting any new applicant for money. So he put on his overcoat, and prepared himself for the street. When he emerged upon the sidewalk, he suddenly conceived the purpose to walk to Bellevue Hospital, and inquire into Mr. Yankton's history in that institution. Arriving there, he was informed, after a careful examination of the books, that no man bearing the name of Yankton had been a patient in the institution within the space of the previous ten years.

Nicholas left the hospital sick at heart. It did not seem possible, to his simple nature, that a man could lie so boldly and simulate disease so cleverly, and do it all for a paltry sum of money. He thought of what Glezen had said at Mrs. Coates's dinner table, and concluded that his friend should not know how thoroughly he had been deceived.

He took a vigorous turn about the streets, until it was time for him to return to his lunch. Pont met him at the door, and informed him that during his absence a gentleman had called, who would be in again at three o'clock. Nicholas took the man's card without looking at it until he reached his room. Then he tossed it upon the table, removed his overcoat and gloves, and, as he drew up to the fire, picked up the card and read the name of "Mr. Lansing Minturn, of Missouri."

The name startled him. He knew that his family was small, and he had never heard of the Missouri branch. But this was not the most remarkable part of the matter. His own mother was a Lansing, a name as honorable as his own, and representing a much larger family. Here was a man who, apparently, held a blood connection with him on both sides of the house. The love of kindred was strong within the young man, and he found his heart turning with warm interest and good-will toward the expected visitor.

Indeed, he was impatient for him to appear, for he anticipated the reception, through him, of an accession of knowledge concerning his ancestry and his living connections.

He ate his lunch and passed his time in desultory reading, until, at last, Mr. Lansing Minturn was announced. He rose to meet his unknown relative with characteristic heartiness and frankness, and invited him to a seat at the fire.

Mr. Lansing Minturn, it must be confessed, did not bear a strong resemblance to Nicholas. He was plainly but comfortably dressed, bore upon his face the marks of exposure, and apparently belonged to what may be called the middle class of American citizens. He was modest in demeanor, respectful without being obsequious, and self-possessed without obtrusiveness.

"I have called," said he, "not to make any claim of relationship—for I should never have presumed to do that—but in the pursuit of an errand which has brought me to the city. Four months ago a brother of mine left home for the East, and not a word have we heard from him since. I have come to New York to find him. So far, I have been unsuccessful. He had but little money when he left, and it occurred to me that, in his straits, he might have come to one of his own name for help. That's all. Has he done so?"

"Why, no, I haven't seen him," said Nicholas.

"Then I'll not trouble you longer," said

Mr. Lansing Minturn, with a sigh, and he rose to take his leave.

"Don't go!" exclaimed Nicholas. "I want to talk with you about your family."

"I am delighted, of course, to rest here awhile," said the visitor; "but I had no intention to take up your time."

Then the two young men, in whom the sentiment of consanguinity rose into dominant eminence, sat and talked through a most interesting hour. It was a matter of profound grief to Mr. Lansing Minturn and his family that none of them had been able to attend the grand gathering of the Lansing family, which had taken place a few years before. Some of their neighbors had attended the meeting, and brought back glowing reports of the festivities and the speeches. He, himself, had read the record with great interest. He was thoroughly posted in his pedigree, on both sides of the family, and was proud of it, in the humble way in which a man in humble circumstances may cherish a pride of ancestry, but he had never gone among the rich members of the family. Poor relations were not usually welcome. His grandfather was still living in Boston,—a man once rich, but now in greatly reduced circumstances, and very old. Indeed, it was the failure of his grandfather in business which had sent his children into the West when it was little more than a wilderness.

"By the way," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, rising and taking his hat; "how far is it to Boston?"

"Seven or eight hours' ride, I suppose," Nicholas replied.

"Ride? yes!" and the remote cousin extended his hand in farewell, and started for the door.

"Look here! What do you mean?" said Nicholas, rushing toward him.

"Nothing—nothing—I can do it."

"Of course you can do it."

"I'm a civil engineer by profession," said Mr. Minturn from Missouri. "Walking is my business, and I can do it."

His hand was upon the knob, and one of the hands of Nicholas was in his pocket, while the other grasped the retreating figure of his newly found relative. There was a harmless little tussle, an exclamation, "You are too kind," and both became conscious, at subsequent leisure, that a ten-dollar bill had passed from Minturn to Minturn. It was a comfort to each, for several hours, that the money had not gone out of the family, yet Nicholas was not entirely sure that he had not been imposed upon. The last look that he had enjoyed of his relative's eyes and mouth—of the general expression of triumph that illuminated his features—made him uneasy. Could it be possible that he had been imposed upon again? Could it be possible that he had been led into a trap, and had voluntarily made an ass of himself? It was hard to believe, and therefore he would not believe it.

Nicholas sat down and thought it all over. He knew that Glezen would not be in, that night, for he had informed him of an engagement. Coming to a conclusion, he rang his bell for Pont. When his servant appeared, he told him to go to the house of Talking Tim, the pop-corn man, whose address he had learned, with the message that he (Nicholas) wanted to see him at his rooms that evening.

It was still two hours to dinner, and he went into the street, called on one or two friends, and got rid of his lingering time as well as he could. His dinner disposed of, he was in his room at seven, and soon afterward Talking Tim appeared, with his basket on his arm.

Nicholas gave him a warm, comfortable seat at his fire, and then told him, with entire faithfulness, the story of his day's experiences.

Tim listened with great interest and respectfulness to the narrative, but when he concluded, he gave himself up to an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"You really must excuse me," said the pop-corn man, "but I know every one of these fellows. They are the brightest deadbeats there are in the city."

"You are sure you are not mistaken?" said Nicholas lugubriously.

"Say!" said Talking Tim, using a favorite exclamation for attracting or fastening an interlocutor's attention, "would you like to take a little walk this evening? I think I can show you something you'll be pleased to see."

"Yes, I'll go with you anywhere."

"Then put on your roughest clothes, and your storm hat, and leave your gloves behind. Make as little difference between you and me as you can, and we'll indulge in a short call."

Nicholas arrayed himself according to Tim's directions, who sat by and criticised the outfit.

"You are a little more respectable than you ought to be," said Tim, "but if you'll button your coat up to your chin, so as to

leave it doubtful whether you have a shirt on, you'll do."

They started out in great glee, and by Tim's direction took a Broadway car, and rode to the lower terminus of the road. Then they crossed Broadway, and soon began to thread the winding streets on the eastern side of the city. Nicholas was quickly beyond familiar ground, but he asked no questions, and took little note of his bearings, trusting himself to his guide. Many a joke was tossed at Talking Tim on the way, of which he took little notice. Low bar-rooms and saloons were ablaze with light and crowded with drunken, swearing men. They jostled against staggering ruffians and wild-eyed, wanton women. They saw penniless loafers looking longingly into bakers' windows. They saw feeble children lugging homeward buckets of beer. They saw women trying to lead drunken husbands through the cold streets to miserable beds in garrets and cellars, and other sights, sickening enough to make them ashamed of the race to which they belonged, and to stir in them a thousand benevolent and helpful impulses.

"Here we are!" said Tim, after a long period of silent walking.

Nicholas looked up, and saw at the foot of a shallow alley two windows of stained glass. Clusters of grapes were blazoned on the panes, and men were coming and going, though the opening door revealed nothing of the interior, which was hidden behind a screen. By the light of a street-lamp, which headed and illuminated the alley, he could read the gilt letters of the sign, "The Crown and Crust," over which stood, carved in outline and gilded like the letters, a goat *rampant*.

"Now," said Tim, "we'll go in, and we'll go straight to a stall, and not stop to talk with anybody. I know the stall I want, and, if it's empty, we shall be all right. Don't follow me, but keep by my side, and don't act as if you'd never been here before."

When they opened the door, they were met by a stifling atmosphere of tobacco-smoke and beer, which at first sickened Nicholas and half determined him to beat a retreat, but this was overcome. Nicholas saw a large room and a large bar, behind which stood three or four men in their shirt-sleeves, and two girls, dressed in various cheap finery. Customers filled the room—chaffing, swearing, laughing riotously, staggering about, or sitting half asleep on lounges that surrounded a red-hot stove. Opening out of the room on three sides were rows of stalls, each with its narrow table running backward through the middle, and with unceiled walls not more than a foot higher than a standing man's head. The stalls were closed in front by faded red curtains, that the customers parted on entering, and dropped behind them.

Tim gave a bow of recognition here and there, as he passed through the crowd, many of whom looked strangely and questioningly at Nicholas. Such crowds always have a wholesome fear of detectives, and suspicions attached to him at once,—precisely the suspicions which would secure to him respectful treatment, for there were probably not five men in the room who had not good reason to fear the police.

The two men went across the room to a stall, and disappeared within it. Tim left his basket inside, and, telling Nicholas to remain while he should order something, as a matter of form, he went out. As he stood at the bar, one of the crowd approached him, and inquired the name and business of his companion.

"Oh, he's an old one," said Tim, "and can't be fooled with. He's no detective, if that's what you're after, and he's all right."

When Tim returned, he found Nicholas in great excitement. The latter put his finger to his lip, and made a motion of his head, which indicated that interesting conversation was in progress in the adjoining stall. Tim sat down in silence, and both listened. Soon a voice said:

"Boys, that was the cleanest raid that's been executed inside of a year. The family affection that welled up in that young kid's bosom when he realized that the mingled blood of all the Minturns and Lansings was circulating in my veins, it was touching to see. I could have taken him to my heart. I tell you it was the neatest job I ever did."

"I came pretty near making a slump of it," said another voice. "I was telling him about my dear old Flat Heads, you know, and how much good I had done them. Well, when I told him that I had ameliorated them, and all that sort of thing, an infernal suggestion came to me to say that I had planted in their brains the leaven of civilization, and that the mass was rising; and the idea of an Indian's head as a loaf of bread was a little too many for me. I didn't dare to speak it out for fear I should laugh, and put the fellow on his guard."

Following this, there was a boisterous roar

of merriment, which continued until another voice exclaimed:

"Oh, my rheumatiz! my rheumatiz!"

Then there was another laugh, and Nicholas and Tim exchanged smiling glances.

"Wait here," said Nicholas.

"Then, rebuttoning his coat, and putting on his hat, he left the stall, and threading his way through the crowd, that grew silent and made way for him as he passed, he quickly sped through the alley and emerged upon the street. He remembered that a few rods from the alley he had passed a police-station. Making sure of his point of compass, he walked slowly back upon the track he had traversed on approaching "The Crown and Crust," and soon found the house he sought, and entered. Addressing the officer in charge, he told him his story and explained to him his wishes. The officer was obliging, and immediately detailed three policemen, who accompanied him back to the saloon.

There was a general silence and scattering as he entered with his escort, and made directly for the stall in which Talking Tim was waiting impatiently, and with many fears, for his return. As he parted the curtains, Tim caught a glimpse of the policemen, and sprang to his feet. Nicholas raised his finger, and then quietly parted the curtains which hid the three rogues who had preyed upon him during the day, and looked in upon them without saying a word.

To the face of one, the Minturn and Lansing blood mounted with painful pulsations. The rheumatic patient, with great liveliness of limb and utter disregard of his tender feet, endeavored to clamber over the partition, but was knocked back by the pop-corn man. The missionary to the Flat Heads was pale, but calm.

"You are in very bad company to-night, sir," said Mr. Jonas Cavendish.

"I am aware of it," Nicholas responded, "but I have the police at my back and am likely to be protected. Are you enjoying yourselves?"

"Very much so, indeed," said Mr. Cavendish.

"How much money have you left? Put every dollar of it on the table here before you, or I will have you searched for it."

There was a great, though a painfully reluctant, fumbling of the pockets, and at length each produced the sum he had received from Nicholas, diminished only by the moderate expenses of the day. Nicholas gathered the sums together, ascertained the aggregate, and then said:

"You will probably want a dollar a piece for the expenses of the night and morning, and here it is. I will hold the rest in trust for you. I do not propose, for the present, to treat it as my own, and whether you get it or not will depend upon your behavior."

Then Nicholas called in the policemen, and inquired if they knew these men. On being assured that they knew them very well, and that they had known them a long time, he asked them to send the crowd away that had gathered excitedly around the stall, and listen to what he had to say.

The policemen turned upon the crowd and sent them back. The sale of liquors had stopped, and the bar-keepers were sourly looking on at a distance. Curtains were parted along the line of stalls, and curious eyes were peering out.

"I want these three men to come to my room to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. If they do not come, I shall arrest them as vagrants, I shall prosecute them for conspiracy and for obtaining money under false pretenses, and spend all the money that is necessary to make them uncomfortable for a year. I shall get them into the State Prison if I can, where they will be taught how to work. I have nothing to do but to attend to this matter, and I propose to devote myself to it. Now," turning to the men, "will you come?"

"Better go, boys," said one of the policemen. "Better go. He don't mean you any mischief, and he'll be hard on you if you don't."

The three men looked into one another's faces. They were suspicious, but they were helpless. Finally, the missionary inquired if he was going to have a policeman there.

"Not a policeman," said Nicholas emphatically. "I wouldn't have had one here, except for this damnable crowd of thieves and ruffians, that would have made mincemeat of me if I had undertaken to deal with you alone, for you know I can whip the whole of you."

"Minturn blood, boys," said the remote relative, by way of enlivening the solemnity of the occasion.

"All I've got to say, is, that if you don't promise me, these policemen will take charge of you at once," said Nicholas decidedly; "and that if you don't come after you have promised, I'll follow you until I get every one of you in the lock-up."

"Oh, we'll go, of course," said the missionary.

"And I'll go in my good shoes," said the rheumatic man, laughing.

"Count on us," said the distant relative.

"Will they keep their promise?" inquired Nicholas of the nearest policeman.

"Well, I reckon so. They're not bad fellows at heart, and they'll keep their word."

This little compliment went home, and each man rose and gave his hand in pledge of his sincerity.

"All right, I trust you," said Nicholas.

Then he turned and thanked the policemen for their service, and told Talking Tim that they would go. Tim lifted his basket, and, as they made their way through the curious assemblage, the pop-corn man cried his merchandise:

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, just salt enough. It strengthens the appetite, sweetens the breath, beautifies the bar-maid, restores consciousness after a stroke of Jersey lightning, steadies the nerves, makes home happy, quenches thirst, widens sidewalks, and reduces the police. Five cents a paper, gentlemen, and the supply limited by law. How many papers?——what the——?"

Talking Tim had gathered the whole crowd around him, including the three policemen, who seemed as much amused as the motley assembly that had immediately grown quiet and lamb-like under the influence of their presence. His sudden pause and exclamation were produced by seeing Nicholas dart out of the door, as swiftly and furiously as if he had been projected from a cannon. He did not pause to sell the article whose virtues he had so attractively set forth, but followed Nicholas as swiftly as he could pierce the crowd that interposed between him and the door. When he reached the sidewalk, there was nobody to be seen. He heard rapid footsteps in the distance, as if two men were running, and knew the attempt to follow them would be vain. So he stood still, calculating that Nicholas would return. The policemen came out to him, at their leisure, and questioned him in their lazy and indifferent way, about the "rum boy," and prophesied that he would get himself into difficulty. Then they moved off toward the station.

Talking Tim waited with great impatience and distress for ten minutes, when Nicholas came up slowly and alone, panting with the violent effort he had made, and showing by his smirched clothing that he had been upon the ground.

"You haven't had a fight?" said Tim.

"No," said Nicholas painfully, and out of breath. "I fell down."

"What have you been up to?"

"Wait. Let us go along quietly. Wait till I get my breath."

"You see," said Nicholas at length, "I happened to get a glimpse of an old acquaintance, while you were talking. He opened the door fairly upon me, and we knew each other at once. He was the man I saw twice in connection with the Ottercliff robbery, and he wasn't in any hurry for another interview, and I was; but he was too fast for me, and knew the sharp corners and lurking-places better than I did. I chased him to the water, and lost him among the wharves."

"Will you pardon me if I say that you are a very careless man?" inquired Tim with a respectful air, and in a tone that betrayed almost a fatherly interest.

"I suppose I ran some risk," Nicholas responded, "but I didn't stop to think:"

"What are you going to do with these three fellows? I should think you had had enough of them."

"I don't know; but I have a little plan. I am going to think about it to-night."

When the oddly matched companions reached Broadway, they were not far from Talking Tim's home, and there Nicholas insisted on their parting for the night, but Tim would not hear of it. What new complications Nicholas might find himself in before reaching his apartments, was a matter of serious question with the pop-corn man. So when Nicholas took a seat in a passing omnibus, Tim followed him in, refusing to leave him until he saw him fairly to the steps of his home.

"You are careless," said Tim, as he bade Nicholas good-night, "but I like you. May I come to-morrow night and hear the rest of this story?"

"Yes, if you are interested. You certainly have earned the privilege, and I am a thousand times obliged to you besides."

"You'll not be troubled any more with dead-beats," said Tim. "They'll all know about this affair before to-morrow night."

And with this assurance they parted.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE affairs of Tim Spencer, the pop-corn man, and his large family, were a frequent theme of conversation among the coterie that had its head-quarters in Miss Larkin's little

parlor. Nicholas had helped him to his money, in the way already recorded, and with this he had been enabled to change his tenement to a more salubrious location, where the health of his children was already improving. He had thus been measurably relieved of their care, and was again pushing his humble business with industry and moderate success.

But Tim was a hard man for persons of benevolent impulses and intentions to deal with. The sentiment of manhood and the love of independence were strong within him. Anything that had the flavor or suggestion of pauperism was so repulsive to him that he regarded it with almost a morbid hatred and contempt. He knew he was poor, and that he needed many things; but to anything that the hands of a sympathetic beneficence could bestow, he preferred the depressing hardship it would cost him and the self-respect of which it would rob him. Every attempt to help him had been repelled, and he was fighting his battle bravely alone.

This spirit of independence was one which, of course, his friends admired. Indeed, it was the principal agent in evoking their sympathy. He was the sort of man to be helped. If he had been a whining pauper, like thousands of others around them, they would have cared less for him, and been less desirous of assisting him. They would have found no fault with him but for his persistent determination to shut his children away from the mission-schools. They had once been there, and then, after a few months, he had withdrawn them. All the efforts of teachers and patrons had not availed to shake his determination that they should never resume the connection. He would give no reasons for his course, but he had made up his mind, and showed very plainly that the whole subject was distasteful to him.

All this had been talked over at what Glezen had facetiously called "The Larkin Bureau;" yet with Miss Coates, to whom the word "fail" was neither familiar nor agreeable, the determination to secure and do something with Tim Spencer's children remained unshaken. To use her own expressive phrase, she was "bound to get hold of them."

Half a dozen members of "The Bureau," including Nicholas and Glezen, were talking the matter over one evening, when Miss Coates reminded Glezen of the promise he had made at her dinner to accompany her on one of her visits to the poor. "And now," she said, "I want you to go with me to see Tim Spencer, and to go this very evening. Miss Pelton will go with us, I am sure."

"Oh! no, no!" said Miss Pelton at once. "It would be such larks if I dared, but I'm sure my sister would never consent to it. Oh! I wouldn't go for the world. Such horrid places, you know, and such people!"

Miss Pelton was one of those nice, fashionable young ladies, who are fond of handling the poor with gloves and at arm's length. Benevolence was one of her amusements. She taught in the mission-school, because that was one of the things to do. It formed, too, a satisfactory sop to conscience previous to the feasts of frivolity with which the following days and nights of the week were made merry. When a member of the family is ill, it is customary to feed her or him first, that the dinner of the rest may be enjoyed. She fed her conscience first, that her pride, vanity and frivolity might dine at leisure.

"I'll tell you what I think," said Miss Larkin. "I think that if you wish to prosper in your errand, the fewer people you take with you, the better. Tim Spencer is sensitive. He does not like to be meddled with, and he does not like to have gentlefolk in his home. He is poor, and feels that he cannot meet you on even ground—that you can only look upon his humble home with a sense of the contrast that it presents to your own. It will mortify him to have you see his straitened rooms and their homely and scanty appointments. There is really nothing improper in your going alone with Mr. Glezen."

Miss Larkin said all this to Miss Coates, for she knew that Miss Pelton's presence would be an embarrassment, and was only sought for the sake of appearances.

All agreed that she was right, and as for Glezen, he was only too glad to go with Miss Coates anywhere. He had a liking, too, for any sort of adventure, and a sure reliance upon his own quick wits to win his way successfully through it.

"I am ready," said Glezen.

"And I," responded Miss Coates, rising to her feet.

"Come back and report to us," said Miss Larkin.

"Certainly."

Then Glezen and Miss Coates left the room, and were soon on the street. It was

a raw and chilly night. Little needles of falling snow defined themselves against the flickering street lamps, the eastern wind beat upon their faces, and they bent their heads to it and walked in silence. No line of public conveyance favored their route, and they arrived at their destination only after a walk and a battle with the elements which had sent the blood to their faces and the tears to their eyes.

"You know I'm nothing but a passenger, to-night," said Glezen to his companion, as they stamped their feet upon the door-steps. "You are to win a victory to-night and I'm to see you do it."

"Very well, show me the enemy," said Miss Coates.

They entered a hall which would have been utterly dark had it not been for a feeble lantern hung at the top of the first staircase. They mounted to the second story, meeting on the way a slatternly woman, with a basket, who stared at them until they had passed above her sight, in mounting the second flight of stairs. On the third floor, they came to a door that bore the printed card of "T. Spencer." It was evidently cut from a pop-corn paper, but it was the first sign of civilization they had discovered in the building.

Glezen boldly, and without the slightest hesitation, rapped.

There was a hurried conversation inside, a moving of chairs, a hustling of unsightly things into closets and corners, and then Tim himself opened the door. He showed plainly that the call was anything but a pleasant surprise. With all the nonchalance and impudence which he was accustomed to use in pushing his trade outside, he was abashed by the beautiful face and richly draped figure that Miss Coates presented. He grew pale at first, then he blushed, and then there came to his help his unbartered sense of manhood. He shook hands cordially with Glezen, and with Miss Coates, as she was presented to him. Turning, as self-respectfully as if he were a lord, he introduced the pair to Mrs. Spencer and a young daughter, who hovered at the uncertain age between girlhood and womanhood. Bringing chairs for them, he invited them to be seated.

Miss Coates had seen everything at a glance. The room was of fair dimensions, and as neat in appearance as it could be kept with the crowded life that made it its home. The mother was a pale woman, worn and weary-looking, and plainly dressed, with a snowy white kerchief pinned around her throat. She held in her lap a baby, convalescent from a long illness, that fretted constantly, and seemed disturbed by the entrance of the visitors. The daughter was evidently overworked, but presented a good physique. The other children had gone to bed, with the exception of Bob, who has been already incidentally introduced to the reader, in a conversation in Glezen's office. He sat in the chimney-corner, with both feet upon the jamb, engaged in the congenial employment of chewing gum, and occasionally spitting through an orifice made in his upper jaw by the loss of a tooth—a loss (as he afterward explained to Miss Coates) that had been sustained in a "game scrimmage with a Mickey."

There was something about the air of Tim Spencer, in his house, and in the presence of his wife and daughter, that made it impossible for Glezen to address him by his familiar title.

"Mr. Spencer," he said, "Miss Coates has a little business with you, I believe, and I am here simply as her protector."

"I suspect what the business is," said Tim. "I suspected it when I first set my eyes on her; and I am sorry she has come so far, on so unpleasant a night, to be disappointed."

Miss Coates laughed, in her own hearty way, and presented a very pretty picture as she turned toward him, with her ruddy face, merry eyes and dazzling teeth, and said:

"Shall we go away now?"

"I didn't mean that," said Tim.

Bob understood the business quite as readily as his father did, and, instead of facing the group, turned his back upon it, put his feet a little higher up upon the jamb, chewed the gum more furiously, and spat with greater frequency. He knew that he was to be the subject of the conversation, and so placed himself in a judicial attitude.

"Yes," said Miss Coates, "I have come for your children. I want them in my mission-school."

"They have been there once—not in yours, perhaps, but they have been there," said Tim.

"Now," said Glezen, "tell her frankly just what the trouble is. People who have been here, and who mean well toward you and yours, say you wont talk about it, and they think you are unreasonable."

"I'm not an unreasonable man," said Tim, "and I don't mean to be foolishly

proud. I certainly don't intend to hurt the feelings of those who have tried to do good to my children. The truth is I can't tell them how I feel without hurting them, and that is the reason why I have refused to talk. I am going to talk now, since you insist on it, and tell you the whole story. The truth is, they have done my children harm. They didn't mean it, of course, but they don't understand their business."

"What can you mean?" inquired Miss Coates eagerly.

"If I show some earnestness in this matter," said Tim Spencer, "you must forgive me, for you have told me to speak, and I have been so besought and badgered that I must tell you just how strongly I feel about it. I heard a good deal of good preaching in the early part of my life. If I am not a good man, I have myself to blame for it. Of late years I haven't been able to own a seat in any church, and I have stayed at home. I have a theory that a church ought to be the house of God, where men and women of all grades and all circumstances can meet on an even footing. None but the Catholics have such a church here, and I'm not a Catholic. So I and my children have no place to go to, and we have our choice between heathenism and pauperism, and I haven't hesitated to choose the former. A heathen may maintain his self-respect; a confirmed and willing pauper, never. Let a man, woman or child once get the impression that they are to be supported by people outside of their family—let them be once willing and greedy to grasp for benefactions that will relieve them from want and work—and they are lost."

"I don't see what that has to do with mission-schools," interjected Miss Coates.

"I'll tell you what it has to do with them," said Tim. "You bring my children first into direct association with paupers. More than half of your schools are made up of the children of people who care nothing whatever for the schools, except what they can get out of them. The children are taught at home to select for their teachers, as far as possible, those who are rich and generous. They even divide their children among different schools in order to secure their ends. They send them to school to get them clothed, and to open channels of sympathy and benevolence toward themselves. They take advantage of your interest to push their own selfish schemes. They even assume the attitude of those who grant a favor, and they expect to get some tangible return for it. They lend their children to you for a consideration."

"I am afraid this is partly true," Miss Coates responded.

"True? I know it's true," said Tim, "and you teachers play directly into their hands. You don't intend to do it, but you do it; and you do something worse than this. You foster the spirit of dependence. It is a part of the business of your church to support a mission, and it is the policy of your church to keep it dependent upon you. You do not even try to develop your mission into a self-supporting church. You find your children mainly paupers, and you keep them so, and once a year you march the whole brood over to your big church and show them—not as a part of the children of your church, but as a separate and alien brood, with which the real children of the church have nothing in common. You do not attempt to give them any practical idea of their responsibilities in connection with Christian work, and when they leave you they go without a single impulse to take care of themselves."

Miss Coates felt all this to be true. She had seen the class distinction between the supporting church and the dependent mission carried into every department of the enterprise. She had seen the teachers who had been developed in the mission socially snubbed, and knew that nothing was further from the thought and policy of the church than the development of the mission into a self-directing and self-supporting body of disciples. She knew that her church looked upon the mission as a sort of preserve, where her own young people could be trained in Christian service, and where the beneficiaries should be forever treated as paupers. In truth, her democratic instincts were bringing her rapidly into sympathy with Talking Tim.

"Here's Bob," Tim went on. "He caught the wretched pauper spirit in less than two weeks after he began to go to a mission-school. I found that he had straddled two Sunday-schools, and went to one in the morning and another in the afternoon, and when I asked him what he meant by it, he informed me that he was 'on the make,' and intended to get two sets of presents at Christmas time."

Glezen could not resist the temptation to laugh at this, while Bob himself condescended to smile, and change his gum to the other side of his mouth.

"I found," said Tim, "that the only inter-

est he had in either school was based upon the presents he could win, and that he and all his companions thought more of these than of anything else. I verily believe that he thought he was conferring a great favor upon the schools by attending them, and that his teachers owed him a debt, payable in candy or picture-books. I believe, too, that their treatment of him fostered this idea."

"But what can we do?" inquired Miss Coates in distress. "What can we do? Shall we let these poor children live in the streets, and play in the gutter, when, by a little self-denial, we can bring them together and teach them the truth, and train them to sing Christian songs? Children are children, and I don't know that poor children are any more fond of gifts than the children of the rich."

"I will tell you what you can do. Open your churches to them. Give them, for one day in the week, association with your own children. That would be a privilege that even their parents could comprehend, and it would do your children as much good as it would them to learn that, in the eye of the One who made them all, worldly circumstances are of little account, and that Christianity is a brotherly thing if it is anything at all. True Christianity never patronizes: it always fraternizes."

Poor Miss Coates was utterly silenced. She had come to plead with such eloquence as she possessed for the possession of this man's children, and she had received a lesson which had opened her eyes to the essential weakness of her position and her cause. Tim, in his poverty, had thought it all out, and she saw very plainly that there was another side to a question which she had supposed could have but one.

Tim saw that she was troubled, and in the kindest tone continued:

"I have felt compelled to justify myself to you, and now, as I am talking, I would like to say just another word. When Bob was going to the mission-schools, I used to try to find out what he was learning, and I assure you that I was surprised with the result. I give you my word that it had nothing whatever to do with Christianity. One would suppose that a body of Christian teachers, with five hundred or a thousand poor children in their hands every Sunday, would try to make Christians of them. Now, I can't understand what the history of the Jews has to do with a child's Christianity. We have Jews enough now. It isn't desirable to increase the sect. These children need to learn how to be good; and I can't comprehend how the fact that Jonah lay three days and three nights in a whale's belly is going to affect their characters or their purposes. Bob came very near putting one of the children's eyes out with a sling, with which he was trying to imitate or celebrate David's encounter with Goliah."

"Doesn't it strike you that you are a little severe?" said Miss Coates, biting her lips and smiling in spite of herself.

"Perhaps I am, and I wont say anything more," said Tim. "This daughter of mine, poor child, must be at home to help her mother. The other children, with the exception of Bob, are too young to go out in this rough season. If Bob is willing to go, I will make no objection. He can hardly be doing worse anywhere than he is doing at home, and I'll consent to another experiment."

"Well, Robert," said Miss Coates pleasantly, "it rests with you."

"Humph!" exclaimed Bob, with a shrug of the shoulders and an extra ejaculation of saliva. "'Robert' is good. That's regular Sunday-school."

"Very well—Bob," said Miss Coates sharply, "if you like that better."

"Yes, sir-ee, Bob," responded the lad.

"Will you go, Bob?"

"What'll you gimme?"

"Instruction, and kind treatment," replied Miss Coates.

"Oh, take me out! R-r-r-r-remove me!" said Bob, rolling his *r* with powerful skill.

"Don't you want instruction?"

"No, that's played out."

"You'll need it, my boy."

"I'm not your boy."

"Well, I'm sure!" exclaimed Miss Coates, turning to Tim with a helpless appeal.

"Bob," said his father, "answer this lady properly."

"Well," said Bob, "I axed her what she'd gimme, but she wont pony up anything but instruction, and that's a thing I can't eat and can't swap. I don't want no instruction. If I go, I can bring another feller. Larry Concannon an' me always goes pards."

"Who is Larry Concannon?" inquired Miss Coates.

"Oh, he's a little Mickey round the corner. Now, what'll ye gimme for two fellers, and I'll fetch 'em both—me and Larry?"

"Nothing," said Miss Coates decidedly.

"Bets are off," said the imperturbable Bob.

"And you wont go?"

"Nary once. It don't pay."

As the talk had been incessant, and somewhat earnest during the interview, the little patient in Mrs. Spencer's lap grew more and more fretful, and Miss Coates saw that the weary mother did not know what to do with it. All her soothing was of no avail, and, at last, the feeble little creature set up a dismal wail. Miss Coates looked at it, in its white night-dress, and, sympathetic with the mother's weariness, rose to her feet, threw off her fur wrapper, and approached the child with a smiling face and extended hands. The little one was conquered by the face and the offered help, and put up its emaciated hands in consent. The next moment it was in the young, strong arms, that bore it back and forth through the room. The child looked, with its large hollow eyes, into the beautiful face that bent above it, for a long time; then gradually its tired eyelids fell, and it was asleep. A door was opened by the mother into an adjoining apartment, and into it Miss Coates bore her burden, and deposited it in its nest. For a few minutes the two women stopped and whispered together.

Meantime Bob had been watching the whole operation over his shoulder. The first effect upon him was an increased activity of his jaws, and the more frequent outward evidence of the secretion of his salivary glands. Then he began to mutter a great number of oaths. He did not intend them for anybody's ear, but he was engaged in an inward struggle with a foe that seemed to demand rough treatment. To betray Bob utterly, they were benedictions in the form of curses. The "God bless you" of his heart, took a very strange form upon his lips. He was fighting his tears. The beautiful woman, with his own little sister in her arms, borne backward and forward in grace and strength and sympathy, the relief that came to his mother's patient face, the stillness, all moved him, and putting his rough coat-sleeve to his eyes, he began to shake convulsively.

Glezen saw it, and was glad. He had all along fancied that the boy had something good in him, although he saw that he was rough and irreverent. He could have taken him to his heart as Miss Coates had taken his sister, for sympathy in his emotion; for he had not been unmoved, himself, by this little "aside" in the drama of the evening.

When Miss Coates re-appeared, Bob had succeeded in swallowing not only his emotion but his gum. Then in an indifferent, swaggering tone—carefully indifferent—he said:

"I don't care if I go to your old Sunday-school, if you want me to. I reckon you mean to be fair. Larry and me'll come, I guess."

It was quite easy for all the auditors to give smiling glances at each other, for Bob sat with his back to the group, and was steadily looking into the chimney.

"All right!" said Miss Coates, "and now I'll go. At nine o'clock, remember."

"Well, I don't know whether I'll be there on time or not," said Bob. "You'll have trouble with me. You'll find out that I'm no sardine."

All laughed at this; but Bob was sure that he was a hard boy to manage, and took appropriate pride in his character.

"You'll see," he said.

And with this suggestive warning in her ears, Miss Coates, with her escort, bade the family "good evening," and departed to rejoin, and report to, her friends.

CHAPTER XV.

Bob Spencer had made a concession, but it went no further than the consent to join the class of Miss Coates. He had his character as a bad boy to maintain, and he confidently calculated that she would get enough of him in a single Sunday, to be willing to release him from his promise. He held all mild and conciliatory modes of treatment in contempt. The "regular Sunday-school" regimen was but warm milk and water to Bob. He regarded it as a sort of trick, or policy, and steeled himself against it. If he had not seen that the impulse of Miss Coates, in relieving his mother, was hearty and sincere, and had not the slightest reference to himself, it would not have affected him.

Larry Concannon, the little "Mickey" who stood in the relation of "pard" to Bob, resembled him in no particular. Larry was a slender lad, whom Bob had taken under his wing for protection. If Larry was insulted or overborne, Bob did the fighting. The two boys were inseparable on the street—a fact that was agreeable to Bob in many ways. It gave him two chances for a fight, when most bullies enjoyed but one. The imaginary chip which his companions bore upon their shoulders as a challenge, was, in this case, multiplied by two. Larry bore one of them, and he the other, and in de-

fending both, he had a lively and interesting time. Larry, too, was a profound admirer of Bob, so that the latter always had at hand an appreciative witness and a responsive auditor. Larry laughed at all Bob's jokes, echoed his slang, praised his prowess, and made him his boast among the other boys. In short, he was Bob's most affectionate slave —a trusting and willing follower into all his schemes of mischief, and a loyal servant to his will in all things.

Bob took occasion, on the next morning after the call of Miss Coates, to inform Larry of the engagement he had made for himself and on his friend's behalf; and he bade him be ready at the appointed day and hour.

"Put on your best rig, Larry," said Bob. "You and me's going to be little lambs, we is."

Larry laughed, as in duty bound, at this fancy.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Larry confidentially.

"I am going to make the teacher cry," Bob replied. "And I'm going to catch her tears in my hat, and peddle 'em at ten cents a quart."

Larry went into convulsions of laughter, while Bob put on the sober airs of one who did not think very much either of his wit or power of mischief.

"Perhaps you'll be took up," suggested Larry.

"Oh, pard! you don't know nothing. That aint the Sunday-school style," said Bob. "We's lambs, we is. They'll put a blue ribbon round our necks, and hang a bell to it, and call us pretty names, and feed us with sugar-plums. That's the way they do. The worse you treat 'em, the more they love ye. I've tried 'em. Ye can't tell me."

Larry had some doubts about the experiment, and expressed them, but Bob said:

"You needn't do nothin'. You jest keep your eye open, and see me do it. I'd like to see the man that would lay his hand on me! Do you twig that?"

Before Larry could dodge, or guess what Bob was doing, he realized that his forelock was in Bob's fingers, and Bob's thumb-nail was pressed gently in above his left eye.

"Oh, don't!"

"That's what the fellow 'll say that lays his finger on this lamb," said Bob, decidedly.

And Larry implicitly believed it.

A preparation for the expected encounter was, meantime, going on in the mind of the spirited lady who was to be his teacher. She had no doubt that he would try her patience, and she knew that, under insult and provocation, she had but little of that virtue. She determined, therefore, that on that particular Sunday morning she would lay in an extra stock of it. She had seen that there was a tender spot in Bob. She had touched his heart, and she believed that he liked her. So she determined that she would conquer him by kindness, and that no provocation, however gross, should betray her into anger. When the Sunday morning came, Bob and Larry were sharply on time, and, meeting Miss Coates at the door of the mission, accompanied her to her seat. In accordance with an old custom of the leading "lamb" of the pair, he secured a seat at the head of the form, for greater convenience in the transaction of the mischief he had proposed to himself; and he began his work by thrusting out his foot and tripping up the muffled little figures that went by him. Several children fell their full length upon the floor, and went on up the hall, crying, with bumped heads. Finding that nothing but gentle reprimands were called forth by these operations, he extended his field by pulling convenient hair; and when the recitation of the lesson began, he gave all sorts of wild answers to the most serious questions. In short, the class was in a hubbub of complaint or laughter from the beginning of the hour to the end.

Miss Coates had need of all the patience she had determined to exercise, and when she found that she could do nothing with the boy, or with her class, she called Bob to her side, put her arm around him, and gave him a long and quiet talk. She was quick enough to see that he was making fun of it all, by sundry winks thrown over his shoulder at Larry, who was not too much scared to respond with a confident grin. Bob was ready to promise anything, and became so quiet at last that she hoped she had made an impression.

When the school was dismissed, Miss Coates bade Bob and Larry "good morning," and told them they must be sure to be in their seats on the following Sunday. The promise was readily given, as Bob had not yet made her cry. The passage to the door was accompanied by various squeals and complaints; and a great many more children fell down than usual.

After Miss Coates had gone half of her way home, a snow-ball whizzed by her ear. On looking quickly around, she saw the two boys following her at a distance, and

knew from whose hand the missile had proceeded. She could not believe, however, that the little rascal was using her for a target; but the next ball struck her fairly between her shoulders. She could do nothing, and no one was near to act as her defender. She quickened her pace, and her persecutor and his companion quickened theirs. There was no getting away from them. The snowballs increased in frequency. Sometimes they hit her, and sometimes they went by her. She saw ladies behind the windows watching and commenting upon the strange and disgraceful scene, yet not a man appeared to turn back her merciless pursuers. Her patience at last gave way. She was filled with shame and rage; and she had just reached and mounted the steps of her home, when a final shot hit her head and hurt her cruelly.

On the landing, at the top of the flight, she turned and said in a kind voice:

"Come Bob, come in. I want to give you something."

Bob turned to Larry and said: "We's lambs, we is. I'm agoin' in. Say" (addressing Miss Coates), "can Larry come in?"

"No, I haven't anything for him."

"I'll give ye a taste of it," said Bob, by way of consolation to his "pard." "You stay out, and knock around, and I'll be out afore long."

Bob was well used to this kind of thing, and went in as unsuspectingly as if he had been really the "lamb" that he called himself. He mounted the steps at leisure, looking up sweetly into the face of his teacher, and followed her into the hall.

"Take off your cap," said Miss Coates, "and walk into the parlor. You'll see a great many pretty things there."

Bob accepted the invitation, and took an observation. Meantime, Miss Coates slipped off her overshoes, removed her damaged hat, her bespattered furs and her gloves, and went into the parlor and warmed her hands. She found Bob examining the pictures.

"Scrum house!" said Bob.

"Do you think so?" responded Miss Coates.

"Yes, I don't think I ever see one so scrum as this," said Bob in a patronizing tone.

Then he planted himself before a picture in the attitude of an admiring connoisseur, with his two hands behind him, holding his cap. He had just opened his mouth to make some appreciative or complimentary remark, when he suddenly found that he had been approached from the rear, and that a supple but inflexible hand had him by the hair.

Bob made no outcry. He didn't even wink. He knew, however, that he was undergoing a new kind of Sunday-school treatment, and suddenly prepared himself for the worst. He could not stir to the right or left. He could not make a motion which did not add a new spasm to his agony.

The next sensation was a box upon the cheek and ear that gave him a vision of a whole galaxy of stars. Then the other cheek and ear were treated to a complementary blow. He stood like a post, and ground his teeth in pain. He would have scorned the weakness of crying; and not a tear was permitted to fall. The blows came thicker and faster, until he hardly knew who he was, or where he was. His brain was stunned, his ears and cheeks tingled and burned, but he would not have cried for quarter if she had half killed him.

When her hands were tired, Miss Coates led her prisoner to the door, and said;

"Bob, I don't want Larry to see that I have flogged you, and if you will go peaceably out of the door, I'll take my hand from you."

"All right! I'll go," said Bob, between his teeth,—and he went without pausing a moment.

Miss Coates closed the door after him, and then, with trembling limbs, went directly to her room. She had strength to wash her hands, and then she locked her door, threw herself into an easy-chair, and burst into an uncontrollable and almost hysterical fit of crying. Her kindness had been trampled upon, her scheme was a failure, she had been maltreated and insulted, and, worst of all, she had been tempted to take vengeance into her own hands, and had lost the boys whom she had hoped to mend and to help.

Bob found the street in rather a dizzy condition. Larry was waiting a few rods away, and, eagerly expectant, came up to him.

"Say, Larry, are my cheeks red?" said Bob.

"Red aint no name fer't," said Larry.

"It was awful hot in there," remarked Bob, as they quietly resumed the backward track.

"Well, I never see hotness make such marks as them," said Larry.

"I didn't mean to tell ye, Larry, 'cause I'm ashamed to be kissed by women. Don't you never blow, now. Such huggin' and

kissin' you never see in your life. That biz. and the fire jest about finished me up."

Larry had been waiting very impatiently to hear something about the material benefits of the call, and to receive his promised share; and as Bob appeared to forget this most important matter, he said:

"What did she give you?"

"Don't you wish you knew?"

"You said you'd give me some of it."

"Oh, Larry, you wouldn't like it. It wasn't anything to eat. I can't cut up a gold breast-pin, ye know, with a big diamond into it. Now, you jest shut up on that."

Poor Larry was disappointed, but he saw that Bob was not in a mood for talk, and so withheld further questions.

But a great tumult was raging in Bob's breast. The reaction had set in, and he found that he could contain himself but little longer. Coming to a narrow lane that led to a stable, he said:

"Larry, let's go in here. I'm kind o' sick."

A bare curb-stone presented itself as a convenient seat, and the two boys sat down, Bob burying his face in his mittens. Larry did not understand the matter, but he watched Bob curiously, and saw him begin to shake, and convulsively try to swallow something. Then the flood-gates gave way, and Bob cried as if his heart was broken.

"Say, Bob! what's the matter?" said Larry, in a tone of sympathy.

"Oh, I don't know," Bob responded, with a new burst of grief, and with suspirations quite as powerful as those with which his teacher was exercised at the same moment.

"Come, you shall tell, Bob," Larry persisted.

"She got the bu—bu—bulge on me!" exclaimed Bob, sobbing heavily—by which he intended to indicate that she had had the advantage of him in a struggle.

"And what did she do?" inquired Larry.

"She pu—pu—put a French roof on me, and a—a—a cupola—and a—a—a liberty pole, and a—gold ball!"

And then Bob bawled in good earnest. It was all out now, and he was at liberty to cry until nature was satisfied. He was utterly humiliated and conquered, and, worse than all, his prestige with Larry was destroyed, or he felt it to be so.

When his overwhelming passion had in a degree subsided, Larry said:

"I think she was real mean. I never would go near her old school again."

"Now, you dry up," said Bob, and then he began to laugh.

It seemed as if the tears that the little reprobate had shed had absorbed all the vicious humors of his brain, and left him purged and sweet.

"I shall go again, and you'll go with me, Larry," said Bob. "She's a bully teacher, I tell *you*. She's the bulliest teacher I ever see."

"I don't care," Larry persisted, "I think she was real mean to sock it to ye that way."

"You must be a fool," Bob responded. "She couldn't have did it any other way. Don't you see? She had to dip into the fur to do it. She owed me a lickin', you know. Oh! wa'n't them side-winders!" and Bob subsided into a period of delighted contemplation upon the punishment he had received, as if it had been bestowed upon an enemy.

Larry could not understand it, and wisely held his tongue. By the time Bob reached home, the marks upon his face had become toned down to the appearance of a healthy response to the influences of the keen morning air; but there was a streaky appearance upon his cheeks which aroused the suspicions of his parents, though they instituted no uncomfortable inquiries.

But the influence of the Sunday-school was evident in his subsequent conduct that day. Such a filially obedient and brotherly little chap as he was during that blessed Sunday afternoon was not to be found in all New York. He was helpful about the fuel, helpful in amusing the baby, and sweet-tempered about everything. He tried over his Sunday-school songs, and his peaceful happiness fairly welled up within him, and overflowed upon the family group. Talking Tim looked on in wonder. Such a sudden transformation he had never witnessed, but he knew the boy too well to utter the surprise which he felt.

All the following day, Miss Coates remained at home, dreading a call from the enraged and outraged parent; but the day passed away, and the ring at her door-bell which was to sound the knell of her peace, was not heard.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, however, there came a sudden jerk of the bell. The servant went to the door, and received from the hand of a boy who was very much muffled up, a package for Miss Coates, which was no sooner delivered than its bearer ran down the steps and disappeared.

Miss Coates, on opening the package, found it to be a little nosegay, with a note attached to it. She opened the note and read :—

"DEAR MISS KOTES: Larry and me is komen agin, with a lot ov fellers. Dad thinks you have wunderfull influance on yure skollers. This bokay cost five cents. So no more at present from yure affeckshant skoller BOB SPENCER."

Miss Coates's bread, which she had sown so vigorously upon the waters, had thus returned to her within thirty-six hours.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT GREECE AND GREEK MUSEUMS.

IT is very hard for one to correct the wrong impression of the size of Greece which, in spite of knowledge to the contrary, one is sure to get from a study of classical atlases. How can a boy remember that Greece is a very little place when he studies a map of the Peloponnesus as big as that in school geographies given to the United States. In spite of himself he will soon come to imagine Thessaly about the size of Maine, Bœotia about the size of Connecticut, and Greece itself nearly as large as all the Middle States taken together. One obtains some idea of the nearness to one another of the world-famous places of this little land, when told that a traveler may stand on the Acropolis of Corinth and on a murky day may look eastward and see the Acropolis of Athens, northward beyond Thebes, may descry on the south the Arcadian summits and the approaches of Sparta, and in the west innumerable Ætolian peaks. This is one of those facts from which the imagination cannot well escape. A notion of the littleness of the country almost as clear is given us by the latest writer on Greece, Mr. Mahaffy, when he tells us that his vessel sighted the south-western extremity of Greece at three in the morning, and that the ship making about eight miles an hour, had reached the harbor of Athens by eleven at night. Mr. Mahaffy has made a visit to Greece very lately,—a journey which his profound knowledge of the history and the literature of the land made him competent to render profitable to himself and to others. He is the author of the admirable book published a year or two ago upon the social life of the ancient Greeks. His "Rambles

THE MARATHONIAN THESEUS (ATHENS).

and Studies in Greece," just published by Macmillan & Co., records his recent journey. It is from this work that we have taken the engravings which accompany this article. Any one having the prevalent vague notions of the geography of even the most important countries will, on looking at the map, be surprised to see how close the heel of Italy lies to Greece, and will be likely to think that the two countries are not nearly so far apart as he had supposed. The truth is, however, that Italy and Greece are much more widely separated than they appear to be on the map. This is so, because the centers of Italian civilization are upon the west of Italy, while the centers of Greek civilization are upon the east of Greece. The two countries lie, as it were, with their backs to each other. The face of Italy looks toward France and Spain; the face of Greece looks toward Egypt and Asia Minor. Every great city of Italy, except Venice, approaches the west—Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome and Naples. All the great cities of Greece are upon the east—Athens, Thebes, Sparta, Corinth and Argos. The coasts of Italy and Greece which look so near to each other are really out-of-the-way parts of the countries they belong to. As Greece looked eastward in old days, so it continues to do now. This is because the Greece of modern days has been so long under the rule of the Turks. It was once really part of a great Asiatic empire, in which all the communications moved eastward. In expelling the Turks, the Greeks have not been able to rid themselves of the effects of so many years of Turkish control.

It thus happens that if one wants to go from the real Italy to the real Greece, the nearest way is to take a ship at Naples and to sail round Italy and round Greece. This was what Mr. Mahaffy did. He tells us that for many hours after his vessel had lost sight of the Calabrian shores, and even of the snowy summit of Ætna, he sailed through an open sea with no land in sight. Told that the coasts of Greece would be visible by day-break, he started up at half-past three in the morning to get the first glimpse of the land. "It was a soft gray morning," he writes, "the sky was covered with light broken clouds and the deck was wet with a passing shower, of which the last drops were still flying in the air; and before us, some ten miles away, the coasts and promontories of the Peloponnesus were reaching southward and into the quiet sea." The long ridges, in spite of their snow-clad peaks, did not appear lofty, and their rough outline did not look inharmonious. The color, save here and there a patch of snow, as on the ridge of Taygetus, was a deep purple. The traveler, who is an Irishman, was much struck by the strange likeness of the coast to the western and south-western shores of Ireland. He was not yet near enough to recognize the three headlands, which, as Strabo observes, give to the Peloponnesus the form of a plane leaf, but he could see the rocky and mountainous character of the country which caused that geographer to call the famous peninsula the Acropolis of Greece. The traveler likewise remembered the words of Herodotus, wherein he speaks of the soil as a "rugged nurse of liberty."

The vessel soon approached the promontory of Tainaron, and stood off the coast of Maina,—the home of those Mainote robbers, pirates and lovers whom Byron has made famous. (The reader of a book of travels in Greece, by the way, can not do better than to reread along with it "Childe Harold" and the "Giaour.") These Mainotes are now considered to be the purest in blood of all the Greeks. Their language is no nearer the old Greek than that of their neighbors, but they are the most beautiful in person, and the most independent in spirit of all the inhabitants of the Peloponnesus. Mr. Mahaffy records a very interesting incident which fell under his eye, as the ship neared the classic headland of Tainaron. It was near this very shore that Arion cast himself into the sea at the command of the sailor-robbers. Many music-loving dolphins, the story goes, had gathered about the prow upon which he sang his last song, and one of these carried him upon his back to shore. Just as Mr. Mahaffy's vessel approached Tainaron, the dolphins rose in the calm summer sea and came playing round the ship. They kept in with the course of the vessel, showing their quaint forms above the water, as if to convoy the voyagers into the seas and islands of real Greece. Strangely enough, in all the journeys which Mr. Mahaffy afterward took in Greek waters, he never saw dolphins again. The explanation probably is that the old legend was founded upon the liking of the dolphins for that coast, and that they still show the same preference. The dolphins were hardly left before the gulf of Sparta was open to the view, and the traveler saw before him the features of "hollow Lacedæ-

mon" and could take in the outlines of that bay through which so many Spartans had held their course in the great days of their country. The site of Sparta, fifteen miles inland, was marked by the jagged top of Mount Taygetus, even then (in June) cov-

THE PARTHENON—WEST FRONT.

ered with snow. There, too, upon its slopes were the very forests through which the young Spartans and their Laconian hounds used all day to hunt. The coast was quite deserted; the "wet ways," once covered with the "ants of the sea," as a Greek comic poet has called boats, now hardly showed a solitary craft. Turning to a Turkish gentleman standing beside him on the deck of the vessel, the traveler said:

"Is it not a great pity to see this fair coast so desolate?"

"A great pity indeed," he said; "but what can you expect from these Greeks? They are all pirates and robbers; they are all liars and knaves. Had the Turks been allowed to hold possession of the country, they would have improved it and developed its resources; but since the Greeks became independent, everything has gone to ruin. Roads are broken up, communications abandoned; the people emigrate and disappear—in fact nothing prospers."

The same question being presently put to a Greek standing near, the answer was:

"Ah, the Turks, the Turks! When I think how these miscreants have ruined our beautiful country! How could a land thrive or prosper under such odious tyranny?"

The traveler ventured to suggest that the Turks had now been gone five and forty years, and that it was high time to see some fruits of recovered liberty among the Greeks.

No, it was impossible; the Turks had left the country in such a condition that centuries would be needed to redeem it.

But, indeed, the greatest of all the sorrows of the land neither the Turks nor the modern Greeks are responsible for; this is the utter depopulation of Greece. It was a calamity which came upon Greece almost suddenly, immediately following the loss of her independence, and which has as yet been only in part explained. Of the very Laconian coast along which Mr. Mahaffy's vessel passed, Strabo, writing about the time of Christ, said that "of old, Lacedæmon had numbered one hundred cities; in his day there were but ten remaining."

Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ were, of course, made after Mr. Mahaffy's visit. As Schliemann has turned over the results of his investigations to the museums at Athens, we look with interest to see what Mr. Mahaffy has to say about the Athenian museums. His verdict is, upon the whole,

favorable. The first view of them is disappointing in the extreme. The traveler comes to them after having left the perfect museums of Italy.

In those elegant galleries, the visitor is

STELE OF ARISTION.

provided with full descriptive catalogues; probable or possible names are given to all statues, and missing noses, arms, and feet are restored. The Greek museums are very unlike this. The fragments are not arranged; many of the mutilated statues are lying prostrate, and are in no way restored. There is an attempted catalogue of the museums, as they were in 1874, by Heydemann, in German. This catalogue was useless in the following year. In many cases Heydemann was obliged, like the editor of Murray's "Hand-book," to describe the fragments by their position in the building in which they were placed. Even this is of no avail, as the buildings are often changed, and the position of the antiquities altered. Nevertheless, Mr. Mahaffy adds that every patient observer who examines with honest care the works, or fragments of works, which the Athenian museums offer; who will replace in fancy the tips of the noses, and stoop over recumbent statues and guess at the context of broken limbs, will agree that all the splendidly restored Greek work in Italian galleries is not worth a tithe of what may be seen at Athens. There are, indeed, not more than eight or ten statues which look as if they could be restored to the perfection of the "Mars" or the "Apoxyomenos" in the Vatican. But it is easy to see that some dozen figures—each of which is worth a thousand inferior works—can be saved from oblivion without taking any improper liberties with them. Mr. Mahaffy found that, notwithstanding all the drawbacks of the Athenian museums, it was far better that the statues should be seen there than elsewhere. The general judgment with regard to Lord Elgin's removal of the marbles to England has been that, though the manner of taking away these precious fragments was most careless and profane, the taking of them to a country where they are out of the way of war and domestic strife was a substantial benefit to art and civilization. Mr. Mahaffy said that this was his opinion until his visit to the British Museum after returning from Greece. Though he found the marbles treated with every care, shown to the best advantage, and explained by excellent descriptions, he found these wonderful fragments suffered so greatly by being separated from their temple, their country, and their lovely atmosphere, that he wished they had never been moved from their station on the Acropolis, even at the risk of being made a target by Turks and Greeks. Moreover, he was convinced that the few who would have seen them as intelligent travelers on the Acropolis would have more than gained in quality the advantage now diffused among the thousands who see them in the British Museum. The ornament is severed from its surface; the decoration of the temple is seen apart from the temple itself. Such a wrench in the associations of the objects weakens—very nearly destroys—

their effect upon the untrained beholder. Something like this is felt by visitors to the Museum who have not, like Mr. Mahaffy, the advantage of comparing the sculptures there exhibited with those to be seen on the Acropolis. Hawthorne evidently considered the remains a bore and a humbug. The writer of this paper, when on a visit to the British Museum, felt so painfully the want of any real sympathy with these famous fragments that he could only laugh when he saw an irreverent youth of his own party mount one of the empty pedestals, stand upon a single leg, make a stump of one arm, and brandish his umbrella among the warring torsos with the other.

Lord Elgin has of late years been thought an unjustly abused man; but he does not appear, from some accounts, to have got more abuse than he deserved. After he had obtained his firman from the sultan permitting him to take down and remove the sculptures, he appears not to have paid the least personal attention to the work, but to have left it in the hands of paid contractors. The traveler Dodwell was present at the time the work was done, and he says that, little as Greeks or Turks cared for the ruins, such a sense of the wickedness of the desecration was felt throughout Athens that the contractors were obliged to bribe workmen with additional wages to get them to do the work. Dodwell does not even mention Lord Elgin by name, but speaks of him as the "person" who defaced the Parthenon. This traveler beheld with especial disgust their method of proceeding when taking up one of the great white marble blocks which form the floor of the temple. They wanted to see what was underneath, and Dodwell, who was there, saw the foundation—one of Piræic sandstone. But when the inspection was finished, they left the block where it was, making no attempt at all to put it back into its place.

One misfortune which was not due to Lord Elgin's carelessness befell the marbles on their way to England. Two of the ships foundered off Cape Malea, which thus, even so late as 1815, re-asserted its classical fame for bad weather. There the marbles lie in ninety feet of water, and the ships are now said by the Greeks to have been discovered by fishermen off the coast. If it is possible, of course they should be recovered. The most perfect sculptures the world has produced ought not to be given up for lost while there is a chance to save them. But should they be recovered, to whom do they belong? The Greeks have not the money to raise them, and no other nation would be disposed to perform the work for fear that Greece would claim the marbles as soon as they were high and dry. So that there does not seem to be much likelihood that any effort will be made to redeem them. All this, of course, is on the supposition that they can be redeemed. But of this, unfortunately, there is still much doubt.

It has even been feared that Greece will some day demand back from England the marbles now in the British Museum. Should there ever be such a state of society in that land as to insure their protection, it would probably be the wish of the world to see them back in Athens. But now that they have once been brought away, they ought to be kept in London until the Acropolis is in less danger from the bombshells of attacking forces, and until the Athenian museums are in better condition. Of the care taken by the Athenians of the remains still exposed, Mr. Mahaffy furnishes from his own observation some interesting examples. He saw tombs used as targets by the neighborhood, and peppered with shot and bullets. From the Acropolis he saw one young gentleman shooting with a pistol at a piece of old carved marble work in the theater of Dionysus. His object seemed to be to chip off a piece at every shot. Fortunately, Mr. Mahaffy, standing on the Acropolis, had the advantage of him in position, and recollecting the tactics of Apollo at Delphi, was able to put him to flight by detaching stones from the top of the precipice and rolling them down upon him.

Mr. Mahaffy's comments upon the art treasures of Greece are very able and very fresh. Among the most interesting parts of his book we may mention particularly the remarks upon the tombs, upon the archaic remains in the museums and upon the coloring of statues and buildings. The beautiful tomb in the Cerameicus, of which we present an engraving, exhibits as no criticism can the feeling of the old Greeks with regard to death. The sadness with which the Greek looked upon death was gentle and decorous, but it was profound. Both to the Homeric Greeks and the Greeks of the time of Pericles, the life to come was never anything more than a shadowy echo of the life upon earth. It is true that we find in Pindar thoughts of a brighter kind. But the poems of Pindar soon ceased to be popular, and his hope is but a single gleam amid the gloom of the

time. Æschylus regards the life led in the kingdom of the dead as a feeble and miserable state, in which honor can only be obtained through the remembrance of relations yet living upon the earth. Sophocles held that death was the worst of ills for the happy and only a sorry refuge for the miserable. Euripides hoped that there would be no future state. It is plain from their literature that the Greeks must have looked upon the death of their friends with unmixed sorrow. They made no display of fine inscriptions; the commonest epitaph was a simple χαῖρε or farewell. But they expressed themselves rather in sculptures and reliefs like that which we have here. These are parting scenes, in which are simply expressed the sorrow of the survivors and the simple grief of the sufferer. There is no violence,—no covering with sack-cloth and ashes; we have only a chastened and modest expression of profound grief. The idea they express is general rather than special. The traveler says of these tombs,—"I feel no curiosity to inquire who these people are—what are their names—even what was the relationship of the deceased. For I am perfectly satisfied with the ideal portrait of the grief of parting." Thucydides in his day said that the tombs are to be found in the fairest suburb of the city. The historian has described with care the ceremonies held in this place, and has put into the mouth of Pericles perhaps the noblest funeral oration ever produced. It was with this oration in mind that Mr. Mahaffy passed westward to the spot through the meanest and most miserable portion of modern Athens. The place itself he found next to the railway station. The tombs lie, as most old ruins do, far below the present level of the ground, and have to be exhumed by digging. When they are dug open they are covered with a rude door, which is placed there to protect the sculptured faces. They were lying about without order close to the spots in which they have been found.

In his comments upon the statues in the museums, Mr. Mahaffy makes a curious and amusing distinction between the archaic and the archaistic. Such works as the "Marathonian Theseus" and the "Stele of Aristion" belong to the period before Pericles. In the age following Pericles there arose a school who preferred the archaic stiffness of these ancient forms to the noble maturity of Pericles. These artists have been called the Preraphaelites of their day. They imitated so closely the old works that it is often impossible to detect the reality from the counterfeit. The Theseus, however, is certainly archaic. It will be seen that it is a male figure with conventional hair and a very conventional beard. With the exception of the loss of its legs, it seems to be in very good condition. The eyes are now hollow, but were once evidently filled with something different from the marble of which the statue is made. The figure is carrying upon its shoulders a bull, which it holds by the four legs. The work is stiff and without expression. In the era of art to which it belonged there was as yet no knowledge or conception of a group. As the man could not be represented with the bull except by making the man carry the bull, the artist has made the bull full-grown in type but has reduced his size to that of a calf. He has not attempted to express the least hostility between them. The "Stele of Aristion" is evidently of the same time and style of art.

The book gives a portion of a procession of figures carrying vessels from the frieze of the cella of the Parthenon. It is from the north side. This procession went round all four sides of the Parthenon. Over the western end or rear the preparations of the procession are being made. It then divides into two, goes along the north and south sides, and the two divisions meet again on the east front. The procession on the south side consisted mainly of groups of cantering and curveting horses, men in the act of mounting and striving to curb the rearing horses. It is from this side that the greater number of the pieces carried away by Lord Elgin appear to have been taken. The procession on the north wall is made of figures on foot, carrying vessels, leading victims, and playing pipes. These slabs, the best of which are preserved at Athens, are, perhaps, more beautiful than those representing the equestrian procession, and have the peculiar stamp which makes the age of Pericles the most perfect in the annals of Greek sculpture.

Mr. Mahaffy's acquaintance with the Greek climate and landscape makes the very interesting views which he expresses upon the coloring of statues especially valuable. All through Southern Europe, and particularly in Greece, there is an amount of bright color which prevents any artificial coloring of buildings from being too vivid. Where the air and landscape are bright, we usually find the inhabitants making their dress and

houses bright. Thus, in Italy, they paint their houses yellow and pink. The dress of the people is bright; a festival in Sicily or Greece fills the streets with intense coloring. We know that though the pattern of Greek dress has greatly changed, its color has always been brilliant. We must therefore think of an old Greek crowd as a very white crowd, with patches of scarlet and blue. It is likely that the Greeks felt that a richly colored temple, that pillars of blue and red, that gilt friezes against a white marble background, would be agreeable accompaniment for the Athenian crowd, and the native air, and sun, and landscape.

The present color of the Greek remains is not at all that which the Greeks gave them. It is the coloring of time. Our eyes have become so used to it, and it is itself so fine, lighting up as it does with such extraordinary richness under the southern sun, that we are shocked on being told that the original color was pure white. It is still more of a shock to be told that great sculptors, with Parian marble at hand, preferred to set up images in gold and ivory, or, still worse, with parts of gold and ivory, and that they thought it right to fill out the eyes with precious stones, and to put gilt wreaths on the colored hair.

With our sentiments and experience of the subject, we are inclined at once to consider the notion as barbaric and ridiculous. But it must be remembered, on the other hand, that the Greeks were the most perfect judges of beauty that the world has yet seen, and that they, above all people, abhorred anything tawdry or extravagant in art. There must then have been good reasons for their preference. One of these Mr. Mahaffy finds in the bright natural coloring of the country. But it is also true that the experience of the Greeks in ruder times had prepared them for the custom. The painting of statues and the use of gold and ivory were derived from an age when all statues were carved in wood. To a public accustomed to such richly colored and decorated images, a pure white marble statue would appear cold and lifeless. So it appears to us when we have become accustomed to the mellow tints of old and weather-stained statues. It should be remembered, also, that the skin surface on Greek statues is not merely the result of age, but of an artificial process; a composition of wax and oil was burnt into the surface and gave it that appearance which so much resembles the texture of human skin. Mr. Mahaffy points to the bronzes found at Herculaneum, and now to be seen in the Museum at Naples, as good examples of the fine effect of coloring statues. The beautiful front of St. Mark's Cathedral at Venice is richly colored.

TEMPLE AT CORINTH.

A remarkable modern example is the monument of the young Indian prince set up recently in Florence. This prince died some five years ago on his voyage homeward after a visit to this country. They have set up to him a richly colored and

TOMB IN THE CERAMEICUS (ATHENS).

gilded baldachin, in the open air and in a quiet wooded park. Under this canopy is a life-sized bust of the prince in his richest dress. The bust is colored to the life. The face is a rich mahogany; the hair, raven black; the turban, white striped with gold; the robe is gold and green, and covered with ornament. From the first moment of seeing it the effect is said to be striking and beautiful. Mr. Mahaffy does not go the length of advising the use of color by northern sculptors, but he believes the Greeks to have been right in this as in other matters pertaining to art.

The many savage comments which Mr. Mahaffy has to make upon the little care taken by the Greeks of their antiquities, upon the disorder and confusion of their political life, and upon other untoward conditions of Greek society, make more trustworthy his very emphatic testimony as to the generally hopeful state of the country. He says that through the wildest parts of Greece there is a higher state of education and of general intelligence than in many parts of the great kingdoms of Western Europe. He hints by the way, that the Greek subjects of the Porte are vastly more worthy of sympathy and aid than the Servians and Bulgarians. "What," he asks, "have the southern Slavs of Europe to show in comparison with the Greeks? Greece has made the trade of Smyrna and of Alexandria, of Syria, and of Patras. Athens has a fine university, many schools, archæological and classical, periodicals, etc. She has great and just claims upon the world." But the writer also holds that the country is in no condition to support a constitutional monarchy. He would have an intelligent despotism in Greece. Mr. Mahaffy makes one suggestion as to what ought to have taken place sixty years ago, which sets one castle-building. Suppose England in the days of her greatest prestige had taken under her rule, besides Malta and the Ionian Islands, Sicily and Southern Greece! The land would, perhaps, have become a home for consumptives and an abode for Sybarites, the road to India would have lain through Greece, the traveler would have gone direct to Athens by rail, and every antique now lying in rude local museums, or reposing under the soil, would have long ago been dug up and labeled.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

FROM UNPUBLISHED FAMILY RECORDS.

We have the following letters and anecdotes from a lady of Virginia, a great-niece of Washington. This lady lived to celebrate her golden wedding the same year that our nation was rejoicing over its centennial anniversary, and with youthful vigor of constitution and brightness of intellect is still an ornament to society. Her father, Captain Robert Lewis, was the son of Betty Washington, the only sister of General Washington who lived to womanhood, and it was from his lips she learned all that we record here of his personal intercourse with his uncle, and also the history of the relics in her possession.

Robert Lewis was one of the first president's favorite nephews, and at the early age of nineteen was called to the honored post of private secretary to his uncle, and appointed escort to Mrs. Washington, in her long journey by carriage from Mount Vernon to New York to join her husband there. This journey occupied so much time that they did not reach New York until May 17th, and therefore were not present at the inauguration which took place April 30th. The following letter shows Captain Lewis's appreciation of the favor shown him, and betrays the fact that Washington *borrowed* his mother's carriage to transport his wife from his home to the seat of government.

FREDERICKSBURG, March 18, 1789.

DEAR UNCLE: We received yours of the 15th instant, and are happy to here that all your family are well. I shall ever consider myself under a thousand obligations for the proffered post, and think the confinement you speak off rather a pleasure, and hope from my assiduous attention to merit that station. I wrote my aunt the proposals you had made, and, at the same time, my readiness to accompany her at a minute's notice. My grandmother was very well disposed to lend the carriage, but on condition that it should be returned when of no further use to my aunt. All the family join in love to you, and believe me in the interim to be yours

Very affectionately,

ROBERT LEWIS.

Deeply sensible of the trust committed to him, and of the responsibilities of his office, Robert determined to keep a record of the daily events of his life, and his daughter still treasures the fragment of a diary in which he began a description of his charming journey to New York. From Mount Vernon to Baltimore his accounts are given regularly and in detail; but once introduced into the gay society that welcomed and fêted Lady Washington on her slow and stately progress northward, he forgot his good resolutions, and the journal ends abruptly, after telling of their reception in Baltimore, and their determination to rest there a few days.

The Parable of the Tares. Mat. 13.
The Kingdome of Heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field. V. 24.
But while men slept his enemy came and sowed tares among ye wheat, and went his way. V. 25.
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AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE WASHINGTON FAMILY BIBLE.

It was possibly during their stay in New York this year that Washington began to wear on his coat the conch-shell buttons, now in possession of Captain Lewis's daughter. A new fashion in dress, introduced by a president, is worthy of record, especially

when there is an interesting story connected with it. This story, related by Robert Lewis, illustrates two strikingly characteristic traits of Washington—generosity and economy.

A needy sailor with a wheelbarrow of shells accosted the General on the street, and, holding up a number of conch-shells, implored him to buy them. Washington listened with sympathy to the story of his sufferings and want, and kindly replied that he would buy them if he could in any way make use of them. Necessity perhaps sharpened the sailor's wits, and he promptly suggested that they would make lovely buttons for his velvet coat. The General doubtless smiled at the ingenious proposal, but agreed to try them. Carrying home his ocean treasure of pink shells, he sent for a button-maker to know if he could manufacture a useful article out of the pretty playthings with which he found himself encumbered. The workman replied he could make the buttons if he could find an instrument sharp enough to pierce them. Washington would have nothing useless about him, and so the shells were delivered to the manufacturer, who in due time returned them to him in the shape of concave buttons, a little larger than a quarter of a dollar, with a silver drop in the center hiding the spot where the eye is fastened beneath. The President then astonished the republican court by appearing in a coat with pink conch-shell buttons sparkling on its dark velvet surface. Eighty years ago, it seems, fashion ruled in the hearts, or over the costumes, of men and women, just as it does now—for Captain Lewis bears testimony that conch-shell buttons immediately became the rage. The shell-venders' and button-makers' fortunes were made by the General's passion for utilizing everything that came into his possession.

Lewis enjoyed the position of secretary to his uncle but a short time. The belles of New York and Philadelphia who adorned the republican court gave him no mortal heart-wound; but one of the fairest of Virginia's daughters, who had laughingly declared she would never marry "a conceited army officer, tricked out in a flashy uniform," was destined to pierce him with the fatal arrow. The following letter tells its own story:

PHILADELPHIA, 10th January, 1791.

HONORED UNCLE: In requesting your attention to a subject of the greatest importance to myself, and in begging your permission to communicate it with freedom and confidence, I trust I shall not trespass on the respect which your goodness toward me has deeply impressed on my mind.

My opinions of happiness, and the inclination of my heart, have determined me to change my situation in life. With a view to this great object I declared my regards, when last in Virginia, to a young lady whose beauty and merit had engaged my affection and esteem, and whose worth will, I fondly hope, entitle her to your approbation, which will insure to me every happiness I desire. It was impossible for me to take this determination without thinking of the consequence which might attend my connexion with you, sir. Under that idea, I beg leave to assure you that it is my first wish to remain with you, to profit from a situation so eligible as the patronage of an uncle whom I love with the purest affection; and if the change which I mention may be reconciled to that wish, I shall be perfectly happy; but if that is impossible, I shall hope to carry with me into the retirement of a country life the continuance of your regard which I value far above all price.

To avoid the embarrassment which I apprehended to myself from a personal communication of this matter in the first instance, I have used the liberty of addressing you by letter. Should you desire to learn any particulars, I shall be happy to explain them in a conversation. I entreat you to believe that I shall ever remain your dutiful nephew and Obliged humble servant,

ROBERT LEWIS.

The President of the United States.

Perfect happiness is not allowed even to the most favored of mortals, and Captain Lewis's assertion that he should be "perfectly happy" if he could marry the lady of his choice and yet retain his position as private secretary, was not tested. The General's love for his nephew could not induce him to change his opinions; his resolution to have only unmarried men for his private secretaries was well known to Captain Lewis, and, as his letter shows, there was a struggle between his affection for his uncle and his ardent love for the beautiful Miss Brown, which made him timid in confessing his engagement. His fears were not without foundation—he won his bride, but he lost his post in the President's household.

In the quiet retirement of a Virginia planter's life, it was a constant and unfailing source of pleasure to Robert Lewis to recall each incident of his brief public career, and his devotion to his uncle grew stronger and more reverential as years rolled on—and whenever Washington sought rest and refreshment in his own beloved country home, Captain Lewis and his young and beautiful wife were frequent and welcome guests at Mount Vernon.

In August, 1796, after a few delightful days spent with their distinguished relatives, Captain Lewis relates that the following conversation took place at the breakfast-table the morning fixed for their departure.

Washington was, as all the world knows, a man of few words, and while he quietly

partook of his frugal meal the conversation flowed cheerfully on between the other members of the family present. Suddenly his nephew turned laughing to him and said:

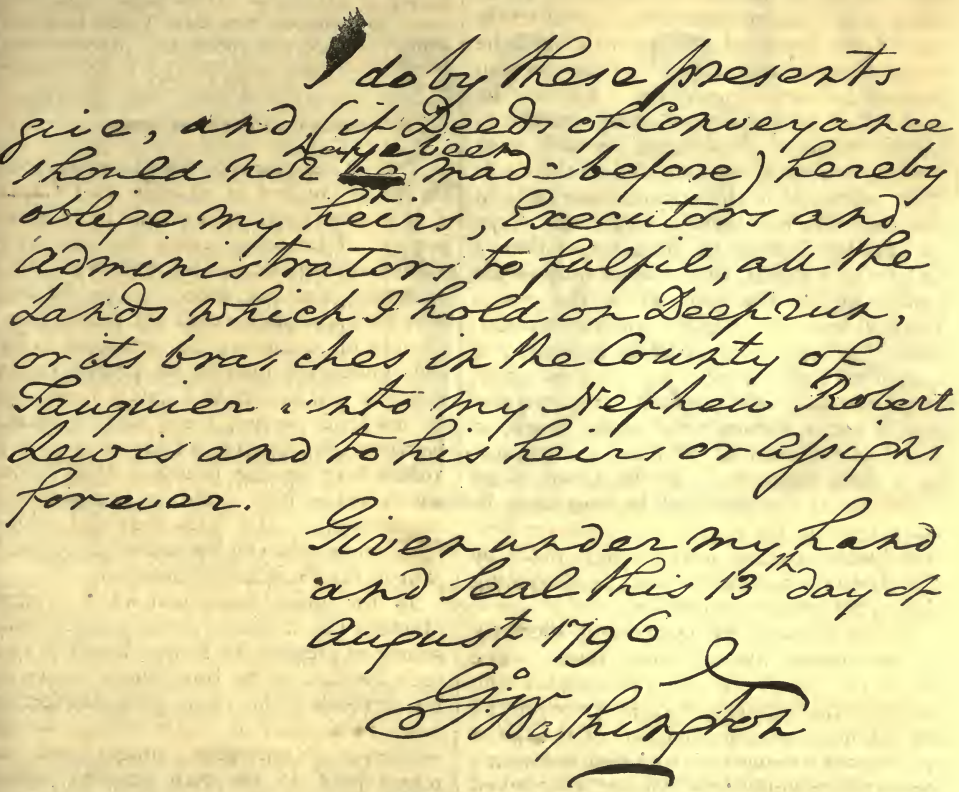
"Uncle, what do you think I dreamed last night?"

The General replied he could not guess, and asked to be told. Captain Lewis, continuing to laugh merrily, replied:

"Why, I dreamed you gave me your farm on Deep Run."

"Humph!" ejaculated his uncle. "You had better have dreamed I gave you Mount Vernon."

No more was said on the subject, and Captain Lewis had quite forgotten his unmeaning dream as he placed his wife in the carriage, and bade his uncle and aunt good-bye. Washington followed him to the carriage, and handed him a folded paper, saying as he did so: "You can look at that when you reach home." Captain Lewis received the paper in astonishment, but could make no reply, as the carriage now rolled swiftly away. *He* might have felt in duty bound to suffer the pangs of curiosity until he reached home, but his wife had no such conscientious scruples; *she* had not been forbidden to open it, and so she soon succeeded in gaining possession of the mysterious paper, and before Mount Vernon was lost in the distance she discovered the fact that they had left that modest dwelling much richer than they were when they entered it. Whether Washington had intended to bestow the Deep Run farm in his will upon this nephew, and only hastened the time of the gift, or whether, with the quiet humor in which he rarely indulged, he thus proved the dream of which he had been told a practical reality, was never known. The deed is said to be the shortest on record, and is as follows:


I do by these presents
give, and (if Deeds of Conveyance
should not have been made before) hereby
oblige my heirs, Executors and
administrators, to fulfil, all the
Lands which I hold on Deep run,
or its branches in the County of
Fauquier; unto my Nephew Robert
Lewis and to his heirs or Assigns
forever.

Given under my Hand
and Seal this 13th day of
August 1796

G. Washington

THE SHORTEST DEED ON RECORD.

The following letter is a copy of one from General Washington to his brother-in-law Colonel Burwell Bassett, of Eltham, Virginia. Colonel Bassett married Anna Maria Dandridge, the sister of Martha Dandridge who was first Mrs. Custis, then Mrs. Washington. This letter has been treasured by Colonel Bassett's grandson, who, until now, has refused to allow it

to be published. It is the only letter we know of in which Washington indulged in anything like humor.

MOUNT VERNON, 28th August, 1762.

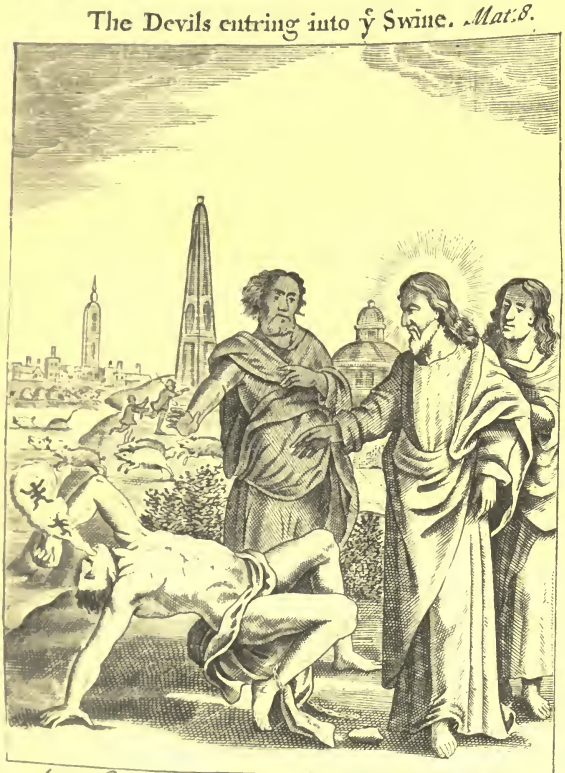
DEAR SIR:—I was favoured with your Epistle wrote on a certain 25th of July, when you ought to have been at Church, praying as becomes every good Christian Man who has as much to answer for as you have—strange it is that you will be so blind to truth that the enlightning sounds of the Gospel cannot reach your Ear, nor no Examples awaken you to a sense of Goodness—could you but behold with what religious zeal I hye me to Church on every Lord's day, it would do your heart good, and fill it, I hope, with equal fervency—but hark'ee—I am told you have lately introduced into your Family, a certain production which you are lost in admiration of, and spend so much time in contemplating the just proportions of its parts, the ease, and conveniences with which it abounds, that it is thought you will have little time to animadvert upon the prospect of your Crops, &c., pray how will this be reconciled to that anxious care and vigilance, which is so escencially necessary at a time when our growing Property—meaning the Tobacco—is assailed by every villainous worm that has had an existence since the days of Noah (how unkind it was of Noah, now I have mentioned his name, to suffer such a brood of Vermin to get a birth in the Ark!) but perhaps you may be as well of as we are—that is, have no Tobacco for them to eat, and there I think we nicked the Dogs, as I think to do you if you expect any more—but not without a full assurance of being with a very sincere regard,

D Sir, Yr Mo Affect. & Obed.,

GO. WASHINGTON.

P. S. don't forget to make my compls to Mrs. Bassett, Miss Dudy, and the little ones, for Miss Dudy cannot be classed with small People without offering her great Injustice. I shall see you, I expect, about the first of November.

To Coln Bassett, at Eltham.


The Devils entring into ỹ Swine. Mat:8.
And when he was come to the other side—there met him two possessed with Devils—exceeding fierce, v. 28. And beheld they cried out saying, What have wee etc.ª 29 And there was a good way off an herd of Swine etc.ª v 30. 84

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE WASHINGTON FAMILY BIBLE.

The "new production," so much admired by Colonel Bassett, to which Washington jestingly alludes, was a baby son and heir. Two daughters had preceded this infant, and as the estate, before the Revolution, was entailed, a son had been ardently desired by Colonel Bassett, who was the sole representative of his family; his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, having each been, like himself, an only son. "Miss Dudy," was Miss Judy Diggs, the daughter of a neighboring farmer and remarkable for her size and strength. She had, on one occasion, been induced to wrestle with a young man, a guest at Eltham, on condition he would treat her with all due respect. The trial of strength and skill went on for awhile in perfect good-nature, but the young gentleman on finding that "Miss Dudy" was getting the better of him, lost his temper, and roughly handled his amazonian adversary, whereupon her spirit rose—she tossed him on the floor, and, in spite of all his efforts, tied him hand and foot to await sentence from Colonel Bassett.

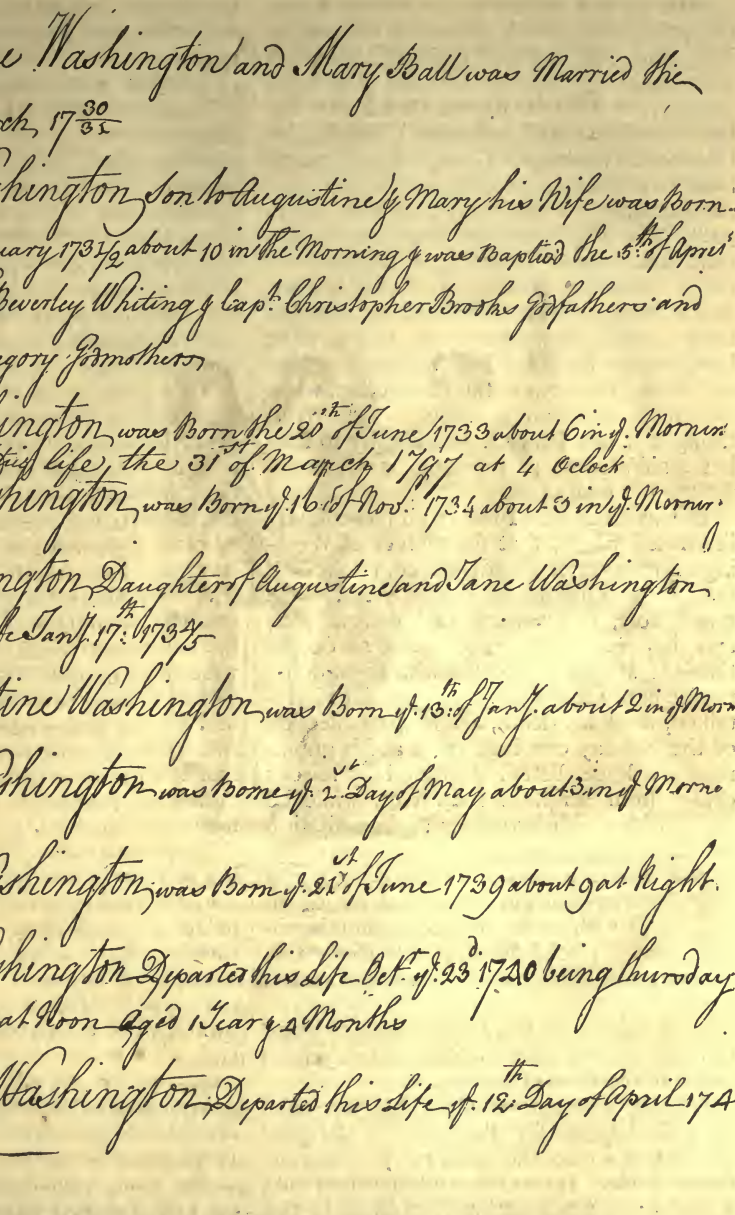
Miss Dudy was for a while housekeeper for Mrs. Bassett, and Washington had often seen her in his visits to his brother-in-law, her position in the family being that of an humble friend rather than a paid domestic, and had laughed heartily at the account given him of the wrestle.

Eltham is situated at the head of York River, a quaint old homestead, a hundred and fifty feet in length, having a center building and two wings; it was built by Governor Bacon of Virginia, for his ward,

William Bassett, the bricks for the building being brought from England. Eltham was frequently visited by General Washington, and the table at which he dined, and the bedstead used by him, are still in possession of the gentleman whom we have mentioned as holding the letter.

It was at Eltham, just after the surrender of the British army at Yorktown, that General Washington joined his wife, her daughter-in-law, and her grandchildren, and stood with them at the bedside of the dying John Parke Custis, comforting his wife's son in his last moments by a promise to adopt as his own the children young Custis was leaving behind him—a promise faithfully kept until the end of his own life.

The Eltham Mansion was visited by the Northern soldiers during the late war, but was not injured, the Union sentiments of its



Augustine Washington and Mary Ball was Married the Sixth of March, 17 30/31

George Washington Son to Augustine & Mary his Wife was Born y^e 11^th Day of February 173 1/2 about 10 in the Morning & was Baptiz'd the 5^th of April following M^r. Beverley Whiting & Cap^t. Christopher Brooke Godfathers and M^rs. Mildred Gregory Godmother

Betty Washington was Born the 20^th of June 1733 about 6 in y^e Morning Departed this Life the 31^st of March 1797 at 4 Oclock

Samuel Washington was Born y^e 16^th of Nov^r. 1734 about 3 in y^e Morning

Jane Washington Daughter of Augustine and Jane Washington Departed this Life Jan^y. 17^th 1734/5

John Augustine Washington was Born y^e 13^th of Jan^y. about 2 in y^e Morn 1735/6

Charles Washington was Borne y^e 2^d Day of May about 3 in y^e Morne 1738

Mildred Washington was Born y^e 21^st of June 1739 about 9 at Night.

Mildred Washington Departed this Life Oct^r. y^e 23^d 1740 being Thursday about 12 a Clock at Noon Aged 1 Year & 4 Months

Augustine Washington Departed this Life y^e 12^th Day of April 174 Aged 49 Years

FAC-SIMILE OF THE RECORD IN THE FAMILY BIBLE OF AUGUSTINE AND MARY WASHINGTON.

owner doubtless protecting it. It has recently been destroyed by fire.

The most valuable relic bequeathed by Captain Lewis to his daughter, and carefully treasured by her, is the family Bible, containing the record of Augustine Washington's marriage with his second wife, Mary Ball, and the birth of their children. It was probably written by the General's mother, as the one page on which are entered deaths as well as births, is headed by this second marriage. George Washington's birth is entered, according to the old style, as occurring on the "11th of Feb. 1731-32." The backs of the Bible, now loose from the sacred volume, so old and so much used, are covered with dark leather, and enveloped in an outer covering of faded brown and yellow homespun, said to have been woven by Mary Ball Washington herself during the days of the Revolution, when the most aristocratic lady in the land thought it not beneath her dignity to take her maid's place at the loom, and manufacture her own dress.

It was from this Bible, with its profusely illustrated pages, that the mother of Washington taught her grandchildren, as she had taught her children in earlier years. The remarkable, and sometimes ludicrous pictures, impressed the young people so deeply that the stories connected with them could not be easily forgotten. Captain Lewis retained, until his death, a loving recollection of the Sunday evenings spent at his grandmother's knee, listening to the holy lessons drawn from scripture narratives, while he gazed with childish wonder and admiration at the rude representations of saints and angels, and the joys of the redeemed, and shuddered at the sight of the skeleton death and devils with horns and hoofs, holding in their claws pitchforks of fire. From this Bible he taught his own little ones the sacred truths of religion, and his daughter's children have in their turn learned the same lessons of faith and love from the stained and yellow pages of the ancient volume.

Several years ago an old Bible was sold in Philadelphia for the sum of $1,500, purporting to be the genuine Washington family Bible. It was on exhibition there for a while, and was mentioned in many of the papers. It did not claim ever to have held the family record.

A Philadelphia gentleman, who had seen the valuable relic we have described, in the home of its Virginia owner, inspected this volume, and found it to resemble in many respects the old book with the record, and from the proofs shown him doubted not that it was once owned by the Washington family. It was said that he published his information on the subject, giving the names of the real owners of the family Bible, but his article did not seem to find a place in papers outside of Philadelphia.

Another most interesting souvenir of Washington, left by Captain Lewis to his daughters, was a full suit of the General's clothing, worn by him in mourning for his mother. The coat, knee-breeches, and waistcoat are of black, uncut velvet; the lining of the waistcoat showing it had been a good deal worn. This suit was given Captain Lewis by his aunt, Mrs. Washington, after her husband's death,—a proof of her own recognition of his fondness for this nephew.

This plain, unpretending costume, worn by the first President, was examined with great interest and curiosity by numberless friends of the Lewis family. These friends then brought their visitors, among them occasionally a foreigner, who viewed these relics of departed greatness with even more reverence than Americans.

Among the many sight-seers, there came one day a party of Frenchmen, who, with the enthusiasm characteristic of their nation, were deeply interested in one who had earned a world-wide fame, and who was, in addition to this, the personal friend of their own hero, the chivalrous Lafayette. They handled the coat with the utmost reverence, and were profuse in their thanks for the honor shown them.

Some years after this, a Virginian traveling in France was surprised to find among some relics displayed to view in one of the palaces, a small piece of black velvet handsomely set in a massive gilt frame, and labeled, "A fragment of General Washington's coat." This fact was reported to the owner, who, all unconscious of the theft, and with some incredulity and curiosity, examined her valued relic—when, lo! the genuineness of the fragment and the perfidy of the French visitors were at once confirmed. From the lower corner of one of the skirts of the coat, a small piece had been neatly cut with a sharp instrument.

A still worse fate befell the plain gold shoe-buckles worn by the General, and afterward owned by his great-nieces. These were constantly displayed to admiring spectators with the other relics, until at last they both were missed;—the admiration of one of the sight-

seers had been beyond his or her control; the buckles had been pocketed and the paper in which they had been wrapped carefully folded and replaced in the box from which it had been taken.

Washington's sun-glass, in a massive silver rim, with solid silver handle of quaint device, his sword-belt worn through the Revolutionary war, and a number of letters never yet given to the public (one of which we have copied here), are all in possession of one lady; also a small steel key-ring, given to Robert Lewis by his uncle under the following circumstances: Lewis was on a visit to Mount Vernon at the time, and had occasion to take a bunch of keys from his pocket in Washington's presence. The particular and methodical General surveyed with surprise and displeasure the string with which they were fastened together, and exclaimed sternly:

"Robert, is it possible you have no ring for your keys?"

Robert meekly owned he had not. His uncle at once took his own keys from his pocket, removed them from the ring on which they hung, and, giving it to his nephew, said:

"Here, take mine—I've another—and never let me see you without one again."

Treasured with these souvenirs of Washington is a pincushion made of a piece of Lady Washington's wedding dress,—cloth of silver, with the old glitter of the silver threads still shining dimly through the time-worn fabric,—and a needle-book covered with a fragment of the dark maroon-colored brocade she wore at her last levee. Her loving relatives thus preserved specimens of the costumes of her whose grace, dignity and elegance made her the ornament of the republican court. Beautiful and courtly women have reigned in the White House, and won high praise from the representatives of kings and emperors, but upon the wife of Washington alone was conferred the title of Lady.

The story told of one of the pictures at Mount Vernon I have seen in print, but the treasure of words on its back I have never found recorded in connection with it.

A gentleman passing a china shop one day, saw in the window a pitcher, on the side of which an excellent picture of Washington had been burnt into the fine porcelain. He at once entered the shop and purchased the valuable pitcher, but only to break it with care in order to obtain the coveted picture. Having placed it in a frame he then sent it as a gift to the General, who hung it upon the walls of his homestead. This picture was long considered the best of all likenesses of the President.

After Washington's death, some unknown visitor to Mount Vernon (the date of whose visit, even, is a mystery), who probably knew the history of the pitcher portrait, took it down from the wall and wrote on its back the eloquent eulogy given below.

Visiting Mount Vernon in 1857, the writer sought the famous porcelain miniature, and found it in what was once the General's dining-room, hanging on a nail within reach from the floor. We took it down and with difficulty deciphered the faded characters, for the paper was stained and yellow with age. The eulogy is written in a neat, small, but distinct hand.

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

Washington,
The Defender of his Country—The Founder of Liberty;
The Friend of Man.
History and Tradition are explored in vain
For a Parallel to his Character.
In the annals of modern greatness
He stands Alone;
And the noblest names of Antiquity
Lose their Lustre in his Presence.
Born the Benefactor of Mankind,
He united all the qualities necessary
To an Illustrious Career.
Nature made him Great,
He made himself Virtuous.
Called by his Country to the Defence of her Liberties,
He triumphantly vindicated the
Rights of Humanity;
And on the Pillars of National Independence,
Laid the Foundations of a Great Republic.
Twice invested with supreme Magistracy,
By the unanimous voice of a free people,
He surpassed in the Cabinet
The glories of the Field,
And voluntarily resigning the Sceptre and the Sword,
Retired to the shades of private life.
A spectacle so new and so sublime,
Was contemplated with the profoundest admiration.
And the name of Washington,
Adding new lustre to humanity,
Resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.
Magnanimous in youth,
Glorious through life,
Great in death.
His highest ambition the happiness of mankind,
His noblest victory the conquest of himself.
Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame,
And building his monument in the
Hearts of his Countrymen.
He lived—The Ornament of the 18th Century.
He died—Regretted by a Mourning World.

ESMERALDA.

ESMERALDA AND HER FATHER IN THE LOUVRE.

To begin, I am a Frenchman, a teacher of languages and a poor man ;—necessarily a poor man, as the great world would say, or I should not be a teacher of languages and my wife a copyist of great pictures, selling her copies at small prices. In our own eyes, it is true, we are not so poor—my Clélie and I. Looking back upon our past we congratulate ourselves upon our prosperous condition. There was a time when we were poorer than we are now, and were not together, and were, moreover, in London instead of in Paris. These were indeed calamities: to be poor, to teach, to live apart, not even knowing each other—and in England! In England we spent years; we instructed imbeciles of all grades; we were chilled by east winds, and tortured by influenza; we vainly strove to conciliate the appalling English; we were discouraged and desolate. But this, thank *le bon Dieu !* is past. We are united; we have our little apartment—upon the fifth floor, it is true, but still not hopelessly far from the Champs Élysées. Clélie paints her little pictures, or copies those of some greater artist, and finds sale for them. She is not a great artist herself, and is charmingly conscious of the fact.

"At fifteen," she says, "I regretted that I was not a genius; at five and twenty, I rejoice that I made the discovery so early, and so gave myself time to become grateful for the small gifts bestowed upon me. Why

should I eat out my heart with envy? Is it not possible that I might be a less clever woman than I am, and a less lucky one?"

On my part I have my pupils,—French pupils who take lessons in English, German, or Italian; English or American pupils who generally learn French, and, upon the whole, I do not suffer from lack of patrons.

It is my habit when Clélie is at work upon a copy in one of the great galleries to accompany her to the scene of her labor in the morning and call for her at noon, and, in accordance with this habit, I made my way to the Louvre at midday upon one occasion three years ago.

I found my wife busy at her easel in the *Grande Galerie*, and when I approached her and laid my hand upon her shoulder, as was my wont, she looked up with a smile and spoke to me in a cautious undertone.

"I am glad," she said, "that you are not ten minutes later. Look at those extraordinary people."

She still leaned back in her chair and looked up at me, but made, at the same time, one of those indescribable movements of the head which a clever woman can render so significant.

This slight gesture directed me at once to the extraordinary people to whom she referred.

"Are they not truly wonderful?" she asked.

There were two of them, evidently father and daughter, and they sat side by side upon a seat placed in an archway, and regarded hopelessly one of the finest works in the gallery. The father was a person undersized and elderly. His face was tanned and seamed, as if with years of rough out-door labor; the effect produced upon him by his clothes was plainly one of actual suffering, both physical and mental. His stiff hands refused to meet the efforts of his gloves to fit them; his body shrank from his garments; if he had not been pathetic, he would have been ridiculous. But he was pathetic. It was evident that he was not so attired of his own free will, that only a patient nature, inured by long custom to discomfort, sustained him,—that he was in the gallery under protest,—that he did not understand the paintings, and that they perplexed—overwhelmed him.

The daughter it is almost impossible to describe, and yet I must attempt to describe her. She had a slender and pretty figure; there were slight marks of the sun on her face also, and, as in her father's case, the richness of her dress was set at defiance by a strong element of incongruousness. She had black hair and gray eyes, and she sat with folded hands staring at the picture before her in dumb uninterestedness.

Clélie had taken up her brush again, and was touching up her work here and there.

"They have been here two hours," she said. "They are waiting for some one. At first they tried to look about them as others did. They wandered from seat to seat, and sat down, and looked as you see them doing now. What do you think of them? To what nation should you ascribe them?"

"They are not French," I answered. "And they are not English."

"If she was English," said Clélie, "the girl would be more conscious of herself, and of what we might possibly be saying. She is only conscious that she is out of place and miserable. She does not care for us at all. I have never seen Americans like them before, but I am convinced that they are Americans."

She laid aside her working materials and proceeded to draw on her gloves.

"We will go and look at that 'Tentation de St. Antoine' of Teniers," she said, "and we may hear them speak. I confess I am devoured by an anxiety to hear them speak."

Accordingly, a few moments later an amiable young couple stood before "La Tentation," regarding it with absorbed and critical glances.

But the father and daughter did not seem to see us. They looked disconsolately about them, or at the picture before which they sat. Finally, however, we were rewarded by hearing them speak to each other. The father addressed the young lady slowly and deliberately, and with an accent which, but for my long residence in England and familiarity with some forms of its *patois*, I should find it impossible to transcribe.

"Esmeraldy," he said, "your ma's a long time a-comin'."

"Yes," answered the girl, with the same accent, and in a voice wholly listless and melancholy, "she's a long time."

Clélie favored me with one of her rapid side glances. The study of character is her grand passion, and her special weakness is a fancy for the singular and incongruous. I have seen her stand in silence, and regard with positive interest one of her former patronesses who was overwhelming her with contumelious violence, seeming entirely unconscious of all else but that the woman was

of a species novel to her, and therefore worthy of delicate observation.

"It is as I said," she whispered. "They are Americans, but of an order entirely new."

Almost the next instant she touched my arm.

"Here is the mother!" she exclaimed. "She is coming this way. See!"

A woman advanced rapidly toward our part of the gallery,—a small, angry woman, with an ungraceful figure, and a keen brown eye. She began to speak aloud while still several feet distant from the waiting couple.

"Come along," she said. "I've found a place at last, though I've been all the morning at it,—and the woman who keeps the door speaks English."

"They call 'em," remarked the husband, meekly rising, "*con-ser-ges*. I wonder why."

The girl rose also, still with her hopeless, abstracted air, and followed the mother, who led the way to the door. Seeing her move forward, my wife uttered an admiring exclamation.

"She is more beautiful than I thought," she said. "She holds herself marvelously. She moves with the freedom of some fine wild creature."

And, as the party disappeared from view, her regret at losing them drew from her a sigh. She discussed them with characteristic enthusiasm all the way home. She even concocted a very probable little romance. One would always imagine so many things concerning Americans. They were so extraordinary a people; they acquired wealth by such peculiar means; their country was so immense; their resources were so remarkable. These persons, for instance, were plainly persons of wealth, and as plainly had risen from the people. The mother was not quite so wholly untaught as the other two, but she was more objectionable.

"One can bear with the large simplicity of utter ignorance," said my fair philosopher. "One frequently finds it gentle and unworldly, but the other is odious because it is always aggressive and narrow."

She had taken a strong feminine dislike to Madame la Mère.

"She makes her family miserable," she said. "She drags them from place to place. Possibly there is a lover,—more possibly than not. The girl's eyes wore a peculiar look,—as if they searched for something far away."

She had scarcely concluded her charming little harangue when we reached our destination; but, as we passed through the entrance, she paused to speak to the curly-headed child of the *concierge* whose mother held him by the hand.

"We shall have new arrivals to-morrow," said the good woman, who was always ready for friendly gossip. "The apartment upon the first floor," and she nodded to me significantly, and with good-natured encouragement. "Perhaps you may get pupils," she added. "They are Americans, and speak only English, and there is a young lady, Madame says."

"Americans!" exclaimed Clélie, with sudden interest.

"Americans," answered the *concierge*. "It was Madame who came. *Mon Dieu!* it was wonderful! So rich and so—so ——" filling up the blank by a shrug of deep meaning.

"It cannot have been long since they were—peasants," her voice dropping into a cautious whisper.

"Why not our friends of the Louvre?" said Clélie as we went on upstairs.

"Why not?" I replied. "It is very possible."

The next day there arrived at the house numberless trunks of large dimensions, superintended by the small angry woman and a maid. An hour later came a carriage, from whose door emerged the young lady and her father. Both looked pale and fagged; both were led upstairs in the midst of voluble comments and commands by the mother; and both, entering the apartment, seemed swallowed up by it, as we saw and heard nothing further of them. Clélie was indignant.

"It is plain that the mother overwhelms them," she said. "A girl of that age should speak and be interested in any novelty. This one would be if she were not wretched. And the poor little husband ——!"

"My dear," I remarked, "you are a feminine Bayard. You engage yourself with such ardor in everybody's wrongs."

When I returned from my afternoon's work a few days later, I found Clélie again excited. She had been summoned to the first floor by Madame.

"I went into the room," said Clélie, "and found the mother and daughter together. Mademoiselle, who stood by the fire, had evidently been weeping. Madame was in an abrupt and angry mood. She wasted no words. 'I want you to give her lessons,' she said, making an ungraceful

gesture in the direction of her daughter. 'What do you charge a lesson?' And on my telling her, she engaged me at once. 'It's a great deal, but I guess I can pay as well as other people,' she remarked."

A few of the lessons were given downstairs, and then Clélie preferred a request to Madame.

"If you will permit Mademoiselle to come to my room, you will confer a favor upon me," she said.

Fortunately, her request was granted, and so I used afterward to come home and find Mademoiselle Esmeralda in our little *salon* at work disconsolately and tremulously. She found it difficult to hold her pencil in the correct manner, and one morning she let it drop, and burst into tears.

"Don't you see I shall never do it!" she answered, miserably. "Don't you see I couldn't, even if my heart was in it, and it aint at all!"

She held out her little hands piteously for Clélie to look at. They were well enough shaped, and would have been pretty if they had not been robbed of their youthful suppleness by labor.

"I've been used to work," she said, "rough work all my life, and my hands aint like yours."

"But you must not be discouraged, Mademoiselle," said Clélie gently. "Time ——"

"Time," interposed the girl, with a frightened look in her pretty gray eyes. "That's what I can't bear to think of—the time that's to come."

This was the first of many outbursts of confidence. Afterward she related to Clélie, with the greatest naïveté, the whole history of the family affairs.

They had been the possessors of some barren mountain lands in North Carolina, and her description of their former life was wonderful indeed to the ears of the Parisian. She herself had been brought up with marvelous simplicity and hardihood, barely learning to read and write, and in absolute ignorance of society. A year ago iron had been discovered upon their property, and the result had been wealth and misery for father and daughter. The mother, who had some vague fancies of the attractions of the great outside world, was ambitious and restless. Monsieur, who was a mild and accommodating person, could only give way before her stronger will.

"She always had her way with us," said Mademoiselle Esmeralda, scratching nervously upon the paper before her with her pencil, at this part of the relation. "We did not want to leave home, neither me nor father, and father said more than I ever heard him say before at one time. 'Mother,' says he, 'let me an' Esmeraldy stay at home, an' you go an' enjoy your tower. You've had more schoolin', an' you'll be more at home than we should. You're useder to city ways, havin' lived in 'Lizabethville.' But it only vexed her. People in town had been talking to her about traveling and letting me learn things, and she'd set her mind on it."

She was very simple and unsophisticated. To the memory of her former truly singular life she clung with unshaken fidelity. She recurred to it constantly. The novelty and luxury of her new existence seemed to have no attractions for her. One thing even my Clélie found incomprehensible, while she fancied she understood the rest—she did not appear to be moved to pleasure even by our beloved Paris.

"It is a true *maladie du pays*," Clélie remarked to me. "*And that is not all.*"

Nor was it all. One day the whole truth was told amid a flood of tears.

"I—I was going to be married," cried the poor child. "I was to have been married the week the ore was found. I was—all ready, and mother—mother shut right down on us."

Clélie glanced at me in amazed questioning.

"It is a kind of *argot* which belongs only to Americans," I answered in an undertone. "The alliance was broken off."

"*Ciel!*" exclaimed my Clélie between her small shut teeth. "The woman is a fiend!"

She was wholly absorbed in her study of this unworldly and untaught nature. She was full of sympathy for its trials and tenderness, and for its pain. Even the girl's peculiarities of speech were full of interest to her. She made serious and intelligent efforts to understand them, as if she studied a new language.

"It is not common *argot*," she said. "It has its subtleties. One continually finds somewhere an original idea—sometimes even a *bonmot*, which startles one by its pointedness. As you say, however, it belongs only to the Americans and their remarkable country. A French mind can only arrive at its climaxes through a grave and occasionally tedious research, which would weary most persons, but which, however, does not weary me."

The confidence of Mademoiselle Esme-

ralda was easily won. She became attached to us both, and particularly to Clélie. When her mother was absent or occupied, she stole upstairs to our apartment and spent with us the moments of leisure chance afforded her. She liked our rooms, she told my wife, because they were small, and our society because we were "clever," which we discovered afterward meant "amiable." But she was always pale and out of spirits. She would sit before our fire silent and abstracted.

"You must not mind if I don't talk," she would say. "I can't; and it seems to help me to get to sit and think about things. Mother wont let me do it down-stairs."

We became also familiar with the father. One day I met him upon the staircase, and to my amazement he stopped as if he wished to address me. I raised my hat and bade him good-morning. On his part he drew forth a large handkerchief and began to rub the palms of his hands with awkward timidity.

"How-dy?" he said.

I confess that at the moment I was covered with confusion. I who was a teacher of English and flattered myself that I wrote and spoke it fluently, did not understand. Immediately, however, it flashed across my mind that the word was a species of salutation. (Which I finally discovered to be the case.) I bowed again and thanked him, hazarding the reply that my health was excellent, and an inquiry as to the state of Madame's. He rubbed his hands still more nervously, and answered me in the slow and deliberate manner I had observed at the Louvre.

"Thank ye," he said, "she's doin' tol'able well, is mother—as well as common. And she's a-enjoyin' herself, too. I wish we was all ——"

But there he checked himself and glanced hastily about him.

Then he began again,—

"Esmeraldy," he said,—"Esmeraldy thinks a heap on you. She takes a sight of comfort out of Mis' Des —— I can't call your name, but I mean your wife."

"Madame Desmarres," I replied, "is rejoiced indeed to have won the friendship of Mademoiselle."

"Yes," he proceeded, "she takes a sight of comfort in you ans all. An' she needs comfort, does Esmeraldy."

There ensued a slight pause which somewhat embarrassed me, for at every pause he regarded me with an air of meek and hesitant appeal.

"She's a little down-sperrited is Esmeraldy," he said. "An'," adding this suddenly in a subdued and fearful tone, "so am I."

Having said this he seemed to feel that he had overstepped a barrier. He seized the lapel of my coat and held me prisoner, pouring forth his confessions with a faith in my interest by which I was at once amazed and touched.

"You see it's this way," he said,—"it's this way, Mister. We're home folks, me an' Esmeraldy, an' we're a long way from home, an' it sorter seems like we didn't get no useder to it than we was at first. We're not like mother. Mother she was raised in a town,—she was raised in 'Lizabethville,—an' she allers took to town ways; but me an' Esmeraldy, we was raised in the mountains, right under the shadder of old Bald, an' town goes hard with us. Seems like we're allers a thinkin' of North Callina. An' mother she gits outed, which is likely. She says we'd ought to fit ourselves fur our higher spear, an' I dessay we'd ought,—but you see it goes sorter hard with us. An' Esmeraldy she has her trouble an' I can't help a sympathizin' with her, fur young folks will be young folks; an' I was young folks once myself. Once—once I sot a heap o' store by mother. So you see how it is."

"It is very sad, Monsieur," I answered with gravity. Singular as it may appear, this was not so laughable to me as it might seem. It was so apparent that he did not anticipate ridicule. And my Clélie's interest in these people also rendered them sacred in my eyes.

"Yes," he returned, "that's so; an' sometimes it's wuss than you'd think—when mother's outed. An' that's why I'm glad as Mis' Dimar an' Esmeraldy is such friends."

It struck me at this moment that he had some request to make of me. He grasped the lapel of my coat somewhat more tightly as if requiring additional support, and finally bent forward and addressed me with caution, "Do you think as Mis' Dimar would mind it ef now an' then I has to step in fur Esmeraldy, an' set a little—just in a kinder neighborin' way. Esmeraldy, she says you're so sosherble. And I haint been sosherble with no one fur—fur a right smart spell. And it seems like I kinder hanker arter it. You've no idea, Mister, how lonesome a man can git when he hankers to be sosherble an' haint no one to be sosherble with. Mother, she says, 'Go out on the Champs Elizy and promenard,' and I've done it; but some ways it don't reach the spot. I

don't seem to get sosherble with no one I've spoke to—may be through us speakin' different languages, an' not comin' to a understandin'. I've tried it loud an' I've tried it low an' encouragen', but some ways we never seemed to get on. An' ef Mis' Dimar wouldn't take no exceptions at me a-droppin' in, I feel as ef I should be sorter uplifted—if she'd only allow it once a week or even fewer."

"Monsieur," I replied with warmth, "I beg you will consider our *salon* at your disposal, not once a week but at all times, and Madame Desmarres would certainly join me in the invitation if she were upon the spot."

He released the lapel of my coat and grasped my hand, shaking it with fervor.

"Now, that's clever, that is," he said. "An' its friendly, an' I'm obligated to ye."

Since he appeared to have nothing further to say we went down-stairs together. At the door we parted.

"I'm a-goin'," he remarked, "to the Champs Elizy to promenard. Where are you a-goin'?"

"To the Boulevard Haussmann, Monsieur, to give a lesson," I returned. "I will wish you good-morning."

"Good-mornin'," he answered. "*Bong*"—reflecting deeply for a moment—"*Bong jore.* I'm a tryin' to learn it, you see, with a view to bein' more sosherbler. *Bong jore.*" And thus took his departure.

After this we saw him frequently. In fact it became his habit to follow Mademoiselle Esmeralda in all her visits to our apartment. A few minutes after her arrival we usually heard a timid knock upon the outer door, which proved to emanate from Monsieur, who always entered with a laborious "*Bong jore,*" and always slipped deprecatingly into the least comfortable chair near the fire, hurriedly concealing his hat beneath it.

In him also my Clélie became much interested. On my own part I could not cease to admire the fine feeling and delicate tact she continually exhibited in her manner toward him. In time he even appeared to lose something of his first embarrassment and discomfort, though he was always inclined to a reverent silence in her presence.

"He don't say much, don't father," said Mademoiselle Esmeralda, with tears in her pretty eyes. "He's like me, but you don't know what comfort he's taking when he sits and listens and stirs his chocolate round and round without drinking it. He doesn't drink it because he aint used to it; but he likes to have it when we do, because he says it makes him feel sosherble. He's trying to learn to drink it too—he practices every day a little at a time. He was powerful afraid at first that you'd take exceptions to him doing nothing but stir it round; but I told him I knew you wouldn't for you wasn't that kind."

"I find him," said Clélie to me, "inexpressibly mournful,—even though he excites one to smiles upon all occasions. Is it not mournful that his very suffering should be absurd. *Mon Dieu!* he does not *wear* his clothes—he bears them about with him—he simply *carries* them."

It was about this time that Mademoiselle Esmeralda was rendered doubly unhappy. Since their residence in Paris Madame had been industriously occupied in making efforts to enter society. She had struggled violently and indefatigably. She was at once persistent and ambitious. She had used every means that lay in her power, and, most of all, she had used her money. Naturally, she had found people upon the outskirts of good circles who would accept her with her money. Consequently, she had obtained acquaintances of a class, and was bold enough to employ them as stepping-stones. At all events, she began to receive invitations, and to discover opportunities to pay visits, and to take her daughter with her. Accordingly, Mademoiselle Esmeralda was placed upon exhibition. She was dressed by experienced *artistes.* She was forced from her seclusion, and obliged to drive and call, and promenade.

Her condition was pitiable. While all this was torture to her experience and timidity, her fear of her mother rendered her wholly submissive. Each day brought with it some new trial. She was admired for many reasons,—by some for her wealth, of which all had heard rumors; by others for her freshness and beauty. The silence and sensitiveness which arose from shyness, and her ignorance of all social rules, were called naïveté and modesty, and people who abhorred her mother, not unfrequently were charmed with her, and consequently Madame found her also an instrument of some consequence.

In her determination to overcome all obstacles, Madame even condescended to apply to my wife, whose influence over Mademoiselle she was clever enough not to undervalue.

"I want you to talk to Mademoiselle,"

she said. "She thinks a great deal of you, and I want you to give her some good advice. You know what society is, and you know that she ought to be proud of her advantages, and not make a fool of herself. Many a girl would be glad enough of what she has before her. She's got money, and she's got chances, and I don't begrudge her anything. She can spend all she likes on clothes and things, and I'll take her anywhere if she'll behave herself. They wear me out—her and her father. It's her father that's ruined her, and her living as she's done. Her father never knew anything, and he's made a pet of her, and got her into his way of thinking. It's ridiculous how little ambition they have, and she might marry as well as any girl. There's a marquis that's quite in love with her at this moment, and she's as afraid of him as death, and cries if I even mention him, though he's a nice enough man, if he is a bit elderly. Now, I want you to reason with her."

This Clélie told me afterward.

"And upon going away," she ended, "she turned round toward me, setting her face into an indescribable expression of hardness and obstinacy. 'I want her to understand,' she said, 'that she's cut off forever from anything that's happened before. There's the Atlantic Ocean and many a mile of land between her and North Carolina, and so she may as well give that up.'"

Two or three days after this Mademoiselle came to our apartment in great grief. She had left Madame in a violent ill-temper. They had received invitations to a ball at which they were to meet the marquis. Madame had been elated, and the discovery of Mademoiselle's misery and trepidation had roused her indignation. There had been a painful scene, and Mademoiselle had been overwhelmed as usual.

She knelt before the fire and wept despairingly.

"I'd rather die than go," she said. "I can't stand it. I can't get used to it. The light, and the noise, and the talk, hurts me, and I don't know what I am doing. And people stare at me, and I make mistakes, and I'm not fit for it—and—and—I'd rather be dead fifty thousand times than let that man come near me. I hate him, and I'm afraid of him, and I wish I was dead."

At this juncture came the timid summons upon the door, and the father entered with a disturbed and subdued air. He did not conceal his hat, but held it in his hands, and turned it round and round in an agitated manner as he seated himself beside his daughter.

"Esmeraldy," he said, "don't you take it so hard, honey. Mother, she's kinder outed, an' she's not at herself rightly. Don't you never mind. Mother she means well, but—but she's got a sorter curious way of showin' it. She's got a high sperrit, an' we'd ought to 'low fur it, and not take it so much to heart. Mis' Dimar here knows how high-sperrited people is sometimes, I dessay,—an' mother she's got a powerful high sperrit."

But the poor child only wept more hopelessly. It was not only the cruelty of her mother which oppressed her, it was the wound she bore in her heart.

Clélie's eyes filled with tears as she regarded her.

The father was also more broken in spirit than he wished it to appear. His weather-beaten face assumed an expression of deep melancholy which at last betrayed itself in an evidently inadvertent speech.

"I wish—I wish," he faltered. "Lord! I'd give a heap to see Wash now. I'd give a heap to see him, Esmeraldy."

It was as if the words were the last straw. The girl turned toward him and flung herself upon his breast with a passionate cry.

"Oh, father!" she sobbed, "we sha'n't never see him again—never—never! nor the mountains, nor the people that cared for us. We've lost it all, and we can't get it back,—and we haven't a soul that's near to us,—and we're all alone,—you and me, father, and Wash. Wash, he thinks we don't care."

I must confess to a momentary spasm of alarm, her grief was so wild and overwhelming. One hand was flung about her father's neck, and the other pressed itself against her side, as if her heart was breaking.

Clélie bent down and lifted her up, consoling her tenderly.

"Mademoiselle," she said, "do not despair. *Le Bon Dieu* will surely have pity."

The father drew forth the large linen handkerchief, and, unfolding it slowly, applied it to his eyes.

"Yes, Esmeraldy," he said; "don't let us give out,—at least don't you give out. It doesn't matter fur me, Esmeraldy, because, you see, I must hold on to mother, as I swore not to go back on; but you're young an' likely, Esmeraldy, an' don't you give out yet, fur the Lord's sake."

But she did not cease weeping until she

had wholly fatigued herself, and by this time there arrived a message from Madame, who required her presence down-stairs. Monsieur was somewhat alarmed, and rose precipitately, but Mademoiselle was too full of despair to admit of fear.

"It's only the dress-maker," she said. "You can stay where you are, father, and she wont guess we've been together, and it'll be better for us both."

And accordingly she obeyed the summons alone.

Great were the preparations made by Madame for the entertainment. My wife, to whom she displayed the costumes and jewels she had purchased, was aroused to an admiration truly feminine.

She had had the discretion to trust to the taste of the *artistes*, and had restrained them in nothing. Consequently, all that was to be desired in the appearance of Mademoiselle Esmeralda upon the eventful evening was happiness. With her mother's permission, she came to our room to display herself, Monsieur following her with an air of awe and admiration commingled. Her costume was rich and exquisite, and her beauty beyond criticism; but as she stood in the center of our little *salon* to be looked at, she presented an appearance to move one's heart. The pretty young face which had by this time lost its slight traces of the sun had also lost some of its bloom; the slight figure was not so round nor so erect as it had been, and moved with less of spirit and girlishness.

It appeared that Monsieur observed this also, for he stood apart regarding her with evident depression, and occasionally used his handkerchief with a violence that was evidently meant to conceal some secret emotion.

"You're not so peart as you was, Esmeraldy," he remarked, tremulously; "not as peart by a right smart, and what with that, and what with your fixin's, Wash—I mean the home-folks," hastily—"they'd hardly know ye."

He followed her down-stairs mournfully when she took her departure, and Clélie and myself being left alone interested ourselves in various speculations concerning them, as was our habit.

"This Monsieur Wash," remarked Clélie, "is clearly the lover. Poor child! how passionately she regrets him,—and thousands of miles lie between them—thousands of miles!"

It was not long after this that, on my way down-stairs to make a trifling purchase, I met with something approaching an adventure. It so chanced that, as I descended the staircase of the second floor, the door of the first floor apartment was thrown open, and from it issued Mademoiselle Esmeralda and her mother on their way to their waiting carriage. My interest in the appearance of Mademoiselle in her white robes and sparkling jewels so absorbed me that I inadvertently brushed against a figure which stood in the shadow regarding them also. Turning at once to apologize, I found myself confronting a young man,—tall, powerful, but with a sad and haggard face, and attired in a strange and homely dress which had a foreign look.

"Monsieur!" I exclaimed, "a thousand pardons. I was so unlucky as not to see you."

But he did not seem to hear. He remained silent, gazing fixedly at the ladies until they had disappeared, and then, on my addressing him again, he awakened, as it were, with a start.

"It doesn't matter," he answered, in a heavy bewildered voice and in English, and turning back made his way slowly up the stairs.

But even the utterance of this brief sentence had betrayed to my practiced ear a peculiar accent—an accent which, strange to say, bore a likeness to that of our friends down-stairs, and which caused me to stop a moment at the lodge of the *concierge*, and ask her a question or so.

"Have we a new occupant upon the fifth floor?" I inquired. "A person who speaks English?"

She answered me with a dubious expression.

"You must mean the strange young man upon the sixth," she said. "He is a new one and speaks English. Indeed, he does not speak anything else, or even understand a word. *Mon Dieu!* the trials one encounters with such persons,—endeavoring to comprehend, poor creatures, and failing always,—and this one is worse than the rest and looks more wretched—as if he had not a friend in the world."

"What is his name?" I asked.

"How can one remember their names?—it is worse than impossible. This one is frightful. But he has no letters, thank Heaven. If there should arrive one with an impossible name upon it, I should take it to him and run the risk."

Naturally, Clélie, to whom I related the

incident, was much interested. But it was some time before either of us saw the hero of it again, though both of us confessed to having been upon the watch for him. The *concierge* could only tell us that he lived a secluded life—rarely leaving his room in the day-time, and seeming to be very poor.

"He does not work and eats next to nothing," she said. "Late at night he occasionally carries up a loaf, and once he treated himself to a cup of *bouillon* from the restaurant at the corner—but it was only once, poor young man. He is at least very gentle and well-conducted."

So it was not to be wondered at that we did not see him. Clélie mentioned him to her young friend, but Mademoiselle's interest in him was only faint and ephemeral. She had not the spirit to rouse herself to any strong emotion.

"I dare say he's an American," she said. "There are plenty of Americans in Paris, but none of them seem a bit nearer to me than if they were French. They are all rich and fine, and they all like the life here better than the life at home. This is the first poor one I have heard of."

Each day brought fresh unhappiness to her. Madame was inexorable. She spent a fortune upon *toilette* for her, and insisted upon dragging her from place to place, and wearying her with gayeties from which her sad young heart shrank. Each afternoon their equipage was to be seen upon the Champs Élysées, and each evening it stood before the door waiting to bear them to some place of festivity.

Mademoiselle's *bête noir*, the marquis, who was a debilitated *roué* in search of a fortune, attached himself to them upon all occasions.

"Bah!" said Clélie with contempt, "she amazes one by her imbecility—this woman. Truly, one would imagine that her vulgar sharpness would teach her that his object is to use her as a tool, and that having gained Mademoiselle's fortune, he will treat them with brutality and derision."

But she did not seem to see—possibly she fancied that having obtained him for a son-in-law, she would be bold and clever enough to outwit and control him. Consequently, he was encouraged and fawned upon, and Mademoiselle grew thin and pale and large-eyed, and wore continually an expression of secret terror.

Only in her visits to our fifth floor did she dare to give way to her grief, and truly at such times both my Clélie and I were greatly affected. Upon one occasion indeed she filled us both with alarm.

"Do you know what I shall do?" she said, stopping suddenly in the midst of her weeping. "I'll bear it as long as I can, and then I'll put an end to it. There's—there's always the Seine left, and I've laid awake and thought of it many a night. Father and me saw a man taken out of it one day, and the people said he was a Tyrolean and drowned himself because he was so poor and lonely—and—and so far from home."

Upon the very morning she made this speech I saw again our friend of the sixth floor. In going down-stairs I came upon him, sitting upon one of the steps as if exhausted, and when he turned his face upward, its pallor and haggardness startled me. His tall form was wasted, his eyes were hollow, the peculiarities I had before observed were doubly marked—he was even emaciated.

"Monsieur," I said in English, "you appear indisposed. You have been ill. Allow me to assist you to your room."

"No, thank you," he answered. "It's only weakness. I—I sorter give out. Don't trouble yourself. I shall get over it directly."

Something in his face which was a very young and well-looking one, forced me to leave him in silence, merely bowing as I did so. I felt instinctively that to remain would be to give him additional pain.

As I passed the room of the *concierge*, however, the excellent woman beckoned to me to approach her.

"Did you see the young man?" she inquired rather anxiously. "He has shown himself this morning for the first time in three days. There is something wrong. It is my impression that he suffers want—that he is starving himself to death!"

Her rosy countenance absolutely paled as she uttered these last words, retreating a pace from me, and touching my arm with her fore-finger.

"He has carried up even less bread than usual during the last few weeks," she added "and there has been no *bouillon* whatever. A young man cannot live only on dry bread, and too little of that. He will perish; and apart from the inhumanity of the thing, it will be unpleasant for the other *locataires*."

I wasted no time in returning to Clélie, having indeed some hope that I might find the poor fellow still occupying his former position upon the staircase. But in this I met with disappointment: he was gone and

I could only relate to my wife what I had heard, and trust to her discretion. As I had expected, she was deeply moved.

"It is terrible," she said. "And it is also a delicate and difficult matter to manage. But what can one do? There is only one thing—I who am a woman, and have suffered privation myself, may venture."

Accordingly, she took her departure for the floor above. I heard her light summons upon the door of one of the rooms, but heard no reply. At last, however, the door was opened gently, and with a hesitance that led me to imagine that it was Clélie herself who had pushed it open, and immediately afterward I was sure that she uttered an alarmed exclamation. I stepped out upon the landing and called to her in a subdued tone—

"Clélie," I said, "did I hear you speak?"

"Yes," she returned from within the room. "Come at once, and bring with you some brandy."

In the shortest possible time I had joined her in the room, which was bare, cold and unfurnished—a mere garret, in fact, containing nothing but a miserable bedstead. Upon the floor near the window knelt Clélie, supporting with her knee and arm the figure of the young man she had come to visit.

"Quick with the brandy," she exclaimed. "This may be a faint, but it looks like death." She had found the door partially open, and receiving no answer to her knock, had pushed it farther ajar and caught a glimpse of the fallen figure, and hurried to its assistance.

To be as brief as possible,—we both remained at the young man's side during the whole of the night. As the *concierge* had said, he was perishing from inanition, and the physician we called in assured us that only the most constant attention would save his life.

"Monsieur," Clélie explained to him upon the first occasion upon which he opened his eyes. "You are ill and alone, and we wish to befriend you." And he was too weak to require from her anything more definite.

Physically he was a person to admire. In health his muscular power must have been immense. He possessed the frame of a young giant, and yet there was in his face a look of innocence and inexperience amazing even when one recollected his youth.

"It is the look," said Clélie, regarding him attentively,—"the look one sees in the faces of Monsieur and his daughter downstairs; the look of a person who has lived a simple life, and who knows absolutely nothing of the world."

It is possible that this may have prepared the reader for the *dénoûment* which followed; but singular as it may appear, it did not prepare either Clélie or myself—perhaps because we *had* seen the world, and having learned to view it in a practical light, were not prepared to encounter suddenly a romance almost unparalleled.

The next morning I was compelled to go out to give my lessons as usual, and left Clélie with our patient. On my return, my wife, hearing my footsteps, came out and met me upon the landing. She was moved by the strongest emotion and much excited; her cheeks were pale and her eyes shone.

"Do not go in yet," she said, "I have something to tell you. It is almost incredible; but—but it is—the lover!"

For a moment we remained silent—standing looking at each other. To me it seemed incredible indeed.

"He could not give her up," Clélie went on, "until he was sure she wished to discard him. The mother had employed all her ingenuity to force him to believe that such was the case, but he could not rest until he had seen his betrothed face to face. So he followed her,—poor, inexperienced and miserable,—and when at last he saw her at a distance, the luxury with which she was surrounded caused his heart to fail him, and he gave way to despair."

I accompanied her into the room, and heard the rest from his own lips. He gathered together all his small savings, and made his journey in the cheapest possible way,—in the steerage of the vessel, and in third-class carriages,—so that he might have some trifle left to subsist upon.

"I've a little farm," he said, "and there's a house on it, but I wouldn't sell that. If she cared to go, it was all I had to take her to, an' I'd worked hard to buy it. I'd worked hard, early and late, always thinking that some day we'd begin life there together—Esmeraldy and me."

"Since neither sea, nor land, nor cruelty, could separate them," said Clélie to me during the day, "it is not I who will help to hold them apart."

So when Mademoiselle came for her lesson that afternoon, it was Clélie's task to break the news to her,—to tell her that neither sea nor land lay between herself and her lover, and that he was faithful still.

She received the information as she might

have received a blow,—staggering backward, and whitening, and losing her breath; but almost immediately afterward she uttered a sad cry of disbelief and anguish.

"No, no," she said, "it—it isn't true! I wont believe it—I mustn't. There's half the world between us. Oh! don't try to make me believe it,—when it can't be true!"

"Come with me," replied Clélie.

Never—never in my life has it been my fate to see, before or since, a sight so touching as the meeting of these two young hearts. When the door of the cold, bare room opened, and Mademoiselle Esmeralda entered, the lover held out his weak arms with a sob,—a sob of rapture, and yet terrible to hear.

"I thought you'd gone back on me, Esmeraldy," he cried. "I thought you'd gone back on me."

Clélie and I turned away and left them as the girl fell upon her knees at his side.

The effect produced upon the father—who had followed Mademoiselle as usual, and whom we found patiently seated upon the bottom step of the flight of stairs, awaiting our arrival—was almost indescribable.

He sank back upon his seat with a gasp, clutching at his hat with both hands. He also disbelieved.

"Wash!" he exclaimed weakly. "Lord! no! Lord! no! Not Wash! Wash, he's in North Callina. Lord! no!"

"He is upstairs," returned Clélie, "and Mademoiselle is with him."

During the recovery of the Monsieur Wash, though but little was said upon the subject, it is my opinion that the minds of each of our number pointed only toward one course in the future.

In Mademoiselle's demeanor there appeared a certain air of new courage and determination, though she was still pallid and anxious. It was as if she had passed a climax and had gained strength. Monsieur, the father, was alternately nervous and dejected, or in feverishly high spirits. Occasionally he sat for some time without speaking, merely gazing into the fire with a hand upon each knee; and it was one evening, after a more than usually prolonged silence of this description, that he finally took upon himself the burden which lay upon us unitedly.

"Esmeraldy," he remarked, tremulously, and with manifest trepidation,—"Esmeraldy, I've been thinkin'—it's time—we broke it to mother."

The girl lost color, but she lifted her head steadily.

"Yes, father," she answered, "it's time."

"Yes," he echoed, rubbing his knees slowly, "it's time; an', Esmeraldy, it's a thing to—to sorter set a man back."

"Yes, father," she answered again.

"Yes," as before, though his voice broke somewhat; "an' I dessay you know how it'll be, Esmeraldy,—that you'll have to choose between mother and Wash."

She sat by her lover, and for answer she dropped her face upon his hand with a sob.

"An'—an' you've chose Wash, Esmeraldy?"

"Yes, father."

He hesitated a moment, and then took his hat from its place of concealment and rose.

"It's nat'ral," he said, "an' it's right. I wouldn't want it no other way. An' you mustn't mind, Esmeraldy, it's bein' kinder rough on me, as can't go back on mother, havin' swore to cherish her till death do us part. You've allus been a good gal to me, an' we've thought a heap on each other, an' I reckon it can allus be the same way, even though we're sep'rated, fur it's nat'ral you should have chose Wash, an'—an' I wouldn't have it no other way, Esmeraldy. Now I'll go an' have it out with mother."

We were all sufficiently unprepared for the announcement to be startled by it. Mademoiselle Esmeralda, who was weeping bitterly, half sprang to her feet.

"To-night!" she said. "Oh! father!"

"Yes," he replied; "I've been thinking over it, an' I don't see no other way, an' it may as well be to-night as any other time."

After leaving us he was absent for about an hour. When he returned, there were traces in his appearance of the storm through which he had passed. His hands trembled with agitation; he even looked weakened as he sank into his chair. We regarded him with commiseration.

"It's over," he half whispered, "an' it was even rougher than I thought it would be. She was terrible outed, was mother. I reckon I never see her so outed before. She jest raged and tore. It was most more than I could stand, Esmeraldy," and he dropped his head upon his hands for support. "Seemed like it was the Markis as laid heaviest upon her," he proceeded. "She was terrible sot on the Markis, an' every time she think of him, she'd just rear—she'd just rear. I never stood up agen mother afore,

an' I hope I sha'n't never have it to do again in my time. I'm kinder wore out."

Little by little we learned much of what had passed, though he evidently withheld the most for the sake of Mademoiselle, and it was some time before he broke the news to her that her mother's doors were closed against her.

"I think you'll find it pleasanter a-stoppin' here," he said, "if Mis' Dimar'll board ye until—until the time fur startin' home. Her sperrit was so up that she said she didn't aim to see you no more, an' you know how she is, Esmeraldy, when her sperrit's up."

The girl went and clung around his neck, kneeling at his side, and shedding tears.

"Oh! father!" she cried, "you've bore a great deal for me; you've bore more than any one knows, and all for me."

He looked rather grave, as he shook his head at the fire.

"That's so, Esmeraldy," he replied; "but we allus seemed nigh to each other, somehow, and when it come to the wust, I was bound to kinder make a stand fur you, as I couldn't have made fur myself. I couldn't have done it fur myself. Lord! No!"

So Mademoiselle remained with us, and Clélie assisted her to prepare her simple outfit, and in the evening the tall young lover came into our apartment and sat looking on, which aspect of affairs, I will confess, was entirely new to Clélie, and yet did not displease her.

"Their candor moves me," she said. "He openly regards her with adoration. At parting she accompanies him to the door, and he embraces her tenderly, and yet one is not repelled. It is the love of the lost Arcadia—serious and innocent."

Finally, we went with them one morning to the American Chapel in the Rue de Berri, and they were united in our presence and that of Monsieur, who was indescribably affected.

After the completion of the ceremony, he presented Monsieur Wash with a package.

"It's papers as I've had drawd up fur Esmeraldy," he said. "It'll start you well out in the world, an' after me and mother's gone, there's no one but you and her to have the rest. The Lord—may the Lord bless ye!"

We accompanied them to Havre, and did not leave them until the last moment. Monsieur was strangely excited, and clung to the hands of his daughter and son-in-law, talking fast and nervously, and pouring out messages to be delivered to his distant friends.

"Tell 'em I'd like powerful well to see 'em all, an' I'd have come only—only things was kinder onconvenient. Sometime, perhaps ——"

But here he was obliged to clear his throat, as his voice had become extremely husky. And, having done this, he added in an undertone:

"You see, Esmeraldy, I couldn't, because of mother, as I've swore not to go back on. Wash, he wouldn't go back on you, however high your sperrit was, an' I can't go back on mother."

The figures of the young couple standing at the side, Monsieur Wash holding his wife to his breast with one strong arm, were the last we saw as the ship moved slowly away.

"It is obscurity to which they are returning," I said, half unconsciously.

"It is love," said Clélie.

The father, who had been standing apart, came back to us, replacing in his pocket his handkerchief.

"They are young an' likely, you see," said Monsieur, "an' life before them, an' it's nat'ral as she should have chose Wash, as was young too, an' sot on her. Lord, it's nat'ral, an' I wouldn't have it no otherways."

A CARCANET.

Not what the chemists say they be,
Are pearls—they never grew;
They come not from the hollow sea,
They come from heaven in dew!

Down in the Indian sea it slips,
Through green and briny whirls,
Where great shells catch it in their lips,
And kiss it into pearls!

If dew can be so beauteous made,
Oh, why not tears, my girl?
Why not your tears? Be not afraid—
I do but kiss a pearl!

A LONDON ADVENTURE;

OR, THE TRUE STORY OF THE INGENUOUS ENGLISHMAN, THE FRIENDLY GERMAN, AND THE CONFIDING AMERICAN.

As an honest traveler is bound to relate all that befalls him, illustrative of the manners and morals of the people among whom he sojourns, even though he himself does not appear to the best advantage in the narrative, my conscience will not permit me to withhold from my reader the following bit of adventure, though the simplicity of John Bull, about which I have had something to say, may not be made so apparent by it as the credulity of Jonathan.

It was an attempt on the part of two sharpers to play upon me an old London confidence game which gave me my only chance to see John Bull as a rogue. In this character he proved no bungler, but a most consummate actor. Indeed, the circumstance revealed to me more clearly than almost anything else, how much we have got to learn of this people, and how "mellow" and considerate John can be even in the character of a London highwayman.

For some reason or other, the confidence-men have always taken a shine to me. About the first time I went to New York, Peter Funk sold me a watch, though I saw what he had done in a few moments afterward, and went into the next place where watches were being slaughtered, and advised the innocent bidders standing about (!) not to purchase, as things were not what they seemed, and privately showed some of them my own time-keeper! And in very recent years, during a half-hour's walk on Broadway, I have had at least three long-forgotten acquaintances rush up to me with extended hand and hearty exclamations of surprise and delight. But on these occasions I have always been able to command Bret Hart's famous smile, which I have found as effective as a policeman's badge.

The London confidence-man found me one night at a public place of amusement, and, of course, knew me at a glance. He was a German (my visor always goes up when I see a German), and was a curious spectator of things in and about London, like myself, and expected soon to visit America. I hardly know how we got acquainted. I think some incident in the crowd, as we stood near each other in the area, caused us to exchange glances and then remarks. He evidently "took" to me at once. Travelers are quick to know travelers, and always find themselves in sympathy; they are in one boat, while the stay-at-home world is in another. We were soon exchanging notes about London and other matters, and after the performance was over, walked out of the theater together. We were a good deal jostled by the crowd, but an empty pocket is never afraid of being picked, and the frail creature who did her share of the jostling, and who declared we looked enough alike to be brothers, played her part well but to little purpose. We did not separate till we had exchanged cards, and my delightful German had made some inquiries about my hotel; he was not suited where he was and was on the lookout for a chance to improve his quarters, and as he had an especial liking for Americans,—"they were so much more like Germans than the English were,"—and had many questions to ask about that country, he should be delighted to stop beneath the same roof with me, if the locality suited him, etc., etc.

Accordingly, next day, at 12 M, he called around. We had lunch together and much interesting conversation. He proved extremely well-informed about England and the English, and was extremely entertaining. He had much to say about a London friend of his, a banker, who had lived in America, and whom I ought to know. After an hour spent in this way, he proposed a walk, and said, if I wished it, he would present me to his friend.

To this, after some hesitation, I assented, and we set out for King's Cross, a part of town I had not yet visited. After walking about half an hour, during which time my companion beguiled the way with a very lively account of a steeple-chase he had recently taken part in through his friend the banker, at his suggestion we stopped at one of the numerous ale-houses for some refreshment. It was not a very inviting-looking place, and I felt disposed to take our ale standing at the bar, American fashion, and pass on; but my German was not going to be so coolly matter-of-fact as that, and led the way to the coffee-room, which, however, we found locked; but one of the bar-maids handed him the key, and we went in. It was a dingy, unused-looking room,

with leather-cushioned benches around the sides, and tables in front of them. It struck me that there was some incongruity in our being in such a place. It seemed better adapted to some secret nocturnal revel. The two windows were high, shutting out all view of the street, and admitting but a scanty light. I sat down on a chair near the door, feeling a little constrained; but my companion passed over to the further corner of the room, and sat down with such a hearty, masterly air that I followed him, and had soon aimed a blow at my lamentable reserve in a bumper of ale. While I was engaged in looking over some admirable Berlin photographs which my friend handed me, he made an excuse to go out. Not long thereafter there entered the room a man who drew my attention by his bewildered, excited manner. He took off his hat, mopped his brow with his handkerchief, and rushing around the room, gave each of the three bell-handles a violent jerk.

"The worst part of town I've been in yet," said he, seating himself on my side of the room. "Can't even get a little Scotch whisky 'ere. I went into a place just below 'ere, and, because I very naturally mistook the landlord for the waiter, I was insulted. 'Ow should I know?" said the injured unsophisticated Englishman. "I saw a man standing there with a hapron on, and says I, 'Waiter, bring me some Scotch whisky and 'ot water,' and he swelled up and said, 'I'm not the waiter; I'll 'ave you to know I'm not the waiter; I'm the landlord!'"

"'All the same,' said I. 'I thought you was, and I want some whisky.'

"'But you can 'ave no whisky 'ere; I'll not be called a waiter in my own 'ouse.' So I told him to go to the devil and left the room;" and the ingenuous creature appealed to me if it was not a shame and an outrage, and I replied that it most assuredly was.

"I wonder if they know 'ow to treat strangers any better 'ere," he said, looking about the room.

Just then a waiter appeared and the beloved "'ot Scotch" was soon before him.

He was a fine specimen of a young Englishman, with a round, fresh face, bright eyes, full rosy lips, a beard that had wanted the razor for three or four days, and withal an expression singularly boyish and ingenuous. He was well dressed in gray cheviot clothes, and wore the inevitable stove-pipe hat.

"It's the first time I've been up to London, and I 'ope it's the last," he continued. "I've seen enough of it."

Just here the German re-appeared and was presently as interested as I was in the new arrival upon the scene, whom the Scotch whisky was making more and more garrulous and confidential.

With the utmost naïveté he went on to complain how queerly he had been treated in London.

"I did not get through my business till day before yesterday, when I thought before I left town, and as my case in court had come out so well that I would go out and 'ave a little jollification. Mr. So-and-so, our lawyer, made me give him most of my money before I went out; but I kept back a few bank notes that he didn't know I 'ad. As I was walking on the Strand a lady came rushing up to me and said:

"'"'Ow hare you, Mr. Jones?'

"'"Pretty near it,' said I. 'My name is not Jones, but it's Johnson. All the same; no harm done, Miss,' and was going on, when she said:

"'"Is that the way you leave a lady?'

"'"Leave a lady?' said I, a deal surprised at her manner.

"'"Yes,' said she, 'leave a lady; that is not the way Mr. Jones would do.'

"'"Pray, how would Mr. Jones do?' said I.

"'"Why, he would have taken me in and treated me to a bottle of wine.'

"'"Oh; if that's all, you shall 'ave two bottles,' said I. 'Come on.'

"So we went into a place there, and blow me if she didn't drink nearly two bottles of wine. I was amazed; I never saw a lady drink so, and they charged me outrageously for the wine,—a guinea for the two bottles. Why, our wine at 'ome don't cost us half that.

"Then she asked me to take her to some rooms. I forget the name; it began with ha,—Hargyle Rooms; that's it, and as I didn't mind having a little fun and not to refuse a lady, said I, 'Come on,' and away we went.

"Gentlemen," said the innocent creature, "you are strangers to me, but I trust you'll never mention what I am now telling you; I wouldn't 'ave my sister Mary know it for a hundred pound."

We assured him he need have no fear of us, and urged him to proceed.

"While at the Hargyle," resumed he, "the girl (for I am convinced she was not a lady) wanted me to dance with her, but I

could not dance, so she danced with two or three other gentlemen, and then came to me and asked me to get her a pair of gloves. I thought this a little hodd, but offered 'er 'alf a crown, and told 'er to get them 'erself. This she refused; said she never paid less than a crown for her gloves; wouldn't be seen with a pair that cost only 'alf a crown; and, as I did not like to appear mean, I said, 'Come out with me, you shall 'ave the gloves.' I gave her a sovereign, and she told me to wait outside while she went in the shop and got the gloves. I paced up and down in front of the place for 'alf an hour, and then went in to see what 'ad become of her, and get my change. The shop-girl laughed, and said she'd been gone 'alf an hour; so I see I 'ad been sold, and went straight back to my 'otel.

"Luckily," he continued, "I got a note changed when I paid for the wine, or I should 'ave given her a five-poun' note, and so lost it all."

The tone and manner in which this narrative was delivered were irresistibly mirth-provoking, and we laughed immoderately at the poor fellow's greenness.

"Here," said I to myself, "is a specimen of my unsophisticated Englishman of the very first water. He is as fresh as a new-blown rose, and never ought to let go the apron-string of his sister Mary."

My German said something about the danger of going about London with much money in one's pocket.

"I'm not afraid," said the verdant, "and I always carry my money right here too," taking out from the breast pocket of his coat a loose package of Bank of England notes. "'Ow am I going to lose that with my coat buttoned so?"

But my friend assured him he might easily lose it; that he had better have left it with his lawyer or his banker; that he himself never carried but a few pounds about him, and no prudent traveler ever did, and, on appealing to me, I added my testimony to the same effect, declaring that I seldom left my hotel with as much as a five-pound note in my pocket.

"But I 'ave enough more," said the complacent idiot, "if I lose this. You see, me and my sister Mary have just come into a little property,—about £17,000,—that is what brought me up to London; it's an unpleasant subject, a family quarrel, but right is right, and what the law gives one, that he may call his own, mayn't he? Well, the law has just given me and me sister Mary me father's estate which me elder brother George had held since me father's and mother's death. This is 'ow it 'appened. The old family nurse, when she came to die, let it out that me brother George was born out of wedlock,—that is before me father and mother were married, and so was not the legal heir of the property. The old doctor was referred to, his dates were looked up and compared with the parish records, and the nurse's story was confirmed. So we went to law about it, and the case has just been decided in our favor in the Court of Queen's Bench. It makes bad blood, but I shall not treat me brother George as he has treated me and sister Mary. After he has had time to cool off and think it over, I shall go to 'im and say, ''Ere, George, you are me brother, I cannot forget that,—'ere, take this sum and set yourself up in business.'"

We both applauded this good resolution, and urged him by all means to carry it into effect.

"But George did not do just right with the property," he went on; "you see, part of it came from uncle William, and uncle William in his will provided that £500 of it should be disbursed among the poor, not the Hinglish poor only, but the poor of different nations. This brother George did not do. But this I shall do without delay, and to get this £500 well off my 'ands, according to my huncle's will is now my chief concern. Hof course, I cannot go around looking up the poor,—the needy cases,—and must mostly depend upon others to do it for me. I shall spend £100 of it among the poor of my own town and neighborhood, and shall 'ope to meet trustworthy gentlemen now and then, whom I can rely upon to distribute a portion of it among the poor of their countries. I gave £50 of it yesterday to a gentleman at my 'otel, from Glasgow, to spend among his poor."

"A stranger to you?" said I, with reproof and astonishment in my look.

"Oh, yes; but then he showed me that he had money of his own and did not need mine; that was all I required him to do."

The German and I exchanged glances as we finished our second ale, when the former said, speaking my own thought:

"Well, you'll have little trouble in finding people to take your money on such terms. I, myself, would very gladly be charitable at some one else's expense, and the late war has made many poor people in my country."

"Very well," said the confiding stranger, "show me that you have £100 of your own, and I will give you another hundred to disburse among your poor and take your receipt for it, requiring you only to insert an advertisement in 'The Times,' giving the names and dates, etc. All I want is to be able to show that my uncle's will has been complied with, and that I 'aven't spent money that didn't belong to me."

How the bait took! Whose benevolence would not have snapped at it? Is it in human nature on its travels to let such golden opportunities slip? And would it not instantly occur to one that if this fool and his money must part so soon, that it was the duty of an honest man to see to it that the money went into the proper channels?

"And I too," said I, not without a feeling of shame, as if I was about to be in some way a party to the robbery of this simpleton; "I, too, will bear your alms to some of the poor of my country, and see that they are judiciously bestowed."

"What poor have you in your country?" said he.

"Plenty of them," said I,—"the freedmen, for instance, whom I see much of, and who are much in need of help."

"All right," said he. "Satisfy me that you have money of your own and do not need mine, and you shall have a hundred pounds."

"I carry no money with me," I replied, "and you will have to come around to my hotel."

"Neither have I a hundred pounds," said my companion, "but I have some, I hardly know how much," and he proceeded to take out and unroll some Bank of England notes.

"Show him what you have," said he to me, significantly; "don't let him think you are penniless."

"Oh, I have only a little change," I said, "not more than two guineas in all," and with embarrassment I produced it in my open palm.

"Put up your money, gentlemen," said the verdant. "I have no doubt you are both responsible men, and can easily satisfy me that you are fit persons to act as my agents in this matter."

"Come to my hotel," said the German, "and I can show you five times the amount, or to my banker, whose place is near here."

"Yes," I joined in, "meet us this afternoon or this evening at my hotel, and we will show you that we are all right."

"No, I must leave town to-night; me sister Mary will be expecting me."

"Then," suggested the German, "let's arrange it now. Where do you need to go," he inquired of me, "to get the money."

"To my hotel and to my banker's, both," I said.

"Where is your banker?"

"On Lombard street."

"Well, that will suit me, too, as I know a banker there, and can get all the money I need."

The Englishman would pledge us in another glass before we started, though I barely tasted my ale, the two glasses I had already imbibed having had a very strange effect upon me.

"Here is a sovereign," he said, "to pay for the cab; this is to accommodate me, and I insist upon paying."

The German took the gold, called a cab, and we were off, it being agreed that the Englishman should wait there till we returned.

"It is the most astonishing performance I ever heard of," said I. "Can it be possible that such a fool can be at large twenty-four hours in London without being robbed?"

"He runs a great risk," said my companion, "and we had better keep an eye on him till he starts for home, or else telegraph to Mary to come and look after him."

I found my banker, a man who had known me long and intimately in this country, in his private office, and I spread out my adventure before him in the most animated style. I felt it necessary to do this because I wanted to ask the loan of £50 for a few hours, but before I had got to that point, he said he could let me have the money if I did not happen to have it by me; it was by all means my duty to accept the offer the stranger had made, etc., etc. He called his partner, a native Londoner, and related the singular circumstance to him; he opened his eyes very wide but said little. As I was leaving my banker said:

"You don't suppose this is an attempt to rob you, do you?"

"Oh, no," said I, "that is out of the question."

When I regained the cab, my companion was not there; I supposed he had not returned from his banker's yet; but I presently saw him emerging from behind a near cab, whence it instantly occurred to me that he had been watching my movements. We got in and drove toward my hotel. Presently a feeling came over me precisely like a bucket

of cold water, that here was a skillfully played game to rob me. But no, it could not be; the thought was too ugly; I put it from me; I was not going to give up that hundred pounds so easily. But the feeling would come back in spite of me, and gradually the scales fell from my eyes. With what a rude shock I came down from the seventh heaven of delight, whither the drugged ale and the benevolent impulse had sent me, to the unpalatable reality! I suddenly noticed it was raining and that London looked its dismalest. I glanced at my companion, and quickly understood a peculiar look about the eyes he had had all that day—a sort of strained, furtive, half-excited look, such as one might have when playing a risky and desperate game. I recalled, too, how he had approached from behind that cab, and remembered that I had seen his legs beneath it as I came out of the bank. I recalled, also, with what caution and skill the Englishman had played his part, and the many little touches he had given it, such as only a real artist would think of. Well, said I to myself, this is my simple, pastoral Britisher, is it? But how well he knows his business! What a master workman and how juicy and human!

My companion talked gayly, but evidently noticed a change in me. When we reached the hotel, he invited himself up to my room to see my quarters, etc. As I was moving about, under one pretense or another, I caught his eye in the glass intently watching me. Having taken the bank notes from my trunk, that I had come up for, we went down. I lingered in the hall long enough to tell the porter—a stout, soldierly looking fellow—that I wanted his services about an hour, and that I wished him to take a cab and follow us, and when we alighted to alight also and enter, but a few moments later. I was determined to see the play out, but I did not want to be alone in that room again with those two men.

As we rode along my thoughts were busy. What should be done? Did I want to cause the arrest of these men, and have myself detained as a witness? I thought not; that would spoil the farce; it would not be the least bit of an artistic finish. I was in their toils, but did not want to break out too rudely. I would give them a good hint, which I knew such artists would appreciate more than a kick; so, turning to my companion, I said:

"Do you know, I believe this is a plan to rob us?"

"It can't be, can it?" he replied, with an alarmed look.

"Yes," said I, "it is; that fellow has accomplices, and he means to get our money. Do you go armed?" I continued.

"No," said he, "do you?"

"Always; an American carries a pistol as much as he carries a jack-knife, and he isn't afraid to use it, either."

"So I have heard," said the German, looking wistfully out of the carriage.

"But *you* wouldn't shoot a man, would you?" he inquired.

"Let him try to rob me," said I, "and you will see whether I will or not."

Just then the cab stopped at our destination. As we got out, I saw another cab stop about half a square from us. My companion made an excuse to step across the street, and I passed into the hall. Our simpleton was still there, apparently mellower than ever over his "'ot Scotch." He asked where my friend was, and as he did not immediately appear, said he would step out and hurry him up. The porter had by this time entered the room, though the bar-maid had tried to stop him, and ordered some ale. He glanced at me significantly as the Englishman went out, and I felt pretty sure the play was over. We sipped our ale and waited, but no one returned. I went out and looked, but could see nothing of either of them.

In about twenty minutes a large man opened the door, looked in as if he expected to find some one (I knew at a glance that it was the "banker" friend of the German, who had come to play his part), and then hastily withdrew. We tarried some time longer, but it became apparent that my two confiding friends had unceremoniously deserted me, or had gone off and divided the poor fund between them.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

It may be because the newness of our country and the fragile character of our early structures have prevented the accumulation of inferior, ugly, and uncomfortable houses as the nucleus around which later building has crystallized; it may be from circumstances which have prevented the isolated residences of the better classes of our people; or it may be the result of accident,—but whatever the reason, it is beyond dispute that the United States is *par excellence* a land of beautiful villages. North, south, east and west, there are plenty of hideous conglomerations of poor-looking houses with an absence of every element of beauty, but there are thousands of other villages scattered all over the land which are full of the evidences of good taste in their regulation and management.

As a rule, these more attractive features are very much modified by the presence of badly kept private places or neglected public buildings, and by a general air of untidiness. Still, the foundation of attractiveness is there, and nothing is needed beyond a well-organized and well-guided control of public sentiment to remove or at least to hide the objectionable features and to permit such beauty as the village may possess to manifest itself.

The real elements of beauty in a village are not fine houses, costly fences, paved roadways, geometrical lines, mathematical grading, nor any obviously costly improvements. They are rather coziness, neatness, simplicity, and that general air springing from all these, and from the real love of home.

To state the case tersely, the shiftless village is a hideous village, while the charm which we often realize without analyzing it comes of affectionate care and attention.

There are villages in New England, in western New York, and all over the West, even to the far side of Arkansas, which impress the visitor at once as being home-like and full of sociability and kindliness, which delight him and lead him almost to wish that his own lot had been cast within their shades. These are chiefly villages where the evidences of public and private care predominate, or are at least conspicuous. A critical examination would, in almost every case, develop very serious evidence of neglect, unwholesomeness and bad neighborhood.

Of late, beginning, I believe, in Massachusetts, the more thoughtful of those whose affections are centered in their village homes have united in unorganized efforts to make their villages more tidy, to interest all classes of society in attention to those little details the neglect of which is fatal, and to make the village, what it certainly should be, an expression of the interest of its people in their homes and in the surroundings of their daily life.

The first of these associations of which I have any knowledge (though, as such work is unobtrusive, there may have been many before it) was the "Laurel Hill Association" of Stockbridge, Mass. It takes its name from a wooded knoll in the center of the village which had been dedicated to public use. The first object of the association was to convert this knoll into a village park. Then they took in hand the village burial-ground, which was put in proper condition and suitably surrounded with hedge and railing. Then the broad village street was properly graded and drained, and agreeable walks were made at its sides. Incidental to this, the people living along both sides of the streets were encouraged to do what they could to give it an appropriate setting by putting their own premises into tasteful condition and maintaining them so. The organization worked well and accomplished good results. The Rev. N. P. Eggleston, formerly of Stockbridge, in a paper on village improvements, written for the "New York Tribune," thus describes the collateral work and influences of the Laurel Hill Association:

"Next followed the planting of trees by the roadside wherever trees were lacking. The children, sometimes disposed in their thoughtlessness to treat young trees too rudely, were brought in as helpers of the association, while, at the same time, put under a beneficial culture for themselves. Any boy who would undertake to watch and care for a particular tree for two years was rewarded by having the tree called by his name. Other children were paid for all the loose papers and other unsightly things which they would pick up and remove from the street.

"Gradually the work of the association extended. It soon took in hand the streets connected with the main street. Year by year it pushed out walks from the center of the village toward its outer borders. Year by year it extended its line of trees in the same manner; and year by year there has been a marked improvement in the aspect of the village. Little by little, and in many nameless ways, the houses and barns, the door-yards and farms have come to wear a look of neatness and intelligent, tasteful care that makes the Stockbridge of to-day quite a different place from the Stockbridge of twenty years ago. Travelers passing through it are apt to speak of it with admiration as a finished place; and, compared with most even of our New England villages, it has

such a look; but the Laurel Hill Association does not consider its home finished, nor its own work completed. Still the work goes on. Committees are even now conning plans for further improvements. By itself, or by suggestions and stimulations offered to others, the association is aiming at the culture of the village people through other agencies than those of outward and physical adornment. It fosters libraries, reading-rooms, and other places of resort where innocent and healthful games, music and conversation, will tend to promote the social feeling and lessen vice by removing some of its causes."

No one can drive through this beautiful old place without realizing the effect of some influence different from that which has usually been at work in country towns. One feels that it is a village of homes; that the people who live in it love it, and that it has no public or private interest so insignificant as to be neglected.

I have cited this instance somewhat at length, because it was the first, as it is the most complete, that has come to my notice. In other places, more serious work of improvement has been undertaken in the direction of sewerage, gas-lighting, etc. In fact the idea of preparing this paper was suggested by frequent requests for information and advice on the more practical parts of the subject.

At the outset it is to be said that the organization and control of the village society is especially woman's work. It requires the sort of systematized attention to detail, especially in the constantly recurring duty of "cleaning up," that grows more naturally out of the habit of good housekeeping than out of any occupation to which man is accustomed. Then, too, it requires a degree of leisure which women are the more apt to have, and it will especially enlist their sympathy as being a real addition to their ordinary sphere of life. The sort of enthusiasm which has led to marked success in the Dorcas Society, and other limited fields of organized action outside of one's own home, for which American country women are noted, will find here a new and engaging field. This, however, is only a suggestion by the way, and one which may or may not be appropriate under varying circumstances.

If we assume, which is not altogether true, that the main purpose of village improvement is to improve the appearance of the village, we must still understand that the direct object of the society should not be alone, nor chiefly, in the direction of appearance.

What it is especially desirable that a village should appear to be is, a wholesome, cleanly, tidy, simple, modest collection of country homes, with all of its parts and appliances adapted to the pleasantest and most satisfactory living of its people. All improvements should therefore have this fundamental tendency, and every element of adornment, and every evidence of careful attention, should be only an outgrowth of the effort to obtain the best practical results. Costly park railing where no railing is needed, width of roadway greater than the needs of the community require, formal geometric lines and surfaces where more natural slopes and curves would be practically better, elaborate fountains or statuary out of keeping with the general character of the village (the gift of a public-spirited, ambitious, and pretentious fellow-townsman), and isolated examples, as in a church or school-house, of a style of architecture which would be more appropriate for a city,—all these are obtrusive and objectionable, and consequently in bad taste. In so far as these or any other elements of improvement are unsuited to the conditions in which they are placed, they are undesirable; and it would be well for those having the interest of the village in charge, to adopt an early resolution to accept no gifts, and to allow no work of construction or embellishment, which is not first of all appropriate to the modest character of a well-regulated country village.

If every public building is sufficient for its uses and suggests no undue outlay for show alone, if the roads and walks are such as the uses of the people require, if the fountain suggests a tasteful ornament and center of freshness and coolness, rather than a monument of some citizen's liberality and ambition, if the village green or park is a proper pleasure-ground for old and young, and, in short, if everything that is done, and every dollar that is expended has for its object only the improvement of the conditions of living, then there will be needed only the element of careful keeping to maintain always the best sort of beauty that is possible under the circumstances.

No satisfactory result can be attained without organization. The work will necessarily require much money and more time in order to avoid an undue tax upon individuals. It is desirable, too, that, so far as possible, every member of the community should be interested in the work, and should contribute in labor or in money according to his means. This general interest can be secured much better through the influence of an organization in which all are interested, than by any individual effort.

The association should become the distributor, not only of moneys accruing from membership fees, etc., but of contributions made by citizens, or subscriptions raised by combined effort for general or specific works of improvement. It should be in fact not only the inciter of public spirit, but the director of public effort.

The precise form of constitution for such an association must necessarily depend more or less on circumstances, and I sketch only as a basis for discussion, the following form suggested by the regulations governing the Laurel Hill Association of Stockbridge.

ARTICLE I.

This Association shall be called "The Village Improvement Association of ———"

ARTICLE II.

The object of this Association shall be to improve and ornament the streets and public grounds of the village by planting and cultivating trees; establishing and maintaining walks; grading and draining roadways; establishing and protecting good grass-plots and borders in the streets and public squares; securing a proper public supply of water; establishing and maintaining such sewerage as shall be needed for the best sanitary condition of the village; providing public fountains and drinking-troughs; breaking out paths through the snow; lighting the streets; encouraging the formation of a library and reading-room; and generally doing whatever may tend to the improvement of the village as a place of residence.

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this Association shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and a Treasurer, who shall constitute the Executive Committee. These officers shall be elected at the annual meeting, and shall hold their offices until their successors shall have been elected.

ARTICLE IV.

It shall be the duty of the President, and in his absence of the senior Vice-President, to preside at all meetings of the Association, and to carry out all orders of the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE V.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a correct and careful record of all proceedings of the association, and of the Executive Committee, in a book suitable for their preservation; to give notice of all meetings of the Association and of the Executive Committee; to make all publications, and to give all public and private notices ordered by the Executive Committee, and to attend to all the correspondence of the Association.

ARTICLE VI.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep the funds of the Association, and to make such disbursements as may be ordered by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to manage all the affairs of the Association, to employ all laborers, to make all contracts, to expend all moneys and generally to direct and superintend all improvements which, in their discretion, and with the means at their command, will best serve the public interest. The Executive Committee shall hold a meeting at least once in each month, and as much oftener as they may deem expedient.

The Executive Committee shall have power to institute premiums to be awarded for planting and protecting ornamental trees, and for doing such other acts as may seem to them worthy of such encouragement. They shall also encourage frequent public meetings of the Association and of citizens generally, both with a view to maintain an interest in their work, and for the general encouragement of the habit of meeting for discussion and amusement.

ARTICLE VIII.

Three members of the Executive Committee present at any meeting shall constitute a quorum for transacting business, and the vote of a majority of those present shall be binding on the Association.

ARTICLE IX.

No debt shall be contracted by the Executive Committee beyond the amount of available funds within their control to pay it, and no member of this Association shall be liable for any debt of the Association beyond the amount of his or her subscription.

ARTICLE X.

Every person over fourteen years of age who shall plant and protect a tree under the direction of the Executive Committee, or who shall pay the sum of one dollar annually, and shall obligate him or herself to pay the same for three years, shall be a member of this Association; and every child under fourteen years of age, who shall pay or shall become obligated to pay as before the sum of twenty-five cents annually for three years, shall be a member of this Association.

ARTICLE XI.

The payment of ten dollars annually for three years, or of twenty-five dollars in one sum, shall constitute a person a member of this Association for life.

ARTICLE XII.

The autograph signatures of all members of the Association shall be preserved in a book suitable for that purpose.

ARTICLE XIII.

An annual meeting of the Association shall be held at such place as the Executive Committee may direct on the fourth Wednesday of August at two o'clock P. M. Notice of such meeting shall be posted on each of the churches and at the Post-office at least seven days prior to the time of holding said meetings, and a written notice shall be sent to all non-resident members. Other meetings of the Association may be called by the Executive Committee on seven days' notice as above prescribed.

ARTICLE XIV.

At the annual meeting, the Executive Committee shall report the amount of money received during the year and the source from which it has been received; the amount of money expended during the year, and the objects for which it has been expended; the number of trees planted at the cost of the Association; the number planted by individuals, with the location, the kind of tree, and the name of the planter; and generally all of the acts of the Committee. This report shall be entered on the record of the Association.

ARTICLE XV.

Any person who shall plant a tree under the direction of the Executive Committee, and shall

protect it for five years, shall be entitled to have such tree known forever by his or her name.

ARTICLE XVI.

This Constitution may be amended by the Executive Committee with the approval of the majority of the members present at any annual meeting of the Association, or at any special meeting, the notice of which shall have been accompanied by a copy of the proposed amendment, with the statement that the amendment is to be voted on at such meeting.

I have provided in the above draft of a constitution for an executive committee of only five members, for the reason that, while it will be comparatively easy to secure the services of this number, the duties and responsibilities of a larger committee would be so distributed that there would be too often occasion for the application of the old rule: "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." The Laurel Hill Association has an executive committee of fifteen, in addition to seven officers. This large committee (twenty-two) serves to secure the interest of a larger number of citizens; but the same thing may be as well accomplished by inviting the co-operation of citizens in the work of sub-committees, the chairman of each of which would be a member of the regular executive committee. In Easthampton, Mass., there is a board of fourteen directors, and there are committees on sanitary matters, on setting out trees, on sidewalks and hitching-posts, etc. It would be prudent to restrict the number of members of these sub-committees to three,—one from the executive committee and two from the outside.

Aside from special executive work, a vast deal has been done wherever improvement societies have been organized in the way of stimulating citizens to adorn their private grounds, or at least to keep grounds and fences in good order, removing weeds and rubbish from the sidewalk, keeping the grass well trimmed and free from litter and leaves. What most detracts from the good appearance of any village is the slovenly look which comes from badly hung gates, crooked fences, absent pickets and general shiftlessness about private places; and it is by encouraging citizens to take a pride in attention to these minor details that the association will do its best work. The result may be accomplished almost entirely without the expenditure of money. It is in attention to little things and in securing the co-operation of private owners,—a co-operation which will call for an inappreciable amount of labor,—that the most telling work of the officers of the society is to be done.

So far as these details are concerned it is hardly necessary in a paper of this sort to do more than call attention to them. They are within the capacity of every citizen, and they will naturally suggest themselves to any person who would be likely to undertake the direction of an improvement association. There are other and really more important objects looking to a certain amount of landscape gardening and engineering, on which specific instruction may be desired—often in cases where it will be impracticable to employ professional assistance. These are as follows:

1. The construction of sidewalks.
2. The construction and care of roadways.
3. The supply of water and the construction of drinking-troughs.
4. The laying out and adornment of public squares and other open spaces.
5. The establishment of a system of sewerage or sanitary drainage, including the removal of excessive soil moisture.

SIDEWALKS.

No one thing has more to do with the comfort of those living in country villages than sidewalks which are good at all seasons of the year. Those fortunate villages which are built on a gravelly soil, with a perfect natural drainage, need little more in this direction than such a conformation of the surface as will prevent water from standing on the footway when the ground is frozen. At all other times it sinks naturally away into the earth. It is much more often the case that the character of the soil or subsoil prevents a settling away of water, or that subterranean oozing from higher ground keeps the earth throughout the spring and autumn, and after heavy rains in summer, damp and often sloppy. Wherever the ground is of such a character as to prevent the rapid sinking to a considerable depth of all excessive moisture, there is sure to be a disagreeable condition of the footway whenever the lower soil is locked with frost and the surface is thawed. Even with the best drainage, natural or artificial, this condition will exist for a short time while frost is coming out of the ground; but with good drainage it is of so temporary a character as hardly to justify any expensive finishing of the surface, except perhaps in the case of the most frequented walks.

To overcome occasional sloppiness, where the difficulty is not deep-seated, there is no cheaper nor better device than to dress

the surface with coal ashes. Indeed, if these are used to a sufficient thickness they are practically as good as concrete or the best gravel. When first applied they are dusty and unpleasant, but the first wetting lays the dust, and they soon settle to a firm consistency and make a very pleasant walk, with the great advantages of being entirely barren and of preventing the growth of weeds and grass. If the ashes of a village are collected and screened, the cinders being used at the bottom, and the surface being smoothly dressed with the finer material, they will make as satisfactory walks, even where the use is considerable, as any other material. The color is unobtrusive, and the surface soon becomes hard enough to bear sweeping. Those who are more ambitious for effect may prefer a walk made of tar and gravel concrete, and this if well made is good, durable and satisfactory. So far as the improvement association is concerned, it can find many ways for expending the difference of cost between ashes and concrete, which will accomplish a much more telling result.

If gravel can be obtained without too much cost it may be used with excellent results, to a depth of from one to three inches, according to the porosity of the subsoil,—more being needed where the ground is inclined to become soft. In using gravel it is best either to screen it, using the coarser parts below and the finer parts at the surface, or, after applying it, to add a thin layer of earth, barely sufficient to fill its spaces,—to "bind" it so as to give it a firm and solid consistency. Loose and rattling gravel makes a handsome walk to look at, but an unpleasant one to walk upon. Nothing is more pleasant than well-trodden, dry, root-bound earth, as where grass has been worn away by frequent use; but this becomes at once objectionable on being saturated with rain or moistened by melting frost.

It is a common impression that all thoroughly good foot-paths must be dug out to a considerable depth, filled with loose stones, and dressed at the top with some good finishing material; but this is not necessary even for the best work. The great point is to secure a thorough draining of the substratum, so that there shall be no rising of ooze-water from below, and so that the ground shall be free from such saturation as to cause heaving during frost. This condition may be secured by a suitable draining of the ground immediately under the walk, and by the use of a well-compacted and tightly bound surface covering of such form as to shed or turn away rain-water. Figure 1 (page 104) shows the cross section of a foot-path six feet wide on slightly sloping ground —where we have to apprehend an oozing of subsoil water from the land at the highest side. The center of the walk is slightly crowning,—say one inch higher than the sides,—so that rain falling upon it will flow readily toward the grass border at either side. To prevent the ponding of water at the sides when the ground is frozen, the surface of the walk at its edges should be well above the level of the adjoining ground, but it may be necessary under some circumstances to furnish, here and there, a channel or surface-gutter across the walk to allow the accumulation at the higher side to escape. Rarely will deep gutters at the sides be necessary or desirable. If the walk is laid at a sufficient height to turn water on to the adjoining ground instead of receiving water from this, it will be easy to keep it dry. We will assume that the path in question is to be made over a tenacious clay soil, with a considerable oozing from the hill-side,—the most unfavorable condition that can be found, especially in cold climates. The first thing to be secured is the cutting off of the subsoil water from the hill. This may be done by digging a trench as narrow as possible,—six inches will be better than more, as requiring less filling material,—to a depth of three feet. In the bottom of this drain lay a common land-tile drain, with collars at the joints if these can be procured, and if not, with a bit of paper laid over the joints to prevent the entrance of loose material, and to hold the pipes in place during construction. The ditch should then be filled with cinders, gravel, or coarse sand. If stones are to be used, they should be broken to a small size,—not more than one inch in diameter,—and the loose bits should be mixed with them in the filling. Very small interstices will be sufficient to allow water to pass freely through, while if large stones are used, with large interstices, there will be danger of a washing in of earth sufficient in time to obstruct both the stone-work and the tile. The smaller the tile, so long as it is sufficient for its purpose, the better; for lengths of five hundred feet or less, an interior diameter of 1¼ inches will be sufficient; from this to one thousand feet, use 1½ inch bore. If possible, before exceeding this length, secure an outlet for the water in the road-side gutter, or some other channel of exit. The tile-drain, at a depth of three feet, will remove all subsoil water from

under the walk, and all that may be delivered into the loosely filled trench at its side. The loose filling of the trench should not be carried nearer than within six inches of the surface of the ground, and should be covered with fine and well-packed earth to prevent the entrance of *surface*-water which would soon carry in silt enough to stop its action. Whatever covering is adopted for the walk itself, it must be of such a character as to prevent anything like a free admission of surface-water. Concrete will do this perfectly, and either ashes, or gravel dressed at the top with ashes, if well raked and rolled at the outset to a smooth surface, will become so bound together as to shed pretty nearly all rain falling upon it. The difference in cost between a walk made in this way and one dug out for its whole width to a depth of two feet, and filled first with stone and then with gravel, and a suitable surface dressing, will be very important, and it is safe to say that the cheaper will be at least as good and durable as the more expensive method. In all construction of sidewalks, whether public or private, regard must be had to the surface conformation, and some device must be adopted for preventing the flow of water upon the walk from the adjoining ground, and for the easy delivery of storm-water falling upon the walk itself.

ROADWAYS.

THE great expense of Macadamizing or Telfordizing puts these systems out of the reach of small communities. Wherever the original expense can be borne, the subsequent cost of maintenance will be so slight, and the result generally will be so satisfactory as to make it always a good investment. The circumstances under which these costly forms of construction may be adopted will be greatly extended if we can overcome the prevalent American prejudice in favor of *wide* roads. Against wide *streets* there is as a rule no objection, though exceptional narrow and well-shaded lanes have a rural charm that will always commend them to persons of taste. A wide street, that is, broad spaces between fences, by no means implies a broad roadway. All we need in the principal thoroughfare of a busy village is such a width as will allow of the easy passing of vehicles in the middle of the road, and the standing of one vehicle at rest at each side. This will be accomplished even in the business street of a village by a width of roadway of thirty feet. Under most other circumstances twenty feet of roadway will be ample. This will allow of the moving of three vehicles side by side and will give a leeway of six feet between two vehicles passing each other.

On both sides of this roadway, except for the necessary sidewalks, the whole space, to the fences, should be in well-kept grass, which is the cheapest to secure, the most economical to maintain, and the most agreeable to see of all ground covering. It is not unusual in country towns to find a width of from sixty to eighty feet devoted to a muddy, dusty, and ill-kept roadway. From one-half to two-thirds of this width is waste space which must either remain an eye-sore, or which must entail an undue cost for maintenance. When both sides of the street are occupied by places of business, it may be necessary to provide for some occasional driving close to the buildings for the delivery of merchandise; but this occasion will rarely be so regular as to cause any serious damage to grass. If the line of hitching-posts is placed within 15 feet of the center of the roadway on each side, it will be seldom that any one will drive over the bordering grass, especially if there is, as there generally should be, a well-defined gutter or well-kept grass with a curb-stone border at each side.

In considering the width to be given to roadways, it should be understood that every form of road is more or less costly to make, and to keep in order, and that the cost of both items is in direct proportion to the width. If to the cost of making and grading an ordinary roadway sixty feet wide, we add the capital sum whose interest would be necessary to keep this width in good repair, we shall have an amount that would go far toward the construction and maintenance of a road of the very best quality only thirty feet wide. Furthermore, while it is impossible to estimate such items exactly, and while the amount thus saved cannot be controlled for the road-making account, the saving in the wear and tear of vehicles, and in the team-force needed to move heavy loads, constitutes an important argument in favor of the best construction. The amount thus saved in the short streets of the village, where the principal traffic is over rough country roads would not be very great, and would enable the road authorities of the township to realize the advantage of first-rate roads and the degree to which the narrowing of the roadway cheapens construction. As a result, there would soon be an extension of the improvement over the more important highways in the country,—

whereas a well-metaled width of twelve feet would accommodate nearly the whole traffic and where the proper application of a cheap system of under-drainage would make well-metaled roads extremely cheap to maintain.

In the island of Jersey, there are many excellent roads only six feet wide. These are provided with frequent little bays or turn-outs to allow teams to pass each other. Although such extremely narrow roads are not to be recommended, the difference in comfort and economy of team-power between these and the average American dirt road is enormously in their favor. The widest roads in Jersey, leading from a busy town of thirty thousand inhabitants into a thickly settled farming region, where business and pleasure travel is very active, and where excursion cars carrying thirty or forty persons are constantly passing, are only twenty-four feet wide; often only of this width between the hedge-rows, the road itself being an excellent foot-path for its whole width. Nowhere else in the world is the rural charm more perfectly developed than in Jersey, and no element of its great beauty is so conspicuous and so constantly satisfactory as its narrow and embowered lanes and roadways.

This, however, by the way, and only as a suggestion, for the sake of variety. As a rule, we may, at least, accept much less width than is now usual for our country and village roads. Wherever it is intended to build expensive stone roads, those having the work in charge will naturally employ a competent engineer, or will, at least, appeal to Professor Gillespie's work on road-making or to some other authority. Space need not be given here to engineering details which would require a lengthy elucidation. There is, however, a sort of road-making materially more costly at the outset than that now in vogue, but much less costly in the long run if we consider the element of practical value and the cost of maintenance. It depends more on fundamental principles of construction than on special processes of finishing, and will be more or less satisfactory according to the character of the soil and of the covering material available.

The great enemy of all roads is excessive moisture, and the chief purpose of all methods of improvement is to get rid of this, or to counteract its effect. As in the case of foot-paths, wherever the porous character of the subsoil and the absence of higher-lying wet lands is such that no accumulation of water upon or under the roadway need be feared, the greatest difficulty is at once set aside. Roads lying on such a soil may be over-dusty in dry weather. When the subsoil is temporarily impervious because of its frozen condition, they may become unduly muddy, or when the situation is such as to lead hill-water upon them they may be badly washed, but they are free from the great difficulties that beset all roads which for a large part of the year are underlaid by an over-saturated, compact subsoil. Where such natural drainage is secured, no artificial under-drainage will be needed. In many more instances all that will be required in the way of draining will be to lead away the sources of wet-weather springs which break through the road-bed and cause deep sloughs. Where incomplete or partial artificial under-draining is needed, the need is absolute, and whether we consider the durability of the road, or the degree to which its traffic is interfered with by its wet condition, we may be confident that every dollar spent in well-directed under-draining will be invested to the very best advantage. The varying conditions of wetness and the different sources of surplus water must be regarded in deciding precisely how much of this work is needed, and how it should be done. Details cannot be fully considered here, but as a general rule, it may be said that where the subsoil generally is of an impervious character, and where the road is more or less wet and weeping after long rains, a continuous system of under-drains is required. If the trouble is local, here and there in spots, and is obviously caused by the breaking up of springs from the road-bed, such partial work may be adopted as will tap the sources of these springs, and lead their water harmlessly away. Gisborne, one of the best agricultural writers of England, put the case tersely and well when—objecting to the system of circumventing springs—he said: "*Hit him straight in the eye* is as good a maxim in draining as in pugilism." It is best not to pass up at the side of a spring and so creep around behind it to head off its water, but to drive the drain straight through it and far enough beyond it to tap and lead away at a lower level the water which causes it. These drains as well as all others intended simply to remove subsoil water and not to cut off a weeping stream are best made with common drain-tiles, laid as before directed, and covered immediately with well-packed earth. Water enters an under-drain not from above but from below; that is to say, as water, from what-

ever source, fills the subsoil, it rises therein until it reaches the floor of the drain, when it enters and is led away, just as water falling into a cask which stands on end flows off at the under side of the bung-hole when it reaches its level. Even if the cask be filled to the top with earth, the rain falling upon it will descend perpendicularly to the bottom and will flow off at the bung only when the soil to that level has become saturated,—it will descend through the soil by the straightest course and will raise the general level. It will not violate the laws of gravitation and run diagonally toward the point of outlet as seems to be the general supposition, when the perplexing question, "How does water get into the drain?" is first considered. When we drive a drain through a spring, and into the water-bearing stratum which feeds it, we simply make it easier for the water to escape by the drain than to keep on at the higher level and break out at the surface of the ground.

As in the case of the sidewalk illustrated

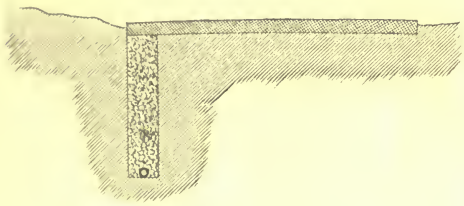


FIG. 1.

in Figure 1, in cutting off a continuous weeping or ooze from higher land, it is best to introduce a vertical filling of porous material through which the water will descend and enter the drain, but, excepting this single instance, all that we need to do, so far as subterranean work is concerned, is to furnish an easy and sufficient channel for the removal of subsoil water.

What constitutes a sufficient drain is something very much less than what is generally supposed. In ordinary agricultural drainage, where the lines of tiles are forty feet apart, a well-laid tile 1¼ inches in diameter is sufficient for a length of 1,000 feet—that is, it is sufficient to remove the water of filtration from an acre of land. If laid with only an inclination of six inches in one hundred feet, its delivery will be so rapid as to amount to more than a heavy continuous rain-fall upon this area. In road drainage, the same rule would hold true; but as the soil offers a certain resistance to the rapid descent of water, it is best to give a means of outlet at smaller intervals, and for the best work in roads thirty feet wide or more, three drains could be used with advantage. In no case, however, need the size of pipes be larger than above indicated, if the form of the tiles is true, and if they are well joined together at their ends. Tiles of less perfect form had better be 1½ inches or even 2 inches in diameter; but, as a rule, they should not be of a larger size, for the reason that the amount of water that they may be expected to carry will not be sufficient to keep them properly freed from silt unless the flow is concentrated within a narrow channel.

Figure 2 shows the cross section of a country road thirty feet wide, with three lines of tile-drain laid at a depth of about three feet below it. Except in case of necessity, these drains should have an inclination of not less than six inches in one hundred feet. There is no objection to their having more than this wherever the lay of the land permits or requires it. They may often have considerably less in case of need; but the smaller the rate of inclination, the greater the care needed in securing a true grade. The water of these drains should be collected into a single drain and led away at intervals of from five hundred to one thousand feet. It may be delivered into a road-side gutter, or into a collecting under-drain, according to the requirements of the situation.

It is now possible to procure drain-tiles at reasonable cost in almost all parts of the country, and these are not only very much better than any form of stone-drain, but they are also much cheaper in construction,—the labor of preparing and handling the stone, and of excavating the wider trench that stone requires, amounting to more than the cost of the tile, even with a high charge of transportation added. Incidentally, it is proper to say that where tiles cannot be had, a mass of gravel or fine cinders, six inches wide and six inches deep, placed at the bottom of the drain, and *covered with well-packed soil*, is preferable even to broken stone or any other form of channel that would permit of the rapid running of water

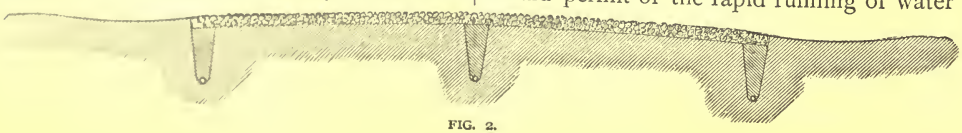


FIG. 2.

and the washing into the drains of even a slight amount of silt.

The removal of excessive subsoil moisture being secured, attention should next be given to the surface of the road, which should be finished with the firmest material at hand,—with the common earth of the subsoil where nothing better can be afforded,—and which should be brought to a true grade, with a *very slight* slope from the center to the edge. For a road thirty feet wide, the elevation of the center above the level of the edges should not be more than four to six inches, and the grade should be made on a straight line rather than on a curve. If the road is made as flat as the turning off of surface-water will permit, it will be traveled upon in all its parts; while, if it is crowned to a high arch, as is often the case, it will soon be found that the best place to drive is in the middle of the road, and foot-tracks and wheel-tracks will soon form slight channels or ruts which will lead water lengthwise along the road, and which will cause an undue amount of wear and washing. A road may be actually flat to the eye, and equally convenient for travel at every part of its width, and still have enough lateral slope to cause water to run off from it.

It is especially desirable that no surface-water flowing from the road-side (above all when frost is coming out of the ground in the spring) be permitted to run on to the road. This should be effectively prevented by the formation of sufficient gutters, with such outlets as will prevent ponding at the sides of the road. When it is necessary to carry the water of the gutters from one side of the road to the other, culverts should be provided, and wherever the slope of the road is sufficient to cause water to flow along it lengthwise,—that is wherever the inclination is more than about one in fifty,—there should be frequent slight depressions from the center diagonally toward the gutters to carry the flow away before it can accumulate sufficiently to form a washing current.

If it can be done without hauling additional material it is always well to raise the road-bed somewhat above the level of the adjoining land, and this may usually be accomplished by throwing upon it the subsoil of the gutters. In no case should surface-soil sods or fine road-mud be used for repairs. The most serious objection to the absurd system of road-mending so common in this country lies in the fact that the annual repairing is little more than the plowing up and throwing back upon the roadway of the soft and unsuitable material which has been washed into the gutters.

What is said above applies especially to country roads, but it is appropriate, so far as it goes, to the better-made and better-kept roads of a village. In the case of these latter, except where the soil is naturally dry and firm, some attention should be given to the improvement of the surface, and it is to be considered whether to adopt the expensive process of covering with broken stone road-metal, or to use gravel. One or the other of these is desirable in all cases where there is much tendency to sloppiness in wet weather; but any form of artificial covering is so costly that the early efforts of the improvement association will produce a more telling result if applied in other directions. The necessary cross-walks may be satisfactorily made with coal ashes.

It is even more easy in a village than in the country, to have the grades of all roadways so regulated as to shed rain-water falling upon them, and to have them so furnished with side gutters so as to prevent water from the road-side from running on to them. The simplest way to effect this, and the neatest way too, is to make gutters outside of the line of the road, say six inches deep and eight feet wide, these being at once sodded or sown with grass and grain to give an early protection against washing; made on such a shallow curve, they will afford no obstruction to any system of mowing that may be adopted, while their great width will give them sufficient capacity to carry away the water of considerable storms.

The work of construction having been duly attended to, it is no less important to provide for regular and constant care. Any rutting that comes of heavy traffic in bad weather should be obliterated either by raking or, better still, by filling the ruts with gravel or ashes. If such work is attended to immediately on the occasion for it arising, the amount of labor required will be very slight; for it is especially true with reference to roads that "a stitch in time saves nine." If the filling of ruts and wheel-tracks be done in time, the serious damage that comes from guttering flows of water lengthwise along the road may be almost entirely avoided.

The mere cleaning work of both the roadway and road-side grass spaces, it will be easy to induce children to perform for slight rewards and encouragement. The daily removal of bits of paper and other rubbish

will have an excellent effect on the general appearance of the village. In the autumn the removal of the fallen leaves will call for something more than children's work; but ordinarily this source of cheap labor will be found sufficient if properly directed.

PUBLIC WATER SUPPLY.

As a field for encouragement, rather than as an object for the expenditure of the association's funds, the furnishing of an ample supply of water is entitled to very early consideration. Not only is the question of public health very seriously involved in the water problem, but as a mere beautifying element an abundance of water, to be obtained without labor, will have a very telling effect by the facility it gives for preserving the fresh appearance of lawns and shrubbery, and for the cultivation of flowers and vines.

Regarded from the horticulturist's point of view, the climate of pretty nearly the whole of this country is simply detestable. We may arrange to withstand very well the severity of our northern winters. We expect an entire shutting up of all garden industries, and long cold seasons are an accustomed matter of necessity; but we have never yet learned to accept with patience the almost annual destruction of our lawns and gardens and flower-beds by scathing drought. No public water supply available for an ordinary village would suffice to overcome the effects of a dry season over the whole of even a small homestead; but we may hope to secure enough to keep one or two small sprinklers flowing steadily through the hot months, and so keep a little grass measurably green, and preserve a semblance of life and beauty in flower-beds and delicate shrubbery. It is very rarely that it will be possible to supply water enough in a whole week to equal in its effect a half-hour's rain; but the difference between towns where even the small amount of water is available for the garden and those which are hopelessly given over to drought shows how much may be accomplished in this direction even with limited means.

As in the case of road-making in anything like a complete and thorough manner, the providing of a water supply must necessarily be directed by professional advice. Although the simpler principles of hydraulics are sufficiently understood, and although it would be quite within the ability of a number of the more intelligent men of any village to secure and distribute a satisfactory amount of water, the cost of doing such work in an experimental way by persons unaccustomed to its details, as compared with the cost of doing it under the direction of an engineer whose natural judgment and capacity are supplemented by experience and skill, would be without doubt far beyond the fee demanded for his services. In this case, as in many others connected with public and private works, it is always bad economy to save the cost of proper knowledge. Very likely—perhaps indeed very generally—the actual performance of the work, the buying and laying of the pipe, and all that, can be as cheaply done under home direction as under that of a public contractor; but the making of the plans—the deciding upon the source of the supply, upon the means for securing a sufficient head, the sizes of the pipes, the location and construction of fire-plugs, and all the minor details of the work—will be more or less economical, according to the skill, experience and capacity of the person who directs it.

The sources from which water may be obtained are various. Often enough water of the best quality may be procured by driven, dug, or artesian wells, but whenever this course is adopted, the wells should be located far enough away from the village, or on land sufficiently high, to make it impossible that there shall be any fouling of the water-bearing strata by the filtration from barn-yards, privy vaults, or cesspools. Generally, water so secured will have to be raised to an elevated reservoir by some mechanical force. If the demand is to be a large one, and if the community can afford the cost, the most reliable plan will be to use steam-power for pumping; but in smaller places, and where economy is a great object, wind-power may serve an excellent purpose.

If a stream of pure water is available at a sufficient height, it may be led directly to the reservoir, or its current may be used to drive a water-wheel sufficient to do the pumping. In a majority of cases there will be found at no great distance a stream capable of supplying the water needed throughout the dryest season of the year, but not entirely free from organic impurities. In such cases it is often feasible, by excavating a filtering sump or pump-well at a little distance from the side of the stream, and at a sufficient depth below the level of its bed, to secure a supply tolerably purified by filtration through the intervening earth. The distance at which this sump should be placed from the bed of the stream will

depend on the character of the soil. The more porous this is the greater should the distance be. This question as to the source from which the water is to be taken is one which more than any other calls for experienced judgment.

Frequently, the conformation of the surrounding country is such that even where there is no constant stream it is possible by the construction of dams to pond an amount of water, to be furnished by surface washing, sufficient to supply the demands of the longest drought. In this case, as in all others where reservoirs are used, it is important to have a good depth of water, and not to allow, even toward the edges, any considerable shallow area. So far as possible the depth should be everywhere great enough to prevent vegetation, and in all the shallower parts the surface soil should be entirely removed. As a rule there should be a depth of at least fifteen feet of water, except near the very edges of the pond, and as much more than this as circumstances will allow.

The distribution of water for private use is a simple question of construction, but as a matter of taste, too vehement a protest cannot be entered against the common misconception as to what is desirable in the way of public fountains. An instance in point is furnished by the public drinking-fountain in Newport. Some years ago there stood at the foot of the Parade a grand old stone bowl, hewn out of a solid block of granite, and filled by a pipe leading from a copious spring. This was a good, sensible, substantial drinking-trough, perfectly adapted to its use, unpretending and handsome. Later, a public-spirited gentleman, desiring to leave a monument of his regard for the city, gave a considerable sum to be used in providing a suitable drinking-fountain at this point. Those who had the control of the fund lacked either the good taste or the courage to refuse to expend it. The result is that this granite horse-basin—one of the best of its sort—has been removed to an obscure position, and there has been erected in its place a wretched cast-iron combination of bad architecture and bad statuary such as form a conspicuous defacement to the public squares of Philadelphia,—where they serve the double purpose of furnishing water to the people, and advertising a cheap clothing establishment. The one compensation for the violation of good taste inseparable from these constructions is to be found in the fact that they must, sooner or later, lead the public to realize the absolute unfitness of cast-iron for monumental and decorative uses. With the artistic influences which are now so active in the instruction of the American people, it is not perhaps unreasonable to look forward to the day when all of these piles of pot-metal shall be relegated to the scrap heap, and when less offensive fountains shall take their place. We may even hope to see the iron statue and its stove-like support which supplies water to the horses of Newport condemned to the foundry, and its solid old predecessor restored to the position which it ornamented for so many years.

A wide margin may be allowed for the exercise of taste in the arrangement of village fountains, and where private munificence enables the expenditure of a considerable sum, a good amount of exterior decoration may be admissible; but it should always be borne in mind that so much of the outlay as is needed for the purpose should go to secure a good artistic design. Especially should the use of cast-iron be avoided, as being from every point of view, and under all circumstances, whether in the shape of cast-iron dogs, or deer, or attempts at the divine human form, absolutely and entirely inadmissible for artistic uses. Better a dug-out log horse-trough, overflowing through a notch at its side, as an ornament to the best-kept village green, than the most elaborate pitcher-spilling nymph that was ever cast in an iron-foundry. So far as the mere construction work of public drinking-fountains and horse-troughs is concerned, not much need be said except in connection with the overflow. In cold climates there is apt to be from all such structures a spilling of water which covers the ground for some distance with ice. This may be avoided by carrying the overflow through a vertical pipe descending from the surface of the water through some well-protected channel directly into a drain in the ground at a depth beyond the direct action of frosts. If the stream is constant, this depth need be nothing like that to which frost penetrates into the soil, for the constant movement of the water will prevent its freezing even if covered only a foot deep, though to something more than this depth it will be desirable to have the metal pipe inclosed in a larger pipe of earthenware,—giving a space of inclosed air.

The work of landscape gardening and sanitary improvement will be considered in future papers.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Dr. Appleton on Copyright.

ANY author who has read Dr. Appleton's recent article in "The Fortnightly Review" on international copyright must have been struck with the absence of his own guild from the factors of the problem presented, and the lack of consideration for the interests and opinions of those who are concerned in the subject, primarily and principally. The omission is not Dr. Appleton's; it is a part of the case. In the history of the attempts that have been made to establish international copyright, authorship has had very little to do or to say. Indeed, it has never been recognized as a leading influence in the matter. Its interests have always been held subordinate to the publishing interest, which has come forward and assumed the management of the whole business. To put the case in Dr. Appleton's own words: "It must be remembered that, so far as any influence upon Congress is concerned, the little finger of Mr. Harper is thicker than the loins of all the literary and scientific men in the United States put together." The writer follows this emphatic statement with another which will give the reader data for forming a judgment on the actual condition of affairs as they relate to the two interests. Speaking of New England, he says: "Its literary men—and there are but few literary men out of New England—believe, as a body, in the inherent and inalienable rights of the author, just as Mr. Charles Reade might do."

In other language, the will and word of a single representative of a single eminent publishing-house has immeasurably more influence on Congress, touching a question which mainly concerns authorship, than the will and word of all the authors of the United States put together. We suppose this is true, and we beg leave to submit that the introduction of the publishing interest into this question—the thrusting of that interest before it—the forcible mixing of the two things together—is not only an injustice but an impertinence. The only proper way for settling the question of international copyright is to settle it upon its own merits. Then, if any legislation should be necessary for the protection of the publishing interest, on either side of the Atlantic, let it be procured. There is no more reason why the publishing interest should have anything to say on the question of international copyright, or exercise a controlling influence upon it, than that it should undertake to control an arrangement with Peru for the working of the guano islands.

It is not a little amusing, in reviewing the efforts that have from time to time been made since 1838 for establishing international copyright, to see how everything and everybody is considered before the author. He is of very small account indeed. Publishers who make petitions, or who send remonstrances, or manipulate committees, now and then fling a sop of courtesy to him, but he is never regarded as the principal person concerned. Indeed, one house not only distinctly discarded the claims of authors, but those also of publishers, book-sellers, printers, binders, press-makers, or any other body of tradesmen. "The interests of the people at large are to be regarded, and those interests alone." It is reported of the man who presented this letter that "his speech appears to have excited considerable amusement." We are not surprised with so much of the record, though it is no more amusing that such preposterous notions should be soberly offered than that publishers should assume to have anything at all to do with the question. It really is none of their business. It should be settled on its own merits, and then the publishing interest should take such measures with regard to the new status as circumstances may require, certain at least of this—that nothing is lost to any legitimate interest by the establishment of simple justice between man and man, or between man and the public.

If there is anything to which a man has a right, it is to that which he creates, or that which his culture and labor bring into fresh combinations for the use of the world. The first factor in the value of a book is its authorship. The first man who does any work upon a book is the author. The question of publication depends, or is supposed to depend, upon the quality of that work. Until the author is fairly paid for his work, no man—publisher or reader—has a right to appropriate it any more than he has a right to steal a sixpence from his neighbor's pocket. Whenever an author's book is of value sufficient to be purchased, then there is a certain sum which undeniably belongs to him; and if he fails to get it, he is defrauded. This is common sense, and when presented simply to the common judgment, will meet with universal approval, the theories of such doctrinaires as Mr. Carey to the contrary notwithstanding.

If there were any danger of the author getting rich, with copyright in every country, we could afford to let matters drift, we suppose; but it is because there is so little money in authorship, at its best, that the authorial interest has so little power in Congress, and permits itself to be overshadowed by an interest whose corner-stone is the author's brain. The primary, vital value of every book is given to it by its author, and this in equity he never alienates. He should be able to win a return for his value from every man all over the world who chooses to purchase the volume that conveys it. It is only by giving a writer his own—if not generously, justly—that authorship in America can become a great, life-giving, powerful estate. If the American people desire that American authorship shall be something more than an echo, they must give it a chance. They have seen how the patent laws work. Our mechanics, with the power to get a patent on their machinery in every country, surpass the world in useful and merchantable inventions. The cases are parallel, and there is no more reason

why publishers should mix themselves into, or undertake to control, the authorial interest than that makers and venders of machinery should undertake to make or remake the patent laws which give the inventor the possession of his own invention.

The bill drawn by the late Charles Astor Bristed, at the time (1872) secretary of the executive committee of an association consisting mainly of authors, stands as the best and simplest embodiment of the wishes and policy of American authorship with relation to this question. It ought to be enacted in precisely these words, and soon:

"All rights of property secured to citizens of the United States of America by existing copyright laws of the United States are hereby secured to the citizens and subjects of every country, the Government of which secures reciprocal rights to citizens of the United States."

Let this be enacted, to go into effect in two years, and then let publishers procure such legislation as may be necessary to secure their own interests. We assure them that they will not find authors intermeddling with their proceedings.

The New Administration.

ONE of the most significant, as well as one of the most gratifying, incidents of the political campaign whose result has been declared in the inauguration of President Hayes, was the confidence with which people looked forward to a peaceable settlement of the unprecedented questions precipitated upon Congress after and by the election.

Two candidates were in the field, one of whom carried nearly all the Northern states, with two or three of the Southern, while the other carried nearly all the Southern, with three or four of the Northern. In the count, it came down to the question of a single electoral vote. No great injustice was to be done—as against the popular vote—by counting this vote on either side. We mean, simply, that the vote was about evenly divided, and for the sake of this vote the people were in no mood for fighting. It was felt, too, on every hand, that there were circumstances connected with the vote and count of Louisiana, which brought both the political parties under suspicion of fraud. It was one of those ugly questions which, in a petty nation, would have been fought over and made the pretext for a revolution. A mode of settlement was agreed upon, however; and although there were men base enough in Congress to "go back on" themselves, and to flaunt their perfidy in the eyes of a disgusted nation, the question was peacefully settled, and Governor Hayes was peacefully inaugurated. In this dignified solution of the difficulty, the country may justly rejoice, and may properly take new courage and comfort to itself.

Now we are to see how wise and patriotic a man the President is. He goes into office with great advantages. He goes into office at a time and under circumstances which render it impossible for him to be the president of his party, alone. He must be something more than this, or fail lamentably to be even this. He enters upon his duties with no second term of office to manage for. From all necessity of this he has voluntarily cut himself off. He has his four years of office secure, and, beyond that, nothing to look for—nothing to contrive for. We cannot see that, as an honest and patriotic man—and his history gives him a sound claim to this character—he has any motive to be other than an honest and patriotic executive—a president of the whole country; and we shall be greatly disappointed if he fail to win alike the best elements of the North and South to his support.

We are to remember now that the new administration is pledged to a reform of the Civil Service. How much it will be able to effect without the aid of a friendly House of Representatives, cannot at present be seen; but its whole influence must not only be promptly given to this reform, but held to it by the popular demand. The spoils system has been so controlling an element in our politics, that it will be very hard to eliminate it. There are so many men in politics who are there for nothing but spoils—there are so many men in Congress with whom spoil has always been the great political motive—that the old system will not be permitted to die without protest. If the new president succeeds in effecting a reform, or in taking important steps toward it, he will do it against the open and covert opposition of corrupt men in both political parties. Public virtue is hardly a Republican monopoly, and political consistency can scarcely be expected of a party whose president is obliged to be patriotic rather than partisan in his administration. There will undoubtedly be a great deal of "filibustering" on this question; but we look to see the reform persistently pushed as long as Mr. Hayes is president. If he can in one term of office purify American politics of this debasing element, his name will stand among the foremost of those presidents who have established claims to the gratitude of their country and mankind.

The question concerning the currency seems to be rapidly settling itself. The return to the gold basis grows to be of less importance daily, of course, as we approach it. It would hardly take a very momentous financial stroke at this time to give our currency the gold value which its figures call for; and we may expect the change at any time. General Grant was so honest a friend of a sound currency, and so faithfully labored to secure it before he left office, that it seems a pity that his retirement could not have been punctuated by a universal return to specie payments.

The most vexing and difficult questions with which the new administration will be obliged to deal are connected, of course, with its Southern policy. How to secure the satisfaction and confidence of the white man, and, at the same time, the perfect freedom and perfect safety of the black man, will be the difficult problem. It is time for murder and bulldozing to cease. It is a shame to the American name—it is a disgrace to American civilization—that such deeds of outrage and blood as have been perpetrated at the South for the past few years, for political reasons and ends, are permitted. No matter who is primarily or

secondarily responsible for them, they are too base and cruel to be tolerated; and if President Hayes cannot succeed by calling into his confidence and support the best elements in the South, to the extent of controlling the violences of which we speak, his administration can hardly escape being a lamentable failure. He has had an experience in the gentlemanly instincts of Southern Congressmen. He has seen them stand by their covenant when many of their Northern allies deserted it, and it should teach him that there is a common ground where he and they can meet to consult upon the means which shall bring peace to a section that has been disturbed too long.

It is delightful to feel that we have now three or four years before us in which we can work with a measurable degree of certainty, that no violent changes of governmental policy will take place. "Presidential years" have become great business nuisances, and it is at least a comfort to know that we have one of them just behind rather than just before us. We believe that this administration is to be a prosperous one,—that our president is a good man, that he has good and able men around him, and that the administration is determined to deserve the consideration and confidence of the country. Let us give it a fair chance and the popular good-will.

Village Reform.

So great was the interest excited all over the country, last year, by a brief article in this department on "Village Improvement Societies," that we have undertaken, by the best means within reach, to satisfy the desire for knowledge upon the subject. We have received letters from every part of the country wishing for information—the latest from the interior of Texas. Unhappily, the thing most wanted is what we know least about, viz., modes of organization and operation. If, in those New England towns that now have societies in successful operation, intelligent reports and histories could be prepared and published, they would be of incalculable benefit to the country. What the beginners want—literally by thousands—is to know just how to do it, or just how somebody else has done it.

The articles which Colonel Waring has written for this magazine, and which are now in course of publication, are designed as helps—suggestions—inspirations. So intelligent and practical a man as Colonel Waring cannot write uninterestingly upon a topic so harmonious with his tastes and pursuits as this. The farming and village populations of the country will find much of interest and profit in his papers. His views of the desirableness of farm villages, in place of the isolation which makes the farm so hateful to the young and so barren to the old, are not new to those who are familiar with this department of the magazine; but they are very important, and will need to be published many times again.

There are, probably, a thousand villages in this country that will, this year, form village improvement societies, moved thereto by these papers and by the article that suggested them; and the fact seems to us one of the most encouraging and delightful in the social and domestic history of the time. The local organization of taste, the building up of local rivalries in matters of order and beauty, the doing any wise thing for making attractive the smaller centers of population—these all are so intimately connected with popular development and elevation and content, that they might well engage the work of social missionaries and receive the money of moribund millionares.

After all, the thing to be done ought not to be difficult. Americans are usually very much at home in matters of organization. The wisest heads are easily got together, and when they really are the wisest heads, they easily work together. The first thing wanted is wisdom and taste. The second on the list is money—all of it that can be obtained, because there is always use for more than can be had. With these prerequisites in hand, or at hand, so many things will present themselves to be done that it will be hard to determine what shall have the first attention. It should not be difficult to decide that the first interests to be consulted are those of health and comfort. If there are any nuisances—any breeders of disease—they should be put out of the way at once. Then every village wants good sidewalks. Most American villages are quagmires in the spring and autumn, in which a man can never walk with dry feet and clean trowsers, and in which a lady cannot walk at all. Exactly at this point, and on this improvement, is where the township and the village come to a dead halt. The farmers who occupy the outlying agricultural acreage of a township are not willing to pay a dollar in taxes for the improvement of the village. They may be willing to do something for the road, but for the sidewalk, nothing. On the sidewalk, then, will come the first expensive work of a village improvement society. To gain time, tree-planting should go along with this. After this come parks, fences, fountains—no end of things.

The operations of a society of this kind will secure an indirect result of good almost commensurate with that which is direct. It becomes an educator, an inspiration, a motive, a reproof, an example. A slatternly door-yard, fronting a new and well-graded sidewalk, is a discord that will probably be discovered and corrected by its owner. Such a movement calls universal attention to individual defects, and inspires a common pride. Beyond this, it develops a catholic, public spirit. On the improvement of the village all can unite, and in this very delightful enterprise, spreading from village to village until it becomes national, men can forget that they are partisans, either in politics or religion, and come together, as neighbors and friends, to work alike for themselves and one another.

THE OLD CABINET.

"YES," muttered Nicholas Artemvitch to himself, "I am not easily satisfied; you can't cheat me." When he heard the word "nerves," he would exclaim, "And what are nerves?" Or upon being reminded of the discoveries of astronomy, he would ask, "And do you believe in astronomy?" But if he wished to settle an antagonist completely, he invariably answered him with, "Yes, all that is merely declamation!"

We are told that Nicholas Artemvitch little suspected that, in her letters to her cousin, his Augustina constantly styled him "My little simpleton." But, on the other hand, Tourguéneff, who is the biographer of Nicholas, confesses that there were many who regarded a sentence like that on declamation as irrefutable. For our part, we think Nicholas Artemvitch a very admirable person. It is evident that, although he was in reality what he was said to be in Augustina's cousinly letters, still, if he did not succeed in making a large portion of the world believe that he was something very different, he probably made himself believe it, at least a portion of the time.

There are many individuals in this world whose only superiority consists in their power of self-assertion. Their mental or moral attributes have no more to do with their position relative to that of people with whom they are brought in contact, than have their worldly rank or bodily stature. In every army there is some insignificant little corporal who can "give the look from above downward" to the general of division. There are women in every community who, when present in the body, have an effect upon society out of all proportion to the estimation in which they are held. There are people who, whenever they come into your house, even in kindness, make you feel that there are thin places in the carpet, and that you have perhaps made a mistake in your choice of a profession or of a wife. There may be, and generally is, a revolt the moment the superior person's back is turned; but you have already suffered defeat and humiliation.

When the superior person goes away, and you have recovered yourself, and are calm, you begin to inquire curiously into the matter. This superiority is commonly associated with the term "sniffiness." Now it is clear that some persons are born sniffy; some achieve sniffiness, and some have sniffiness thrust upon them. A larger number than is generally suspected belong to the second class. We have a friend whom we always supposed had been born sniffy. We had imagined the superior air with which in infancy he regarded those who, in the course of nature, might be considered his elders and betters. But in a moment of confidence he confessed to us that in his youth and early manhood he suffered so keenly from self-distrust, and was so wounded in spirit by the assumptions of his contemporaries that he finally set to work to drill himself in self-appreciation and self-assertion. In this labor he has succeeded.

Your true sniffer, however, was born sniffy. The art can be achieved; or it may be thrust upon a man by the stupidity of those by whom he finds himself surrounded; but there is apt to be a recurrence in the two last named cases to a condition of self-distrust, and such a mood is unfavorable to the exercise of one's best talents.

We may venture, however, to make a few suggestions in behalf of those who desire to acquire the art. If you are a lawyer, whenever the name of a very celebrated member of the bar is mentioned, you must immediately hint that that lawyer is overrated, and that Mr. So-and-so, of whom you must be sure your audience has never heard, is really a "stronger man." If you are an artist, you can say of some other artist that he is a very good fellow, but what a pity he can't paint; or if the other artist understands tone and you do not, then you can say that "tone" nowadays is "tobacco" or "lamp-black." If you are a poet, you can do nothing more to the point, in the presence of young persons, than to mention in confidence, and with a deprecatory air, that your verses on Nova Zembla, containing that simile of the lily and the bear, were printed six months before Tennyson's famous ode containing exactly the same simile. If you are a man of science, you will gain great reputation by merely shrugging your shoulders at the mention of some famous specialist. This method will work admirably in the medical, or in fact in any of the learned professions. But if you are not a writer, or a professional man of any kind, but merely a person of taste, you can increase your reputation by many not very costly devices. If an engraving or photograph is shown you, cover a part of the picture with two fingers of your right hand, and say that it is very well—all but *that*. If it is too large to treat in this way, stand at the proper distance, shut one eye and hold a finger or two at arm's length, first perpendicularly and then horizontally, so as to hide now one and now another part of the painting—after the manner of some artists. When you have done this you can either say that the picture is good, or that it is bad; but remember that you will gain most credit by giving an opinion opposite to that which you suspect is held by the persons present. If you go to a public entertainment, like Dickens's readings, or a Beethoven symphony, do not fail to report that you had to knock your feet against the chair to keep awake,—although in the case of the symphony be careful not to lay the blame upon the composer, but upon whatever orchestra may happen to render the piece that night. But if you suspect that the music was particularly well rendered it will be safe to declare that it was altogether too well played, and

that for your part you prefer to hear Beethoven given by the —— Society, where "everything isn't cut and dried, and something is left to the imagination."

THE term "Philistine" is generally used to designate a person outside of art; one to whom art is essentially foreign and hateful. This person may buy pictures to decorate a wall, or books to set off a library. Sometimes he is a publisher, who makes a great deal of money out of the standard poets and novelists, and who declares that "imagination does not pay!"

The Philistine outside of art is not altogether a useless person. For although he buys or publishes a good many bad books, and although he buys a good many bad pictures and so discourages good literature and good painting; still all his books are not bad, nor, necessarily, all his pictures. But sometimes the Philistine gets, nominally, inside of art. You may then know him by his way of using the word "quaint" where others use the word "imaginative" (although it should be mentioned that when he says "quaint" he really means "queer"). He paints a picture which seems to have many good qualities, but which is not interesting. He asks you to admire his picture. You say, "Alas! I cannot do it!" "But," replies the artist-Philistine, "I would have you aware that while you know nothing of the technicalities of art, I on the contrary understand drawing, and light and shade, and composition, and values, and harmony, and tone, and breadth, and perspective,—how, then, can my picture be uninteresting?" To this you answer: "My good friend, it is true that I have no practical knowledge of the technicalities of art. Your question is too hard for me. It is you who know all these strange and curious things. It is you who should explain this extraordinary phenomenon. It is you who should be able to tell how it is that, notwithstanding your practical knowledge of drawing, and light and shade, and composition, and values, and tone, and breadth, and perspective,—still your men and women are wooden; your rocks are pasteboard; your waves are tin. It is with you as it was with Peter Bell the Third. He was in many respects a worthy man—

> "'And yet a strange and horrid curse
> Clung upon Peter, night and day.
> Month after month the thing grew worse,
> And deadlier than in this my verse
> I can find strength to say.
>
> Peter was dull—(he was at first
> Dull)—oh so dull, so very dull!
> Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed,
> Still with his dullness was he cursed—
> Dull, beyond all conception dull.'"

IN the sonnet-preface to his collected Centennial Odes, or, as he calls them, "Three Memorial Poems,"* Lowell deprecates the objections made to his brief satires lately printed in "The Nation."

It seems strange that Lowell should have thought this protest in any sense necessary. We never understood on what ground a person of clear mind could object to those most useful applications of the birch to the body politic. The only legitimate regret is that they were not more frequent,—they could hardly have been more stinging. But it is evident that many persons enjoy no criticism except the complaisant: that is, when the criticism touches at all near home. They want the hand of justice to come down—heavy, as Colonel Sellers says. They would scourge the money-changers from the temple and invite them to a cold collation next door.

The cavils at the satirist would have been silly in any case; but they were rendered still more absurd in view of Lowell's record as a patriotic poet. It might be thought that the author of the "Commemoration Ode" and "The Biglow Papers" was above suspicion. With such data as was furnished by Lowell's published works the objectors might have saved themselves the mistake of confounding righteous indignation with senseless croaking. They might, also, have found examples in history which would have helped them to an understanding; or they might have taken a current example from Russian literature. It is Tourguéneff, the great Pan-Slavist, the passionate lover of his country,—it is he who is Russia's most relentless satirist. It is one of his characters who declared that if Russia were suddenly to disappear from the surface of the globe, and all which she had invented swept from the Crystal Palace Exhibition in London—even in the Russian department itself everything would remain quietly in its place!—"for the *samovar*, the bark shoes, and the knout—our most important productions, these even were not invented by us." The disappearance of the Sandwich Islands would produce more effect upon the exhibition. Their inhabitants had designed certain lances and canoes, whose absence would be noticed by the visitors.

All our best poets have said fitting things of the country, but none have expressed so fully and so satisfactorily as Lowell the convictions and aspirations of those in America who have thought most deeply and with most faith on affairs of the nation.

THE experience of the human soul is something like this: As soon as it gains consciousness it finds itself assailed on all sides—by society, by the priests and pharisees, by the preachers of æsthetics, by the preachers of good morals, and of religion; it is assailed with cries of—"Go on! go up! progress! educate yourself! gain culture and refinement! cultivate your taste, your spirituality, your morals! keep the mind open and attentive! be studious of all worthy things! go to the root of the matter! be independent, be manly, be conscientious!" But when the human soul responds to these exhortations it is met on every hand by opposition. And whence comes this opposition? From the ignorant and the impious? Yes. From the evil and selfishness of its own nature? Yes. But also this human soul finds to its astonishment that the very exhorters are arrayed against it. They hamper it, they cover it with contumely, they persecute, they crucify it.

*J. R. Osgood & Co., publishers.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

One way to spend the Summer in the Country.

WITH the warm days of spring comes the question "What shall we do with the children this summer?" A celebrated physician has told me that children in the city very often get through the summer as well as those who have been in the country, but that in the fall they do not show the same power in resisting disease. But what are we to do with them—where take them? The whole country is full of resorts—from great watering-places to private boarding-houses. Who, after trying them all, has not had a longing for a country home of one's own? And who has not given up the thought as entirely out of the question, except for very rich people? But it is not for the rich that I am induced to relate my unique experience of keeping house for the summer in the country.

Two years ago I had tried every experiment, except a country home of our own. We had been in Europe for two summers, but had come home that the children might be put to school; I had taken them to Bedford and Berkeley, and the White Sulphur Springs, and had tried the sea-shore, boarding-houses, and private country farms (the last by far the most desirable), but to all these I had found serious objections. For years I had longed for a country home of my own, but every one opposed me. I have been told that generally the prominent men in our cities have been born in the country, but that the next generation is almost sure to deteriorate. The conditions of city life are such that there seems no escape from this, and this was my principal reason for desiring a country home. I thought nothing else would give my boys a chance in life. I wanted them to rough it, and learn bravely to meet and overcome difficulties. I dreaded to find them deteriorating. My older boy was thirteen,—delicate, pale, and overgrown. When out of school he lived in his workshop with his tools. The younger one read continually. They had the city boys' meager range of play, with no hardy exercise, and but little fun.

In June of 1875 I heard that a cousin had bought a farm of about 100 acres adjoining his own property, and as I knew he was not going to use the house himself, I wrote and offered to buy it, with some ten or twenty acres. He refused to sell, but was willing to rent if I could live in the house. Being desperate, I was willing to go into any kind of a house that kept out rain and snakes.

We went together to examine the house, and found it in almost a ruinous condition. The out-buildings were equally bad, and an old corn-house was at the foot of the lawn, directly before the door. The distance from the city was twenty-five miles by rail, and from the station to the house was but half a mile. The healthfulness of the place was undoubted. The house was on a high hill, with a lovely view of a well-cultivated country. There was a spring of delicious cold water three hundred feet off, but it was eighty-three feet below the level of the house. A stone dairy was next to the spring, and up above, near the kitchen, was an ice-house full of ice. The house consisted of five rooms in a row, with a porch running its entire length—I may say porches, for the floors were on different levels, and of plank, brick, and stone. The roofs were not of the same height nor pitch. Above, for the length of two of the second-story rooms, was a very comfortable and roomy porch, with a roof that overhung so low as to keep off much of the glare of the sky. Only three bedrooms on the second floor could be made habitable. Leading to the house was an avenue of locust-trees. One side of this avenue swept around the foot of the yard, and the other immediately before the house. These trees, with a magnificent willow, made considerable shade.

My cousin, Judge Snowden, thought it would be impossible for me to live in such a house, but I very well knew it would be this or none. I was not equal to going among strangers searching for another, so I told him I would try it.

He agreed to paint the inside, paper two rooms, whitewash everywhere, put down a new floor to the main porch, and clean up generally. The rent was to be $150 for fifteen months, which included two summers. I was to use the pasture-field, have all the fruit I could find, and do as I chose so I did not interfere with the farming operations. This was July 1st, and we were to move up on the 10th. Knowing it was only an experiment, I was careful to furnish in the simplest manner. It is really astonishing how little is needed to make one comfortable in summer. Two furniture wagons well packed carried nearly all that we needed. On the cars I sent up the kitchen stove, refrigerator, barrel of flour, and boxes of china, groceries and hams. Except the first two, a kitchen safe, a few bedsteads, and the heavy kitchen utensils, I bought everything new (of course pillows, feather-beds to make the mattresses more comfortable, tubs, etc., were carried up and down spring and fall). The entire cost of the new articles, including chairs, benches, tins, china, bedsteads, mattresses, and a very excellent walnut dining-table with ten leaves that I found at a second-hand store, was $92.37. The freight on everything by wagon and by rail was $24.75, making in all $117.12. The floor of the large parlor, which we used as a dining-room, was covered with a Brussels carpet that I had used in the city and put aside; in the country it looked almost new. At each window was hung a paper blind that cost but eight cents. I pasted over a hem on each side, a strip of muslin across the top, and a stick in at the bottom, and the curtains have lasted well. New Swiss muslin curtains hung over these gave the dining-room a look of refinement, and a bright red cover over the table, with a student's lamp at night, gave it a look of cheer.

Two rooms on each side of this dining-room I used as chambers. They were also attractive. I

had carried up a drugget and some rugs to be scattered about. Beds well made, with clean linen sheets and pure Marseilles quilts, give an air of comfort to any room. Across the lower sashes were hung ruffles of Swiss muslin, so light that the least current of air could blow them back and forth. There was nothing of any cost, but all suggestive of comfort. For wash-stands and dressing-tables, the boys turned barrels bottom upward, and nailed upon each one a few short planks. By tacking a ruffle of red curtain-calico around to hide the barrel, and then covering the top with a clean towel, the rooms were still further furnished.

The boys also took the large boxes, in which had come the groceries and china, and by standing them on end and fitting the tops within as shelves, made very convenient places for clothing. Several of these boxes, nailed securely to the pantry wall, with supports underneath, served as china closets. In every room we had a tin basin and dipper, which the girl kept looking like silver; a tin candlestick, a white wooden bucket for clean, and a painted one for waste, water. The buckets were kept sweet by constant scrubbing and airing. I am sure we all appreciated these crude arrangements far more than we did the rosewood furniture at home. Nothing could have been more simple, or more comfortable.

One idea I had in having a country home, was to gather in all the children of our families. Brothers and sisters grow up together united. They finally marry and separate. Then their children, from being apart, know but little of one another, and the strong family feeling that existed among the parents finds no place among the offspring. Then, too, petty jealousies spring up, which can only be avoided by mutual intercourse. I hoped to make my home common ground for all my nephews and nieces, of whom there were about twenty. These children, as in all large families, were differently situated in life. I wished to bind them together by common pursuits and amusements, so that their future lives might be influenced for their mutual good. I wanted the boys to go swimming together in the river that ran by at the railway station, to play ball, to milk the cows, to race rabbits, and to grow hardy and self-reliant in an honest rivalry of out-door life.

The expenses of the first summer at my country home were $445.52. This included rent, fuel, hire of cow, the furnishing of the house, and, in fact, every expense of every sort and description. I economized in nothing essential. The table was most abundant, and of the very best. A butcher came twice a week, and he always saved for me his best cuts. The price of meat was much less than in the city, and since the cattle were not overdriven, we found the quality of country beef better than that of the city. Chickens were our main dependence, and I kept from ten to twelve dozen running around to grow and fatten.* Milk, fresh eggs, and good butter we had in abundance. For the hire of a little heifer for the nine and one half weeks of our stay (July 10 to September 15) I was charged three dollars, and twenty cents per gallon for extra milk. The second year, for two cows for fourteen weeks, I paid ten dollars. They did not give a great quantity of milk, but it was as much as we could use. My boys, with two cousins about the same age, milked the heifer, took entire charge of horse and carriage, and hauled all the water (except for drinking) up the hill in a barrel. They never seemed to grow discouraged, but were proud of what they could do. The heifer was so wild at first that I was twice obliged to have a man come and milk her; but finally, by feeding her on corn, brushing off the flies, and treating her very gently, the boys made her perfectly tame and quiet. They were very happy over their success, and each afternoon took great delight in giving all the children as much warm milk as they could drink. Nothing is lighter and more nourishing for children than fresh, warm milk.

During this first summer our number varied from my own family of four and two servants, to as many as fifteen. Almost every Saturday some of the family would come up to see after the children, and remain until Monday. These visits gave us all great pleasure. We were never happier, and the children all improved in health.

During the heat of the day, while the little ones were asleep, I read aloud. My children had been trained to love Shakspere. After I had read them four historical plays, commencing with "Richard II." I could turn back to some part at random, and when I had read five or six lines, they could tell me the speaker, the whole scene, and in which play it was. When I reread the plays the second summer, they recollected far more than I did, and could always tell me what was coming next. The trouble was with the other children, who had not been trained in the same habits of thought and attention. I read to them "Tom Brown at Rugby," and we had a little botany, which two of the boys delighted in, but the others hated. They would say, "Now please, give us a feast of Shakspere." After dinner the grown members of the family studied a work on architecture, and I always examined them one day on what had been read the day before. The second summer we had Kinglake's "Crimean War," which helped us to understand the news in the daily papers. Old sets of "Littell's Living Age," in loose numbers, were very valuable, and we found in them many articles on the "Eastern Question." I have found that to make reading aloud profitable to children, it is necessary to talk over every part. Read a few lines and then ask them the meaning. Get their curiosity excited as to what comes next, and ask what they would do under the same circumstances. I know of nothing more pleasant than reading to children in this way. It takes time and patience, but they can be taught to be interested in almost anything.

We had no neighbors except Judge Snowden's family, and we never felt the need of any more. The days seemed short and flew by in constant change of pleasant occupations. The boys became

* They were never eaten until after being kept in a cleansing coop a week. This makes the greatest difference in the quality of the meat, for chickens, unlike turkeys, will eat all sorts of unclean things.

adepts in swimming and rowing, and once a week would drive the carriage into the river to give it a good washing. They never neglected greasing the wheels or washing the harness. There was a pasture-field of forty acres for both horse and cow; but the horse was fed twice a day on corn which the boys bought from the neighbors. The carriage was a pleasure, but not at all a necessity: being near the cars, I preferred having none, but my family would not consent. The stable was useless, for both horse and cow lived in the pasture, only sometimes taking refuge from storms by going under the carriage-shed. We burned wood in profusion, and generally had a little fire burning on the dining-room hearth. I thought this kept the house dry and healthy. There was never the least sickness among the children. They ate heartily and slept well. We had breakfast every morning at quarter after six, and family prayer at nine, after the rush of morning work was over. The little children were never wakened for breakfast. On Sunday, there being no church near, we had the Episcopal service at home, and it was touching to see such a number of children joining in the worship. Never, either during the week or on Sunday, were the servants excused from being present. If they were not ready, we waited until they were.

On leaving the house in the fall, everything was carried either into the upper rooms, or into the dry cellar. The paper blinds were rolled up high out of sight, and every window nailed down. Two objects were gained by this. The sunshine had free entrance to keep the house dry and pure, and tramps, by looking in at their pleasure and only seeing empty rooms, would be apt to wander further on. When we went back, May 25th of the following year, we found everything in good order and undisturbed.

This second summer, the farmer from whom we had bought vegetables the year before having moved away, we concluded to have a garden of our own. I hired a man to plow and put the barren ground in order. After this was done and all the seeds were planted,—with the exception of two days' hoeing by this man,—the boys did all the work in raising the vegetables. As the weather grew warm I limited them to one hour in the early morning, and on the warmest days I kept them entirely out of it. Never was there a common country-garden more free from weeds, and never were there boys more pleased or interested. To give my older son's own impressions, I copy from a letter he wrote to his sister in August, while she was away on a trip to Niagara and elsewhere:

DEAR SISTER,—You ought to see our little chickens, ten of them little beauties. We had twelve, but two died. We are getting seven vegetables out of the garden,—cymlings, corn, cabbage, tomatoes, onions, string beans and beets, and we have one egg-plant the size of two eggs. Is not that a nice lot? All the birds are molting, and so none of them sing. Nell has lost all her tail-feathers, but they are growing out again. You don't know how much I want to see you. You have been away *so* long. We are going to have thirty-three ears of corn for dinner; is not that a lot? The mocking-bird has to stay on the porch all the time, for he sings all night. Little Robby can walk from one end of the porch to the other. When he is out in his carriage we have to keep billy-goat tied for fear he might butt him over. I write so little now that my hand fairly aches.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.

Attached to this letter was one from myself, from which I shall copy portions to show how we lived:

"Your aunt Mary and baby are up for a visit of two weeks. We have delightful meals. I have lately bought six dozen chickens, and we have all the most delicious vegetables, and cream from two cows. We skim two crocks of milk for dinner, one for supper and one for breakfast. Then we have the richest cottage cheese made yellow with cream, and plenty of cooked apples and stewed pears. Every meal is abundant, and the children eat with natural, healthy appetites. This country air is toning them all up. The ice is out, but we have had the dairy cleaned and use that. You know how icy cold the water is; it keeps everything cold and sweet. In spite of the steep hill, I delight in going down to skim the cream and help Chloe up with the butter and milk. Each of the children tries to carry something, and then I tell them we could hardly get along but for their help. Kitty never murmurs at pulling fat Alexander up with one hand, though in the other she has a bucket of water. John is here grubbing up the old currant-bushes, and getting one end of the garden cleared for strawberries, which the boys will plant in September. We want to put in a quantity of blackberry and raspberry vines this fall. * * * Your aunt Mary thinks her little girls very much improved. I am so glad to have a chance to help them grow up to be healthy girls. They have been here over two months now, and I shall try to keep them till September, or perhaps till I go down. * * * You ought to see the new dormitory. It is the long garret with two new windows cut in one end. It is airy and comfortable. Every night I go up to see the five boys in bed, and every time I am glad they are in such good healthy quarters. * * *

"The boys collect all the vegetables and take great pride in them after their months of labor. The pigeons are so tame now that they come when the boys call them, and eat around their feet and under their chairs."

I have found that with all children it is necessary to throw yourself into their pursuits, and when their interest flags, take the lead yourself. Nothing helped our boys in the garden like going out myself with a hoe. Soon all would follow, and then when once they were started and interested I could leave. It was far better than finding fault with them. But the trouble was I would become so interested myself that I could not stop. The exercise certainly was good, and the boys loved to have my interest in the growth of every vegetable. They measured a water-melon so often to see its daily growth, that they broke its stem by constant lifting. I had to look every day at the marks on the poles, which showed the growth of the beans, a general interest being felt to see which would reach the top first.

About once in two weeks we had a party and called it a "*fête champêtre*." Though the Snowden children came two and three times a week, and often stopped to supper,—for I found the larger the family, the more convenient it was to have them stay,—still the high-sounding name, and the formal invitation to them and to two other little children, made the greatest difference to them all. The only addition to the supper was cake, the making of which was watched by all the children. The girls were in their best percales, with sashes, which were held in reserve for these great occasions. On the Fourth

of July we had a display of flags in the day and of fire-works at night.

This second summer was as successful as the first. Our last week, when the family was small, was memorable by my boys making nine pounds of delicious butter in four churnings. They made the churn out of a stone jar, and by placing it in a crock of cold water, which water they constantly changed, the butter came yellow and firm. Their pleasure at the result was delightful to see.

We left September 2d, very unwillingly, but the children had to come home for school and for their visit to the Centennial. We were all in good health, and we had lived innocent lives.

For weeks there were fifteen in the family, and for a short time nineteen. As before, I had economized in nothing, and we lived in abundance. The entire cost for the fourteen weeks was $542.32.

Now in these warm days we are again with longing eyes looking to our country home. The boys are collecting eggs preparatory to setting their hens. They hope to go up in May with about fifty little chickens. Last spring I paid for one black rooster and six black hens, $5.25. From the 18th of April till the 18th of June the hens laid 190 eggs, and they have been at it ever since, only stopping for a few weeks about Christmas. The boys are now buying more pigeons to add to their country stock, and I am glad to see them interested in anything that will take them out of their workshop into the fresh air. They expect to raise ducks and geese from eggs they will put under their hens. A farmer has an order to save some partridge eggs, should he find a nest. They hope to hatch them and have some tiny birds.

I have taken the place again at the same price, $120 the year until next October, with the privilege of three more years, if I continue satisfied. Going as early as May the children will come into the city every day for school. The railroad fare will be $5 a month for each child.

I only dread the trouble with the water, and long to have an arrangement by which it can be drawn up in a bucket suspended from a wire. This plan is in successful operation in many places, but I cannot find out who puts them up, or where the castings can be had.

I have now told my story, hoping that when parents see how simple a thing it really can be made,—this having a country home of one's own,—and what great advantages it possesses, many will for the sake of their children take it into serious consideration.

HANNAH SNOWDEN.

Transplanting.

THE art of transplanting trees, shrubs, and vines is only learned by experience, close observation, and a strict adherence to the laws that govern vegetable growth. Any unskilled laborer can dig up and reset a tree or a vine; but this does not insure life, health and vigor. There is a well-adjusted balance between the roots and branches of every tree or vine. Trained practical gardeners recognize this fact, and the importance in transplanting of removing carefully all the roots possible, and especially the fine, fibrous ones, such as take up and furnish the nourishment. To save enough of these roots in transplanting large-sized trees, it is necessary to know the habits of growth of trees and vines. For instance, the Scotch or white pines with their long, fleshy roots, and comparatively few fibrous ones near the body of the trees, need more care in removing than the Norway spruce with its mass of fibrous roots clustered around and near the body. The best way in all cases is to dig a narrow trench around the body, some distance from the tree, deep enough to get below the lower tier of roots. In making this circle, the flat of the spade should not be faced toward the body of the tree. The top soil on the "ball," near the body, should be removed by a digging-fork or other implement that will not cut or injure the small roots. In case the trees or shrubs are to be moved only a short distance from where they are growing, as much soil as will adhere to the roots may be left on with advantage.

The second important point to be observed in transplanting is not to leave the roots exposed for a moment to the rays of the sun, or to a blowing dry air, which is quite as injurious to tender rootlets. If not set out at once, the roots ought to be kept damp and covered over with a cloth, or "heeled in." Trees coming from a distance, when the roots show signs of being left exposed, and the fibers are dry and somewhat shriveled, will be much improved by plunging them into a stream or pool of water, and then heeling them in, covering the roots carefully with moist soil, and so leaving them until ready to plant out.

As to the time, nothing is gained by transplanting trees or vines before the ground is dry, warm, and mellow. If done while the soil is cold and soggy, the work will result badly, especially on clay ground. All through the Northern and Western states, the planting season extends from the middle of April until the latter part of May, and when trees have been heeled in, they may be set out with safety as late as the first week in June.

In transplanting trees, shrubs, brambles or vines, they ought not to be set any deeper in the ground than they stood in the nursery row. Before putting them in place, all the broken or bruised roots should be cut off with a sharp-edged knife, making the cut from the under, and not from the upper, side. The hole for the tree should be made wide and deep so that each root can be stretched to its full length in its natural direction. When these minor but important matters are attended to, then sift in mellow surface-soil among the roots until they are covered up and the hole filled, mounding the soil five or six inches above the level of the adjoining surface. While this is going on, each root should be drawn out separately and in its natural position, and the tree or shrub gently shaken two or three times, so that the soil will settle in between the roots, filling in compactly every inch of space. To finish the job in a workmanlike manner, the mounded soil should be firmly pressed with the feet around the body and

roots. This will prevent the swaying backward and forward of trees having tall, slender tops, like the apple, the cherry, and all of the shade-trees.

In lifting trees of this class from the nursery row, not more than half the feeding-roots can be saved. To balance this loss and save the trees, skilled gardeners usually cut off a corresponding portion of the tops at the time of transplanting. In case dry weather should set in early in the summer, it is a good plan to mulch the ground as far as the roots extend with salt hay, straw or other litter. This will keep the soil moist and of an even temperature, both of which conditions are congenial to the rapid growth of the roots. The plan is simple and inexpensive, and is a great safeguard against injury from the effect of a protracted drought.

P. T. Q.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Charles Kingsley.*

In this volume—a handsome octavo of five hundred pages—an excellent service has been rendered to the American reader by cutting away about one-half of the very full "Life of Kingsley" in its English form. Every page of this abbreviation is readable. Largely made up of Kingsley's letters, it has much of the characteristic quality of his own personality; and whatever faults may have been charged upon his books or himself, dullness was never one of them. This biography is a vivid presentation of a strong, racy, many-sided, and lovable character. It is full, too, of side-lights on the religious questionings, the social movements, and the scientific progress that have crowded the life of England for the last forty years.

Mr. Whittier, after warmly praising Kingsley's writings, says: "Since I have seen *him*, the man seems greater than the author." We think this will be the verdict of the readers of this Life. Indeed, some of the qualities that contributed to the worth and charm of the man were probably injurious to the literary perfection of his work. His sympathies were very wide and very warm. The practical impulse in him seems to have altogether dominated the contemplative and the æsthetic. He was a thinker and a poet, but, above all, he was a worker. These qualities go far to constitute a manhood which is more valuable than any literary success; but they are not altogether favorable to pure literary work, unless they are matched with an intellectual self-control and a capacity of spiritual tranquillity which were not among Kingsley's gifts. His novels especially are full of feverish hurry; there is scarcely a moment's rest or calm. He has so many things to say that they jostle each other, and the stream runs gurgling like water from an over-full bottle. He is so sincerely and constantly anxious to meet the reader's supposed doubts and difficulties, that at every point he hastens to apply the moral, and rarely lets the story speak for itself. Doubtless his most perfect and lasting work, from a literary standpoint, is in his short lyrics. He says in one of his letters that poetry is his proper element, and compares himself working in poetry or in prose to a seal moving in the water or on the land. But his poetry was a mere incident in a life mainly bent on other ends. The origin of "The Three Fishers" is told by Mr. John Martineau in the course of a most satisfactory description of Kingsley's character and life—a description which impresses one like a fine miniature,—sympathetic and just, and full of life-like touches. Often, says Mr. Martineau, trouble or sadness would result in the birth of a poem or song on some subject wholly unconnected with the disturbing circumstance, and with its production there seemed to come relief. Thus, in June, 1851, he preached a powerful sermon to working-men in a London church, and he had no sooner finished than the incumbent, who had asked him to preach, rose in the reading-desk and denounced the sermon. What hurt Kingsley most was the scandal and discredit to the Church, and the probability of increased estrangement between its clergy and the working-men. He went home the next day wearied and worn out, took an afternoon walk, and in the evening, as the outcome of it all, brought in "The Three Fishers"—after which the sky seemed to clear.

It would be useless to attempt in a paragraph even the briefest enumeration of the salient points in a mind and character so many-sided as Kingsley's. It was not only many-sided, but full of contradictions. His profound sympathy with the common people made him in some ways and at some times extremely democratic, yet he was full of aristocratic tastes and instincts. At one moment he felt that every human being was, as a child of God, of supreme dignity and worth; and almost the next moment he held an Englishman—and, above all, an English gentleman—as alone the noblest work of God, while a savage or a Spaniard was the devil's masterpiece. He was a sincere champion of liberty, but he had an innate sympathy with masterly strength that made him at times the eulogist of tyrants. His heart and his head impelled him to daring questioning of orthodox dogmas, yet he was wedded to the formularies of the English Church, and served on a committee to defend the Athanasian creed. But these contradictions, and many others, which in the bare statement sound inexplicable, find their ready explanation as we become acquainted with the man himself through the self-revelations of his letters and the testimony of his friends. One who has known him only through his published

* Charles Kingsley: His Letters, and Memories of his Life. Edited by his Wife. Abridged from the London Edition. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

writings and public acts ought, almost as an act of justice, to read this biography. His rollicking humor, his intense love of nature in all its aspects, his fullness of courage and manly virtue, his generous ardor for all the interests of humanity, his quick and warm response to every personal need that made its appeal to him, and a rare truth and tenderness in all domestic relations,—these, added to a true and varied endowment of genius, constituted Charles Kingsley a rare man. Perhaps if he had been more perfect he would have been less lovable. His excessive impetuosity, his eagerness to grasp at once all sides of truth, and his strong prejudices, contributed to a somewhat incongruous whole, but heightened that flavor of individuality which is the salt of life. To some of the great questions that pressed upon him his life gave a profounder answer than his books. His essays to explain the great problems of human existence are sometimes more courageous than satisfactory in their results. But to the great problem of all,—how a man shall meet life and death,—he gave in his own manly and Christian life and death a true and fruitful answer.

Hutton's "Essays in Criticism."*

We do not know how far Mr. Hutton's grouping together of essays on authors whom he considers to be naturally connected is an explanation after the fact. The arrangement certainly gives homogeneity to his volume; but it might be not unfairly accused, on the other hand, of a slight monotonousness. The subjects of these essays are "Goethe and his Influence," "Nathaniel Hawthorne," "Arthur Hugh Clough," "Wordsworth and his Genius," "George Eliot," and "Matthew Arnold." The common element and general bond between them, suggested by Mr. Hutton, is that of a certain doubt found in all of these writers, though not to the same extent nor with the same accentuation in each. What is interesting is that Mr. Hutton seems to handle this doubt in a sort of "vortical" way (if we may say so), turning the interior of it to the light, and always leading us to see something positive rather than negative in it. It may appear surprising that Wordsworth should be brought into this association; but he is included because the doubt which characterizes Mr. Hutton's subjects proceeds from self-consciousness of one sort or another. It does not seem to us that the author is so successful in explaining Hawthorne's self-consciousness as in dealing with the much plainer case of Goethe's. But in all these chapters there are to be found excellent passages of criticism, and a clear, good, unassuming style. Mr. Hutton's criticism is of the same school with Mr. Leslie Stephen's, and both show the influence of Matthew Arnold. Macaulay and Carlyle, antipodal as they are in some things, belong to a class of critics with whom individuality was a much stronger element than it is likely to be with future English critical writers; and though the newer, more simple manner, has many merits belonging to neither Carlyle nor Macaulay, it may also—as we are sometimes led to think, in perusing Mr. Hutton's volume—open the door to cultivated careful and thoughtful commonplace.

* Essays in Criticism. By Richard Holt Hutton. Philadelphia: Jos. H. Coates & Co.

Mrs. Piatt's Poems.*

The quality of artlessness, which was once so characteristic of the poetry of woman, has given place of late years to an obtrusive sense of art. It went out of fashion with Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon and Mrs. Norton, in England, and with Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood and others in this country. A change came over English poetry when their influence was declining, and the tuneful sisterhood who followed adapted themselves to it readily. The period of simple feeling was succeeded by a period of complex unrest.

Mrs. Piatt's poems are womanly, but after the fashion of the day. They are earnest and thoughtful, but they lack simplicity and tenderness. Sexless *noms de plume* puzzled the world in the Brontë sisters, and may do so again. Had Mrs. Piatt adopted one she would probably have perplexed her critics; if anything had resolved their doubts, and determined her sex, it would have been her poems about children, which are the best things that she writes. They interpret the child-nature, and minister to its fantastic demands. If Mrs. Piatt would but devote herself to this charming species of composition, and let her thoughts flow

> "In profuse strains of unpremeditated art,"

she might easily make herself the laureate of childhood. As it is, she frequently disappoints us with her artificiality. She is studied, and hard, and more dramatic in intention than her subject warrants. She is not enough a child with children, though she understands them, and is fond of them. Of the eight poems here entitled "With Children," the best are "The little boy I dreamed about," "If I had made the world," "More about fairies," and "The sad story of a little girl." The last, however, is so subtle that only an imaginative child would be likely to comprehend it. The distinguishing features of Mrs. Piatt's poetry are earnestness of thought and sincerity of feeling, and a laudable desire to attain perfection of form. Her struggle is to free herself from commonplace, both in conception and execution, and it is occasionally successful. "We Two" is as perfect as anything she has written. It suggests, perhaps, the poetic method of Mrs. Browning, though it is in no sense a reproduction thereof. Her mind, like the mind of most women, is subjective; but she is not satisfied with it, so she tries to make it objective. She does not wait for thought to come to her, but sallies out in search of thought. She endeavors to realize situations in which she has never been placed, and to gain wisdom from imaginary experiences; in other words, she strives to be superior to her own personality. She is not successful, of course, though she has occasionally achieved a *succès d'estime*, as in "The Gift of Empty Hands,"

* That New World and other Poems. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

"A Queen at Home," "The King's Memento Mori," and "Tradition of Conquest." The last-named piece, a touching little story of the great Duke of Marlborough, is worthy of any living poet. Would that Mrs. Piatt would write more such!

Two Novels of French Life.*

To read a novel of Octave Feuillet's has the effect upon one of a pretty dinner party. The senses are conscious of the presence of flowers; the men are so unexceptionable as to be nearly invisible; but we know that on each side of us there are women of the best breeding and manners in the prettiest dresses. There is, we think, no living novelist who writes of fine society so well as Feuillet. The silliness of most of our own writers upon the subject appears to be inevitable; even in England the describers of aristocratic life are apt to be dull or vulgar, and are very often both. The French have always been the example and the teachers of social grace to the world; and their writers are the best portrayers of polite society. But of them all, Feuillet appears to us to be the best. There is always in his stories a peculiar naturalness, simplicity and good breeding, and a certain gentle tone of refined good sense.

We have seen only the translation of "A Marriage in High Life," but it is evident that the translation is a good one. Occasionally there is a coarse stroke, but generally the author's thoughts are not expressed in phrases a mile too big for them. The story is a very interesting exhibition of the history of a French marriage. The lovers are married early in the book, and the novel is taken up with their subsequent troubles and miseries. The young couple appear to have had but a single morning together before their marriage, and then only to have escaped for a walk in the park against the express orders of Mamma. The incident suggests a state of manners so utterly unlike our own that it is worth repeating. The day before the marriage, Mamma, having many preparations to make, gave over to a certain aged female relative, who was deaf and an ogress, the duty of watching the young couple, with the most positive injunctions that they were not to be left by themselves. Mamma's back was no sooner turned than the ogress rose, and giving the young people the key to the garden and an adjoining wood, told them that there was no time in the whole history of love and marriage so happy as the day before the wedding. She accordingly bade them take themselves off. Astonished with the audacity of the proposal, the young people ran away delighted. An uncle, an old and short-winded general of infantry, is sent by Mamma in pursuit, but the lovers hide gleefully at his approach, and do not come back until they have had a long ramble, and exchanged many confidences.

The wedding duly takes place on the following day, and then begins the story, which is very entertaining and instructive. The danger to the happiness of wedded life among the upper class in France appears, from what M. Feuillet says, to be that the young wife throws herself with zest and enjoyment into the one life possible for her, that of society, while her husband, long grown tired of such amusements, prefers that she shall be "domestic." It is also shown that the ignorance of French women is a bar to real companionship with their husbands. For instance, M. de Rias, the husband in this novel, is writing a "History of French Diplomacy in the Eighteenth Century;" his poor little wife goes about telling everybody that it is the eighth century he is writing about, putting the date back before Charlemagne, when of course there was no such thing as French diplomacy. Feuillet is evidently of the opinion that in most unhappy French marriages, the fault is mainly on the part of the husband. The author, however, treats the husband in the present story with a respect which we do not think he is entitled to; he seems to us to be a selfish and brutal fellow.

"Sidonie" ("Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé"), by Alphonse Daudet, describes the life of a very different class. When we read novels like those of Feuillet, in which all the people are rich and idle, we begin to think that everybody has a right to be rich,—that everybody, indeed, is rich. Daudet, however, writes of young girls who work all day in factories; when their noon half-hour of rest comes they run to the church near at hand to look at a wedding, and hurry back to talk of the bride's heavy white silk, of her veil of real point, and to dream of a rich marriage. Sidonie herself is an apprentice in a factory. The story exhibits an interesting and somewhat surprising phase of French life; the line dividing the rich manufacturer and the poor operative is slighter than one would expect. The scene of "Sidonie" is laid mainly in and about a manufactory in Paris. The manufacturers live in a house adjoining their shop; and Sidonie, from the window of her tenement near at hand, looks into the garden of her richer neighbor. Though Sidonie is an operative she is yet the friend of the rich neighbor's little daughter, and their parents seem to be acquaintances. The author has a sincere sense of pity for the poor, and an unusual power of describing them; he has at the same time much pungent and amusing sarcasm and clear-seeing contempt for the sloth and folly which are often the cause of poverty. There are two worthless men in the book, drawn with uncommon satirical ability. These are Chèbe, the father of Sidonie, and an actor, Dolobelle, each of whom is supported by his wife. The character of Dolobelle is a very clever description of a solemn good-for-nothing. This man had been at one time a third-rate actor in a provincial theater; but in an evil hour had come to Paris, where for years he has been seeking an engagement. Dressed in very fine clothes, he spends his days upon the boulevards. The dress and the idleness are, of course, paid for by the labors of his wife and daughter, whose cunningly made beetles and hummingbirds the great Dolobelle is not ashamed once a week to carry to the factory. The women fervently

* A Marriage in High Life. By Octave Feuillet. Translated by Celia Logan. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Sidonie. By Alphonse Daudet. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

believed in him, and applauded him when he said, as he often did,—"I have no right to bid farewell to the theater." His fine clothes were worn for the effect on the coming manager. What manager, he asked, would engage him were he shabbily dressed and unshaven? These pictures of virtuous or contemptible poverty seem to us to be perhaps the best parts of the book, though the representation of Sidonie, a wicked and mischievous woman, is interesting and not without power.

The Shadow of the Sword.*

MR. BUCHANAN has been accused of writing prosy verse, and the present novel cannot quite escape the charge of having a good deal of poetical prose. But in comparison with its fine points this will prove a very slight blemish. There are undeniable influences at work on the style, and even occasionally, the contents. We imagine that a fastidious and carping critic, with a nose like the animals that hunt truffles, could pick out certain pages and say: Here we have the influence of Victor Hugo, and here of Carlyle, and here of this, and here of that. But to a novel-reader what does that matter? Suppose it true: the question is not originality, but amusement—the faculty of moving one. And how can that be denied "The Shadow of the Sword?" The central idea is a fine one, a magnificent cloudy image that is always hovering somewhere, no matter how beautiful the scene. As for his descriptions of the Brittany coast and the Brittany people, they are wonderfully clear and beautiful. You often feel that the author is not great; there is a certain tinge of effeminacy about his work every now and then, but he is always an artist, instinctively rejecting the ignoble and giving you the fine. Napoleon the First represents the sword and Rohan Gwenfern—though his doings hardly equal in importance the action demanded by so heroic a setting—is an ideal figure representing the limit which the insignificant can set to the power of the greatest. Were there less of it,—had Mr. Buchanan possessed the nerve to cut down his pages without remorse,—we fancy that "The Shadow of the Sword" would make far more of a stir than it does.

"The Childhood of the English Nation."†

OWING to the costliness of histories by authorities such as Palgrave, Freeman and others, the present short history of the early days of the English nation has been prepared. The chief deviation from other books of the kind consists in a greater minuteness in treating of the manners and habits of the inhabitants of England, more especially of London, between the eighth and twelfth centuries. The style is pleasant and stirring without departing from the gravity of one who deals with history. Naturally enough, the authorities of her own nation and language stand first in the estimation of this author; and while the work is good enough for the young, it can hardly be accepted by those who want to make a special study of England. For that purpose it would be necessary to read the authorities she acknowledges, and then correct their errors or prejudices by writers from a different stand-point. Freeman especially is a dangerous leader to follow blindly. However, a great deal of curious information is brought into a small compass, so that the value of the book does not necessarily lie in the tendencies, political and national, which prevail in it, so much as in the presenting of a great many facts about the old English which will help to bring their daily life before our eyes.

"Boys of Other Countries."*

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR has done a good thing in writing and collecting a series of stories about boys of other countries than our own. It seems to be admitted that writing successful books for young people is a severe test of literary ability. Not all the great and learned may be able to interest these sharp and relentless critics. Many an author has suffered an ignominious failure when he has sought to "come down" to the level of juvenile readers. It is this very coming down which has proved at the beginning the incompetency of the writer in the field of juvenile literature. Mr. Taylor's style is clear and simple, without being puerile. He understands the boy-nature well enough to know that he will be voted a bore if he laboriously stoops to the comprehension of his youthful audience. Accordingly his characters are invested with all the freshness and freedom of boy-life, and they behave precisely as boys might be expected to conduct themselves under similar circumstances anywhere.

The stories are five in number, and all but one relate to life and manners in the northern countries of Europe. One of the best, if not the best, is "Jon, of Iceland," a breezy sketch which was originally published in ST. NICHOLAS. This, like the others, is a story of out-of-doors. "The Young Serf" is a capital sketch of Russian life and character, and "The Little Post-Boy" is such a realistic bit of story-telling that one can almost see the young sledge-driver and feel the chill blasts which the traveler encountered on his far northern journey. Incidentally the book gives us some interesting views of foreign social domestic life and manners.

"The Religion of Evolution."†

THE great intellectual advance of our time being in the direction of physical science, it is remarkable that the prevalent attitude of religious teachers toward this department of thought is a purely defensive one. Most of them direct their efforts solely to showing that science has not disproved religion,

* The Shadow of the Sword. By Robert Buchanan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

† The Childhood of the English Nation. By Ellen S. Armitage. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Boys of Other Countries; Stories for American Boys. By Bayard Taylor. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York.

† The Religion of Evolution. By M. J. Savage, author of "Christianity, the Science of Manhood." Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

and to saving as much territory as possible from its encroachments. It seems to us that a more sympathetic and receptive disposition would probably discover, in the solid and well-assured results of scientific research, new material for the religious sentiment, and new sanctions to the great principles of morality. We look, therefore, with interest to the work of a clergyman who, like Mr. Savage, is in ardent sympathy with the tendencies of the philosophy of science, as well as an enthusiastic preacher of practical righteousness. His book is, in style, direct and fluent, animated throughout by warm feeling; and, while it often attacks other forms of belief with what we think unnecessary and unjustifiable severity, it is well adapted to impress and invigorate those who are in general sympathy with the writer. His tone of ardor and hopefulness is in itself a source of power; and he is at times very effective in showing the truly religious aspect of phases of opinion generally looked on by churchmen with suspicion or aversion. But in his hospitality toward new ideas, Mr. Savage reminds us of the historic tree, "so straight, it bent over backward." His easy dismissal of faiths that have nourished the world for thousands of years is matched by his unlimited confidence in to-day's latest bulletin of scientific hypothesis, as all-true and all-sufficient. Believing, as he tells us, in a God who "has inspired and led in all the past," as well as a God of the present and the future, he yet seems practically to relegate all beliefs older than the last decade to the limbo of vanity, and to find in this generation alone the children of light. From his contempt for the religion of ancient Israel, we fear he has not read Mr. Matthew Arnold's works so attentively as it becomes the votaries of science wedded to religion to do. His faith in "science" is boundless; but we do not find the ardor of faith matched by thoroughness of knowledge. He accepts the Evolution theory in its most sweeping form, though without ever telling us precisely what he understands by it, what common principles underlie the development of the solar system from the fire-mist, and the growth of man from the animal, or on what grounds he assumes that Evolution tends always in the direction of happiness and virtue. He finds in Evolution a key to solve all problems; yet, after his rapid demonstrations, we somehow find ourselves face to face with most of the old questions, not much helped by being told that "moral evil is only moral maladjustment." Mr. Savage's book suggests a wish we have felt before: that instead of being so much absorbed with the conclusions of science, and even its unproved hypotheses, theologians would indoctrinate themselves more in its *methods*,—would cultivate that close and impartial observation of facts, carefully guarded inference, and exact statement, which are the foundations of all real scientific work. The book before us is bright and readable, and has incidentally some very good sayings; for instance, "Even trivial gossip is only interest in our fellow-creatures that has turned a little sour;" or this, "In the classic religions of Greece and Rome, there was no devil; for the gods were bad enough to get along without one."

New English Books.

LONDON, March 3, 1877.

THOUGH the war cloud is lifted from the eastern horizon the complaints of dullness in all the professions connected with literature and art are as prevalent as ever, and there seems now little hope or expectation that the approaching London "season" will do much to mitigate the state of things now so long complained of. The sensation of the moment is unquestionably that caused by the appearance of Miss Martineau's "Autobiography." It was issued to the public two days ago, when the edition of two thousand copies was at once exhausted, and it is now reprinting. This first edition may in time become a bibliographical curiosity, as it is rarely that a book remains twenty years in the printer's warehouse after its completion. Such is the case with Volumes I. and II. of the "Autobiography." They bear the name of the local printer at Windermere, by whom they were executed for the writer, while the third volume is still almost "wet from the press" of Messrs. Clewes. It is needless to say anything about a book sure to attract sufficient animadversion, both in England and America, except that it is to be regretted that the same kindly construction claimed with so much frank simplicity by the authoress, for her own motives and action, was not extended to those of her acquaintance while she was etching her series of contemporary portraits with such a superabundance of *aqua fortis*. The details given respecting the construction of her works show their importance in the eyes of their writer. It is rather a satire on literary reputation that only two or three of Miss Martineau's slighter works are now "in print." The "Illustrations of Political Economy," the corner-stone of her fame, must now be searched for diligently before they can be found, and probably few readers under thirty-five years old have ever met with them. Her "History of the Peace," is alike difficult of acquisition in England. There is little doubt that these books have been unduly suffered to drop out of the world's notice, and the "Autobiography" will probably have the effect of resuscitating them.

Much of the apparent apathy of English publishers is owing to the diversion of their enterprise in a new direction, where its effects are less visible to general readers. This is toward educational literature in its widest sense. It is impossible to note the new school-houses rising in every part of the metropolis and over the kingdom, and to watch, however slightly, the working of the Compulsory Education Act, without feeling that a new day must soon be dawning on the providers of books when ten readers will be found in place of every one at present, with new wants and requirements likely to extend immeasurably the demand now existing for literary food. Just now the working of these causes is seen in the overflow of excellent text-books preparing at the call of almost every publisher by the leading

men in every department of literature and science. A few years back, it must be remembered, the only upward step from the ordinary elementary instruction was into the dead languages, where the learner generally remained floundering to the end of his pupilage. Now among the entirely new studies in every school of any pretensions, the most admirable helps are English philology and early literature, history—conceived as a whole, and not in detached sections—and natural and physical science. Judging from the books published, less attention seems devoted to mathematics, and to modern foreign languages, than their importance deserves.

The churlish maxim that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," is now practically superseded by that announced seven hundred years ago by Robert of Gloucester: "For the more a man knoweth the more worth is he"—and it is probably to a compliance with the latter sentiment that we owe the number of "condensations," "abridgments," etc., now daily brought out. One of the most successful undertakings of this class has been Messrs. Blackwood's "Ancient Classics for English Readers,"—so much so, indeed, that they are now about to extend this idea in a new series, "Foreign Classics for English Readers," for the purpose of introducing to a wider class the knowledge of the great writers of Italy, France, Germany and Spain, and to render their leading works something more than mere names learned by rote, without any real familiarity with their contents. The series will be under the general editorial charge of Mrs. Oliphant, and the first volume (now shortly to be expected) will be entitled "Dante, an Account of his Life and Works," and is by the editor. Miss Martineau's "Autobiography" carries the reader at once back to the palmy days of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" forty years ago, when the first real impulse to the extending of the popular culture was undoubtedly given by that and similar enterprises. It is remarkable that, however the fruits of the movement may endure, scarcely anything is left of its machinery—the crowd of "Libraries," "Penny Magazines," etc., that then took such efficient hold of the public and did good service in their time. They have been succeeded by fresher modes and forms of instruction, until the only surviving undertaking of the kind, of that date, is the one still flourishing in perennial youth as "Bohn's Libraries." This success is probably due to its being based upon sound trade knowledge and experience, as well as upon good literary taste, and in the same spirit it is still conducted. Among its latest issues are a complete edition of the Discourses Eucheiridion and Fragments of Epictetus, the celebrated Stoic philosopher, edited by Professor George Long. Probably very few of the scholars of this literary veteran, who received instruction from him at the University of Virginia in 1824, while he was Professor of Ancient Languages there, are now capable of as much intellectual activity. His Epictetus was intended at first to be merely a revision of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's translation; but on proceeding he found reason to discard it, and make an entirely new version. It is accompanied by notes, etc., that furnish every help requisite for the complete understanding of the author. Other new volumes are "Gesta Romanorum" (a famous collection of stories of monastic origin in the middle ages, constantly referred to by the old English poets, etc., as the readers of Warton's "History of English Poetry" may remember), edited by W. Hooper, and a new edition of Sir Charles Bell's "Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression as connected with the Fine Arts," with the original illustrations by the author. This forms the first volume of a new series, called "The Artists' Library," and will be followed by Leonardo da Vinci's "Treatise on Painting."

The "Biography of Macaulay," by his nephew, has just reached a second edition, in the same shape as the previous one. Its claim to attention raises the question of how far it is proper, or expedient, or indeed just to its purchasers, to change the matter of a book once given to the world. We are told in the preface that though the first edition was intended to be as complete as possible—new lights have broken in on the author in the last nine months,—such as have been supplied by the "hunting up of astray letters;" "the recalling of half forgotten anecdotes;" "the reduction to shape of floating reminiscences," etc., etc., and that these have been woven into the substance of the book to its manifest improvement. As it is not the custom in England to stereotype books of this class, changes are readily made in a new edition; but as the contrary practice prevails in America, it is difficult to see how readers can be put in possession of all these minutes, occurring, it is said, on almost every page of the new edition, without the sacrifice (greater, we doubt, than the publishers would willingly incur) of the first set of stereotype plates.

The great number of small religious and devotional books, rarely rising beyond a local celebrity, and forming the chief stocks of the smaller retail book-sellers, both in town and country, still continue to be produced in as great quantity as ever. But when we find the oldest and most conservative house in the trade issuing books like Professor Kuenen's (of Leyden) "Prophets and Prophecy in Israel," and Dr. Goldziher's "Mythology among the Hebrews and its Historical Development," we may feel assured that the widest range of divergence from the popular standard of orthodoxy is no longer attended with the obloquy that formerly drew down on those who exercised it a social ostracism of the severest kind. Professor Kuenen's book, a massive volume of 650 pages, is devoted to the purpose of proving that the phenomena of prophecy, usually accepted as of supernatural origin, may all be accounted for on natural grounds, and are explicable, organically, by reference to the peculiar religious character of the people, whose creation it was, and by their history. Dr. Goldziher's "Hebrew Mythology" enjoys the advantage of being translated by Mr. Russell Martineau, the author of the English version of Ewald's "History of Israel," and contains additions by Professor Steinthal, of Berlin, the first scholar

who undertook the subject. The book forms indeed the companion and complement to one that has met with much currency in the United States, the Rev. Wm. Coxe's "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," but it is a work of far greater learning and originality. It aims to deduce from the traditions of the Semitic nations the same general results that follow from an analysis of those of the Aryans. The author shows that—as long as the psychological unity of mankind is admitted, each race and nation must pass through the same succession of mythological ideas and expressions. The period of historic truth, with the Israelites, he dates from the settlement of the nation as an agricultural community in Palestine, when their nomadic tendencies (so long dominant, and the time when their myth-creating faculty was in full activity) were finally discarded.

The prospect for the future is not totally barren, and many books of interest may be looked forward to. Lawyers make capital subjects for biography, so that the "Autobiography and Correspondence of the famous Advocate, Sir James Scarlett, Lord Abinger," should have more than mere professional attraction. "The Cradle of the Blue Nile; a Visit to the Court of King John of Ethiopia," by E. A. de Cosson, two volumes, relates to a portion of Africa unduly neglected since the days of Bruce, whose great discovery (as he supposed it) was on that branch of the river. The new portion of Mr. Symonds's great work on the "History of the Renaissance in Italy," is occupied with the revival of learning, and the fine arts, and will form two volumes octavo. Matthew Arnold's "Last Essays on Church and Religion" (how truly so named the future will show) may be expected next month,—as well as the "Lectures on Poetry delivered at Oxford," by Sir Francis Doyle, Professor of Poetry in the University. When the "History of Ancient Egypt," by Professor George Rawlinson, appears it will form, in connection with his "Great Oriental Monarchies" and his annotated edition of "Herodotus," a library of ancient history that does credit to English scholarship and the London press. "The Life and Times of Simon de Montford," with special reference to the growth of the English Constitution, by G. N. Prothero, of Cambridge, is another tribute (like his "Life" just published by Professor Pauli) to the unquestioned founder of representative government in Europe, and as such should attract attention in the country where its institutions have taken wider root. A new series of "Short Studies on Great Subjects," by Mr. J. A. Froude (the historian), is the third volume of similar scope and object. "Sketches of Ottoman History," by the Rev. R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, is by the successor in the seat of Dean Milman, who is said to bid fair to rank as high in literature as his predecessor. "The Schools of Charles the Great and the Restoration of Education in the Ninth Century," by J. B. Mullinger, will bring great reading and erudition to bear on an important topic.—A book-seller at Bristol lately came into possession of a queer-looking volume bound in goat-skin, and fastened with two brass clasps of homely workmanship; on examination, the name of "Samuel Mather, his book, 1680," was visible, and it proved to contain fourteen quarto tracts by Increase Mather and other of his family, mostly presentation copies to his son Samuel, many with his MS. corrections and additions. The price asked for the volume is three hundred and fifty pounds. If not already on its way to the United States it is sure to go there, sooner or later. * * *

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Steam Plowing and Traction Engines.

THIS class of motors exhibits two novel features that will tend to make them more firm and stable upon the ground, save them from the excessive strains to which they are now liable, and will materially reduce their cost. The most simple device is the introduction of a frame, resembling a locomotive frame, and the removal of the cylinder from the top of the boiler to the frame and under the boiler over the forward truck. This lowers the center of gravity and releases the boiler from the strains caused by the motion of the engine. Only one cylinder is used, and the place of the second cylinder is taken by a heater for the feed water. The second improvement is quite as radical, and consists of the entire removal of the heavy and complicated winding drum and gearing used in ordinary plowing engines, and the employment of the driving wheels as drums on which to wind the ropes that pull the plows. To do this, the driving wheels are made with double tires, and between them is placed a drum, of somewhat smaller diameter, and securely fixed to the wheels. Extra tire plates are put on when the engine is used as a traction engine on the road. When used for plowing these tire plates are removed, and the rear of the engine is lifted from the ground and supported on blocks. This leaves the driving wheels free to revolve, and they may then be used as winding drums in plowing. The engine is furnished with appliances for raising the fire-box end from the ground, when it is to be blocked up and has suitable frames or supports for holding it on the blocks. This arrangement gives the engine two winding drums, and without extra gearing, and takes all the strains caused by the winding machinery from the boiler. These two novel features, the removal of the cylinder to a separate frame and the use of the wheels as winding drums, have not yet been combined in one engine, but they show the advances that have recently been made in this valuable class of engines.

Oil as a Steam Fuel.

THE use of oil in generating steam, both in marine, stationary and locomotive boilers, has already made some progress, and by means of various forms of furnaces, the difficulties attending its use have been overcome with more or less success. In steamships quite a number of oil-burning furnaces are now in use and good results are reported of them. Among the more recent appliances for burning oils in steam-boilers is a shallow pan of fire-clay or iron, designed to be placed on the fire-bars of an ordinary steam-furnace. In this pan are a great number of conical projections rising slightly above the bottom, and each pierced with a small hole at the top. Steam pipes, 13 millimeters (½ in.) in diameter are taken around and across this pan, about 11 millimeters (⅜ in.) from the bottom so that fine jets of steam may be distributed through small holes (2 millimeters in diameter) to all parts of the pan. Other pipes are added for supplying water and oil. On starting the apparatus a heavy hydro-carbon is run into the pan till the bottom is covered, and then a film of water is flowed over the heavy oil, the two liquids rising to the level of the steam pipes. The oil used is heavy enough to float the water, and with lighter oils the water is not used. On applying fire the oil rises through the water in bubbles, and burns freely above it all over the pan. Steam (probably superheated) is turned on and a vigorous and smokeless combustion begins and is steadily maintained so long as the supply of oil and steam is kept up. The use of the film of water is claimed to be an advantage in retarding the combustion of the oil, and in raising it to a lighter or gaseous form. The steam jets are designed to assist in creating a powerful draught through the numerous holes in the pan, and thus supply the fire with an abundance of air. This device appears to be chiefly valuable for its ingenious introduction of fresh air to all parts of the flame. Otherwise, it may have no special advantage over the usual forms of hydrocarbon furnaces.

Improved Process in the Manufacture of Rubber Goods.

BY the use of a new material for the molds used in making shoes and other goods of rubber, or other substances that may be vulcanized, one of the two molds hitherto used in such work is dispensed with, and seamless shoes, having a superior finish both outside and in, have been made, at a material gain in time and labor. The rubber is dissolved in naphtha, or other solvent, and glass molds, or cores, of the desired goods are dipped in the liquid rubber and then lifted out and allowed to stand in the air till the naphtha evaporates. This leaves a seamless film of rubber on the molds, and, when it is dry, the dipping is repeated till a sufficient thickness of rubber is obtained. The molds with the rubber adhering to them are then put into the vulcanizing apparatus, and the process of manufacture is continued in the usual manner. After the goods are vulcanized they may be readily slipped off the molds and they then show a good finish on both sides.

Solid Wood Floors.

THESE floors have been recommended for their great strength and their fire-resisting qualities. The walls of the building are put up in the usual manner, except that a ledge or shelf for supporting the floor is formed on every side. Planks or boards of uniform width, generally from 23 to 28 centimeters (9 to 11 in.) for spans of 7.62 meters (25 ft.) are selected, and the first board is placed on edge along the ledge on the outside (street) wall. Another board is laid beside this and the two are spiked or screwed together. Another board is laid next and fastened to the last, and in this manner the floor is built from wall to wall, making a solid wooden slab, or sheet, without openings, and as thick as the boards are wide. At the front and back of the building the floor rests along its whole length on the walls and at the sides it is supported at the ends of each board. To give greater solidity, sections, or the whole mass, of the floor may be tied together with iron rods fastened with bolts and nuts at each end. Such a floor may be simply planed off on top, or may be covered with cement, or with marble or tiles bedded in plaster-of-Paris. Below it may be left rough or painted, or it may be covered with wire netting, and plastered and treated as an ordinary ceiling. Roofs and floors constructed in this manner would survive a fire above or below for some time even if entirely exposed; and protected with plaster-of-Paris on both sides, would resist great heat for an indefinite time. Walls of plank and boards laid one over the other are common in grain elevators and this style of solid plank floor would be neither difficult to make, nor would it be much more expensive than the usual fire-proof floors of brick and iron.

New Apparatus for Raising Water.

A NEW water-raising device, employing ammoniacal gas, somewhat on the principle of the pulsometer, has been introduced. It consists of a heater for holding the gas in water, and a tank for the water to be lifted, the two being placed side by side and joined together by a pipe at the top. The heater is partly filled with a strong aqueous solution of ammoniacal gas, and the tank is filled nearly full of water. A little oil is then poured into the tank at the top, and this floats on the water, forming a thin film on its surface. Inlet and outlet pipes are provided for the tank, the inlet furnishing a fresh supply from a well, or other source, and the outlet leading to the reservoir, each pipe being provided with the proper valves. Otherwise, the tank and heater are air-tight. On starting a fire under the heater, the water in it, that at 75° Fahr. will hold 743 times its volume of ammoniacal gas, parts with it at 142° Fahr., and the gas rises in the heater and begins to expand. At 212° Fahr. it has a tension of 7½ atmospheres, and this pressure is communicated to the water in the tank, and drives it out through the outlet pipe. The film of oil here acts as a piston to prevent the gas from being absorbed by the water, and as soon as the water has been nearly all

driven out of the tank, the fire is withdrawn, and a jet of cold water is turned upon the heater. The water is at once cooled, and it re-absorbs the gas. This forms a vacuum in the water-tank, and fresh water enters, lifting the film of oil, and restoring the apparatus to its original condition. The operation may then be repeated indefinitely, subject only to the leakage and waste of the gas. This apparatus is reported to lift water at only a fraction of the cost of steam-pumping.

Safety Train Lights.

A FLASHING light that indicates the speed and distance of a train, and shows whether it is at rest or in motion, has been introduced as a rear light on freight trains. It is formed of two lights,—one red and one white,—and designed to be placed one on each side of the rear (caboose) car, so that they may be seen in both directions on the line. A simple device for hiding the lights at intervals is affixed to each lamp so that it may be made to "flash" or alternately appear and disappear, and by suitable gearing this is connected with one of the axles of the car. While the car is at rest the lights are steadily visible, when the train moves the lights flash once for each revolution of the wheels, and thus its movement and actual speed can be easily estimated as far as the lights can be seen. Another advantage results from the fact that the white light is visible at a greater distance than the red. The engineer of a following train may from this keep within the limit of a safe distance by keeping the flashing white light fully visible and the flashing red light dim or quite obscure, and by coming to a stop the moment the flashing runs slow or stops, and the lights become fixed and steadily visible.

Memoranda.

RECENT experiments in electro-plating with aluminum, cadmium, bismuth, antimony, and palladium are reported by Mr. A. Bertrand. He obtained deposits of aluminum by decomposing the double chloride of aluminum and ammonium, a sheet of copper, forming the negative pole of a powerful battery, soon took a good white film that submitted admirably to the burnisher. The double chloride of magnesium and ammonium in an aqueous solution was readily decomposed and gave good deposits of magnesium on copper. Cadmium was deposited from the bromide, to which a little sulphuric acid had been added. The sulphate is also reported as giving strongly adhesive deposits if acidulated. Bismuth was deposited from a double chloride of bismuth and ammonium, and gave a film that might be useful in art-work. Antimony is reported as deposited from a solution of the double chloride of antimony and ammonium at normal temperatures, and deposits of palladium from the double chloride of palladium and ammonium. Hess recommends the coating of common iron hardware articles with brass by first cleaning them with acid, giving a coat of copper, and then immersing in a bath consisting of 2½ parts of sulphate of copper, 20 parts of sulphate of zinc, and 45 parts of cyanide of potassium in 300 parts of water. The anode employed should be two plates of zinc and copper of equal size, and to modify the color of the brass plating, one or the other of these may be sunk deeper in the water.

A pocket photometer, useful in estimating the candle power or photometric value of gas or other lamps, and in determining the time of exposure in photographic work, has been recently brought out. It consists of a small tube, resembling a telescope, fitted with a number of movable leaves of waxed paper. Looking through it at any source of light shows a small luminous circle on which is painted a figure expressing the candle power of the light. Within the tube is a number of sheets of waxed paper, one or more of which may be used at once in looking at any light. With one sheet, a certain quantity of light is admitted; with two, a certain quantity of the light, expressed by the figure on the sheet, is cut off, and in this manner, more and more leaves may be added till the light is obscured. The last leaf that is thus added before the light disappears expresses the photometric value of the light.

The wire-rope system of transport has attracted increased attention of late and exhibited new improvements and applications. The most important improvement is a new form of clutch for holding the suspended loads on the rope, and thus permitting of inclines, as steep as one in three, on the line without danger of slipping. The system has found a new field of usefulness in moving coal and goods to vessels anchored off shore in shallow waters. The rope is supported on piles set up in the water, and reaches from the shore to a barge or other landing in deep water, or it goes direct to the ship, the last post being alongside the vessel.

The use of lantern projections as a basis or sketch in painting drop scenes, theatrical scenery, and large pictures, is attracting the attention of scenic artists. The plan is to project photographs or other pictures upon the scenery as upon a screen, and to trace or paint the chief features of the landscape or interior upon the canvas from the projection. This saves all trouble in drawing the perspective, or in enlarging the picture to the required size, as the lantern can be adjusted to any projection from one to fifteen meters (from 39⅓ inches to 50 feet, 10 inches), with all parts of the picture in their natural proportions.

Wire ropes for mines, elevators, and the transmission of power are now being made of the comparatively new alloy, phosphor bronze. These ropes are said to retain their pliability after long use and to resist the action of the corrosive waters found in mines.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE LIONS AT THE PARK.

The Poet in a Grocery.

Dim world of box and shelf, and fragrance brought
From lands remote! the while I linger here,
A princely pageant wanders through my thought,
And fills my soul with cheer.

It brings to me the fullness of a feast,
Like the great Romans knew in olden days,
Rich with the dainty perfume of the East,
That Horace used to praise.

This faint, soft odor tells of Java's isle,
Girt with its radiant belt of shining sea,
And calls up dreams of other days, where smile
The faces dear to me.

Here, too, I greet the essence of the cane,
That waves its feathery leaves on Cuba's shore,
And sends its sweets across the wind-swept main,
To add to comfort's store.

In those square boxes, rich with figures quaint,
Lie crisp, green leaves from populous Cathay,
That make a beverage would tempt a saint
Back to his home of clay.

No doubt these dates from distant Joppa came,
And grew where glows the sands of Araby;
They hold enshrined the hot sun's burning flame,
Sent from a cloudless sky.

These raisins came from Malaga I know;
They have the purple light of sunny Spain,
Caught when the morning first began to show
Along Granada's plain.

And yonder figs from Smyrna, grew where rise
The slender minarets Damascus holds;
Ah, what a dainty sweetness shrouded lies
Within their creamy folds!

That flaky cheese, with such a tickling twang,
Which gives the palate zest to take some more,
Was made where maidens bright in gladness sang,
On the Miami's shore.

The wheat whence came these crackers crisp and white,
Grew on the western prairie's level sweep,
Where Mississippi rolls in silent might
On to the boundless deep.

This golden butter, fit for kings to eat,
Vermont has yielded from its meadows green:
You know it by its perfume, faint and sweet,
And its rich, yellow sheen.

These pickles are from England, sharp and tart,
They give the appetite a sudden glow;
And this sweet ginger warms the coldest heart
Our northern clime can show.

In that long box lie fish that have been caught
Upon the banks along Newfoundland's shore;
And yonder salmon has been lately brought
From stormy Labrador.

This crimson jelly guava is, I know,
Its delicate aroma tells its name;
That macaroni, white as drifted snow,
From far-famed Naples came.

Ah, what a dainty feast in these doth lie!
How can one choose, when toward all he leans?
What is it that I wish? Oh, yes, well I—
I'll take a pint of beans.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Cousin Will.

I STROLLED last night in musing mood,
Reflecting on my lonely state;
Till, wearied out at last, I paused
And leaned upon a garden gate.
The old moon's mellow radiance hung
In golden mists among the trees,
Faint odors, borne from distant flowers,
Ebbed idly on the evening breeze.

As thus I stood, absorbed in thought,
I pressed against the gate too hard,
It opened with a sudden jerk,—
I found myself within the yard.
A form came gliding down the walk;—
Soft arms embraced me, as, perplexed,
I stood one blissful moment, while
A sweet voice soothed my ear; the next
It rose into a shriek, then sobbed:
"O sir, how could you keep so still!
When all the time I *know* you knew
I thought you were my cousin Will."

* * * * *

These stars are moons, or rather months;
Just five have flitted since that night,
And two of these have calmly shone
Upon our wedded life. It quite
Surprises me to think of it.
And she is queenly, tall and fair,
With lustrous eyes, and such a wealth
Of—well we call it auburn hair.

* * * * *

"So late?" I've just come from the club;
My wife sits silent, but a light,
Unseen before, lurks in her eye.
Once more I muse on that calm night
When first she met me at the gate,
And wonder, while her eyes flame still,
If ever I, in days to come,
Shall wish it *had* been cousin Will.

PHILIP MORSE.

Mahsr John.

I HEAHS a heap o' people talkin', ebrywhar I goes,
'Bout Washintum an' Franklum, an' sech genuses as dose:
I s'pose dey's mighty fine, but heah's de p'int I's bettin' on:
Dere wuzn't nar a one ob 'em come up to Mahsr John.

He shorely wuz de greates' man de country ebber growed—
You better had git out de way when *he* come 'long de road!
He hel' his head up dis way, like he 'spised to see de groun';
An' niggers had to toe de mark when Mahsr John was 'roun'.

I only has to shet my eyes, an' den it seems to me
I sees him right afore me now, jes' like he use' to be,
A-settin' on de gal'ry, lookin' awful big an' wise,
Wid little niggers fannin' him to keep away de flies.

He alluz wore de berry bes' ob planters' linen suits,
An' kep' a nigger busy jes a-blackin' ob his boots;
De buckles on his galluses wuz made of solid gol',
An' diamon's!—dey wuz in his shu't as thick as it would hol'.

You heered me! 'twas a caution, when he went to take a ride,
To see him in de kerridge, wid ol' Mistis by his side—
Mulatter Bill a-dribin, an' a nigger on behin':
An' two Kaintucky hosses tuk 'em tearin' whar dey gwine.

Ol' Mahsr John wuz pow'ful rich—he owned a heap o' lan':
Fibe cotton places, 'sides a sugar place in Loozyan';
He had a thousan' niggers—an' he worked 'em, shore's you born!
De oberseahs ud start 'em at de breakin' ob de morn.

I reckon dere wuz forty ob de niggers, young an' ol',
Dat stayed about de big house, jes' to do what dey wuz tol';
Dey had a easy time, wid skacely any work at all—
But dey had to come a-runnin' when ol' Mahsr John ud call!

Sometimes he'd gib a frolic—dat's de time you seed de fun:
De 'ristocratic fam'lies, dey ud be dar, ebry one;
Dey'd hab a band from New Orleans to play for 'em to dance,
An' tell you what, de *supper* wuz a *'ticler* sarcumstance.

Well, times is changed. De war it come an' sot de niggers free,
An' now ol' Mahsr John aint hardly wuf as much as me;
He had to pay his debts, an' so his lan' is mos'ly gone—
An' I declar' I's sorry for my pore ol' Mahsr John.

But when I heahs 'em talkin' 'bout some sullybrated man,
I listens to 'em quiet, till dey done said all dey can,
An' den I 'lows dot in dem days 'at I remembers on,
Dat gemman warn't a patchin' onto my ol' Mahsr John!

IRWIN RUSSELL.

What is Love?

BY AN INFATUATED SCIENTIST.

"But the speculative faculty, of which imagination forms so large a part, will nevertheless wander into regions where the hope of certainty would seem to be entirely shut out."—
TYNDALL ON THE SCIENTIFIC USE OF THE IMAGINATION.

AH Love! is love effect caloric
In molecules, due to contraction?
Give but an answer categoric,
Not terms of *y*, a mere abstraction.

O Love! is love but an affection
Of the cerebral convolution?
Or but a sequence of selection
Depending upon evolution?

Say, Love! is love but kinematic
Vis viva found by calculation?
Or ecstasy a state *x* static?
Or "plus" a term for ad (d) oration?

Or, Love! is love a thing magnetic?
Are hearts responsive to the action
Of other hearts drawn sympathetic
Within the sphere of your attraction?

Tell, Love! is love some rare elixir
Caught from scarce herbs, distilled in fractions,
And formulated by the mixer
In "Philosophical Transactions?"

Speak, Love! is love atomic power,
By chemic art brought from infinity?
Do hearts like alkali and sour,
Loving, form one through pure affinity?

Then what is love? Ah, theme prolific,
Not like Tyndallian undulation;
'Tis known but by *un*-"scientific
Uses of the imagination."

PARK BENJAMIN, JR.

BLISS.

This is not a museum, nor a crockery store, but simply Arabella's reception-room. She is slightly touched with the fashion for old china, Majolica, Fayence, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

Song.

HEIGH-HO! Heigh-ho! Summer has come with
its roses fair;
And blue-eyed Nora with golden hair,
Goes dancing and singing the whole day through;—
Dancing and singing with wild, glad joy,
For she has found her lover true.

Alack! Alack! Summer has gone and the roses
are dead;
And blue-eyed Nora with drooping head,
Goes sighing and sobbing the whole day through;—
Sighing and sobbing with broken heart,
For she has found her lover untrue.

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! Summer once more and
roses fair;
And blue-eyed Nora without a care,
Goes dancing and singing the whole day through;—
Dancing and singing without a grief,
For another lover has come so true.

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

"Auld Lang Syne."

WHEN my work is finished for the day,
Or rather for the day and night,
And in my room the moonbeams stray
(I love to muse in Luna's light),
I fling my feet upon a chair,
And there, for contemplation ripe,
I turn my back on toil and care,
And light my pipe.

Then, as with drowsy, half-closed eye,
I puff the brown narcotic weed
Back to the past I swiftly fly
On memory's velocipede.

My native village comes in view—
'Tis now a city famed for trade;
Alas, to think it thrived and grew
Without my aid!

I tread the well-remembered grove
Where I have sat for hours and hours,
And talked with Nell, my youthful love,
And wreathed her brow with wildwood flowers.
I wished no greater bliss than that—
To have her near was joy enough.
Ho-hum—poor Nell! she grew quite fat,
And took to snuff.

Again upon the river's brink,
A freckled urchin, spare but spry,
With rod and line, I sit and think
I'll get a nibble by and by.
The sun goes down—the court-house dome
Grows dimmer in the fading light,
And I at last am driven home
To get a bite.

I stand beside my grandma's knee,
While she about her girlhood tells;—
Her accents falter, and I see
Big tears behind her spectacles.
She comes in visions when I sleep,
The same kind soul so spry and chipper—
I hear her laugh—I see her weep—
I *feel* her slipper.

A saucy lad, I tread again,
With shout and gibe, the village pave;
Grim deacons and lean aldermen
Look on with countenances grave.
My capers strike these worthies dumb—
They look upon me as a fiend;
They wag their heads, and sigh "He'll come
To some bad end."

And they were right. Could they but rise
And view me at my work to-day,
They'd rub their dim, old fogy eyes,
And to each other grimly say:
"He's writing for the press, ye see!"
And as they sadly turned to go,
Methinks they'd sigh, remorsefully,
"I told ye so!"

PARMENAS MIX.

Lines to a Young Lady.

FAIR Flora, when the sunbeams lave
The valley green, and gild the wave
Until it looks like wine;
And you arise from sweet repose,
And go to pluck the dewy rose
Within your hair to twine;—

Whene'er you watch the ocean swells,
While gath'ring pearly, pink-lined shells
The shining beach upon,
And see the porpoise frisk and play,
Sweet mistress of my soul, I pray
Your overshoes you'll don.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

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FRANCE TO AMERICA.

AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI.

WHAT with circulars, illustrated papers, and pictures in shop-fronts, the views of the great statue here presented, designed by the sculptor Bartholdi for New York Harbor, will not be new. Yet it may be of interest to learn more of the sculptor; it may amuse people to hear something about the career of a man to whom an honor so

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signal has been given, and perhaps to see a picture or two of the various statues which he has already completed.

Bartholdi has been selected from the long list of artists in France, a country which at the present day stands incontestably first among Western nations in respect to art. Moreover, his work is an international one, designed to draw closer the natural bonds of sympathy between Frenchmen and Americans, and intended to remind all men of the early alliance of the two peoples, as well as the political action and reaction they have at various times exercised upon each other. It would be strange if a new and untried man should have been appointed for such a task: the present sketch may serve to show that the sculptor has already won a position by a goodly array of excellent works.

Auguste Bartholdi is from Alsatia,—a debated ground which has reared illustrious men ever since Kelts and Teutons first began there either to quarrel and kill, or to take each other in marriage, according as peace or war happened to be the order of the day. The heavy-handed Teuton, understanding the power of union and being less inclined to civil wars, has usually been the apparent victor, but the lithe Kelt has reaped the fruits of his antagonist's victory, and in the long run has so mastered the dull strength of the conqueror that the latter has generally been ready, after the lapse of a certain number of generations, to deny his own origin and ancestry for the sake of claiming that of his victims. We may presume M. Bartholdi's ancestors in the female line to have sprung from such mixed stock as this, and to have got from one race the fire, inventive talent, inspiration of the Kelt,—from the other, the endurance and patient laboriousness of the German. In the line of males, however, the descent is not from an original French ancestor, but an Italian, as the termination of the name might suggest. The original Bartholdi hailed from the north of Italy in the neighborhood of Lake Como and came to Alsatia and Colmar some two hundred years ago. Colmar is a small town which unites to a modern bloom of manufactures the agreeable flavor of antiquity to be found in a cathedral of the fourteenth century and various other old buildings. His descendants have been citizens of Colmar ever since and have been, as a rule, clothed with some sort of authority, either spiritual or temporal. But for the most part the Bartholdis have been preachers of the gospel. Hence the sculptor can not only claim for his immediate forebears the respectability of the cloth, but represents in himself at least three countries, namely, Italy, France and Germany. He is therefore more peculiarly fitted by descent to be the builder of a statue for America than if he were of less mixed parentage; for what are Americans but the result of a fusing together of the diverse nationalities of Europe?

But we ourselves have not been without an example of his talent in the United States. Before the presentation to New York of the statue of the young Lafayette, now standing at the head of Broadway on Union Square, Boston possessed a specimen of his craft. Every one who has been near the modern quarter of Boston, lying on made ground close upon the Back Bay, must remember the square church tower on which stand angels with gilded trumpets at the four corners just below the eaves. They lean out from the tower in such high relief that they almost form complete statues against the sky. The angels call attention to four friezes that run between them; instead of being near the street they are high up on the tower above the roofs of the adjoining buildings. These were modeled in M. Bartholdi's *atelier* in Paris. The figures on them are many, and have been cut in a peculiar style of bass-relief in order to overcome the height a which they stand as well as the sharp angle at which a person on the street below has to regard them. It is not generally known that the head on one of the figures is a likeness of President Lincoln. New York followed Boston in owning a specimen of Bartholdi's work when French citizens presented her with the Lafayette just mentioned. The energetic side of the sculptor's character is already seen in this bronze. He has made a portrait of Lafayette as he looked in his earliest days of fame, when, being still almost a boy in years, he was stung by the insolent indifference with which an English prince of the royal blood spoke of the discontented Americans. The authorities for his face and figure at that date were found in records of the government to which Bartholdi gained access in Paris. In this way Lafayette must have looked when he escaped from France in order to put himself at the orders of Washington. To express his impetuosity, his generosity of temperament, and to embody his response to Washington, M. Bartholdi has represented him in suspended but decided action. He has taken advantage of the fact that a

noble equestrian statue of Washington, by Brown, stands on Union Square not far from the site proposed. Hence he has made him in the act of taking a step in the direction of the great general and sweeping toward him with his left hand a mute offer

LAFAYETTE STATUE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

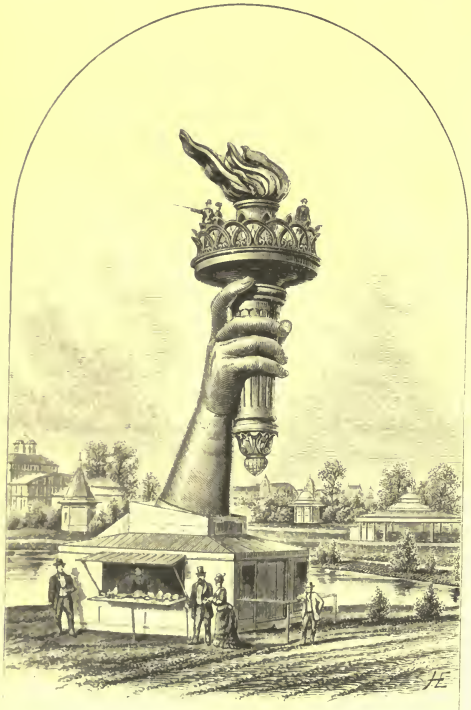
of his services. His right presses a sword to his breast with a gesture of devotion and as if making a vow. We may imagine the moment to be that when Washington told him that the American troops he would have to lead were badly drilled and worse equipped. "I have come hither," said Lafayette, "not to criticise, but to learn."

The young enthusiast in the cause of liberty stands on the prow of a galley, symbolically treated, which commemorates his adventurous trip over the Atlantic. How different-looking a man Lafayette afterward became can be seen in a picture hanging among the Lenox pictures at the library in Central Park. It was taken during his triumphal visit to the United States some fifty years ago. The lower part of the face had grown heavy and wrinkled. But the picture shows only a curious later phase of the real man, for of course Lafayette will always be the French noble youth who, by resolving to devote his energies to the liberty of the American nation, hastened and perhaps compelled the court of France into active measures against England.

But a subject which gave Bartholdi even better scope for the energy of his temperament was a commission for a statue of Vercingetorix, the Gaulish leader who roused his countrymen to throw off the yoke of Rome, the man who gave himself up to Cæsar when all was lost, in hopes that the conqueror would spare his fellow Gauls after satisfying his revenge on himself. The statue was exhibited in the Salon of 1870, and is now in the galleries of the French government. It was intended to be placed on a rock above Clermont, where it would be in strong relief against the sky. Owing to its startling action, the figure is so balanced that it can only be cast in bronze; stone would be unmanageable. Unlike the Vercingetorix of Millet, which stands on a hill overlooking Alise-Sainte-Reine,—the ancient Alesia,—this statue is to show him in the tide of success, leading such a charge as Murat afterward loved. Millet's Vercingetorix stands in melancholy thought, meditating his sacrifice of liberty for the sake of his remaining followers, but that of Bartholdi is in swift motion, on horseback, as if madly charging on the enemy. He is half turned in his saddle and calls on his men. The sword-arm is straight above his head, brandishing the weapon with an electric gesture of daring and command. The figure is so managed that it can hardly fail to strike the attention a long way off. Bartholdi means that any one approaching shall be compelled to ask: "Who is this rider, so excited and impetuous?" A nearer approach discovers a Gallic horseman in full charge. "It must be Vercingetorix," the traveler will say to himself, "who leads his countrymen against the Roman oppressors."

Yet M. Bartholdi would be hardly fairly treated were his violent, emotional statues only to be mentioned. At Avallon there is a bronze statue of Vauban, who, although a soldier, was a philosopher of war. He is dressed according to his age, with curly wig, grave and ample coat, soldier's boots, and wears a sword. Near him are em-

blems of fortifications and weapons for sieges. His head droops pensively, for he stands immersed in thought. This fine piece of work is of heroic size, and stands in a park at Avallon. Similar to the Vauban, but more concentrated and pondering, a marble statue of Champollion attests a further range of M. Bartholdi's genius. The Egyptologist is bent over with the gesture of a man wrestling profoundly with some weighty



HAND OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

secret. A sphinx's head at his feet, on which his eyes rest, symbolizes those Egyptian hieroglyphs which his penetrating mind did so much to unravel. This marble is in the *Collège de France* in Paris.

Again, a monument to Martin Schön at Colmar gives an example of M. Bartholdi's turn of mind to architecture. It is composed entirely of just such brown stone as we use so much for house-fronts in New York, and consists of a statue of Martin Schön, the illustrious painter and engraver of the fifteenth century, and an elaborate pedestal with figures and bass-reliefs, representing the four quarters of the globe. Colmar claims Schön as her citizen, not only in life but at birth. In his day and generation he was a great celebrity in the world of art, so much so that he obtained a special name in France and Italy. His real name appears to have been Schöngauer—Martin Schöngauer—probably because his family originated in some place called Schöne-Gau, or beautiful meadow, in lower Germany. Hence Martin would be his proper name, and, as a distinguishing mark, Schön was added, partly because of the pun on his beautiful workmanship, partly because Schön is easier to use as a nickname than the longer version. At any rate Lamberto Lombardi writes to Vasari concerning him, as follows:

> "Then arose in Germany a certain Beautiful Martin, an engraver on copper, who did not abandon the manner of Roger his master, but yet did not reach to the beauty of his coloring. From this Beautiful Martin are derived all the celebrated workmen in Germany; in especial that most lovable Albrecht Dürer, disciple of this Beautiful Martin, followed the manner of his master, approaching much nearer to the natural, etc., etc."

For this reason the citizens of Colmar, who have formed a Martin-Schön Club and purchased an old convent to serve as their museum, honored the old artist with a monument and statue. But although the Germans, possibly on such Italian authority as that just given, call Schöngauer a founder of a German school in the fifteenth century, yet the modern descendants of his fellow-townsmen do not seem ready, just at present, to claim the Teutonic relationship with great fervor. A proof of this lies in the cemetery at Colmar. M. Bartholdi is the author of a design for a grave-stone of singular vigor and boldness, which commemorates the men fallen in French ranks during the late Franco-German war. What the feeling in Colmar at annexation to Germany must be, can perhaps be learned from a brief mention of the design.

The head-stone is severely plain but massive, and upon it one reads these words only:

> "Morts en Combattant
> 14 Septembre 1870."

The grave is covered by two great slabs of stone, but one of these has been pushed up from below by an arm. This arm reaches out from the dark opening of the grave and gropes on the surface of the other slab for a sword which lies near. The arm and sword are of bronze. The idea of this tomb reminds one of the Gothic ghastliness that pleased Albrecht Dürer and the engravers of his day, but the monument is also one of those trumpet calls, silent but never-ceasing, which keep alive hatred and

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AS IT WILL APPEAR IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

finally summon a conquered nation to terrible acts of retaliation.

To give one more example of M. Bartholdi's range in smaller works of art one may further instance his "Grief." It is a woman bowed down and utterly overcome, who covers her head with her mantle and leaves only the outlines of her figure showing through, to depict her despair. This was exhibited at the Centennial. The fountain which was also to be seen there as a specimen of Bartholdi's work in that line has been bought by Congress, presumably for the grounds of the Capitol, at Washington.

It cannot fail to strike one who has examined the gigantic hand of the statue of Liberty which was exhibited at the Centennial and, later, on Madison Square, that a figure of this kind is, in a certain sense, a piece of architecture. To be sure, the figure is a statue as well, and its model requires as careful a treatment, if a somewhat different one, as a legitimate piece of statuary. But it has to be built up like a light-house and its walls calculated for the resistance it will offer to winds and weather. The pedestal to the statue of Martin Schön at Colmar has been mentioned as an earnest of M. Bartholdi's ability in that line, but his designs for the palace of Longchamps at Marseilles are much more serious. The problem before him was the uniting of a *Musée des Beaux-Arts*, a museum of natural history, and a *Château d'Eau*, into one building. This he accomplished in a design full of grace and nobility. The work was not undertaken for a number of years and when begun was intrusted to an architect of Marseilles who was forced to use the main points of M. Bartholdi's plans. Where he has departed from them, his building also departs from good taste.

When M. Bartholdi arrived in the United States to study the question of site and statue for a Liberty, he had even more difficulties to overcome than in the case of the palace of Longchamps. The statue was to be gigantic in order to represent somewhat in size the greatness of the young nation and the unusual magnitude of scale on which the land is molded. A great and growing nation, an enormous half-continent, cut by the largest and deepest rivers in the world and diversified by long mountain ranges, required to be symbolized on a gigantic scale. But if the statue was to be gigantic, it could not be solid, or composed of heavy materials. And since North America has been famous on the sea and New York is a commercial center, the most appropriate statue might be one which combined with the idea of

liberty a hint of the ocean and an allusion to trade. Hence we may suppose M. Bartholdi making up his mind that his Liberty should not merely embody the fixed resolve to secure independence that brought the Colonies through the Revolution, but should be a beacon to ships and should stand in the center of New York Harbor, the first thing to greet the eyes of immigrants when land heaved in sight. To show that the sculptor was not unprepared to deal plastically with the various ideas suggested by the circumstances, let us revert again to his earlier life.

When he began his artistic career the parents of the young sculptor objected strongly to a departure from the traditions of the Bartholdi family. If he would not be a clergyman, he might go into trade and perhaps some day become the burgomeister of Colmar. But the youth thought otherwise, and, having got an entrance into the studio of Ary Scheffer, he was encouraged by the latter to stick to art and cast trade to the winds. Had it not been for Ary Scheffer, perhaps M. Bartholdi would now be a burgomeister, oppressed by Prussian bayonets, instead of an artist, with a widely different work in hand. And in the career which he chose, the turn for the gigantic, which may seem a whim of the sculptor, appears by no means to be recent. Many years ago he traveled in the East, and found in Egypt the prototypes of gigantic art. Travelers of artistically sensitive minds have always wondered what might be the secret of grandeur in Egyptian colossal statues. M. Bartholdi traveled and gazed, was impressed and pondered on his impressions, until he thought he had penetrated some of the reasons for our admiration of primeval art. And on his return to France his reflections did not remain without a chance to test their worth. The defense of Belfort, a little town occupying a strategical point of great importance high up in the Vosges mountains, gave rise to excessive admiration in poor France, only too glad to derive some comfort from her humiliating campaign against Germany,—only too ready to applaud heroism in a handful of men, when so many thousands appeared to have degenerated. It was the one town that held out against great odds, that would not be even starved into surrender. The defense of Belfort, then, was to be commemorated by a statue of a lion, and M. Bartholdi was the sculptor. Against the face of the plateau on which stands the citadel, originally fortified by Vauban, he has fashioned, partly by cutting into the reddish rock, partly by building up

THE LION OF BELFORT.

with stone, an enormous lion, which is half raised up from a lying position, as if aroused by an arrow which lies at its feet. The great beast seems to be uttering a roar. To this as yet unfinished statue M. Bartholdi has applied some of the Eastern lore which he thinks to have discovered in Egyptian colossi. One theory is that put in practice with the figure of Vercingetorix, before mentioned. The lion must be so relieved against the background that no one could mistake its action at whatever distance seen. Another is, that details must consist of great masses on which the distant eye can take hold; that the mane, for instance, cannot be treated minutely, hair by hair, but in great tresses which at a distance shall give the effect of hair, although the relative proportions may be entirely arbitrary. Again, there must be no deep depressions in the figure which by throwing shadows would interfere with the distant effect. Or, to say very much the same thing in other words, the treatment of the colossal requires that broad and, if possible, rather flat masses should be presented to the eye. A glance at the accompanying picture of the Belfort lion will explain this. All these theories are meant to come in play with the treatment of the statue called by M. Bartholdi "Liberty Enlightening the World," of which two pictures are here given, one to mark its position in relation to the surrounding country, the other to show the statue itself.

From the former, one can see that Bedloe's Island is a very central point in the complex of rivers and islands forming what is really the city of New York. Manhattan Island is only one and the chief portion of our city. Hoboken, Jersey City, Staten Island, Bay Ridge and Brooklyn are already parts of it; in the future they will always tend to be bound more closely to New York proper. Bedloe's Island is therefore a nearly central point in the Upper Bay, about which lie these detached portions of the future if not of the present city, and its small size will only add to the effect of any gigantic statue erected on it. The fort will be an advanced part or terrace to the pedestal of the figure, which will rise high above any other object in the immediate neighborhood.

Allowing twenty feet for the height of the island above the water, the pedestal is to be one hundred and ten feet high, and the statue, to the flame of the torch, one hundred and forty-five. This makes the torch at least two hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the bay. It will equal in height the column in the Place Vendôme at Paris, and will be larger than the colossus of Rhodes, so much celebrated by antiquity. Like that statue, it will have to be cast in pieces of manageable size, and built up much after the manner of an armored frigate. The construction will be a curious piece of engineering skill, for which the sculptor and Mr. de Stückle will be responsible. At night it is proposed that a halo of jets of light shall radiate from the temples of the enormous goddess, and perhaps the flame of the torch may be fashioned in crystal, in order that it may catch the light of the sun by day, and at night form a glowing object illuminated by electricity.

In respect to the pose of the statue, that has been calculated with care. A Liberty would have to be draped, even if a draped statue were not advisable in a climate so cold as ours, where nude figures suggest extreme discomfort. But M. Bartholdi has also used his drapery to give a tower-like and therefore solid look to his lofty woman without forgetting the necessity for variety in the upward lines. Or perhaps it would be better to say that he has followed the laws of stability to be seen in the trunks of trees, which are very broad at the ground, where the roots are indicated, yet by no means of one monotonous breadth from the root to the branches.

She will stand so as to suggest that the strongest hurricane could never budge her from the pedestal she has chosen. Her gesture is meant to call the attention of the most distant person, and, moreover, to let him know unmistakably what the figure means. For in this statue, also, M. Bartholdi has applied his science to fine effect in getting the figure outlined against the sky, while the energetic attitude has not interfered with a certain dignified repose which inheres in the resting position and which may be owing to the weight of the body being thrown on the left leg, as well as to the grave folds of ample drapery. Even if a stranger approaching from the Narrows should not know at once what she is holding up for him to see, the energy of her action will awaken his curiosity, and the dignity of it will make him await a nearer approach with confidence. When he can make out the tablets of the law which jut from her left side as they rest on her bent arm, and the flaming torch which she holds high up above her head, while her eyes are fixed on the horizon, he will be dull indeed if he does not understand what she wishes to tell.

"LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

The statue, then, that is to be the most noticeable ornament of our harbor and city, has come from the brain of no novice in his profession. The studio of Ary Scheffer is no bad starting-point for an artist; the worst thing that M. Bartholdi may have had to contend with has been the oppressive atmosphere of the Third Empire, which he was compelled to breathe. Painters and sculptors, as well as literary men, must have languished under the want of appreciation of true genius, if not the full bloom of vulgarity, which affected the court of Napoleon III. But M. Bartholdi can hardly be said to have been spoiled by appreciation in Paris during the Empire; on the contrary, his life has been full of hard work. Turning back to the first page for a drawing of the sculptor's head by Mr. Wyatt Eaton, the reader will see that his face bears the mark of one who has labored hard. Indeed, without a portrait, one may come to the same conclusion on looking over the list of his already accomplished works.

His statue of Liberty is not such as an American artist would be likely to erect. In the first place the name would be a piece of buncombe like those that foreigners sometimes cast in the teeth of Americans, but of which Americans usually prefer to deny the authorship. Even if we can feel some pride as being a model to republics, we could hardly go so far as to erect a statue looking over toward Europe and call it "Liberty enlightening the World." But when another nation puts it up for us, we cannot afford to refuse the honor with hypocritical disclaimers. For with individuals an excessive sensitiveness to a compliment is apt to argue some form of egotism,—self depreciation, let us say. Yet for all that, one would not hazard much to say that the general run of Americans are not as enthusiastic about this statue as they would have been, were its size smaller and its name more modest. Familiarity with republicanism or liberty of the American type breeds contempt, and Americans at home cannot be expected to regard their liberties with the same admiration as Americans and their foreign friends abroad. Perhaps it is just as well that this should be so, for the vexations incident on maintaining republican liberties may act as a wholesome restraint on any tendency toward national self-glorification.

TO DAMASCUS BY DILIGENCE.

THE CALL TO PRAYER (FROM PAINTING BY J. L. GÊROME).

At six o'clock in the morning, the white mountains of Syria are well worth seeing. The lights and shades of mountain sunrise scenery awaken in the beholder a sense of the sublime, and arouse the traveler to the enjoyment of heights and depths, rapidity of motion, clear atmosphere and the very fact and joy of life. To get the full benefit of a bright day on the "goodly Lebanon," one should be well mounted on an Arab mare, which, answering to the rider's impulse, will devour the ground at times, now stopping at convenient points for views, and now picking her way among the winding defiles and rocky ascents. Traveling there and sleeping in tents, one may realize something of the rural life of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; but in going to Damascus by diligence, on a macadamized road, there is such a mingling of the ancient and modern,—the Orient and the Occident,—that you can hardly identify either.

Our summer had been spent in the village

B'hamdoon, which nestles upon the mountain-side about five thousand feet above the Mediterranean Sea, and about five hours distant from it. Starting at six o'clock, we

DAVOUD PASHA, CHRISTIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF MT. LEBANON.

reached the carriage-road at seven, where we met the diligence from Beyroot, and jumping in, we bowled away over the hills at a rapid rate, passing around summits that we did not surmount, and through scenes of grandeur that we have no power to describe. Relays of six fresh horses every hour give one the benefit of their best speed, and the delay of fifteen minutes at every station affords opportunity for short walks, which lessen the fatigue of carriage attitudes.

The old route over the Lebanon from Beyroot on the sea, to the plain of Cœle-Syria, and over the Anti-Lebanon to the oasis of Damascus, has been described by crusaders, pilgrims and travelers, by poets, soldiers and statesmen; but justice cannot be done to the view which ravishes the eye as one descends the first great range. The plain stretches ten miles away to the Anti-Lebanon, with the ruins of Baalbec on the left, while Mount Hermon looms up majestically on the right, and the intervening ground is variegated with colors of every hue. The ripening grain, the dark plowed land, the trees of verdant foliage which follow the little streams, the mud villages of the fellaheen, the feeding cattle and the tents of wandering Arabs, make up a picture of quiet beauty. Baalbec is not visible from the diligence. If it were, many travelers would content themselves with a distant and unsatisfactory view, and thus lose one of the choicest bits of Oriental travel now furnished by tenting amid the ruins. But Mount Hermon is visible almost everywhere from Dan to Beersheba, and far away to the north. Through all this scene of pastoral loveliness, and over bridges that covered what at a distance seemed the merest silver threads, dashed the great diligence. The road across the plain is a painfully straight line, and behind us is a long white cloud of dust; but the monotony is broken at the entrance of this great valley by the noonday rest at the half-way house of Shtorra. Here by the side of a running stream our first class passengers have a quiet lunch in a room apart, while those of the second class feed in less pretentious quarters, or eat their own crackers and cheese, or bread and olives, as they stretch their weary limbs,—all according to the tariff rates of the bill of fare. The water is delicious. We drank from the stream, and watched the ducks and geese paddle up and down its current in search of falling locusts. The children found their greatest pleasure here, and this green spot will ever be to them the brightest of all in our hot July ride to Damascus. Had they been permitted to wade in the water, their happiness would have been akin to that of the Moslem's paradise, where running streams rival the charms of the houris. The winding horn of the guard summoned us from our dish of *leben* (butter-

THE START FOR DAMASCUS.

milk) and hard-boiled eggs, so the children bade a hasty adieu to the pretty brook, and we were all shut up again at the mercy of

AN ARAB GYPSY ENCAMPMENT.

six galloping steeds and the caprice of a driver's whip.

This plain is about seventy miles long, with an average breadth of seven miles; and, although 2,300 feet above the sea-level, was stiflingly hot, and our pleasure was lost in our longing to reach the next range with its commanding views. What had seemed so beautiful from the Lebanon lost its attractions as we rolled over its surface, and we were content to leave that "happy valley" to any Rasselas and his friends who might choose to occupy it,—even under the new law of property which accords to foreigners the right to purchase real estate. Another change of horses and we gained the ascent, and as we rolled slowly up the pass we regained something of our former enthusiasm. The enchantment lent by distance came out again, and the picture of the plain brightened as it took its flight; but we looked forward eagerly to other beauties yet to be revealed. A few more relays and we were in the Elysian Fields, which, watered by the "rivers of Damascus," satisfy longing eyes with tall maple and poplar groves, and glades and delicious streams, and environ and embower the oldest city of the world. Our road for an hour ran through this delightsome land, with canals for irrigation on either side, and near the Abana, which has made this desert an Eden. Here were joy and gladness, and the traveler laughs in harmony with nature's smiling. Here were pleasure and beauty, and refreshment for soul and body. What wonder that Naaman the leper preferred these waters to those of the Jordan, or that he was astonished at the imputed merits of a stream in Palestine on the banks of which no city stood!

At sunset we passed the great Meidan, a suburban treeless park, on the other side of the river, where horses were galloping to and fro. As we approached the city, we were followed by numerous parties of Moslem equestrians who seemed to enjoy the fun of riding in the wake of this leviathan of the road, until the diligence entered the inclosure of the Imperial Ottoman Road Company's establishment. The curiosity among the men

A STREET IN DAMASCUS.

and boys continues unabated, and the company is obliged to close its immense gates to exclude the great multitudes of

Moslems who come flocking to witness the arrival of the "big carriage," and to see it disgorge from its cavernous depths infidels and aliens from distant lands. From

AN ORIENTAL SHAVE.

the top of this lumbering vehicle travelers leap full-armed,—like Minerva from the front of Jove, shall we say? No, for history does not say that Minerva was a carpet-bagger, or that she carried a green cotton umbrella,—while from the *banquette*, the *coupé*, and the capacious *intérieur*, issue fat Moslems, dilapidated Jews, and unworthy Christians, at the rate of ten or twelve per day.

Having approached Damascus by the carriage-road, we missed the horse-path which has been famous since the days of Mohammed. From the Salahieh, the founder of Islam looked down upon this oasis with the shining city in the midst, and ravished with delight, uttered the oft-quoted words: "As man can enter but one paradise, I prefer the heavenly." The rivers, the gardens, the groves, interspersed with mosques, minarets, and bazaars of every size, which make up Damascus, as seen from that hill, so resembled the heaven the prophet idealized, that he turned away from the temptation and would not enter in. It was from a spot near this traditional site that the artist Church took his view when he painted his famous picture of Damascus for the late John J. Phelps of New York. "Pearl of the East," "Emerald of the Desert," "Paradise of Perfumes, Good and Bad," are some of the names given in Arab song, while one writer describes the city, with its large body tapering off to the south till lost in the gardens, as resembling a swan with its long neck stretched out into the grass; another says that "Damascus, with its three hundred minarets rising above an ocean of foliage, had the appearance of a vast fleet anchored afar on a green sea." A party of travelers whom we met there on a former visit described the view as "awfully jolly," "just lovely," "nice," "deuced fine," and "charming," so that it is fair to infer that there are elements in that landscape to please the eye of all classes and in every age.

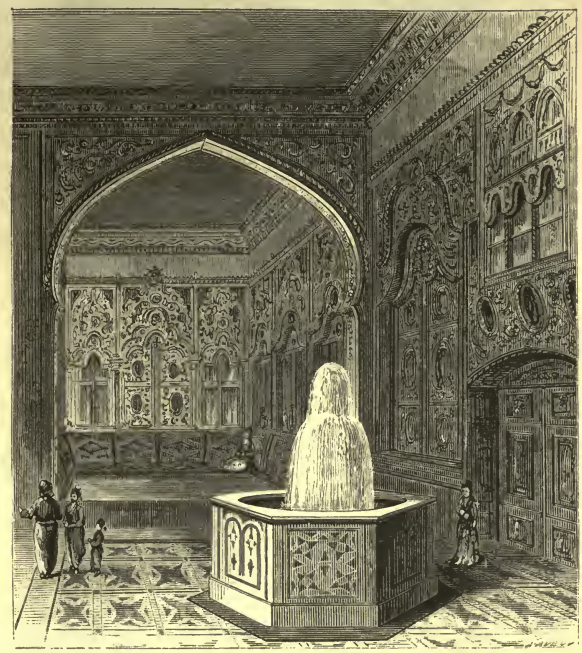
We were met at the station by our friend, Dr. Meshaka, the American vice-consul, who is one of the few "wise men of the east," and by the only resident American missionary, and were taken to the consular residence. The city, I discovered, had undergone much change since my first visit, six years before, both in its appearance and in the manners of its inhabitants. The burning of the Christian quarter, the public execution of the Governor-General with many of his subordinates, the hanging in the streets of more than a hundred of the city notables after

SHERBET.

the massacres of 1860, the carriage-road from Beyroot, and telegraphic communication with Europe, Asia, Africa, and America,

have made an impression which even the proud, fanatical and bigoted city of Damascus could not resist. Christians might now ride through the streets and hold up their heads in any dress that pleased their fancy, whereas formerly they were compelled to walk and to dress in black. It was with no little satisfaction that we saw our host—whose house was among the first assaulted, and who received severe wounds upon his person—ride upon a large white mare through the Moslem quarter. But our host is entitled to a more elaborate introduction. He traces his ancestry back through generations to the isles of Greece, and is thereby enabled to claim and enjoy foreign protection, but he is a native of Syria, and is thoroughly identified with the Christian population of Damascus. One of the earliest converts of the American missionaries, and a graduate of the medical school of Egypt, he has for years held a deservedly high rank as a controversial writer and a man of scientific attainments. He is well known for his enthusiastic adherence to the doctrines of the Reformation, and for his courageous and persistent exposure of the errors of the Oriental sects. Yet, so broad is his genial liberality and affectionate intercourse with the laity and clergy of every sect, that his influence, even in a fanatical country like this, is very great, and all classes look up to him with respect, and visit him familiarly for his advice in matters physical, temporal, and spiritual. During our short sojourn he was visited by the notables of both church and state; and we noticed with surprise the plainness of his speech, and the kindly manner in which his scathing expositions of error and injustice were received. To the high clergy of the Latin church he pointed out those passages in the huge Arabic Bible, which, in his opinion, proved Rome to be the scarlet lady, and the pope to be the beast. These propositions were discussed in the mildest manner, and when we expressed amazement at his freedom of speech to guests in his own house, the good old Doctor laughed, and appealing to the superior of the Latin convent, who sat near him, also holding an open copy of the new translation of the Bible, said that it was his duty to be frank with all his friends, and they, knowing his sincerity and friendship, never took it amiss, but continued to frequent his house, where the subject of religious truth is constantly under discussion.

The old gentleman is failing now. The wounds received upon his head from the ax of a murderous Moslem during the recent massacres, and his old age, are together telling upon his huge frame; and although he continues to write books, he has arranged all his affairs in view of his approaching death, and occupies himself principally with the study of the Bible. He dresses in native style and speaks the Arabic language only, but his sons are good linguists, and supply all his deficiencies. The Turkish Government rebuilt his house and paid him about $20,000 in gold, as indemnity for his personal injuries.



INTERIOR, WITH FOUNTAIN.

Now that this introduction is over, let us look about us as we proceed toward our resting-place for the night. The great wooden gates which divide the city into sections, the wooden arches which shut out the sunlight from the covered bazaars, the overhanging and almost crumbling upper stories of the dwelling-houses, the stagnant cess-pools in the narrow and concave streets, and the ruins of the Christian quarter, impress the mind of the new-comer with more

of wonder than respect. The passers-by, wearing the sugar-loaf hat of the Persian, the turban of the Moslem, or the kefyieh of the Bedouin, who with tufted lance and iron-heeled boots lounges or rides roughly by, bewilder one with their variety of costume, and make the contrast between an Eastern and a Western city more complete.

The walk to the consulate was a long one,—at least a mile, through a densely packed town of 150,000 inhabitants; and its length and the old columns that stood in fragments with Corinthian capitals to mark their origin, and the gate-ways with their elaborate ornamentation and pointed arches,

A FOUNTAIN IN THE COURT-YARD.

in the midst of bazaars and miserable hovels, enabled us to realize the extent of the city limits, while we were reminded of the Greek, and Roman, and Saracenic periods of its history.

The latter part of the walk possessed a peculiar interest. The silence as night approached was almost painful, and was relieved only by the thumping of the silver sticks of the janizaries who preceded us. The narrow and crooked streets were uncheered by the light of heaven, except when here and there a red gleam from the setting sun straggled through the crevices of the roofs which overarch the streets; and the few persons we met, clad in the peculiar dress of the dervish or Moslem sheik, seemed in the weird twilight to belong to another world. The low door-ways, built expressly to prevent Turkish soldiers from riding into the houses, and to mislead the rapacity of the Government, indicated habits of life not in harmony with Western tastes, and suggested days of oppression and deceit,—of misery without and splendor within. The odors of the perfume bazaar so affected our senses that we were hardly conscious of the movements of a stately Moslem, who, with slow deliberation was closing his establishment for the night; and the murmuring waters which were falling along the little canals set into the walls of the houses, and in the street under our feet, so lulled our weary nerves that we were well prepared to enjoy the rest which remained for us a few minutes beyond. To an old resident, these sights and sounds had no novelty, but to one upon whom this panorama was first opened, it was more than Oriental, it was dream-land; and the spell was not broken when, passing through the long, low, narrow and dark passage from the street, we were ushered into the inner court of Dr. Mesharka's city residence.

Ten large rooms, with two alcoves, or three-sided apartments, were built around an uncovered court about sixty feet square, in the midst of which was a large fountain and basin of running river water, and orange and almond, lemon and oleander trees laden with fruit and foliage, growing at regular intervals out of the tesselated marble pavement. Here were verdure, water, light, food and repose, a fit termination of a day of wonders, contrasts and fatigue, and in every respect suggestive of the marvels of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," of which this was one in modern dress. After dinner, at which we were too weary to do justice to the many courses, we were shown to our rooms in the second story to sleep or to meditate upon the mystery of Orientalism; we found beds spread for us on the floor, which was divided by a platform, three steps high, into two apartments. The room was not yet finished, but the arabesque carving in wood was most elaborate, and its patterns were duly copied in our albums.

This room was far outdone in the gorge-

ous but less tasteful gilt arabesque of the principal saloon below, which we were able to inspect and copy at our leisure in the morning. The children found their highest happiness in the water, which they found running from a dozen spouts into half as many marble basins around the court-yard, and, in some of which were swimming gold and other curious fish. The Doctor assured us that he had expended £1,000 on the arabesque ornamentation of the principal room, which he said was being prepared for the marriage of his eldest son. The work in Italian marble and gold leaf was, to our eyes, a great extravagance, and the panels containing pictures of cities with the flags of all nations afloat, seemed stiff and out of place in an Oriental town, where no foreign flag has been raised during the dominion of Islam. Even consuls are not allowed the satisfaction of raising the flag of the nation they represent, and must rest content for many years yet, with the sole distinction of being preceded by janizaries or consular guards, armed with swords, pistols, and silver-headed staves, which they carry as a drum-major carries his staff.

A BAZAAR.

ABD-EL-KADER.

We had visited the reputed scene of Paul's descent from the wall in a basket and other traditional sites on a former occasion, and were now enabled to enjoy sober second thoughts. A long residence in Beyroot, a semi-European town on the coast, had not dulled our appreciation of the extremes of Eastern life. The great Khan of Assad Pasha and the tombs of the caliphs—the remains of a much more magnificent era—had for the moment the gift of tongues, which spoke of many things not found in books. Ancient history is seldom a favorite study with boys, but the leaves of this book, which lies spread open before the traveler, and extends from the Anti-Lebanon to the Euphrates, and from Aleppo, south to the Syrian desert, are full of geography in its most fascinating form, and of history in its most attractive shape,—Nineveh, Babylon, Palmyra, Bagdad and Damascus! What memories and associations are recalled by these names! Nations and empires, and millions of our race, have here lived, flourished, and found a grave in a space smaller in extent than the Mississippi valley. Of these famous places, two Arabian towns, Bagdad and Damascus, still remain, flourishing when compared with neighboring towns, but yet a mockery of their former greatness.

The walls of Damascus are low, irregular, and of different ages, and they constitute no strong defense, even against the Bedouins. There are four principal gates, and the city is divided into compartments. The various

districts are separated at night by numerous street gates. Of the three quarters of the city, corresponding with the great historic religions, the Moslem quarter is the best, having the most spacious houses and palaces and the greatest supply of water. The Christian quarter has about 20,000 Christians—one-half Greek, and almost as many found, and but few—probably not more than a score or two—have yielded to the attractions of commerce, and established themselves in Europe for the purpose of trade.

The old houses of Damascus are built in part of clay or mud, but the greater number of modern buildings are now constructed entirely of stone. The peculiarity of their

HOME LIFE IN DAMASCUS.

Greek Catholics, with a few Armenians and Maronites.

How these Christians have been able to live in Damascus, one of the holy cities of the Moslem, cannot be explained upon the hypothesis that the Turk is utterly intolerant by nature or religion. These Christians, and the Jews also, have acquired wealth, and live in luxury in an interior city. That they are subject to many annoyances, mobs, riots, and even occasional massacres, is true; but with all these, the Arab Christian, or the Jew of Damascus, or of any other part of Syria, can with difficulty be persuaded to leave his native land. Among the hundreds of thousands who land on the shores of America from Christian Europe in search of homes more favorable to life, honor, and the pursuit of happiness, no Syrians are

architecture consists in the roofless inner court, and consequent exposure to the sun, dew and rain, and in the inclosed inner gardens, and fountains which stand in the courts and reception-rooms, sometimes in the window-seats, and the elaborate gilding and carving in wood, called arabesque, which is interspersed with mirrors and ingeniously worked marble.

The Christian quarter has been almost entirely rebuilt, and much better built than before the fiery destruction of 1860. This, like every other ancient city in Syria, has its street called "Straight." At Gadara, on the other side of Jordan, and in the great ruined cities on the Orontes, these main thoroughfares, or Broadways, are lined with the remnants of a thousand columns; but "Straight" street of Damascus is lined with bazaars and

small shops and humble houses. The remains of its former greatness have, no doubt, here, as elsewhere, been dragged away and built into the modern dwellings.

As the guide-books give full descriptions of the antiquities to be seen, we will only call attention to one remarkable Greek inscription which is still legible upon the magnificent portal of the great mosque which was once a Christian cathedral:

"Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

The fact that this inscription is allowed to remain in the midst of a fanatical people may be attributed in part to the fact that few are able to decipher it, while those who know its meaning may willingly allow it to grace the Mussulman conquest as a tribute to the more enduring character of the dominant faith.

On a former visit to Damascus we accompanied the American Minister Resident at Constantinople, who made an official tour through Syria in 1859. An escort of Turkish troops was furnished by the courtesy of the Governor-General at Beyroot to accompany us through his satrapy. As we approached Damascus we were met by an aid from the Governor-General of that province, accompanied by a band of music, and during the remaining ten miles of our journey, we were saluted by a regiment of regulars, and by bands of irregulars, known as Bashi-bazouks, and Cossacks and Circassians, stationed in squads along the route. Several military officers, vice-consuls of the different powers, and consular dragomans and janizaries, came out a mile or two to present their compliments to the American "Ambassador." Fresh horses gayly caparisoned with gilt trappings were led by sable grooms in order that the *Ulshi* and his suite might ride as guests of the authorities,—a courteous mode of offering us the freedom of the city.

Dinners and *soirées* followed each other in quick succession, and gave us an opportunity of seeing the principal houses and families of the Damascenes. Among the Moslems we were fed with every luxury from gold and silver plate, but were not permitted to enjoy the society of the Turkish ladies at the table or in the salon, though the ladies of our party were received in state by the ladies of every harem they visited. Among the Christians we were entertained with music and dancing, with Oriental jugglery and buffoonery. The Arab ladies, Jewesses, and Christians alike were pleasingly affable, and conversed fluently upon subjects with which they were familiar, and many of them played gracefully upon a stringed instrument resembling the Spanish guitar, but with strings indefinitely multiplied. Their style of dress and personal adornment would tax the ingenuity of a New York fashion reporter in an attempt to describe their garments, jewelry, and cosmetics; but the reader is familiar with the braided and bejeweled hair, gazelle eyes, pink-and-white complexion, full bust, *embonpoint*, henna-dyed fingers, and invisible and betrowsered feet.

The interior of each house is of a pattern peculiar to itself as to ornamentation in gold, marble, wood-work, fountains, and each constitutes a subject for conversation, in which the ladies of the house are always fluent, and one which takes the place of "the weather" which is sometimes discussed in more variable climates. "Old Probabilities" would find no occupation here. As it does not rain in Damascus for six months of the year, of course almost every day is fine, and any remark on such monotonous weather would seem very flat.

The houses are all alike in one respect,—in being constructed in a hollow square, with house-tops so flat and so protected that they afford places of retirement and repose to those who would be alone. It is not unusual, however, to see entire families sitting together upon the roofs of their houses, and in some parts of Syria the people sleep on the roof. During this visit, made before the massacre, we made many acquaintances among the native gentry, and were grieved to learn that in 1860 some of these estimable people were killed in the streets, and their wives and daughters carried out of the city to the harems of the rural Moslems.

One interesting feature of this official visit was the formal calls made by the Patriarchs of the Greek, Greek-Catholic, Armenian, Latin, Syriac and other religious bodies whose Syrian center is at Damascus. They talked freely of the condition of their sects and of their relations to the dominant Moslems, while the *Ulshi* gave, through our interpreter, elaborate explanations of our government and the constitution of our country, which recognized no state religion, but protected all religious communities alike. This suggestion of toleration and of freedom of conscience seemed to impress them somewhat dubiously, as either one of

these "heads of communities" would, if in power, put down the others and show even less toleration than the Mussulman. We did not see Abd-el-Kader, the famous Algerine chief. In his own country he was a prince, and here he was in exile and did not make visits, on the ground that he gave all his time to religious meditation. The *Ulshi* did not make first calls, and so these representative men did not meet. This was a matter of regret to us, as Abd-el-Kader subsequently saved the lives of our vice-consul and his family, and those of twenty thousand Christians beside, when the fury of a fanatical Moslem population seemed bent upon the extermination of all Christian residents in the city. In recognition of these services he received handsome presents from our own and European governments, and still exhibits them with pride to those who call upon him.

Nor did we call upon Lady Digby, once the wife of Lord Ellenborough, who was living quietly as the lawful wife of Sheik Miguel, the most popular escort of travelers to Palmyra. But on a subsequent visit to Damascus we were presented to her, at an entertainment given by the British consul, Mr. Rogers, and found her full of intelligence, with much of the remains of her former beauty. We heard of nothing which detracted from her reputation since the date of her marriage with the sheik, as a kind, genial, and quiet member of the European society. She had been greatly annoyed by the indiscreet curiosity of travelers who had invaded and described her boudoir and surroundings in letters to the newspapers in England and America, and she was not fond of strangers; but those who knew her well seemed to feel a hearty sympathy in her persistent efforts to redeem a life which had not been happy in its influence upon herself or others. We were pleasantly received subsequently at her house at Damascus and at Hums, a city of Northern Syria, when she took us to her stables and showed us her fine Arab mares, which were brought out by the grooms one by one, and all their fine points described. We sat on chairs in her reception-room, but when her swarthy husband entered and was introduced he sat cross-legged upon a divan in a corner, and smoked while the conversation continued. He has not a commanding figure, or fine personal presence, and we wondered what could have induced the daughter of Admiral Lord Digby, outlawed though she was, to enter the harem of this small Bedouin, where she was obliged to divide the honors with another wife. But he was a young chief with influence among the tribes. She had before her the example of Lady Hester Stanhope, who became queen of the Arabs by means of her money and influence among the Bedouins of Palmyra. With her income of £6,000 per annum, she was able to live in state, and she was still able to command admiration and wield a scepter, although her court was less cultured than that which surrounded the young and beautiful Lady Ellenborough.

Rashid Pasha, governor-general of Damascus, received the American minister and his suite. Courteous, hospitable, educated after the school of Paris, he performed gracefully the duties of host, talked French with fluency, and dressed in good taste. But these qualities could not redeem his great faults; for while he imitated Sardanapalus in his vices, he had not the courage to die as a soldier. While the Christian quarter of Damascus was in flames, and Christians were being slaughtered by thousands, and their women carried off into slavery and concubinage, his Excellency spent his days in his palace reading French novels. And so, when six thousand French troops were landed in Syria, as the police of Europe, to protect the survivors, the Grand Vizier Fuad Pasha came down from Constantinople and took his Excellency out of his palace and away from his French novels, and had him degraded in the public square by stripping him of his uniform, and then caused him to be shot like a dog, in the presence of the representatives of the European powers.

Who can predict the future of this "eternal city" of the East? That it will outlive many modern cities of the West we can well believe, and that it will continue to be the stronghold of Islam, long after the followers of Mohammed are driven from the European provinces, there is as little reason to doubt. It may not be a comfortable home for the European, and the native Christian and Jew may be exposed to periodic outbreaks of Moslem fanaticism, but the past history of the Moslem Arab shows his toleration of unbelievers who pay tribute and who accept the government of the Sultan. Moslems and Christians have lived side by side for centuries, but never upon terms of equality. When the native Christian claims a representation in the local government, in the army and navy, and in the civil service, concessions are grudgingly

made by the Porte, and these are not cordially assented to by the people, so that there will always be turmoil and strife. But it is not certain that there would be less crime or religious intolerance if the same races and creeds were under the rule of the Czar. The Russian government is less liberal than the Porte, and an attempt to carry out its customary policy of reducing everything to a dead level by the introduction of the Russian language and the Russian religion by imperial *ukase*, would produce more bloodshed in the Moslem districts than has resulted from the policy of the semi-tolerant Turk. This could be accomplished only by the extermination of the native races.

It is probably written in the book of fate that the Danubian provinces, where Christians are most numerous, will become independent or pass under the protectorate of Russia. But when the Moslems are driven out of Europe, their rule in Syria will be less tolerant than heretofore, and the fanaticism of the people will be less easily curbed. Since the atrocities in Bulgaria, the Christians of Asiatic Turkey will be more cowed than before. Education and a purer faith have been making rapid progress, through the disinterested efforts of the noble men who have labored there as missionaries for two score years, but it is doubtful whether the most enlightened of the natives would willingly relinquish their present semi-independence for a less tolerant foreign yoke. And if Moslem rule is to continue in Syria, the friends of true progress may be thankful that though "propped by buttresses from without like the walls of a decayed monastery," the Porte permits all creeds to flourish, all churches to exist, and admits the missionary, the newspaper and the school throughout the empire.

The recent project for a national council, in which Christians are to have a part, is not of a nature to inspire confidence, for similar reforms on paper have not been accepted in the interior. The Christian members of provincial councils are generally time-servers, and are too abject in their servile submission to the Turk and too much in his power to secure any real influence in the local government; and this would be the case in any attempt to establish a national parliament, which would fail at Constantinople for the same reason that it has failed in Egypt,—because it was established as a form with a view to deceive. The hand may be the hand of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob. An incident within the writer's knowledge will serve as an illustration. A Christian member of the provincial *medjliss* at Adana, in Cilicia, ventured to vote in opposition to the views of the Pasha, who sent the member to prison in hot haste, there to meditate upon the beauties of a representative form of government. The friends of the prisoner asked the writer to intercede with his Excellency. One day, after a game of chess, I rallied the governor on his arbitrary act, and asked for the man's release. The pasha, as a favor to me, laughingly ordered his sealbearer to go with me to the prison and release the man. The poor man was grateful for his liberty, but remained near me till I went out of the province, when he followed with my escort, remaining absent until the pasha was recalled.

It is a fallacy to assume that the right of asylum in our legations and consulates may be relinquished in Turkey with the same results as in Christian countries, for, until state and church are separated in Mohammedan countries, foreigners will not be safe from religious fanaticism or from persecution by local authorities; and for the same reason it will be unsafe to trust local tribunals, composed of Moslems and a few abject native Christians, with any control over the lives and property of foreign residents. Heretofore, foreigners residing in Turkey have had the right of trial by the consular courts of their respective countries, and the European governments maintain that right, as also the right of asylum, as guaranteed by treaty, but the Government of the United States has shown a disposition of late to abandon these rights upon the ground that it should not ask of other nations more than it is willing to grant to their subjects residing within its jurisdiction. This is to be regretted, inasmuch as Turkish tribunals are to some extent ecclesiastical courts, and are committed, in advance of trial, against any Christian who may be dragged before them.

By intimidation, the Turks, who are masters of the art of "bulldozing," can obtain the nominal support of Christian members to any measure, or by forging their signatures, can deceive the central government, so that there seems to be no hope for freedom of speech or conscience to the Asiatic Christian under Moslem rule. It is by no means clear, however, that the Russian government, if in possession, would be more tolerant.

And as these jealous and rival races, whose creeds are diverse and antagonistic,

cannot govern themselves, we are left to hope that in time they will work out their own salvation in being welded together by the fire of the suffering which they endure in common. In some respects the Moslem and the Christian are alike oppressed by their foreign master, the Turk, as in the matter of excessive and fraudulent taxation, but in most matters the Christian is at great disadvantage, and is victimized by both, so that his fate is most hopeless; for it is a sad fact that the only sure way for a native Christian to improve his position under this government is to turn Turk.

"THE SUNRISE NEVER FAILED US YET."

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern:
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

A STATE BALL IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Our first experience of Constantinople was most bewitching. We had arrived on a gala day,—the anniversary of the sultan's accession to the throne; and as we rounded Seraglio Point and came upon the Golden Horn, we beheld vessels of every nationality with pennants streaming to the breeze from stem to stern; dark groves of cypress trees, amid which arose graceful minarets and stately domes surrounded by glittering crescents, which formed a dense background to ships; while in the foreground were frail caïques shooting about in every direction, the whole composing a dazzling and never to be forgotten scene. When at last we were safe on *terra firma*, from amid a perfect Babel of tongues (for there is nothing that strikes one as more remarkable than the fact that almost every person you meet in Pera speaks four or five languages fluently) we found awaiting us an invitation from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Aali Pacha, to attend a ball to be given that evening at his "yali" or summer residence at Bebek, on the Bosphorus.

As the distance was considerable, we were to leave Pera at eight o'clock, so that we had scarcely time to unpack our trunks and rest, before we were obliged to prepare for our expedition. Fortunately, it was on a long summer day, the twenty-fifth of June, and the weather was charming,—a heavy rain the night before having completely laid the dust. We drove in an open carriage preceded by a mussulman on horseback, arrayed in the most gorgeous style, with richly inlaid pistols in his holster, and a yataghan by his side. He was a "cavass,"—one of a sort of native guard, a certain number of whom are appointed by the Porte to attend on each embassador. Ours was a tall, splendid-looking Turk, named Mustapha, who ushered us into the barouche, and started off ahead, knocking down ruthlessly the tables and chairs standing in front of the cafés, and causing dire confusion among the women and children who thronged the streets, to say nothing of the lean wolf-like dogs which literally swarm beneath one's feet in every quarter of the city. This was the first manifestation that we were in a land of despotic power; but as our stately English coachman seemed to take it as a matter of course, and the indolent mussulmans reclining in front of their dwellings, smoking their "tchibouks" or "narghiles," looked undisturbed, we remembered Kinglake's description of the awe inspired by the great "Elchee Bey," and we too began to take everything as a matter of course.

As we drove along the shores of the Bosphorus the effect was magical. All the shipping was illuminated, every sail set, and behind each row after row of colored lamps were placed. The public buildings of Stamboul, and the slender, graceful minarets blazed with light, while the glowing reflection

cast on the deep waters of the Bosphorus, with the starlit sky above, formed a tableau of rare picturesqueness and beauty.

On arriving at our destination we felt as if we were living in the days of Haroun Alraschid. The villa was built directly on the water's edge, with marble steps leading to it for the accommodation of those coming in caïques, as did the greater part of the guests; for many of the wealthy families, both Turkish and European, had already taken up their abode at their country-seats on the shores of the Bosphorus, which it will be remembered extends for fifteen miles from the sea of Marmora to the Black Sea. The whole building, with every window open to the spectator, excepting the latticed casements of the harem, was one blaze of light; no less than thirty-five thousand lamps of every hue were distributed about the grounds, and the rooms were illuminated with superb crystal chandeliers,—it being a particular fancy of the Turks to import the most elegant and costly lusters France can manufacture.

Mustapha, dismounting, entered first, and announced us as the British embassador's guests,—his Excellency being at that moment within, assisting at a state dinner given by Aali Pacha to celebrate the day. We were received at the entrance of the garden by an officer brilliant in gold embroidery, who, accompanying us to the door of the house, consigned us to two others similarly attired, who led us upstairs, ushered us into a superb ball-room, and introduced us to the Princess of Samos, who, being the first Greek lady in the place, did the honors in lieu of the Minister's wife, who could not of course step out of the precincts of the harem.

The room in which we found ourselves opened on one side to the water by numerous windows, on the other faced the garden, to which you descended by steps from a platform erected outside the center windows. We had scarcely time to look about us when the platform was filled by an ascending crowd of dignitaries, who had been dining beneath an *al fresco* pavilion in the garden.

Here were the Grand Vizier Fuad Pacha, a man of erudition and a perfect French scholar; Omar Pacha, the Turkish commander-in-chief during the Crimean war; all the foreign embassadors,—among them he who was our friend and host, with his red ribbon and star of the Bath, looking almost unornamented by the side of the blazing diamond crosses and orders of those surrounding him, and yet wielding so much more power; and many others who, by their official position, were entitled to be present. We were introduced to the members of the diplomatic corps, and as the other guests had not arrived, the princess deputed her niece, who was assisting her to receive the guests, to conduct us to the harem in order that we might pay our respects to Madame Aali, the Minister's wife. We were but too delighted to go.

How our hearts throbbed as we approached the door where stood on guard two gigantic Nubians nearly seven feet high, holding enormous canes in their hands! They bowed to our conductors, and lifting a curtain, we entered that abode of romance, which we had never expected to see. Had we paid our first visit to a harem in broad daylight, with no adjuncts of music, flowers and all the accompaniments of this brilliant fête, we would have been less impressed, and even as it was, the scene was different from what we had pictured to ourselves. The suite of rooms into which we entered was spacious and lofty, and carpeted with the finest India matting,—far superior to any we have ever seen in other countries; cushioned divans surrounded every room, elegant *jardinières* filled with flowers were plentifully interspersed, and in the principal *salon* stood a rosewood piano. Mirrors were inserted in the walls, and glittering chandeliers filled with candles were suspended from each ceiling; the windows went from floor to floor and were entirely filled in with lattice work. Through their apertures came the fitful light of rockets, which were constantly sent up from the decks of two illuminated boats anchored in front of the villa. The air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, and the well known strain of the serenade from "Don Pasquale" was wafted to our ear, played by the musicians belonging to the sultan and stationed in the garden beneath.

We were introduced to Madame Aali, a very intelligent-looking, amiable little lady, who salamed us in Turkish style by putting her hand to her forehead and her heart, said a variety of pretty welcomes by means of the interpretress, and taking us by the hand introduced us successively to all the high and mighty female magnates of the land. We were exceedingly disappointed in the toilets of these ladies; with the exception of their undervests of Broussa gauze, they were nearly all dressed in European fabrics of various kinds, full trowsers, slippers, an over-dress more like the soutane of a

Romish priest than any other garment,—the train of which they slip under a belt when they walk, in the same manner that he does. Instead of the long braided tresses which we had expected to see falling to their feet, their hair was cut short, and surmounted by an embroidered gauze handkerchief put on like a turban; but to compensate for the lack of Oriental splendor in the rest of their dress, their jewels far outstripped our imagination. This being the only manner in which Turkish females can safely invest money, and often all that is left to them at the death or sudden disgrace of their husbands, they seize every opportunity to enrich their store, and the display is certainly dazzling.

Madame Aali's turban was surmounted by a wreath of enormous pansies composed of diamonds, which completely encircled her head; and in the midst of the pansies rose, mounted on an oscillating wire, a bird, the size of a humming-bird, which was one mass of diamonds with flashing ruby eyes. Earrings and necklace matched this diadem in magnificence. Most of the other ladies were literally blazing with jewels, with the exception of the wealthiest and most nobly born among them, an Egyptian princess married to one of the pachas, who, whether from having lost a near relative, or from weariness and contempt of the gewgaws, had bedizened her numerous attendant slaves with jewels worth a king's ransom, and herself remained unadorned. One young married lady, about fifteen, was dressed in a French muslin of a brilliant corn-color, and next under it she had donned a crinoline, which articles were then worn very large, so that the effect of the steels, clearly defined beneath the scant folds of the transparent muslin, was ludicrous in the extreme; but the others looked at her with admiration, as she paraded her French organdie and hoop-skirt before them,—her girlish face surmounted with a regal coronet of magnificent gems. If the Moslems were harmonious in their dress before the time of Mahmoud, as they must have been from the accounts of travelers, its character has disappeared from the effect of his European innovations, for the scarlet fez looks as out of place with the straight-collared coat and modern trowsers of the men, as the short hair and French fabrics do on the women.

After our presentation, and the exchange of a few words with each through the interpretress, we were seated on a divan by the side of Madame Aali, and slaves came kneeling down before us, bearing golden salvers, on which were gracefully, and even artistically piled, candied fruits of every description; others handed iced sherbet in large gold and enameled cups; and after the interchange of a few more compliments, we rose to return to the ball-room. I cannot say that I was impressed by the beauty of the Turkish women, although I must confess that they had more intelligence in their faces than I had been led to expect; they have all fine eyes, the languor of which is enhanced by artifice, and one or two of those present would have been handsome anywhere; but it requires the figure of a Diana not to be disfigured by such a baggy dress, and the little exercise they take detracts from the beauty of their complexions, not to mention their being shorn of the "glory of a woman"— her hair—which, if we mistake not, was the result of a special order of the sultan, who in our womanly judgment might better have let them spend their time in arranging it, and would perhaps thereby have postponed the present era of French governesses, and French novels, within the sacred precincts of the harem.

On our return, we passed through the antechamber, now filled with numbers of female slaves and the eunuchs attendant on the great ladies, who did not hesitate to use their club-like canes to push back the slaves who tried curiously to peer out each time the curtain was lifted. Our grim Nubians once more salamed, and we passed into quasi-European life.

The guests had now assembled, and to form an idea of the scene, one should imagine a *bal costumé* of the most luxurious kind and greatest variety as regards dress, and it must also be remembered that these dresses were worn with the ease and unconsciousness of habit, wherein this had a great advantage over any fancy-dress ball imaginable.

The sultan had sent his magnificent bodyguard (afterward disbanded from economy), composed of picked men, two of each nationality under his dominion, dressed in the most gorgeous native costume that mind could invent, or money procure. Albanians who might have stood as models for Apollo, or Jupiter Olympus, adorned with snowy fustanelles, velvet jackets glittering with gold embroidery, pistols and sabers,—marvels of wrought skill,—moved amid the crowd as if they felt themselves to be of the god-like race of Hellas. Bedouins from the

desert, wrapped in the picturesque burnoose, Druses and Maronites, Smyrniotes and Armenians, Greek and Turk, Mohammedan and Christian, came and went, all clothed in the most magnificent dresses that could be purchased. The Europeans amused themselves with dancing, the others looked on, probably thinking, as a Turkish diplomate once told a friend in London, "that the English ladies were very foolish to tire themselves with a performance which was much better executed by their paid almés [dancing girls]!"

At midnight we went down into the beautiful garden, light as day, with every flowery parterre sharply defined by colored lights carefully covered with wire to protect the ladies' dresses.

Resting upon Saracenic columns of green and gold, was seen a magnificent tent, literally of cloth-of-gold, embroidered with birds of gorgeous plumage, made for Sultan Mahmoud, at the cost of millions. Beneath it were spread tables sufficiently large for nearly every one to approach without crowding, and a superb supper *à la Française* was served to us on gold and silver dishes belonging to the sultan, as richly wrought as possible for metal to be.

We returned to Pera about two in the morning, and were soon lost in dreams of Fatimas and Selims, odalisques and bayadères.

POND LIFE.

A TRANSITION from the more highly organized forms of vegetable life to the humblest existences of the animal world is in every sense a descent, unless the feeble suggestions of sensibility and purpose which occasionally manifest themselves be considered in the light of that magnificent fulfillment which they so dimly foreshadow.

Throughout the two great kingdoms of organic nature a curious parallel may be observed. Looking down the dim perspective of life to its beginnings, these lines appear to converge, and naturalists are forever confounding the forms belonging to them. Whole families have been classified, first as animal, then as vegetable; they have been shifted back and forth from this kingdom to that, with about as little reason for the change on the one hand as on the other. The very definitions upon which such classification is made have again and again proved erroneous. The naturalists of the present day have, it is true, solved many of the difficult problems of the past. The exquisite appliances of our time enable them to go deeper into the mysteries of microscopic life than could have been done by former observers; but the very instruments and appliances which have solved problems heretofore puzzling the world, have at the same time revealed new ones yet waiting for solution.

In the very latest explorations into that "debatable land" between the two kingdoms, definitions have gone down that have stood the test of years—which although in the main true, will not admit of universal application. The ordinary distinction between the two forms of life, namely, that vegetables appropriate inorganic matter in the presence of light by means of absorption, while animals appropriate organic matter either in light or darkness by means of digestion, though it be as nearly true as any that can be didactically expressed, is still contradicted by instances which are entirely exceptional. There is in fact no single quality which has been named, as distinctive, of either kind of life, which may not be somewhere found in the other.

Some vegetables, as we have seen in the case of the insectivorous plants, appropriate organized matter by means of a true digestion, and some animals, as we shall hereafter see, have chlorophyl cells and possess cellulose in their investing membranes; and what is still more remarkable, it is found by the latest investigations, that undoubted animals live in Cohn's nutritive fluid,—which consists wholly of unorganized matter,—side by side with undoubted vegetable forms, and that both alike live and multiply in the dark. Here every distinction seems swept away. At all events, the mystery and the doubt have been pushed back, almost out of sight, if they have not been solved or satisfied.

If the experience of the past has taught the naturalists of the present nothing else, it has at least trained them in the true method of working. The indolent substitution of inference for observation is now no longer tolerated. Every phenomenon

which is observed and recorded becomes the focus for a thousand "armèd eyes," which pass no fact unchallenged. That rigid scrutiny, that patient watching which the accurate observer of the past exercised only because of the inward compulsion of his own noble love of truth, is now demanded, and must be yielded because of the compulsion from without.

Theories—which are mere generalizations from facts—will, of course, continue to differ so long as every human mind is not cut according to the same pattern; facts, however, are not permitted to gather much darkness about them, whatever may be their interpretation by different minds. The objection made to science, that it is subject to continual change, is both shallow and absurd. Phenomena may have been imperfectly observed; generalizations may have been made upon inadequate facts, but the body of physical truth has been steadily growing into new beauty and perfection through the ages; and the difficulty is only that men have not always been able satisfactorily to account for its principle of life.

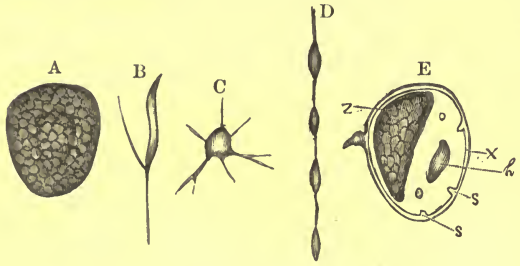


FIG. 1. DEVELOPMENT OF PROTOMONAS.

A, Moner during formation of zo-ospores; B, zo-ospores hatched out; C, D, the amœba-like forms it assumes; E, encysted moner; *s*, *s*, projections inward of cell wall; *z*, zo-ospores; *x*, cyst; *h*, food.

In a series of articles necessarily so incomplete as the present, it will be impossible to keep to anything like a strictly progressive arrangement of the subjects. While, for instance, it is true that some of the simplest forms of animal life are to be found in fresh water, it is equally true that other forms no less simple, are inhabitants of the sea-bottom. Either subject—pond life, or the bottom of the sea—might with equal propriety be made to stand first; but there is a reason for making the order what it is. By doing so the parallel between animal and vegetable life in their lower forms is best maintained. There are certain organisms which are characteristic of, though not strictly confined to, fresh waters, and which more nearly than any other creatures represent—as single-celled plants do, in their own kingdom—the elementary cells of which higher organisms are built up.

The series in the animal world not only reaches infinitely beyond and above the highest vegetable development, but, strange to say, it begins lower down. There are a number of most interesting forms of animal life that we shall have to consider before we shall have reached the *amœbæ*—those curious organisms which bear such a close resemblance to the lymph, mucous, migratory, and white blood corpuscles of the human body.

The discovery of *Bathybius* or *Protobathybius*, the gelatinous layer which appears to cover the entire sea-bottom, was hailed by the evolutionists as a new and still lower form of life than any known. But the *Urschleim*, as the Germans call it, or primordial protoplasm out of which higher forms might be evolved, under closer scrutiny seems to be no more than a mixture of many things living and dead; and so it is probable no forms of animal life lower than those of the fresh water, either functionally or physically, are anywhere to be found.

The protomonas, one of the lowest forms in the animal world, forms a curious counterpart in development and reproductive processes, to the protococcus, which has been so fully described [SCRIBNER for December, 1876, "Single-celled Plants"]. A glance at Figure 1 will show the different developmental stages. The protoplasmic contents of the single-celled animal are seen to become granular; the investing wall either gives way or disappears, and the granules are seen to be zoöspores, or the embryonic form of new individuals, into which they finally develop. The protomonas, like protococcus, has a motile and a still form. The cell at certain times becomes invested in a wall of cellulose, and the granular contents become colored with chlorophyl, both of which, as we have already seen, are characteristics of vegetation. It would seem as if this lowliest form of animal life had not quite escaped from the vegetable world, but spent half its time as a vegetable and the other half as an animal. These two peculiarities united in this tiny being are not, however, confined to it; for cellulose—that tissue which forms the walls of vegetable cells, and ultimately becomes woody fiber—occurs in the tunicates, and even in higher forms of animal life; and chlorophyl—the coloring principle of vege-

tation—is found in the hydra; but it is curious that here, just at what we might call the dividing line between the two kingdoms, should be found a form apparently partaking, both in its chemical constituents and its mode of life, of the nature of each.

Among the lowest forms of life is a family formerly classed with the infusoria,—those microscopic beings which are invariably found after a time in infusions of animal or vegetable matter. A bit of raw meat, or a fiber of a plant, after it has been steeped for some days in water, and kept in a room not too low in temperature, will be found swarming with microscopic life. All such organisms at first received the title of infusoria; but a closer study and a wider knowledge have determined many of these forms vaguely classed under this one name to belong to the domain of the botanist; while those that remain have been more accurately classified as members of the animal world.

The simplest forms belong to the group which has received from its most distinguishing characteristic the name of rhizopod, or root-footed. In most respects their distinctive features are negative rather than positive. They possess not even the rudiments of a circulatory, muscular, or nervous system, and yet they live, move and feel after some feeble fashion. They possess no distinct cell wall, and yet some of them secrete shells of the most exquisite delicacy and beauty. They have no organs of prehension or motion, and yet they are able to improvise arms and legs whenever and wherever they are needed. They are entirely destitute of anything like a mouth or a stomach, and yet whenever food happens to be in the vicinity, and the tiny bit of jelly feels hungry, it extends in the direction of its prey a prolongation of its protoplasm, secures the food, pushes or sucks it into any part of its body nearest at hand, which closes over the food-material and digests it. If there happens to be associated with the nutritious matter anything indigestible, such as shell or skin, the useless matter is pushed toward the surface of its body, and excluded. In this inconceivably minute particle of mucilaginous matter, all the processes of life go on without the aid of organs or senses; it might almost be considered as a generalized statement of vitality on the very minutest scale. And still, simple as it is, in its expression, this is, beyond question, animal life; the substances taken up are organic, the mode of taking them up is digestion, not simple absorption.

The rhizopods are divided into three orders, the first two of which agree with the description just given. The last, however, is a little more highly organized. The protoplasmic prolongations—or pseudopodia (false feet) as they are called—give rise to the names bestowed upon the three orders—reticularia, radiolaria and loboso. The reticularia send out pseudopodia which coalesce wherever they come in contact, and thus form around the body an irregular net-work of delicate gelatinous threads, by means of which they crawl about and seize their food.

One of the most curious of this family is the *Gromia oviformis* [Fig. 2]. The little mass of jelly (for to all the tests, microscopical or chemical, which have been applied, it is essentially nothing more than this) is inclosed in an ovoid shell of a yellowish-brown color. At the smaller end there is an opening in the shell, through which the

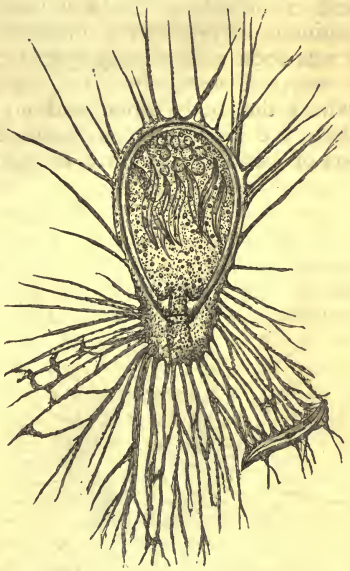


FIG. 2. GROMIA OVIFORMIS WITH PSEUDOPODIA EXTENDED SHOWING DIATOMS ENTANGLED AND ALSO INCLOSED IN THE BODY.

sarcode, as this animal jelly is called, is poured; the whole shell becomes invested in the protoplasm, and from it are sent out pseudopodia in every direction. These little creatures are found in fresh water, most commonly; but they are also inhabitants of the sea, and exist, in at least one variety, as an underground organism. Dr. Leidy discovered a number of fresh-water forms of life, such as rotifers and this *Gromia terricola*, in the cracks between the bricks of the Philadelphia pavements. His description

of the ordinary gromia is so very graphic, that it will not be out of place to give it in his own words. "Imagine," he says, "an animal like one of our autumnal spiders stationed at the center of its well-spread net; imagine this net to be a living extension of the animal, elongating, branching, and becoming confluent, so as to form a most intricate net, and imagine every thread to exhibit actively moving currents of a viscid liquid, both inward and outward, carrying along particles of food and dirt, and you have some idea of the general character of a gromia." The subterranean species are fresh-water organisms after all, for it is only when the soil between the paving-stones becomes wet that the little creature exhibits any signs of life; it then sends out its pseudopodia, forming its net for the capture of any food that may chance to be within reach. When the specimen described by Dr. Leidy was placed in water, the little spherical cream-colored body at once sent out multitudes of protoplasmic threads, and its net was soon satisfactorily spread. The space occupied was now sixty times the area which the body alone had covered, and along the threads of its intricate web numbers of navicula (the long, boat-shaped

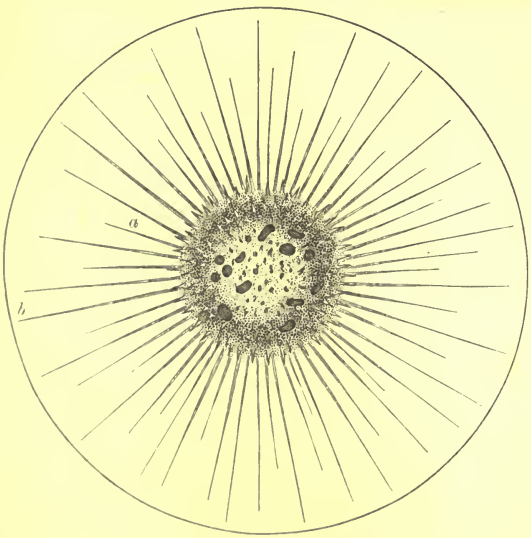


FIG. 3. ACANTHOCYSTIS TURFACEA.
a, Shorter spines; *b*, longer. (400 diams.) [Archer.]

diatoms which may be seen in Fig. 2, both within the shell and entangled in the pseudopodia) floated like tiny craft upon a stream of water, till they reached the opening of the shell, when they were engulfed.

The second order of rhizopods are the radiolaria, so called from the radial arrangement of their pseudopodia. Like the reticularia, some of these possess shells, or spicules,—rigid needle-like spines,—while others are naked. A very curious form of this order is the *Acanthocystis turfacea*, which is found in boggy pools [Fig. 3]. It possesses a spherical body, which is surrounded by numerous long, rigid spines, and others of a shorter kind. The body is covered with an investment—lorica it is called—formed of multitudes of short curved spines, apparently matted together into a tough membrane: the manner in which they are united is not known. From among the spines the pseudopodia issue to about thrice the length of the longer spines. The body is loaded with chlorophyl cells, and seems to have no nucleus. The singular feature about it is, however, that within the interior mass of protoplasm are usually seen from one to three ova. It would naturally be supposed that this was merely a phase in the development of the creature; but close examination would indicate that it is not so. If the ova be three in number, as they grow the entire protoplasmic mass of the radiolarian becomes absorbed, or disappears. Finally, when one of the ova has matured, signs of life may be observed within its shell; the tiny creature, as it develops, shows itself a rotatorian—a form far higher in the scale of life than the organism within which it has developed. When ready to quit the egg, the little prisoner becomes restless and impatient of confinement. By repeatedly dashing its head against the walls of the ovum it breaks its way out, only to find itself still incarcerated in the spine-beset cavity of the acanthocystis. But obstacles disappear before the persistent energy of the tiny hero; by rushing headlong against its prison walls they also are demolished, and it is at last free. This rotifer is, to all appearance, a parasite, the eggs of which had been previously deposited in the body of the acanthocystis, at whose expense it has developed.

The *Raphidiophrys viridis* is probably the largest fresh-water radiolarian known to science [Fig. 4]. The body of the animal consists of a variable number of balls formed of pellucid sarcode, about $\frac{1}{350}$ of an inch in diameter. It possesses a definite outline and no nucleus. Under the external surface of each ball is to be seen a dense

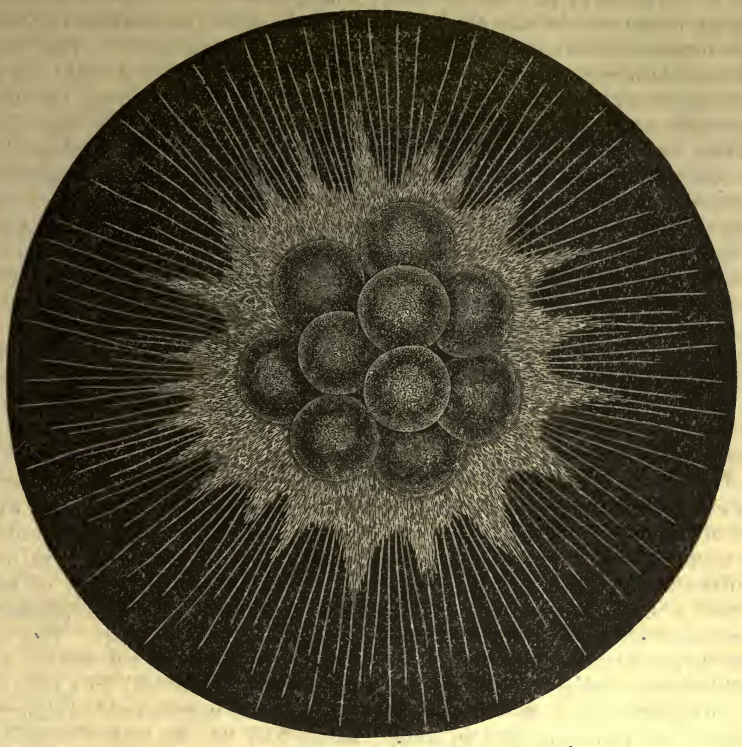


FIG. 4. RAPHYDIOPHRYS VIRIDIS. [AFTER ARCHER.]

stratum of chlorophyl cells, the center of the globe being free from them. The balls number, generally, from six to eight, though very rarely a single ball is found, and as rarely a very large number. Around the definite figure into which these balls heap themselves is a common investment of a thinner buff-colored sarcode which is changeable in its character. Immersed in this investing jelly are innumerable multitudes of double-pointed spicules of silica, densely crowded and lying in all possible directions, like a loosely tumbled-up heap of needles; they never, however, penetrate the globes. From among this mass of spicules a number of perfectly straight, transparent pseudopodia proceed. At certain definite intervals the spicules heap themselves about one of these prolongations of the protoplasm, giving to the organism a symmetrical appearance; but whether these sarcode threads proceed from the balls or from the surrounding protoplasm, it is impossible to determine. The aggregation of spicules about the pseudopodia seems to depend upon the movements of the sarcode. No currents are, however, to be seen, like those continually flowing to and fro along the reticulations of

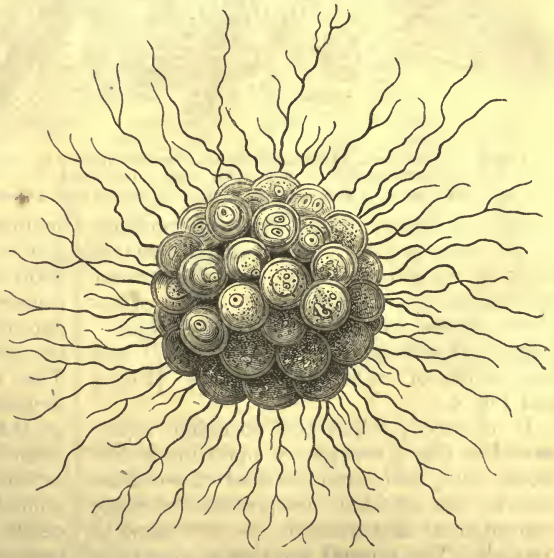


FIG. 5. CYSTOPHRYS HAECKLIANA BALLS SHOWING NUCLEI AND NUCLEOLI. [ARCHER.]

the gromia. In the figure [Fig. 4] the spicules which form an investment of the cluster of balls are not represented as covering the portion turned toward the eye. In a drawing it is impossible to represent them without obscuring the character and form of the sarcode globes. They are, in reality, not dense enough to obstruct completely the contour of the organism beneath, though around the edges, being seen through so great a thickness, they appear opaque.

The *Cystophrys haeckliana* is composed, like *R. viridis*, of a number of minute balls of protoplasm, but in several respects it manifests a higher degree of organism. It is destitute of hard parts, spicules or shell, but shows a distinct cell wall, and each ball has a nucleus and also a nucleolus, the first faint indications of a differentiation of parts. In the representation [Fig. 5] the nucleus cannot always be seen, owing to the position of the ball with reference to the eye of the observer, or else to the opacity of the granular matter around it. Frequently within the wall a division of the cell contents may be observed. [See Fig. 5, *d*.] The pseudopodia do not extend, as in the earlier forms of radiolaria, straight out radially, but branch irregularly and are thicker in certain portions than in others, and in some cases they do not extend from all portions of the central mass. All these differences show an approximation to the third order of rhizopods — the lobosa. The cystophrys shows so distinctly animal characteristics that it has been selected, and two illustrations of the same form given. [Fig. 5 and Fig. 6.]

FIG. 6. CYSTOPHRYS HAECKLIANA.—BALLS AFTER THEY HAD SPREAD THEMSELVES ON A WOOLEN FIBER. [ARCHER.]
a, *a*, Ends of fiber; *p*, *p*, pseudopodia inclosing fiber and drawing it into a bow-shape.

It chanced, when the specimen represented in Fig. 5 was placed upon the microscopic field, that a minute fiber of wool lay near it. By accident, or possibly by some movement of the creature, the two came in contact. The normal position of the balls is a cluster approaching a sphere in shape; when, however, it touched the woolen fiber, the balls rolled themselves over so as completely to envelop it. The pseudopodia stretched themselves toward its two ends, converging and clasping the thread with sufficient force to bend it from its normally straight position into a decided bow. The balls in some places were pushed quite outside the visible investment of protoplasm, but were never quite separated, and possibly were surrounded by a less tenacious protoplasmic envelope [Fig. 6]. Another variety of the cystophrys is much more lively in its motions. A freshly caught specimen has sometimes been seen to tear itself apart and become two individuals in the course of a few moments. This is not a case of multiplication by division of the ordinary or natural kind; in that case the cell contents usually show distinct division before the cell wall gives way, but here, without any previous change in the cell contents, a triangular cleft was to be seen in one margin of the ball, the two edges of which were still connected by protoplasmic threads extending across the gap. The cleft deepened and widened, till finally a complete severance was effected; for a little while fewer pseudopodia were extended along the edges, which had just separated from each other, but soon all distinction was lost.

The third order of radiolarians—the loboso—includes the form of animal life which most nearly represents the colorless corpuscles of the blood of vertebrate animals. The amœbæ are minute masses of protoplasm having no definite form. They exist in almost all infusions, and abound in the slime which covers aquatic plants. When first dropped upon a slide for examination, they are seen as small, rounded, semi-transparent masses of animal jelly; but soon from one part or another of the mass pointed extensions of its substance are seen extending, and finally the creature is seen to be advancing in that direction. [See Fig. 7.] The amœbæ have distinct inclosing and inclosed portions, or ectosarc and endosarc, as they are called in animal organisms. Some of these minute creatures Meyen attempted to prove were single-celled animals; though this attempt was not successful, it is admitted that these tiny protoplasmic masses constitute independent living beings. The ectosarc, or skin, as it

may be loosely denominated, is transparent; in the endosarc, which appears—like the primordial utricle of vegetable cells—to line

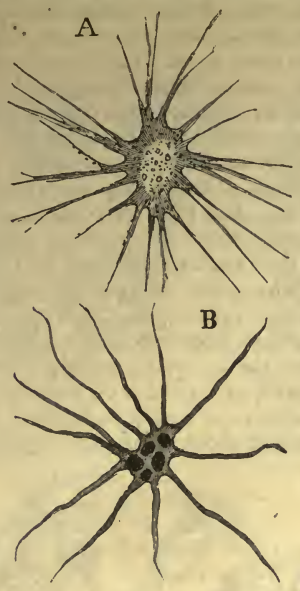


FIG. 7.
A, Amœba porrecta; B, White blood corpuscle. Walled. [Carpenter.]

rather than to fill the ectosarc, are found all the coloring matters of the organism, the central space being filled with a substance of a watery consistence filled with granules. A nucleus may be almost always seen in the amœba, adherent to the ectosarc, and lying within the internal cavity occupied by the protoplasmic contents; besides this, a contractile vesicle is forever pulsating like the heavings of rudimentary lungs. When the creature wishes to move, a portion of its investing wall extends itself like the finger of a glove, into which the granular contents pour themselves; by this means a definite portion, both of cell wall and cell contents, is transferred from some other portion of the body, and by a repetition of the process the whole animal conveys itself from place to place. The presence of a definite cell wall is manifest from the fact that the pseudopodia never coalesce when they meet, as in the lower forms. The movement of the amœba, which looks like rolling, is, more accurately speaking, creeping; for the nucleus and contractile vesicle never, during its progress, change their place with relation to the rest of the body. In moving about, the animal comes in contact with nutritious particles. These it receives into any portion of its body, or of its lobose extensions, which happen to touch them—the investing membrane not being close enough to prevent the animals improvising a mouth wherever convenient. In the same simple way innutritious particles are pushed out anywhere. When one of these creatures comes near another animal whose movements are not swift enough to enable it to escape, the pseudopodia of the amœba embrace its victim, the processes close around it, and the whole captured organism is invested and held, until all its nutritious particles are abstracted. [Fig. 7, A, *Amœba princeps.*]

The sarcode which goes to make up the entity of this simple life was at first considered to be characteristic only of the humblest organisms; but later investigations have led slowly but surely to the conclusion that the organized matter of the tiniest animalcule which floats in our ponds is identical with the cell substance which constitutes our own vitality. In the mucous membrane which lines the mouth, throat, stomach and alimentary canal of the higher organisms, in the lymphatic glands, in the connective tissue, and in the blood which circulates through our systems, there exist minute masses of colorless protoplasm, which extend pseudopodia, and even in some

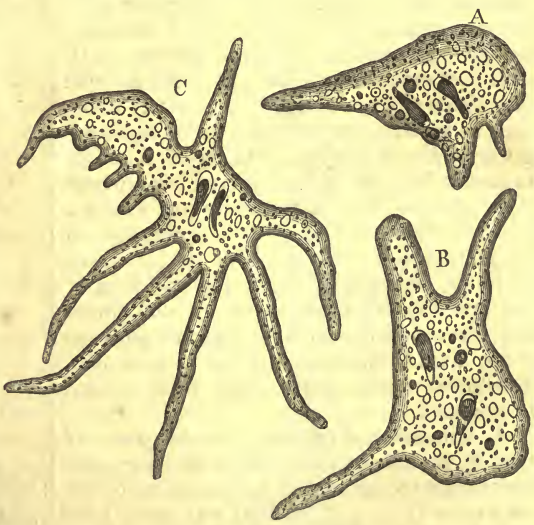


FIG. 8. AMŒBA PRINCEPS.
A, B, C, Successive forms assumed in the course of a few moments. [Carpenter.]

cases, migrate from place to place in a manner exactly similar to the movements of the amœba. These are no foreign intruders for which we should feel a natural horror and disgust, but probably the most

essential parts of our physical frame. In the human blood, these white blood corpuscles exist in the proportion of 1 to 350 of the red corpuscles. There is every reason to suppose that the red disks to which our blood owes its color and vital qualities are developed at the expense of the white amœbi-form cells. Investigations upon the circulation of a frog (which can be made upon the thin membrane joining its toes while the animal is in perfect health) show this to be the case with batrachians, and these white corpuscles while moving in the frog's veins have even been observed to devour the red ones as the amœbæ devour their prey. In the connective tissues of the human body these cells develop, and by means of their pseudopodia move about the body,—sometimes penetrating the walls of a blood-vessel, traversing the current of corpuscles and emerging on the opposite side.

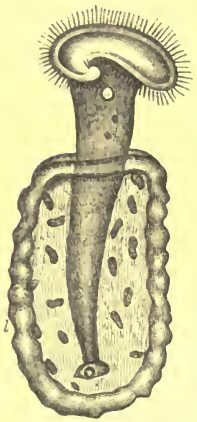


FIG. 9. STENTOR MÜLLERI.

There is something profoundly suggestive in these facts. It would seem that in the protoplasmic jelly, called sarcode, resides the mysterious vital power, whatever that may prove to be. In these humble organisms all the essential processes of life—such as growth, nutrition and reproduction—go on without the intervention of a single organ, while in the higher orders, where there are special organs for the performance of each function, the work is accomplished by each only in the presence or by means of living protoplasm. The reproduction of the species, the regeneration of the blood, the transmutation of food-material into organic tissue, is always, as is well known, dependent upon the existence of living protoplasm.

A comparison of the *Amœba porrecta* (which, by the way, is one of the very few non-nucleated amœbæ) and a white blood corpuscle [Fig. 7, A and B] will show how striking is the resemblance between them when stationary, but the resemblance reaches far deeper than that of mere form—it is a resemblance of chemical constitution and vital function.

Above the rhizopods in the scale of being is a wonderful and beautiful group of microscopic animals, to which has been especially appropriated the once general name of infusoria. Their bodies consist of sarcode, but a higher differentiation begins to show itself. The ectosarc is more firm, and the form more fixed than that of the amœbæ. As a general thing, the body does not seem to possess much contractile power, but in the vorticella [Figs. 10 and 11] the power of contraction is very great. Different members of this group are widely different in form, but they all possess, as organs of prehension and locomotion, numbers of cilia or delicate lashes formed of the protoplasm, which are not pushed out and retracted like pseudopodia, but are constant, and by their vibration create currents that carry into the creatures' mouths small living animalculæ, or particles of nutritive matter. In the species of vorticella figured, the ciliæ are arranged about the mouth only, as well as

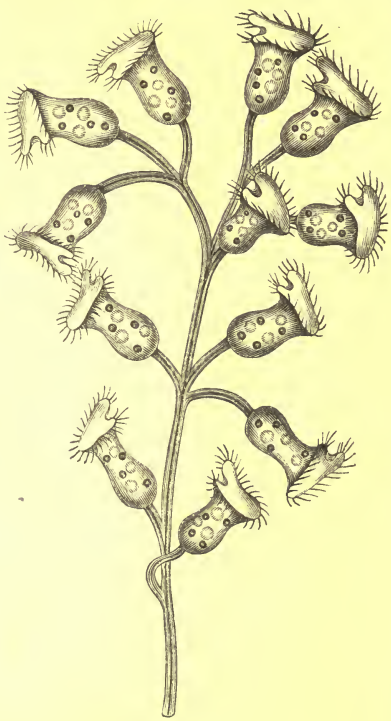


FIG. 10. BRANCH OF VORTICELLA FORMED BY FISSION.

in *Stentor mülleri* [Fig. 9]. It is possible, but hardly probable, that the movements of these ciliæ may be voluntary, since we know that in our own bodies ciliary movements, which are beyond our control or consciousness, are forever going on; and also that the movements of the unicellular plants and swarm-spores are all accomplished by the

lashings of these tiny whips, which cannot, of course, be considered as voluntary movements. "We can only regard it," Carpenter says, "as indicative of a wonderful adaptation on the part of these simple organisms,

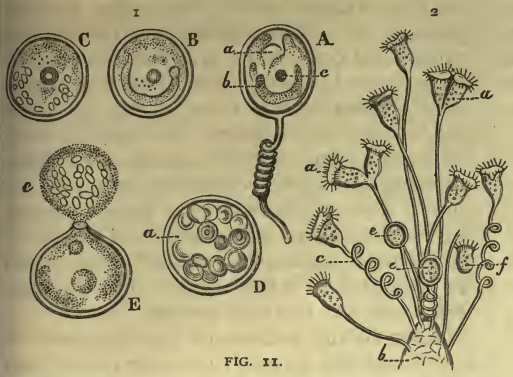


FIG. 11.

1, Development of vorticella; A, B, C, D, E, successive stages; 2, cluster of vorticella; *a*, *a*, in division; *b*, base; *c*, coiled stem; *e*, *e*, encysted vorticella; *f*, floating bell, just freed from stem. [Carpenter.]

which enables them to go in quest of their own nutriment, and to introduce it when obtained into the interior of their own bodies." The stalks of the bell-shaped vorticella and stentor [see Figs. 9, 10, 11] enable them to attach themselves to any aquatic plants, and the smallest fragment of leaf or stalk can scarcely be placed under the microscope without bringing one or more of these beautiful creatures into view. A grain or two of carmine tinging the water shows the constant current created by the ciliary action, but the ciliæ themselves cannot be seen except when the motion is slackening. After tinging the water in which myriads of darting dots of structureless jelly seem to be glancing about, the colored liquid may be withdrawn, and clear water substituted by means of a drop-tube. All the minute creatures are then seen to have filled themselves with cochineal, and the capture of its prey may readily be observed in the vorticella; a small blot of red jelly seems struggling to stem the current which sets in toward the stomach of the vorticella; at last fate is too much for the struggling mite, it succumbs and is seen engulfed in the vortex. While watching it, any sudden jar to the microscopic stage causes the bell-shaped body to be jerked down by the sudden spiral coiling of its stem, which, however, soon relaxes again [Fig. 11, *c*]. The vorticella, though essentially animal, is reproduced exactly in the same manner as the protococcus ["Single-celled Plants," SCRIBNER for Dec., 1876],—either by a division of the individual into two, or by conjugation. When fission occurs [Fig. 11, *a*] one of the divisions is usually smaller than the other; sometimes it detaches itself from the original bell and floats away [*f*], developing, after a while, a stem of its own, which becomes attached to some foreign body. At other times the fission extends down the stalk and they remain united; in this way a branching plant-like form develops [Figs. 9 and 11]. The vorticella has of late been very closely watched, and many cases of apparent fission are proved to be, in reality, conjugation,—two individuals becoming fused into one, and thus beginning a new cycle of asexual generation, by a true conjugation [Fig. 12].

Like protococcus, the vorticella has a still and a motile form. At certain times the creature becomes encysted and passes through the successive stages seen in Fig. 11, 1, A, D, till gemmules are set free, E, *e*. This is a process not unlike the pupa development of insects, or the hibernation of higher animals, and is in many cases a provision for their preservation through seasons when their ordinary life would be impossible. Sometimes it seems to be subservient to reproduction, sometimes to transformation, and sometimes only to individual preservation.

During the encysted state, the animal

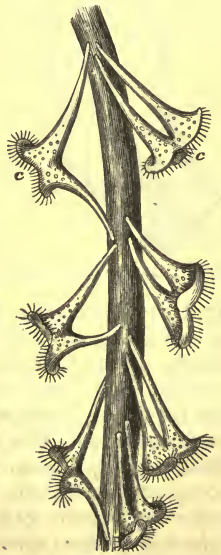


FIG. 12.

c, Conjugation of vorticella. [Carpenter.]

may be dried up till it is apparently mere dust, or it may be subjected to heat far beyond boiling-point, and still revive when

the appropriate conditions of moisture and food are supplied. In this way the air we breathe is full of the spores and zoöspores of vegetable and animal life, which make their appearance in infusions, stagnant water, animal organisms, or wherever else they can live.

Among the most beautiful of fresh-water organisms are the rotifers, which are far more highly organized than the infusoria.

FIG. 13. THE BEAUTIFUL FLOSCULE. [PRITCHARD.]

[See Fig. 13.] The internal structure of these minute beings is exquisitely delicate and complicated. Some forms—the *Rotifer vulgaris*, for instance—move about or attach themselves by means of a tail, which shoots out telescope-fashion, each tube being terminated by a fork, which prevents their sliding quite into one another when withdrawn. One moment the creature looks like a roundish mass of glass of a very imperfect quality, the next the tail is shot out by a series of jerks, and a couple of wheels edged with cilia set a-whirling to all appearance at the head-end, though the motion is in reality not a continuous revolution. These movements are so lively that it is almost impossible to keep them in view under the glass. The masticating apparatus in the females is a most wonderful and complex organ; but in all the cases known the males possess none at all. They seem, like the drones among the bees, to be very short-lived, and they depend during that brief time upon such aliment as had been stored up in the egg. Like the infusoria, the rotifers may be dried up and wafted from place to place, awaiting favorable conditions for revivification. Naturalists are in the habit of keeping by them for convenience a stock of dried rotifers,—rotifer-powder,—which can be converted into the living forms, by soaking, whenever they are needed.

Some of the rotifers, as well as some of the infusoria, have a case, or lorica, into which they can withdraw. [See Fig. 13, *l*, and also for the infusorial lorica, 9, *l*.] In certain varieties the case is formed by the hardening of a gelatinous secretion thrown off in rings from the animal's surface. The indication of this mode of formation often shows itself by a series of constrictions in the tube. *Melicerta*, one of the rotifers, possesses a lorica formed of little rounded pellets, evidently glued together. The method of its construction has been carefully observed by Mr. Gosse, and is so curious that we will conclude by describing the process. Beneath a projection of the head is a small organ, which, when the ciliated wheels are in motion, looks like a revolving ventilator. Toward this organ most of the solid particles caught in the vortex are carried, and after a time, molded into a globular pellet. At the end of about three minutes the tiny sphere has reached the correct size, and the animal then bends over its head and deposits the pellet. One by one the stones—of which the investing case is made—are thus formed and placed, till the cylindrical lorica is complete.

There is something so marvelously like the choice of adequate means to attain a definite purpose, in such manifestations as this,—which is not at all an exceptional one in the very humblest region of animal existence,—that one is tempted to believe that wonders increase, rather than decrease, as we go downward in the scale of being. Assuredly, the problem of life does grow more marvelous, more utterly inexplicable, as it is cleared of unnecessary terms and reduced to its simplest form.

CROTON WATER.

SECTION OF THE CROTON AQUEDUCT SHOWING MANNER OF INSPECTING.

I. THE CROTON WATER-SHED.

Sixty or seventy miles from New York City, beyond the farming suburbs whose white villas and embryo avenues are knit together by the iron thread of the Harlem Railroad, is a picturesque country, embracing a large part of Putnam, a smaller part of Westchester, and a corner of Dutchess County. This area, with a bit of Connecticut added to it, is bespangled with twenty-three very pretty lakes, which, with many springs and brooks, yield the clear and wholesome water whose superabundance has made the name of Croton blessed in every New York household.

The principal lake in the group is Mahopac, which is both the largest and the most beautiful. It is from two and a half to three miles in diameter,—nearly eight miles in circumference,—from 40 to 50 feet deep on an average, and covers a superficial area of 603 acres. To speak of its shores as being luxuriously wooded is not enough. They are buried in leaf, soft and lustrous, which not only reaches to the water's edge but overlaps it, and casts tremulous shadows over the transparent depths. Where there is an open space it is either a lawn or a pasture, and the bowlders of gneiss that are so prominent in the surrounding country almost disappear.

About five miles northward from Mahopac, by a hilly road, which descends from a height of 650 feet to a height of 495 feet, is Lake Gleneida, upon the northern side of which is situated the village of Carmel. Gleneida is over 100 feet deep in many places, and is about a mile long and half a mile wide. The banks are high, but they have been cleared of wood and, taken, all in all, the lake is not as pretty as Mahopac. Its shores are smooth and regular, and many attractive dwellings are built upon them. The water is as clear as crystal, and repeats in its depths the clustering white and red houses of the village, and the large female college that stands on the bluff to the right.

A mile east of Gleneida is another beautiful lake—Gilead—which has an area of 122 acres, and is situated 498 feet above the level of the sea. The wonder is that no hotel or boarding-house has sprung up here. The banks slope down precipitously from a height of several hundred feet, and the foliage is intertwined in every direction with bewildering density.

There are twenty other lakes in the group, including Barrett Pond, China Pond, and Pine Pond, all near Carmel, and varying in altitude from six to eight hundred feet; Long Pond, Dean Pond and White Pond,—the latter being the loftiest of the Putnam

County lakes, 826 feet above the tide,—Black Pond, Tonetta Pond, Ice Pond and Peach Pond. Lake Waccabuc is locked in a secluded vale with high, romantic cliffs, four miles from Golden's Bridge station, and is much visited in the summer by pleasure-seekers. These basins, then, with a few others less important whose names I have not given, form the natural reservoirs of the Croton water-shed, and can all be diverted into one broad stream should occasion require, though at present the only ones likely to be drawn upon are the three largest. The whole shed embraces an area of about 220,000 acres, with a drainage of 339 square miles. But the lakes, useful as they are for storage, do not serve as well for a water supply as a perpetual, brisk-flowing river,—and such a river is the Croton. It has its source in three springs in Putnam County; the three separate rivulets from these springs—east, west and middle branches—unite near Owentown, and are increased by the surplus of the lakes, and the confluence of the small brooks which enter from both sides, and, as one fine stream, the Croton, after many windings and turnings, mingles its freshness with the salt of the Hudson near Teller's Point, forty miles north of New York City.

LAKE MAHOPAC.

The geological features of the water-shed may be summed up as follows: The predominant rock of the country is gneiss,—a continuation of the formation which gives New England its backbone,—and its quality varies from the hardest granite to a loose mica-slate. On the surface there are various impressions, in some of which large masses of white marble are deposited, and the gneiss stratification shows clear signs of some very violent revolutions. The gneiss is exposed in some places, or is covered as high as 50 feet with diluvium and alluvium, mixed with bowlders of granite and trap.

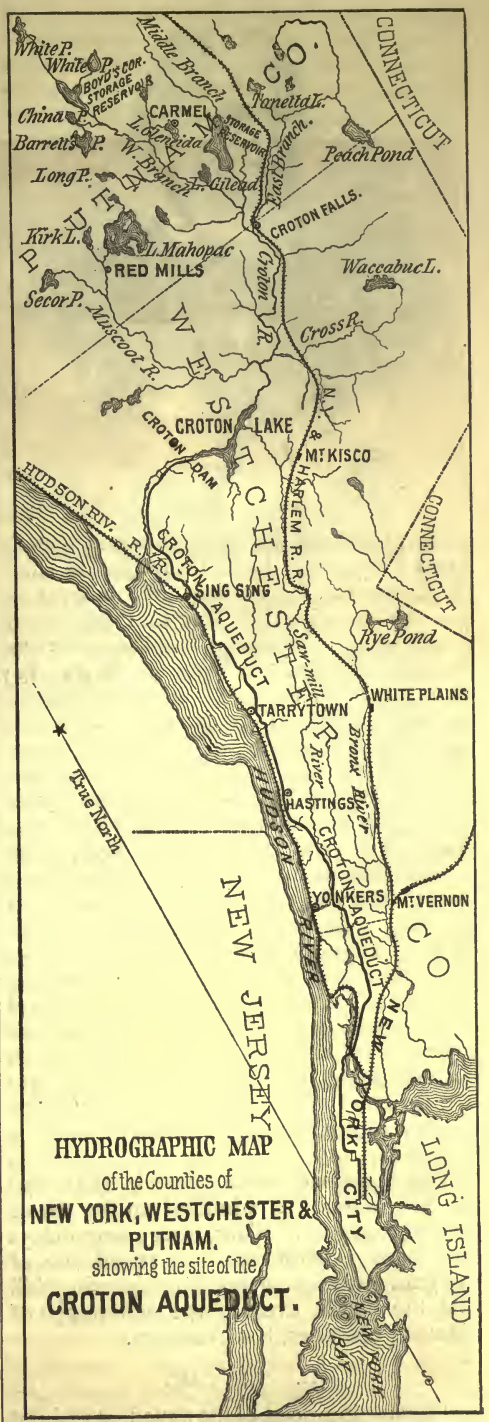
II. AN ABSTRACT OF HISTORY.

THE contiguity of this abundant water-shed to the growing city on Manhattan Island, forty miles south of Teller's Point, did not enter into the consideration of the early settlers, who, with the sea around them and sufficient for the day in the wells

LAKE GLENEIDA.

attached to their dwellings, never dreamed to what an extent their numbers would increase, nor realized how all the wells, ponds and brooks in their little circle, multiplied ten times ten, would eventually prove inadequate to the demand. It was not until 1774 that the subject of obtaining a supply by artificial means was thought of, and the outbreak of the Revolution then deferred its practical embodiment for several years.

But in 1798 the population had already increased so largely that it was resolved to obtain a supply from Westchester County. Various plans were proposed and none was accepted; engineers held councils, and sanitarians wrote reports; experiments in the way of artesian wells, etc., were made and abandoned in their incipiency, and thirty years went by in dilly-dallying with the subject. Among the plans was one to conduct water from Rye ponds by a pipe 28 inches in diameter, at an expense of $2,600,000; another was to draw water from the Passaic, above Paterson Falls, and send it underneath the Hudson in iron pipes; and a third, suggested by the author of the previous two, Mr. Francis Phelps, looked to the Croton River and proposed to bring it to the city at an expense of $3,060,000. This, according to T. Schramke, in his "Description of the Croton Aqueduct," was the first time the Croton River was mentioned, and to Mr. Phelps, therefore, belongs the honor of discovering the adaptability of this river and its environs. The plan relating to Rye ponds was accepted by those having the matter in charge, and it was decided to build an arched canal six feet wide from the ponds to Macomb's Dam, where, by an arrangement of tidal power, the water was to be lifted 120 feet above the level of the sea, and thence conducted across the Harlem River to the island. But when it came to the legislature, this was vetoed, and the work still remained in abeyance. In 1834, a committee of water commissioners was appointed, consisting of Stephen Allen, Benjamin Brown, Thomas Woodruff, Charles Dusenbury, Saul Alley and W. W. Fox, and these commissioners, with Major Douglass, professor of engineering at West Point, unanimously concluded that the only two streams suitable were the Croton and the Bronx. In the meantime another chimera was broached. This was to dam the Hudson, so as to raise that river two feet above flood tide and cut off the sea-water. By the fall of eight feet thus produced, it was said that a water-power of 30,000 horses would



be made available, 27 parts of which might be devoted to manufacturing purposes, and the other 3,000 for pumping the water. The

JOHN B. JERVIS.

author, Bradford Seymour, proposed to construct a system of locks for the use of shipping, but the interests of free navigation and the fisheries, the fear that salt water would penetrate the dam, and the enormous estimate of cost, combined to defeat the plan. One of the propositions submitted by Major Douglass was accepted, and that was the real beginning of the Croton Aqueduct and the system by which the metropolis receives its bountiful supply of water. Under his direction every preparation was made for the execution of the design, when a disagreement between him and the chairman of the water commissioners resulted in his resignation, and the transfer of his duties as chief engineer to John B. Jervis, under whom the work in its original proportions was carried on, to be afterward extended by the building of the new and high-service reservoirs by Alfred W. Craven. Mr. Craven was succeeded by General G. S. Greene, and Mr. Greene by E. H. Tracy, and Mr. Tracy by the present engineer-in-chief, John C. Campbell.

The aqueduct was finished in 1842, and the first water was admitted on the 4th of July in that year. Thus, after many delays and many experiments, was raised one of the grandest monuments of engineering skill that the world, even at the mature age of nineteen centuries, has ever seen.

III. THE DAM.

THE starting-point of the aqueduct is about six miles above the mouth of the Croton River and 35 miles north of Central Park. But before we follow it on its course toward the city, let us see how the water is diverted from its natural channel.

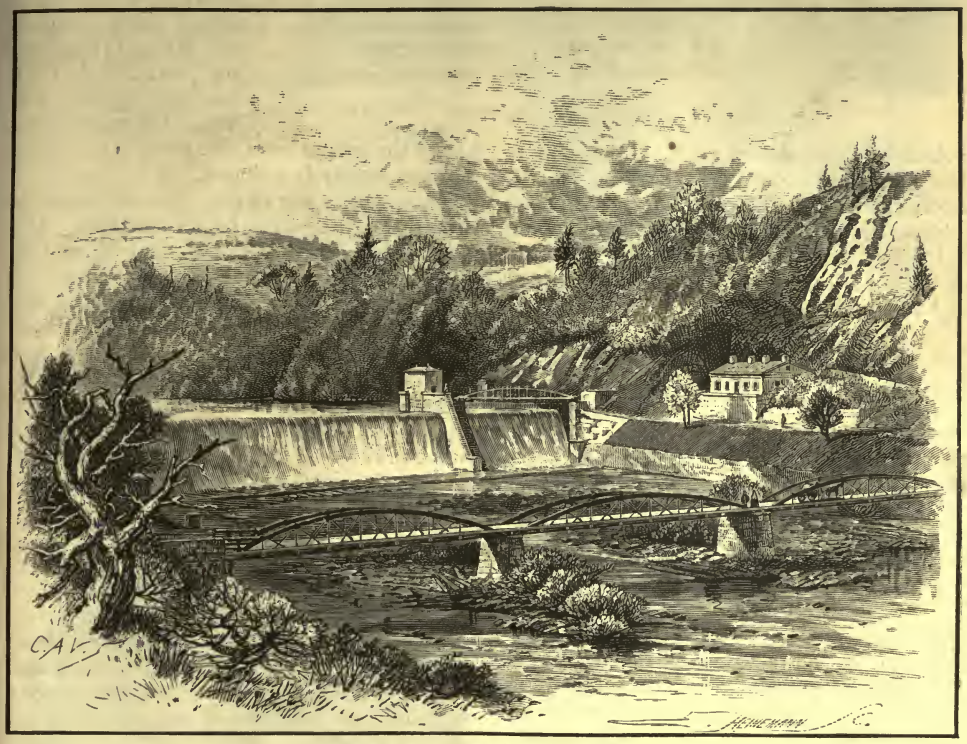
Nourished by lakes, brooks, and springs, as I have already stated, the three forks of the river unite near Owentown, and pass thence into an extensive sedimentary basin known as Croton Lake. The artist and the writer drove around this beautiful expanse of water one delightful morning last July. High hills encompass it, wooded from the crest to the foot; winding roads, overhung with foliage, edge it, and monotony is taken away from it by an irregular shore, and islands strewn like emerald stepping-stones across its breadth.

JOHN C. CAMPBELL.

The lake is about six miles long, from one-eighth to a third of a mile wide, and embraces 400 acres, with a retaining capacity of about 500,000,000 gallons. Toward the

ALFRED W. CRAVEN.

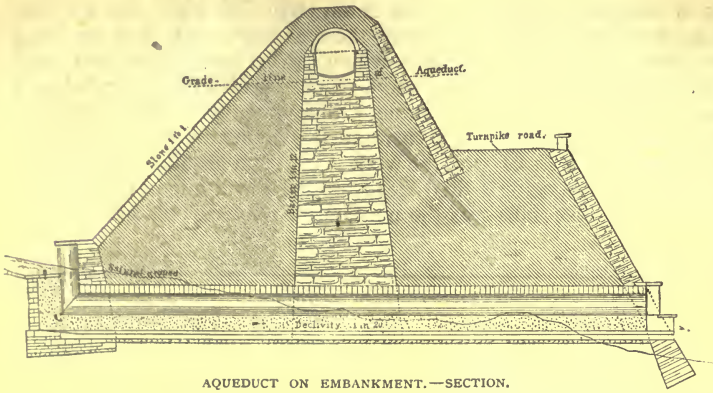
south-western end the space between the hills is narrow, and here is constructed the dam, 230 feet wide and 45 feet high, which raises the water 40 feet above its original level, and turns it into the aqueduct for city use instead of allowing it to flow farther along its natural course into the Hudson. The appearance of this immense belt of masonry—the visible parts of the dam being of solid granite—in the midst of the hills puts man's achievements in contrast with nature's, and makes a strong impression on the observer.



VIEW OF CROTON LAKE AND DAM.

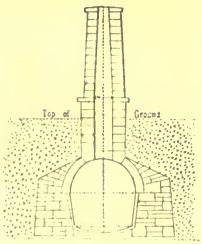
The lower or front face of the dam curves by a radius of 55 feet to within 10 feet of the top, when a reversed curve completes it. The upper or rear face—that against which the water of the lake presses—is vertical, and is backed by an embankment of earth extending 275 feet into the lake with a slope of one foot in five. The surplus water passes over this in a white avalanche, and is carried off into the Hudson by the old course of the Croton. The thunder of the fall in times of spring freshets is described by the keeper of the dam as deafening. "The members of my family can scarcely sleep for it; the overflow is occasionally five feet high, and the hills catch up the roar and repeat it in rumbling echoes, which can be heard a long way off." The curved face is built of large and closely cut stone, with four heavy courses at the bottom dovetailed together, and the main body of the work is of rough granite. Three hundred feet from the lower edge of the dam—as the unscientific reader would call it, or the "lip," as it is known to engineers—a secondary dam of timber and stone, inconsiderable in height, is erected to break the body of water, and a pool forms, which may be emptied by a waste-wier placed near the left bank.

The grounds near the dam are set off with flower-beds and patches of neatly trimmed grass, which are kept in order by old Henry Munyers, who, for nearly a quarter of a century, has been a devoted servant of the department. Henry is not a very presentable object personally. His face is blue with a gunpowder wound received in an unfortunate blasting operation, and his eyesight is almost gone. But he loves his work, and does it faithfully.



AQUEDUCT ON EMBANKMENT.—SECTION.

Another uncommon thing about him is that he is taken at his true value by his superiors, and is placed beyond adverse political influence. Politicians may come and politicians may go, but Henry is a life incumbent; indeed, they say it would break his heart to remove him.



VENTILATORS, ONE MILE APART.

A path from the edge of the dam—over which on the day of my visit thin sheets of glistening water were falling—leads to a bluff, at the foot of which is a pediment of granite giving the names of the engineers, contractors and builders who had to do with the construction of the aqueduct. The entrance to the aqueduct is here, and an iron grating reveals a stream of water bubbling and eddying underneath as it passes in through a tunnel beneath the surface. A wooden frame-work and a wire screen extending outward from the pier into the lake keeps out floating leaves, etc., for the engineers are very particular as to cleanliness, and a drain runs underneath the dam to give the sediment an exit.

The tunnel is cut through 180 feet of solid rock, and ends at a gate-house where a series of gates regulate the quantity of water admitted to the aqueduct. It would not do to let the water flow in at hap-hazard, of course; that would soon result in the bursting of the strongest masonry, and in rainy seasons the gates require constant attention.

A little way west of the dam in the grounds surrounding the keeper's house, is a small building covering an opening to the aqueduct, where, with a gauge and lantern, old Munyers is placed on watch during stormy nights, and when the water rises above the proper level, the gates are lowered and the supply is reduced.

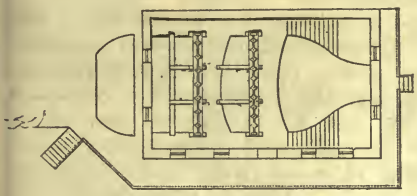
These gates are of iron, and are made to slide through grooves by an iron rod. The latter has a screw at the upper end, and by turning a wheel-like key, it is raised or lowered. The gate-way—all the masonry of which consists of gneiss and hydraulic mortar—is inclosed in a granite house, and the interior of this building—with its white-washed walls, rows of brightly polished screws, and the rushing water below—is very striking. The Croton is now on its way to the city, with a current of two and a quarter miles an hour.

NIGHTLY GAUGING OF WATER IN THE AQUEDUCT AT CROTON DAM.

IV. THE AQUEDUCT.

At first it was proposed to conduct the water through an open canal, but this plan met with many objections. The water would be exposed to the sun, the wading of cattle, and bathing, and bowlders; earth and stone would be washed in. A wooden roof was then discussed, but as wood was not sufficiently impervious to heat and cold, it was finally resolved to arch the channel with stone, notwithstanding the enormous expense. The original cost of the aqueduct was $8,575,000, which included the purchase of land, water-rights, and some unfinished work, but not the reservoirs and distributing-pipes. This amount fell within five per cent. of the estimate made by Chief-engineer Jervis.

The form of the aqueduct is an inverted arch at the bottom, with a span-line of six feet nine inches, and the side walls rise four feet above the spring-line of the arch, with a bevel of one inch to a foot, by which the width at the top of the side wall is brought



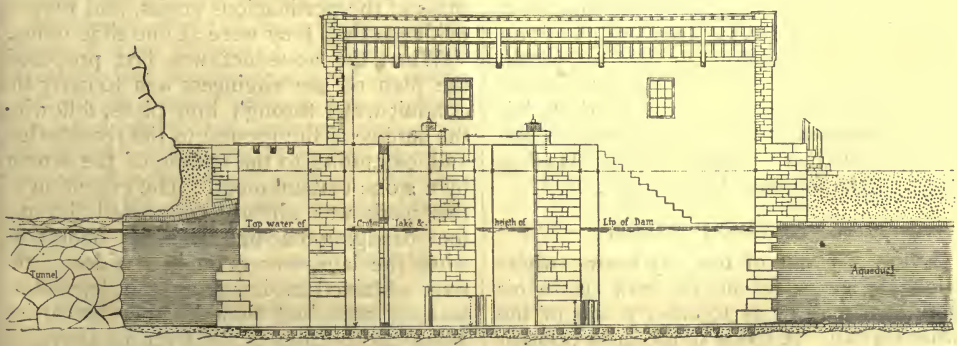
GATE-HOUSE AT CROTON DAM.—PLAN.

to seven feet five inches — the greatest breadth in any part. The greatest height is eight feet five and a half inches. Where a tunnel has been excavated, the foundation is of concrete masonry, which is laid level across the bottom. The inverted arch is of brick, four inches thick, and the roofing arch is also of brick, eight inches thick. The side walls are of rubble stone with a brick facing four inches thick. The concrete masonry was formed by mixing one part of

QUAKER HILL, NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE EAST BRANCH OF THE CROTON RIVER.

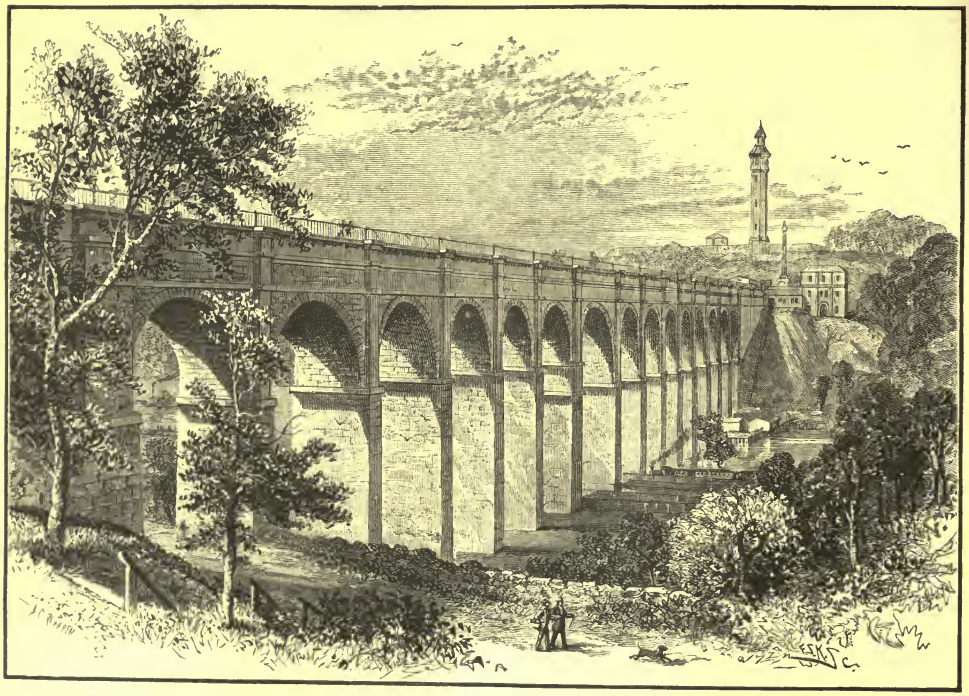
hydraulic cement, three parts of clear sand, and three parts of fine broken stone, and the mortar for the stone-work was composed of one measure of cement and three parts of sand. The mortar for the bricks and plastering consists of one part of cement and two parts of sand. To pass the streams that intersect the line, 114 culverts were constructed, the span of which varies from one and a half to 25 feet; and to admit a free current of air, 33 chimney-like ventilators were placed at intervals of one mile. The fall or grade is about 1.1088 feet per mile.

Having left the gate-way at the dam, the aqueduct follows the left bank of the Croton River for five miles, and thence turns south, penetrating two hills of solid rock by a tunnel 720 feet long. Half a mile further is another tunnel 276 feet long, and ravine after ravine is spanned and passed. At



GATE-HOUSE AT CROTON DAM.—VERTICAL SECTION.

Sing Sing the Kill River is crossed by an arch 88 feet wide, the abutment walls of which are 20 feet thick, resting on a solid rock foundation, and two other tunnels intersect the grounds of the state prison for a distance of 416 and 375 feet respectively. At Mill River, 13 miles from the dam, the crossing work is very imposing. The aqueduct is carried over Sleepy Hollow in the rear of the old Dutch church, by a massive embankment of stone and earth, 87 feet high, 25 wide, and 172 feet long, and in the next two miles five valleys are crossed in succession. At Yonkers it passes through a tunnel driven partly through earth and partly



HIGH BRIDGE.

through rock, 684 feet long, and thence it spans the Saw-mill River by a bridge of two arches, each measuring 25 feet in width. Tibbets Brook tunnel, below Yonkers, is thus far the most extensive excavation of all, being 810 feet long, and a short distance below this the aqueduct is borne over the Harlem River by the famous High Bridge.

V. THE HIGH BRIDGE.

EVERY resident of the city knows where High Bridge is, no matter how dense his ignorance may be as to other points of the water-service. It is one of the most popular resorts of the middle classes, and is within a few minutes' ride of the Grand Central Depot, or an hour's sail in the East River steamers from Peck Slip. On Sundays it is flocked with excursionists—principally workingmen with their wives and children in holiday dress—of whom it is a favorite promenade. The banks on both sides of it are, in places, over 200 feet above the level of the water, shaded by hemlocks and willows, and sprinkled with beer-gardens. Rocks, that once were picturesque, project themselves in bowlders and cliffs, disfigured, alas! by the glaring advertisements of all sorts of swindling nostrums; in fact from the crest to the shore the banks are a solid mass of the pertinacious gneiss, and there is evidence that they were at one time united.

When the aqueduct was first proposed, the plan of the engineers was to carry the conduit water through iron pipes, following the surface of the ground to the river's edge, and extending to the middle of the stream by a stone embankment. The execution of this work was already contracted for and the dredging-machine was in operation, when the land-owners on both sides of the river obtained a law from the legislature that the aqueduct should either be carried along the bottom of the river, or above its surface at such a height that arches 80 feet

wide and 100 feet high could be made in it to allow vessels a safe passage. The latter method was adopted, although it cost $200,000 more than the former would have cost. The bridge has 15 arches, eight of which, each 100 feet in height above the tide and 80 feet wide, rise out of the stream, while the other seven rise from either shore, with a span of 50 feet each. Its whole length is 1,450 feet, and the principal material is well-dressed granite. The width across the top, which is protected by a parapet on each side, is 21 feet, and between the parapets the water is conveyed by an immense pipe, seven feet six inches in diameter.* The object in using pipes was to secure the conduit against damage from leakage and the action of frost. The width of the river at the crossing is 620 feet, and its bed is formed by stratas of sand and large bowlders intermixed, and compact marble or clay and sand. The foundations of all the land piers, except two, have been put down with bearing piles to support them, and there are seven piers in the river with foundations of considerable depth.

At the northern end of the bridge stands a gate-house like that at the dam, into which the water that has been gathered from the lovely springs, lakes and rivulets in Westchester and Putnam, and has traveled 33 miles through the aqueduct, pours in a black and sometimes frothy mass. The system of gates is also the same as that of the dam, and all the other gate-houses, its object being to shut off or regulate the supply of water in the pipes over the bridge. Passing through these gates, the water is, or rather may be, conveyed over the bridge in two cast-iron pipes three feet in diameter, and one wrought iron pipe seven feet six inches in diameter, and half an inch thick, which are inclosed, the roof over them forming the promenade from bank to bank of the river. A path from the gate-house down a grassy embankment leads to this tunnel, and the effect of the enormous whitened pipes, stretching out in diminishing perspective between the narrow walls, is very peculiar. The pipes rest on iron pedestals with stone foundations. The heat expands them as much as five inches in summer, and they are contracted by the cold proportionately in winter.

* Mr. Jervis originally put down two pipes each three feet diameter, but when Mr. Craven raised and altered the bridge he put down the one large pipe and the others are not now in use.

At the south end of the bridge there is another gate-house, and thence the aqueduct is resumed. But a part of the water is diverted into a high service reservoir by powerful engines which throw up 100,000 gallons in every 24 hours, for the use of houses on the elevated ground in the vicinity of Carmansville. By the side of this reservoir is a handsome tower of granite masonry, the top of which is nearly 400 feet above the level of the river, and the water is pumped in to give it sufficient head to supply the heights of Fort Washington. The additions to the High Bridge and the

PAT. McCLUSKIE.

large wrought-iron pipe over it, the pumping works, high service reservoir and tower, were constructed under A. W. Craven as chief-engineer, G. S. Greene and W. L. Dearborn, engineers in charge. These gentlemen also built the new reservoir in Central Park.

The views from the windows are of surpassing beauty, revealing the Hudson reaching north and south between the Palisades, and into the Tappan Zee; Long Island

Sound flashing in the east; the smoky city with its spires and roofs below, and the soft green pastures and woods of Westchester County undulating into the northward haze. The line of the Harlem, speckled with row-boats, sloops, schooners, and little steamers; the red brick-paved walk across the top of the bridge dotted with pigmy

VIEW OF THE HARLEM RIVER FROM WINDOW OF TOWER, HIGH BRIDGE.

men and women, and the white houses, half hidden among the foliage on the banks, give a charming variety to the scene.

Another reservoir, near that used for the high service, receives a supply of water for Harlem and the up-town suburbs.

The aqueduct in its southerly course next crosses a ravine 30 feet deep, and a little further on it is buried in a tunnel 234 feet long, bored through solid rock, in the estate of Monsieur Etienne Jumel, the division of whose wealth caused the famous will case. It is hardly out of this when another obstacle appears in two ravines, one 38 feet deep, and the other 43 feet deep, which are successively bridged over, and thence it follows the line of the Tenth avenue to Manhattanville, and is hidden again under the Manhattan tunnel, which is cut through 1,215 feet of solid rock. At Tenth avenue and 110th street, there is a gate-house, passing which the water is conveyed in pipes to Ninety-third street between Ninth and Tenth avenues, where it flows through another gate-house into a new section of the aqueduct, which conveys it to, and discharges it in, the two large receiving reservoirs at Central Park.

VI. THE RESERVOIRS.

THE smaller of the reservoirs was built at the same time as the aqueduct, and the larger one is a more recent construction. The former covers an area of 35 acres, with a water surface of 31 acres, and a capacity of 150,000,000 gallons. The latter covers an area of 106 acres, with a water surface of 96 acres, and a capacity of 1,029,888,000 gallons. Its depth when full is 38 feet. A comprehensive view of both is obtained from the turrets of the belvedere in the Central Park, from which, on a sunny day, they appear to be sheets of burnished silver,—a simile which will be appreciated for its accuracy rather than for its novelty.

There is another reservoir between Fifth and Sixth avenues and Fortieth and Forty-second streets, which has a water surface of 386 square feet, and a depth when full of 38 feet, with a capacity of 21,000,000 imperial gallons.

The new reservoir at Central Park is divided by a wall, so that in case of an accident only one section of the basin need be emptied, and the system of gates is more elaborate, of course, than at any other part of the aqueduct. The influent gate-house at the northern end of the reservoir distributes the water equally into each section, or into one section only as may be required; and the effluent gate-house at the southern end can also draw a supply either from one

CENTRAL PARK RESERVOIR, VIEW FROM BELVEDERE.

or both sections. The gate-houses and the waste-wiers are, by the way, the safety-valves of the whole work. But for them a slight leakage in any part of the dam, the aqueduct, or the reservoirs, would cripple the entire service: with them the engineers are enabled to localize the injury as a physician might localize a disease.

There is an admirable neatness in the manner with which all the appurtenances are kept. In all the gate-houses and waste-wiers every bit of brass and steel work is as bright as a new pin; every bit of sod on the line of the aqueduct is trimmed like an English gentleman's lawn, and the water, take up a glass of it where you will, is nearly as clear as when it came out of the spring. The south gate-house in Central Park is an exemplification of this. From the roof to the foundation; from the walls to the floor; from the benches provided for inquisitive visitors who want to rest their legs and their curiosity, to the policeman in charge, the most exacting housekeeper might search in vain for a particle of dust. And the scrupulous cleanliness to be seen on the ground-floor of the gate-house is repeated in the tunnels far below, through which the water issues from the reservoir for distribution in the city.

We descend by a spiral stair-way placed in a circular well with moist, dripping walls, to a whitewashed chamber lighted for our own particular benefit by several gas jets. Our attendant is a one-legged pensioner of the late war, a son of Erin, with the inevitable name of Pat. Pat is like old Munyers at the dam in his devotion to his work, and shows us about with evident pride. Here are the great forty-eight inch mains leading from the reservoir into the city, with long rows of blow-off valves, stop-cocks, and ventilators, iron wheels and brass screws. The "blow-offs" are used for driving the water out of the pipes into the sewers when repairs have to be made. The gates are raised or lowered by horizontal wheels working on screws two or three inches in diameter.

From the gallery, where the stop-cocks are, Pat, carrying a brilliant torch, now leads us into a wide tunnel, stalking over the pipes on his wooden leg with greater security than we do. The tunnel curves toward the Eighty-fifth street entrance to the Park, and the six mains running along its bottom gradually sink into the ground until they are buried completely. One pipe extends to First avenue, another to Third avenue, another to Madison avenue, and so on, and thus the water is conveyed from the reservoirs by a marvelous system of pipes into nearly every building in the city. The branchings and crossings are made by single or double sleeves cast together with a main piece. At the corners of streets where these crossings and branches occur, stop-cocks are inserted in the pipes so that the water may be cut off from any districts in which repairs have to be made. The small pipes running from the mains into the houses are from half an inch to one inch in diameter and are made of lead. Hydrants are placed along the streets at convenient distances, and are protected by a cast-iron case, to keep off frost. In the harbor, pipes are also extended

along the piers to supply shipping; the privilege of which is let out to a contractor, who fixes his own price for the commodity.

VII. AN ENGINEER'S ADVENTURES.

ONCE a year, or oftener, usually in November, an exploration is made of the

GALLERY OF STOP-COCKS, BLOW-OFFS, ETC.

interior of the aqueduct from end to end, by Mr. Benjamin S. Church, the resident engineer, who for over twenty years has been in charge of this part of the work. The water is shut off at the Croton dam, and the aqueduct is emptied by the waste-wiers which I have described. Many strange and exciting adventures befall the men detailed for this service; and though but one life has ever been lost, large parties have sometimes been in imminent danger. The man-holes having been opened previously, the laborers under charge of Mr. Church, dressed in rough suits, enter the aqueduct at the dam, and travel downward either afoot or in an ingenious car propelled by a crank like the hand-cars used on a railway. The effect is weird and awe-inspiring. Some of the men carry torches, whose smoke and wavering blaze curl and flash in the darkness and throw fantastic shadows and reflections on the moist walls. The voices reverberate like peals of thunder, and seem to awake responsive vibrations in the massive stone and brick work itself. In some conditions of the atmosphere, laborers repairing the masonry five miles below can be distinctly heard by those at the entrance, and at all times the human voice pitched in an ordinary key can be heard at a distance of two or three miles, in long low rumbles. A broad halo of light frames the men in, and behind this there is an impenetrable blackness, so dense that an inexperienced person takes every step with extreme caution. There are few greater promoters of terror than the power of darkness, and the simple, superstitious Irishmen descending the ladder at the entrance leave sunshine, sky and fields above in no cheerful mood. The short clay pipes are allowed to go out and few words are spoken. It is a business to be done with as soon as possible. Thousands of tons of water are pressing against the gates at the entrance, and should a bar give way, or an order be misunderstood, the flood would rush down upon the unfortunates and engulf them with irresistible force. Once, in fact, an order was misunderstood, and twenty men narrowly escaped with their lives. Mr. Church, with this number of laborers, entered the aqueduct to make some repairs, and instructed the keeper at the dam to let the water flow in again at 11 P. M. The party were making some repairs at a point some distance below the entrance at 11 A. M. when Mr. Church noticed a gradual rise in the water. Afraid of causing a panic, he did not say anything to his men, but urged them on in the hope that the work might be completed that morning. The water continued to rise, however, first submerging their feet, and then creeping up toward their knees with terrible stealth and certainty. The situation was that of a shipwrecked crew cast upon a rock which is being slowly covered by an incoming tide. The engineer now realized the fact that his order had been misunderstood, and that the water had been turned on at the wrong time, and would soon be within a few inches of the roof of the aqueduct. By this time the men were in a highly nervous condition, and Mr. Church had to use his authority in preventing them from making a confused retreat for the nearest exit, which was some distance away. Meanwhile the water had made its way above their knees and was rushing through the aqueduct with a velocity of two miles and a quarter per hour. It was no easy work walking against such a current as this, and the progress made toward the man-hole was unavoidably slow.

The torches were successively put out by the splash until only one remained, and that threw a dim, yellow, uncertain flicker on the dark surroundings. There was one danger which Mr. Church foresaw and was particular anxious to avert. If the men were not kept under control, each would make a disorderly struggle to reach the ladder at the man-hole, and a delay would result that might prove fatal. As the water increased in depth the greater, of course, became their terror, and when the gray light of the opening came into view their bodies were submerged to their waists, while the current almost lifted them off their feet. By reasoning with them and encouraging them, however, Mr. Church allayed their fears and they gained the ladder, and ascended it, one by one, in safety.

In some cases it is not necessary to empty the aqueduct when a local inspection is to be made, and five feet of water is allowed to remain,—enough to float the small metallic life-boat which is used to convey the laborers from point to point. On one occasion, Mr. Church was in this boat with two men, who did not at all appreciate the weird novelty of the situation. Soon after entering they began to show signs of great uneasiness, and several times they nearly capsized the boat by blundering with the long poles used to push her against the current. The water was so high that they could not sit upright, and they had to lie flat across the seats. In this uncomfortable position they traveled some distance, but instead of recovering their wits as they grew accustomed to the darkness, they gradually lost all presence of mind, and by and by one of them lost his hat. Before Mr. Church could prevent him, he made a desperate effort to recover it, and, in doing so, tumbled overboard and was swept downward by the rapid stream. Fortunately, he could swim, and in a few minutes he was dragged on board again. But now the boat was partly filled with water, and its two other occupants were wet to the skin, and it was only with great difficulty that they kept afloat and eventually reached the opening.

On another day the aqueduct was partly drained to enable Mr. Church to make some repairs, and when he had completed them, he immediately sent orders to the dam that the waters be turned on again. A short time after the messenger had started, the engineer learned to his consternation that a keeper some distance below was still in the aqueduct, having entered on finding the water low to make some unauthorized repairs on his own account. Consulting his watch, Mr. Church found that by making great haste he could reach the point where the man was and warn him of his danger, and, accordingly, he procured a horse and set off at a gallop. The water had not yet begun to rise when he arrived, and, as the completion of the repairs was imperative, he sent several laborers into the aqueduct to help the keeper, where trowel and hammer could be distinctly heard at the man-hole. The work was barely finished when the dark flood began to ripple against the walls of the aqueduct, and the men were brought to the surface not a moment too soon.

NEW RESERVOIR PIPE-GALLERY (30 FEET UNDER GROUND).

The explorations sometimes occupy twen-

ty-four successive hours, and Mr. Church was once on duty over seventy-two hours without sleep. The nature of the work exacts constant watchfulness and a mariner's fidelity to duty. The whole length of the aqueduct is carefully inspected twice in every twenty-four hours, and any negligence

B. S. CHURCH, RESIDENT ENGINEER.

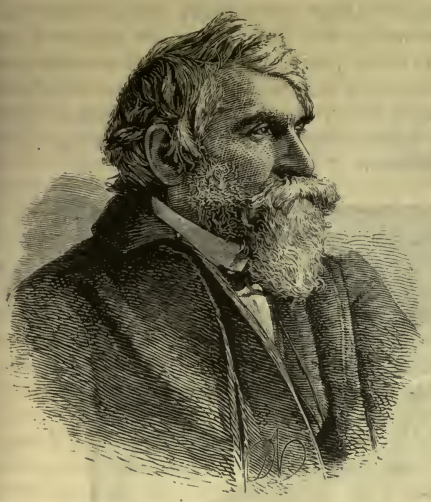
or delay on part of the keepers in reporting a leak might cause a disaster of unprecedented horror.

VIII. THE QUANTITY AND THE QUALITY OF THE WATER.

The quantity of water supplied to the city by the aqueduct and reservoirs is now 104,000,000 gallons daily, and as the population is 1,040,000, the supply allows 100 gallons to each person. The minimum flow of the Croton River at its lowest period is 32,000,000 gallons daily. But in long-continued dry weather a deficiency of water occurs, as the capacity of the three reservoirs in the city is inadequate. The Fifth avenue reservoir at Forty-second street holds, as I have stated, 20,000,000 gallons, the old reservoir in Central Park 38,000,000, and the new reservoir in Central Park 1,000,000,000; total 1,058,000,000, equivalent to ten days' supply.

At several points in the region drained by the Croton River, enormous storage reservoirs may be formed by the erection of dams of moderate dimensions, and one such reservoir has already been built at Boyd's Corners, while another is now in course of construction near Brewster's Station on the Harlem Railroad. It is possible to build 15 of them altogether, which will hold enough water to supply the city for one year! That which is complete covers an area of 303 acres, and has a capacity for 3,369,000,000 gallons, or enough to carry the city through the longest drought ever likely to occur; and should any one doubt the sufficiency of the water gathered in the Croton shed to fill these 15 reservoirs, he may be answered by the fact that the rainfall yields four times as much water as we now consume,—ample, in fact, for a population greater than London. To the allowance of 100 gallons for each man and woman must be added 12,000,000 gallons more pumped from tube wells for the use of factories, and yet, magnificent as the supply is, it was excelled by that of imperial Rome, which gave between three and four hundred gallons a day to each of its citizens.

Few modern cities, however, are so abundantly provided for as New York, and the most important in England receive only half, or less than half, the quantity,—the supply in Liverpool and Edinburgh being 30 gallons per head a day, and in London, Manchester and Glasgow, 50 gallons per head. Perhaps in no other city is water wasted so recklessly, since standard authorities agree that 40 gallons a head per day are ample for all purposes. The people expend it as though it were as inexhaustible a gift as light or air, and are not generally aware that in the aggregate it costs them $6,000 a day, or $2,000,000 a year. The annual appearance of the bill invariably excites some remonstrance on part of the housekeeper at the excessive amount charged; but, at the same time, the latter never dreams of using water as though it were a precious and costly commodity. In winter the waste is greatest, for then the water is set running in every house to prevent it from freezing, and nine or ten million gallons are turned into the sewers in a single night. Were each consumer compelled to pay proportionately to the consumption, a better method than letting the water run would be devised, says Mr. Church, who has written a pamphlet on the subject. The house main connecting with the street would be laid below the reach of frost, and the pipes carried up inside instead of against the outside walls, or they would be incased in some such non-conductor as charcoal or sawdust. Self-closing faucets would be used, stopping the water when the hand is removed



GENERAL G. S. GREENE.

from them, and the owners of factories, etc., would adopt like means on the all-potent ground of pecuniary economy. Until some improvement is made, it is futile to hope that the housekeeper who has had any experiences with burst pipes will cease to take the extravagant precaution of letting every tap in his dwelling flow during the frosty winter nights. It may be an abuse revolting to his conscience, but the miseries which it averts—the premature awakening from sleep occasioned by the outcries in the kitchen, the flooded floors and floating furniture, the cook's shrill consternation, the plumber's procrastination and impudent exorbitance—

THE TORCH.

are too distressing not to be avoided at any sacrifice.

A good many people vigorously protest against any stint in the water supply, even though it is wasted. Says Professor Chandler of the Board of Health:*

"To measure out and sell by the gallon the bountiful gift of Croton would be a crime against the city. As a life-saving and life-protecting agent, pure water is hardly second to pure air, and it is the most valuable servant the sanitary authorities call to their aid. Nor is there any other object for which the public funds can be more legitimately expended than for increasing the facilities for using water by the erection of many accessible free public baths. While filth debases, cleanliness exalts."

All hail the champion of bath-tubs, fountains and buckets! But the ardent professor forgets that the prevention of waste need not imply a restriction of the supply for any necessary purpose. On the contrary, it virtually increases and has even doubled the quantity in other large cities, where, as in New York, the demand exceeded the supply. In Liverpool and Glasgow and other cities of Europe, the rule has been found to work wholly in favor of regulating the supply by the introduction of a meter system. These cities are now enjoying a wholesome abundance, while formerly they were stinted, and the prospect is that New York will have the sound sense to follow their example.

Professor Chandler argues "that water meters are four times as costly as gas meters, and that the money devoted to them would, if devoted to the construction of storage reservoirs, give the city more water than it could ever want." He forgets, however, that *the carrying power of the aqueduct is the limit of the supply*. This capacity being now fully taxed, of what avail would Lake Superior itself be forty miles away, when so much and no more water can be conveyed through the aqueduct to meet the daily demands?

In regard to the quality of the water also, Professor Chandler is enthusiastic. He says

* The writer is indebted largely to Professor Chandler and to Mr. George L. Frankenstein for assistance in the preparation of the article, also to Mr. John C. Campbell, chief-engineer of the aqueduct. Some of Mr. Frankenstein's delicate and charming sketches were of use in preparing the illustrations.

that the character of the shed in which it gathers guarantees its excellence. Mountains and hills of Laurentian gneiss receive the rain-fall, as we have already seen, in the beautiful valley of the Croton, and after being filtered by pure siliceous sands and gravel, the liquid is restored to the surface through numberless springs, feeding ponds, which serve as natural storage reservoirs, and creating rivers, down whose course it is borne to the great basin of Croton Lake. In some places it lingers over swamps, and at certain seasons of the year, as when snow melts in spring, it is discolored, but its purity is remarkable at all times, so thorough is the filtration it receives.

LOCAL INSPECTION OF CROTON AQUEDUCT.—THE RETURN AGAINST THE CURRENT.

VILLAGE SANITARY WORK.

It is a recently recognized, but an old and universal, truth that human life involves the production of refuse matters which, unless proper safeguards are taken, are sure to become a source of disease and death. The danger is not confined alone, nor chiefly, to that element of household waste which is most manifestly offensive, but in almost equal degree to all manner of organic refuse. It is true that fecal matters are often accompanied by the inciting agent of the propagation of infectious diseases. For convenience, and as indicating the more probable means for disseminating infection, we may call this agent "germs." It has not yet been demonstrated with scientific completeness that a disease is spread by living germs whose growth in a new body produces a corresponding disorder; but all that is known of the circumstances of infection, and of the means for preventing it, may be fully explained by this theory. Typhoid fever, cholera, epidemic diarrhea, and some other prevalent diseases, are presumed to be chiefly, if not entirely, propagated by germs thrown off by a diseased body. So far as these ailments are concerned there is, therefore, a very serious element of danger added in the case of feces to the other evil effects which are produced by an improper disposal of any refuse organic matter. That any one or all of these diseases can originate from the decomposition, under certain circumstances, of fecal matters is not clearly determined. There is, however, good reason for believing that one common effect of the gases arising from improperly treated matters of this kind, is to debilitate the human system, and so to create a disposi-

tion to receive contagion, or to succumb to minor diseases which are not contagious.

The same debilitating effect and the same injurious influences, often result from the neglect of other organic wastes. The refuse of the kitchen sink is free from fecal matter, but it contains, in a greater or less degree, precisely the kind of organic material which has gone to make up the more offensive substance. If its final disposition is such as to contaminate the water that we drink or the air that we breathe with the products of their decay, the danger to life is hardly less than that from the decomposition of fecal accumulations.

It is proposed now to set forth, in the simplest way and without much discussion of principles (which may be studied elsewhere), the methods and processes by which village households and communities may be protected against the influences that come from an excess of soil moisture, from damp walls, and from imperfect removal or improper disposal of organic filth.

We will assume that a village has a water supply sufficient to admit of the use of water-closets in all houses, and to furnish a good flushing for kitchen sinks, etc. A necessary complement of this work—indeed it should properly precede it—is the establishment of a system of sewers by which all of this liquid outflow may be carried safely away. It would be out of the question in a small or scattered community, especially where roadways are unpaved, to establish any system which should include in its working the removal of surface water. The moment we undertake to make sewers of sufficient capacity to carry away the storm water of large districts, then we enormously increase the scale and cost of the work.

So far as the removal of house sewage alone is concerned, the work need by no means be very costly. If a tolerable inclination can be given to the line of sewers,—say a fall of one in two hundred,—a six-inch pipe will have a capacity quite up to the requirements of a village of 2,000 inhabitants using 100 gallons of water per day per head. It will, however, be safe to use a pipe of this size only when it is true in form and carefully laid, so that there shall be no retarding of the flow at the joints from the intrusion of mortar, or any other form of irregularity. Unless the joints are wiped quite smooth, the roughness remaining will serve as a nucleus for the accumulation of hair, shreds of cloth and other matters which will hold silt and grease, and form in time a serious obstruction. Nothing smaller than six-inch pipe should be adopted for a street sewer. Unless the work is to be most carefully done, for all but the branch lines, for a population of 5,000, or less according to the fall of the sewer, it will be safer to use eight-inch pipes. These pipes must be laid with great accuracy as to grade and direction. All corners should be turned with curves of large radius and regular sweep, and with an additional fall to compensate for the increased resistance of curves. The weight of the pipe should not be supported upon the sockets [see Fig. 1], partly as a question of strength, and partly because any irregularity of form or thickness of the socket would change the inclination of the sewer. The bottom of the trench being brought exactly to the required grade, let there be dug out a depression greater than the projection of the socket, the pipe resting upon its finished bottom for its whole length. [See Fig. 2.] Too much care cannot be given to the thorough filling with cement of the space between the socket and the pipe inserted into it,—the whole circle being well flushed and wiped, so that there may be no possibility of leakage.

The objection to leakage is twofold: sewage matters escaping into the soil might contaminate wells and springs; and it would also rob the flow through the pipes of water needed to carry forward its more solid contents. The continued efficiency of these small drains for carrying away the solid or semi-solid outflow of the house, is dependent very largely upon the presence of sufficient water to create a scouring current. While eight-inch pipes are admissible as a safeguard against imperfect laying, they are liable to the grave objection that where the service to be performed is greatly less than their capacity, the stream flowing through them will not be sufficiently

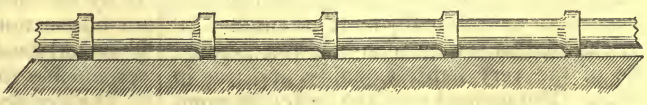


FIG. 1. PIPES RESTING ON THEIR SHOULDERS.

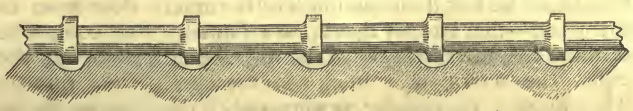


FIG. 2. PIPES RESTING ON THEIR FULL LENGTH.

concentrated to carry forward the more solid parts of the sewage. Up to the limit of their capacity, six-inch pipes, properly laid, are greatly to be preferred, as insuring a deeper stream which will more generally attain the velocity of three feet per second, needed to move the heavier constituents of the sewage. The difference in cost between six-inch and eight-inch pipes will be sufficient to cover any extra cost of the most careful workmanship. However much attention may be given to the cementing of the joints, it will be impossible to prevent the running into the pipes of a certain amount of mortar, and the workman should have a swab or a disk of India rubber of the exact size of the bore of the pipe, with a short handle attached to its middle, to draw forward as each joint is finished, and so scrape away any excess of mortar, before it hardens.

Wherever it is, or may probably become, necessary to attach a house-drain or land-drain, there should be used a length of pipe having a side branch, oblique to the direction of the flow, to receive such connection. The location of these branches should be accurately indicated on the plan, and they should be closed with a flat stone or a bit of slate, well cemented in place.

It will at times be necessary to use larger conduits than even an eight-inch pipe. Up to a diameter of fifteen inches, it is cheapest to use pipes, but for eighteen inches or more, brick-work is cheaper, and at that size—a considerable regular flow of water being insured—the slight roughness of brick-work offers no serious objection. The use of oval or egg-shaped sewers will rarely be necessary under the circumstances that we are considering, but there may be exceptional conditions where the covering in of a brook, or storm-water course, cannot be avoided, and in such cases the volume of water may vary so greatly that there will at times be a mere thread of a stream, and at times a torrent. Here the oval form is the best, as concentrating a small flow within a narrow and deep channel, and still giving the capacity needed for exceptionally large volumes. All bricks used for sewers, man-holes, etc., should be of the very hardest quality, and true in form. The general rule is to be kept in mind that the thickness of the wall of a brick sewer should not be less than one-ninth of the inner diameter,—that is to say that up to a diameter of three feet the thickness of the wall should equal the width of a brick—four inches. This applies to circular sewers only; the oval form, being less strong, calls for a wall of a thickness equal to one-eighth of the largest diameter.

Connecting drains leading from houses to the sewer are to be made at private cost, but they should be made in accordance with plans furnished by the public authority, and by a workman acceptable to that authority.

The householder might be permitted to take the responsibility of the finishing of his drain but for the fact that the working of the public sewer calls for the largest amount of water in proportion to the amount of solid matters that it is possible to secure, and thus makes it imperative that this drain should be absolutely tight, so that the liquid parts of the house outflow shall not trickle away through its joints, only the more solid parts going into the public sewer.

Properly graded and smoothly jointed, a four-inch pipe will carry more water than even the largest boarding-house or country hotel is likely to discharge. There is, however, a tendency in all house-drains to become filled in the early part of their course by the accumulation of grease and solid matters caught in the grease. Where no form of grease-trap is used, there is a certain argument in favor of the use of six-inch pipes for the upper part of house-drains. The use of a grease-trap, however, should always be insisted upon, and with its aid these obstructing matters will be retained, and the outflow may be perfectly carried by a four-inch pipe.

So far as the public sewer is concerned, it makes little difference what is the size of the house connection drain through the greater part of its course, but the junction with the sewer should, under no circumstances where six-inch sewer-pipes are adopted, be more than four inches. I should even insist on four-inch connections with an eight-inch sewer. Through neglect, or by reason of improper management, many kinds of rubbish find their way into house-drains, and a four-inch opening will admit as many of these into the sewer as it will be able to carry away. If by reason of bad construction or neglect, an obstruction is to be caused at any point, it should be in the drain, which the person responsible for it must cleanse or repair.

The grease-trap referred to above may be any form of reservoir which will retain the flow from the kitchen sink until it has time to cool, when its grease will be solidified, and will float at the surface. The outlet from this trap should be at such a distance below the surface of the water that there will be no danger of its floating matter pass-

ing in with the discharge. A very simple device for this purpose is shown in Figure 3. From a trap of this sort the flow is constant whenever additions are made to its contents.

Figure 4 shows the invention of an English

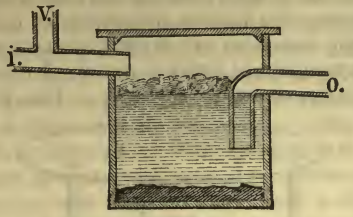


FIG. 3. GREASE-TRAP.
I, Inlet; V, ventilator; O outlet

engineer, Mr. Rogers Field, which has the effect of retaining all of the outflow from the kitchen sink until it is entirely filled,—say thirty gallons. When filled, any sudden addition of a few quarts of water, as from the emptying of a dish-pan, brings into action a siphon, whose entrance is near the bottom of the tank, and this siphon rapidly discharges all of the contents above its mouth in a flow having sufficient force to carry forward, not only any solid matters which it may contain, but also any ordinary obstructing accumulations in the drain below. The soil-pipe carrying the discharge of water-closets should not be delivered into the flush-tank, but at a point further down the drain, so that any solid matter it may deposit shall be swept forward by the next action of the flush-tank. The more often the flush-tank is filled, and the greater the proportion of its water to its impurities, the more efficient will be its action. Therefore, the slop closet waste leading from the upper story, and even the outlet pipes of bathing-tubs, may with advantage be delivered into it.

Although the flush-tank may receive no fecal matter, and even though the housemaid's sink may not deliver into it, it will contain in the discharge from the kitchen alone an amount of organic matter which will produce offensive and dangerous gases by its decomposition. To provide for the safe removal of these gases a ventilating pipe should be carried up to some point not near to any window or chimney-top.

From the time the sewers are ready for service no accumulation of fecal matter or other organic household waste should be allowed to remain in the village. All old vaults and cess-pools should be filled with earth and disinfected by the admixture of lime with the upper layers of the filling. The use of water-closets in all houses should be made imperative, and the construction and arrangement of soil-pipes and of all outlets should be regulated by the health authorities.

It is not worth while here to discuss the details of the construction of water-closets and other interior plumbing work, except with reference to soil-pipes and such drains as may deliver the outflow of the soil-pipe to the public sewer. All soil-pipes should be of cast-iron, carefully jointed with lead, not less than four inches in diameter, and carried by the straightest course possible up through the roof and higher than the ridge-pole. Its open top must not be near any window, and if within ten feet of a chimney it should be at least two feet below the level of the top of that chimney. There should be no trap in the soil-pipe and no trap in a private drain between the outlet of the soil-pipe and the sewer. The reasons for this rule are twofold:

1. No matter what amount of water may be used for flushing out the soil-pipe, its sides will always be more or less coated with organic filth, and however slight this coating there will be a certain amount of decomposition. The decomposition of all such matters must be rapid and complete, not slow and partial. A necessary condition of complete destructive decomposition is an abundance of atmospheric air

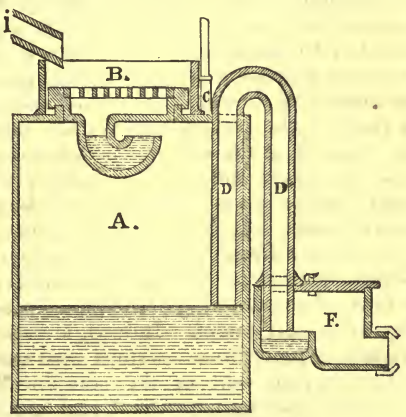


FIG. 4. FIELD'S FLUSH-TANK.
A, Receiver; B, grating; C, ventilator; D siphon; F, entrance to drain; I, delivery from sink.

to supply the oxygen which complete decomposition demands. If the soil-pipe is closed at its top, or if it is obstructed by a trap in the lower part of its course, there can be no such circulation of air as safety requires.

If there is an opportunity for the free admission of air from the sewer to feed the

upward current almost constantly prevailing in a soil-pipe open at both ends, the gases resulting from the decomposition will be of a different and less injurious character than where the air is confined,—and by the mere volume of air passing through the pipe they will be so diluted that even were they originally poisonous their power for harm will be lessened. The gases formed by the decomposition of organic matter in the sewer itself, or in the soil-pipe, have a certain expansive force which is greatly increased by the elevation of temperature, caused, for example, by the discharge of hot water into the pipe or sewer. If the soil-pipe is open at its upper end this expansion will be at once relieved, but if the top of the pipe be closed there will always be danger of the forcing of the feeble barrier offered by the ordinary water-seal trap of a branch pipe leading from a wash-basin or sink. Then, too, the sealing water of the trap readily absorbs any foul gases presented at its outer end, toward the soil-pipe, and gives it off in an unchanged condition at the inner or house end. Such traps retard, but do not prevent, the entrance of sewer gases into the house. Water-seal traps which are unused for any considerable time are emptied by evaporation, and thus open a channel through which the air of the soil-pipe may find its way into the house.

It is usual in modern plumbing to relieve the pressure of gas in the soil-pipe by what is called a "stench-pipe." This is a pipe from one to two inches in diameter, leading from the highest point of the soil-pipe to the outside of the roof, where it is bent over to prevent the entrance of foreign matter, or is closed at the top and perforated with holes to allow the gas to escape. This small stench-pipe is inadequate for the necessary work. It is very important that there be the freest possible channel for the movement of air, and nothing will suffice for this save the continuing of the pipe, at its full size, to its very outlet. Indeed, angles and bends in a pipe form a serious obstruction.

The arrangement of the soil-pipe here indicated, although excellent and efficient, is susceptible of further improvement by the use of a ventilating cowl or hood at the top of the soil-pipe. There are many forms of such cowls in use which are effective whenever there is a sufficient current of wind; but most of them require a certain force to bring them into action, and when this force is absent they usually retard the flow they are intended to increase. This is true of a recent invention known as "Banner's ventilating cowl," which so long as the wind blows is a most effective device. When the air is perfectly still, however, it offers by its curved air-way a certain resistance to the current, and in the case of baffling winds and flaws the air may blow directly into its opening.

Among the various inventions of this sort nothing seems so free from objection as the old arrangement known as the "Emerson" ventilator, shown in Figure 5. This gives a

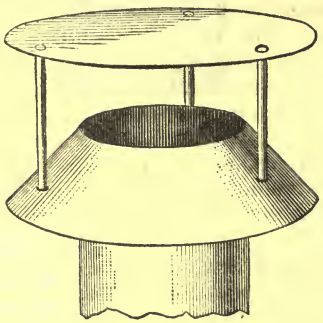


FIG. 5. THE EMERSON VENTILATOR.

straight outlet, protected by a disk far enough above it not to prevent its delivery of air, and it becomes an effective suction cowl, with the least movement of the wind from any side or from above or below. No eddy caused by the angles of gable roofs can give it a backward draught, and if a pipe armed with it be held toward the strongest gale a puff of smoke blown into its other end will be instantly drawn through. As the patent for this invention has run out, it is competent for any tinsmith to make it, and it is a common article of manufacture.

11. What is said above concerning the ventilation of the soil-pipe from end to end relates to the interest of the private owner. The interest of the public gives an equally strong argument in its favor. The sewer should be as far as possible removed from the condition of an "elongated cess-pool." There must be no halting of its contents, and no deposit of filth or silt at any point. Within the shortest time possible, everything received into the sewer must be passed on and delivered at its outlet. Still, however perfectly this may be accomplished, there will always be a certain adhesion of slime to the walls of the sewer, and this slime must always be in a state of decomposition,—a constant source of offense and possible danger. The only way to avert this danger is to give the sewer such a thorough ventilation that the decomposition shall be rapid and safe, and that the resultant gases shall be at once diluted with fresh air.

This may be accomplished by the simple ventilation of the sewer itself, through open-topped man-holes; but such ventilation is less effective in the case of small sewers than of large ones. In the case of either large or small sewers it will be vastly increased if we compel every householder who makes a connection with the sewer, to carry a drain and soil-pipe, nowhere less than four inches in diameter, from the point of junction with the main line to the open air above the roof. Where houses are near enough to make the use of a public sewer advisable, the aggregate of these soil-pipes having, almost constantly, an upward current, will make such a draught upon the sewer, to be supplied by a downward current through the man-hole covers, as will maintain a perfect and continuous ventilation.

Important as it is to secure the proper arrangement and construction of sewers and house-drains, it is still more important to provide for the safe disposition of the sewage.

We must begin at the outset with the understanding that all sewage matters not only are of no value to the community, but that it will cost money to get rid of them.

There is hardly an instance, after all the efforts that have been made, of the *profitable* disposal of the outflow of public sewers. The *theoretical* value of the wastes of human life is very great, but the cost of any method for utilizing it seems at least equally great. The question of cost is so much more important (to the community) than the question of agricultural value, that the practical thing to do is to make such disposition as will cost the least, while fully meeting the best sanitary requirements.

So far as village sewage is concerned, there are three means open for its disposal: to discharge it into running water or into deep tide-water; to use it for the surface irrigation of land; or to distribute it through sub-irrigation pipes placed at little distance below the surface of the soil. Experiments are being made with more or less promise of success in the direction of the chemical treatment of this liquid so as to purify its effluent water, and retain in a solid form, and in combination with certain valuable added ingredients, all of its undissolved impurities. None of these processes can as yet claim consideration in regulating public works.

The cheapest way to get rid of sewage is to discharge it into a running stream or into tide-water. So far as the community itself is concerned, this is often the best way, but there will very often arise the objection that the community has no moral or legal right to foul a stream of which others make use in its further course. Where the amount of water constantly flowing is very large, and where the discharge is rapid,—any given part of the sewage reaching the open air within a few hours from the time of its entering the pipes,—and where it flows in moving water for a considerable distance before reaching others who may have occasion to use the stream, no practical danger is to be apprehended. But where the sewage is more foul, more sluggish, or exposed in the open current for a shorter time, the danger may be serious. The pouring of sewage into tide-water is always admissible where floats show that there is no danger of a return and deposit of solid filth; but the delivery, at all stages of the tide, in the immediate neighborhood of salt marshes and mud flats, and in land-locked harbors is to be avoided.

Where an unobjectionable natural outflow cannot be provided, the irrigation of agricultural lands affords the best relief. The action of vegetation, the oxidation which takes place in the upper and well aerated layers of soil, and the well-known, but not yet fully explained, disinfecting qualities of common earth, are effective in removing the dangerous and offensive impurities, and in converting them into a more or less important source of fertility. Precisely how far this system may be available during winter it is not easy to say. While the earth is locked with frost, there must be very little, if any, infiltration; but as an offset, the action of a low temperature upon the sewage matters will clearly be antiseptic, and it is only necessary to provide against an undue washing away of the surface of the ground during thaws, and against the flowing of the sewage beyond the proper limits.

Generally, in the neighborhood of villages it will be easy to find lands over which the delivery may be carried on throughout the year without objection. The sewer, or some form of covered channel, should lead far enough from any public road to avoid offense. From this point it may be led by open gutters to the land over which it is to be spread,—or rather through such a system of surface gutters as will enable us to deliver it at different parts of the field, according to the requirements of the crops, and so as to use fresh land at frequent intervals, leaving that which has been saturated to the purifying processes of vegetation and atmospheric action.

The gutters having been made, it is easy, by the use of portable dams,—of thin boiler-iron, like broad shovels,—which may be set in the course of the flow, to divert the current into any branch channel or to stop it at any desired part of this channel. All the gutters having sufficient descent to lead the sewage rapidly forward, it is usual to set a dam near the far end of the gutter and allow the sewage to overflow and run down over the surface until it has reached as far as the formation of the ground and the quantity of the liquid will allow it to spread. This portion having received its due amount of the liquid, the dam is moved to a higher point and the overflow is allowed to spread over a second area. In this way, step by step, we irrigate all that may be reached by a single gutter. Then the moving of the dam in the main line turns the water into another gutter, and this is proceeded with in like manner. In practice it is found best to begin the overflow at the farthest end of the lowest-lying gutter, working back step by step until the higher parts of the field are reached. It would be better that there should be land enough to require the irrigation of any given area not oftener than once in one or two weeks. The amount required for a given population cannot be determined by any fixed rule,—so much depending on the amount of water used per capita, and on the absorptive character of the irrigated soil. In the case of villages, one acre to each five hundred of the population would generally be found ample. There are several instances of the successful use of a much smaller area than is here indicated, by the use of intermittent downward filtration. The most noted instance of success in this direction is that at Merthyr-Tydvil in Wales, a large mining town, where the allowance is only one acre to each two thousand of the population. There are two filter-beds of light loam over a gravelly subsoil thoroughly underdrained with tiles at a depth of six feet. One of these beds is cultivated with some crop, like Italian rye-grass, which bears copious irrigation, and the other by some crop, like wheat, which, in the absence of irrigation, will thrive on the fertility left over from the previous season. The volume of sewage is very great, but the action of the six feet of earth in removing its impurities seems to be complete,—the water flowing out from the drains having been proved by analysis really to be far purer than the standard fixed by the Rivers Pollution Commission.

It is an important condition of this system that the sewage, where its quantity is small, shall be stored in tanks until a large volume has accumulated, and that it then be rapidly discharged over the soil. There is no objection to an actual saturation of the ground provided the soil is not of such a retentive character as to be liable to become puddled and so made impervious. The tanks being emptied, the flow ceases until they are again filled. During the interval the liquid settles away in the soil, by which its impurities are removed. Its descent is followed by the entrance of fresh air, and the oxydizing action of this, accompanied during the growing season by the purifying effect of the growing crop, leads to an entire decomposition or destruction of all organic matters.

The third system,—the distribution of sewage through irrigation pipes laid at a depth of ten or twelve inches below the surface of the ground has its efficiency attested by numerous instances in private grounds. I have with confidence adopted it for disposing of the sewage of the village of Lenox, Massachusetts, where there was no other means available short of cutting an outlet at great expense through a considerable elevation. This system is an extremely simple one, and is available in every instance where even a small area of land lying slightly below the level of the outlet is to be commanded. The arrangement of the sub-irrigation pipes is simple. Suppose that in land having an inclination of about one in two hundred, occupied by grass or other growth, a trench be dug twelve inches deep, that there be laid upon the bottom of this trench a narrow strip of plank to insure a uniform grade, and that upon this plank is laid a line of common agricultural land-drain tiles,—say two inches in diameter. However carefully these tiles may be placed, there will be at their joints a sufficient space for the leaking out of any liquid they may contain,—the tiles being laid either with collars around the joints or with bits of paper laid over them to prevent the rattling in of loose earth during the filling. The excavated earth is to be returned to its place, well compacted, and covered with its sod. Suppose this drain to have a cross section equal to three square inches, and a length of one hundred feet, its capacity will equal about sixteen and a half gallons or a half barrel. If this amount of liquid be rapidly discharged into the drain, the inclination being slight, it will

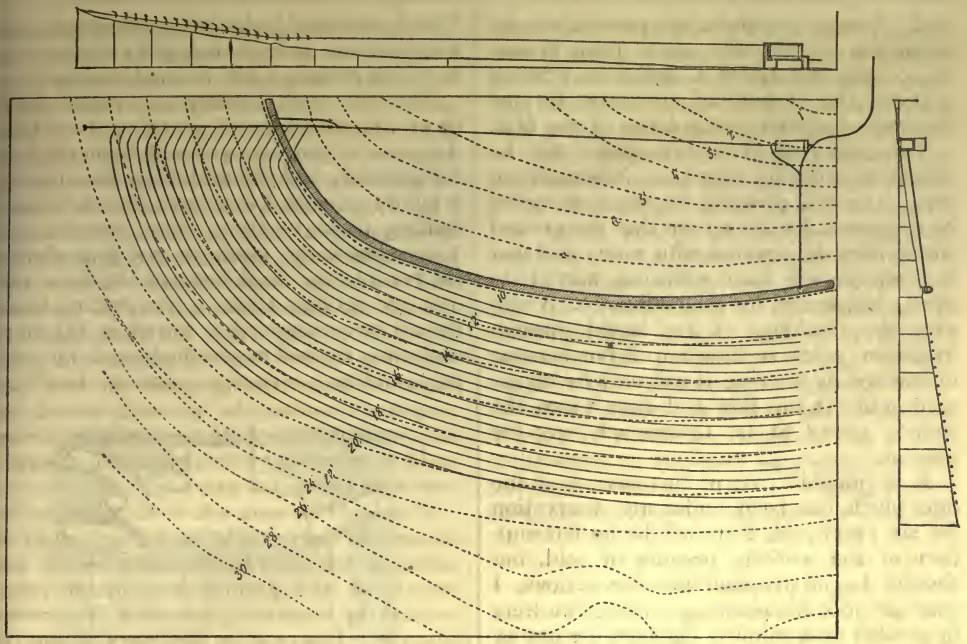


FIG. 6. DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING MANNER OF SEWAGE DISPOSAL AT LENOX, MASS.

at once be filled or nearly filled for its whole length, and the liquid will leak away in tolerably uniform proportion at every joint along the line and will saturate the surrounding earth. The plan adopted at Lenox and recommended for all small villages which cannot secure a better outlet, is simply a multiplication of these drains to a sufficient extent.

A description of the manner in which the Lenox work is arranged will illustrate the adaptation of the system to its circumstances. As circumstances vary, the adaptation must be modified. [See Fig. 6.]

The main outlet sewer delivers at a distance of about one-half mile from the last junction with a branch sewer. It is a six-inch pipe five feet below the surface of the ground, and it delivers into a flush-tank like that shown in Figure 4, but having a capacity of about five hundred cubic feet. This tank stands at the upper side of a field having an inclination of seven in one hundred. There is a branch from the main sewer, above the tank, supplied with a stop-cock, by which, in case of need, the sewage may be carried on down the hill without going into the tank. The outlet from the chamber below the siphon leads off in another direction down the hill, and has a stop-cock and a branch which will allow its flow to be diverted. The discharge of this diverted stream and the discharge through the branch of the main above the tank, both deliver into a horizontal surface gutter, to be well grassed, and lying at the top of the land to be irrigated. By this arrangement, should repairs become necessary in the tank, the flow may be turned into the gutter; or, should it be desired for any reason to use the outflow of the tank for surface irrigation, the second branch outlet will deliver it into the same gutter, where, the overflow being uniform along the whole length of five hundred feet, the stream will pass in a thin sheet off on to the descending ground. The hill-side, immediately below the gutter, is brought to a true grade and covered with grass. As its inclination is much greater than would be admissible for sub-irrigation drains, these are laid *obliquely* in parallel lines at intervals of six feet from one end to the other over the whole graded slope. These drains are connected at their upper ends with the direct outlet pipe leading from the siphon chamber. They have an aggregate length of about ten thousand feet. The method of operation is as follows:

The capacity of the tank is supposed to equal about two days' discharge, or about thirty-five hundred gallons, and the whole capacity of the drains is about half that of the tank, so that the rapid emptying of the whole volume into them will insure their being pretty thoroughly filled from end to

end. This arrangement will provide for the saturation of the soil about once in two days, and will leave a sufficient interval between the periods of saturation for the thorough dispersal and aeration of the filth.

The extent to which this system will be interfered with by frost it is impossible to say. This will probably be less than would be supposed, for the reason that the ground would often be covered with snow, and that the sewage will have sufficient warmth to exert considerable thawing influence. Whenever the discharge of the liquid through irrigation pipes is shown to have become obstructed by freezing, it will only be necessary to divert the flow and turn it into the surface gutter to be distributed over the ground.

It is possible that in this case, as in the one which has been under my observation for six years past, there will be no interruption of the working because of cold, but should the interruption become serious, I shall propose the planting of evergreen trees in parallel rows midway between the drains. The protection that would thus be afforded, both by the trees and by the drifting snow which they would gather, would probably keep the ground free throughout the winter. Incidentally to the chief advantage of this system, there will be, so long as the land is in grass, quite an addition to its product.

These works were nearly completed in the autumn of 1876, but will not be entirely ready for use until the coming summer, so that I am unable to point to their successful working in support of my argument. They constitute, however, only an extension of a process which, here and in England, has been in successful operation for ten years.

There are hundreds of villages, with and without a water supply, where the houses are too scattering and the street lengths too great to make it advisable that the heavy cost of any form of public sewerage should be assumed. In all such villages, the public authority or the active influence of the Village Improvement Association should be exerted to secure a regular and systematic adoption of some more perfect system for the private disposal of household drainage than is usual. Fortunately, the best system is the cheapest.

No form of cess-pool, no leaching vault, and no cemented tank should be allowed under any circumstances. Neither should there be permitted any form of the old-fashioned out-of-door privy with a vault. Every household should be supplied with water-closets, or well-arranged earth-closets, to which reference will be made below.

The foul water discharge of kitchen sinks, or of whatever form of slop-sink is used for the water of bedrooms, should discharge into a flush-tank, and should be led from this by a tightly cemented four-inch drain to a tight settling basin in the ground beyond. If water-closets are used, the soil-pipe should deliver into the drain between the flush-tank and the settling basin. The settling basin should be constructed as shown in Figure 7, and this, as well as the flush-tank, the soil-pipe, and the connecting drains, should be

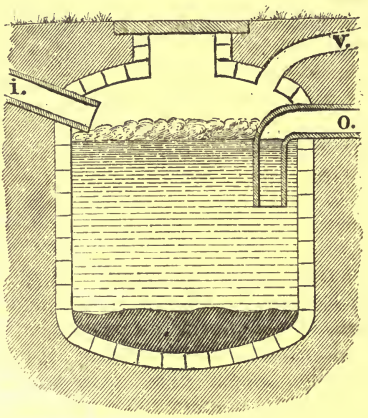


FIG. 7. SETTLING BASIN.

amply ventilated. The outlet from the settling basin should be carried by well-cemented, vitrified pipes (four-inch) to the connection with the subsoil irrigation pipes. The flush-tank discharging at each operation of its siphon about thirty gallons of liquid, two hundred feet of drain, unless the soil is very compact, will dispose of the whole discharge with sufficient rapidity. The tank being emptied, the flow ceases, and within a very short time the drain becomes empty of its contents, which are absorbed by the sponge-like action of the earth, and are subjected to the combined influence of the roots of plants, and of the concentrated oxygen contained among the particles of the soil. They will soon have their character entirely changed, so that the earth will become purified, and will be ready to receive the next discharge from the tank. In the case of my own drains, after five years of unremitted use, the gradual accumulation of bits of grease and more solid matters obstructed the drains, and there appeared undue moisture about their upper ends. All that was then necessary was to re-open the

trenches, and remove, wash, and replace the tiles. This operation cost for a length of two hundred feet less than three dollars.

For any ordinary household of six or eight persons, where the water-closet is not used, two hundred feet of drain of this sort will be sufficient. If there are water-closets, it may be well to duplicate the length; and, to provide for the necessary connections to lead the liquid to the drains, we may assume that in all five hundred feet of length will be required. The cost of two-inch tiles, at the works, in small lots and where collars are furnished, is about three cents per foot, and we will suppose that transportation will increase the cost to five cents per foot, making the cost of this item twenty-five dollars. The strips of board (three inches wide) will cost, at a very liberal estimate, five dollars more, and the cost of digging and laying not more than another five dollars, so that the establishment of this means of disposal, under the most liberal allowance of prices, will not exceed thirty-five dollars. Ordinarily, especially where neighbors combine to buy their material in larger quantities, it will hardly exceed one half of this amount. This, be it understood, is for a complete and permanent substitute for the expensive and nasty cess-pool now so generally depended upon in the country.

A piece of ground fifty feet square, having ten rows of tile five feet apart and fifty feet long, will suffice for even a large household with an abundant water supply. For the better illustration of the arrangement of this system, I give in Figure 8 a plan for the work in the case of a lot fifty feet wide, with a depth of open ground behind the house of somewhat more than fifty feet. The leaching-drains may safely begin at a distance of even ten feet from the back of the house—requiring for the whole a clear area of only fifty feet by sixty feet. With small households the length of drain may be very much shortened. In my own case, where water-closets are not used, the total length of irrigation drain is only two hundred feet.

The Earth-Closet was invented by the Rev. Henry Moule, Vicar of Fordington in England, more than ten years ago. Its progress in England has been considerable, and its introduction there has resulted in a profit to the company undertaking it. In this country it has met with less general favor; two companies, with large capital, after expending all their resources, have been obliged to abandon their attempts to build up a profitable business. Having been actively interested in the enterprise from its inception, and having given constant attention to the merits of the system, I am to-day more than ever convinced that the solution of one of the most difficult problems connected with country and village life is to be sought in its general adoption. The public reports of sanitary officers in England, who have investigated the subject to its foundation, fully confirm every thing that has been claimed by the advocates of the earth-closet, unless, perhaps, in connection with the incidental question of the value of the product as a manure. The only thing which now deters the authorities of some of the larger manufacturing towns of the north of England from adopting the dry-earth system as a means of relief, under the sharp exaction of the law that prohibits

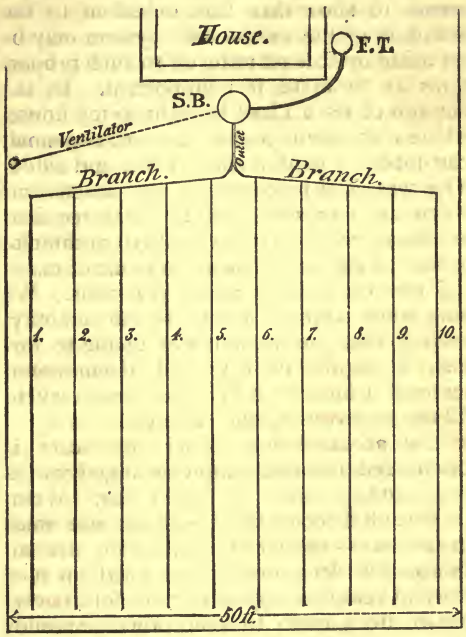


FIG. 8.

their further fouling of water-courses, is the belief that the labor of bringing into the town the enormous amount of earth required to supply such an immense number of closets and the labor of removing the product at frequent intervals, would be so great as to constitute an insurmountable obstruction. Professor Voelcker, in a paper published in the journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, shows pretty conclusively that even the use of the same earth four or five times over, although perfectly successful in accomplish-

ing the chief purpose of deodorization, fails to add to it a sufficient amount of fertilizing matter to make it an available commercial manure. Extended experience in small villages and public institutions seems to confirm his view that if the earth-closet is to be adopted by towns, they cannot depend either on farmers buying the manure, or undertaking the labor of supplying and removing it. It is estimated that for a population of one hundred thousand persons, there would be required seventy-five tons of earth per day, to say nothing of heavy refuse matters which would be thrown into the closets, and would increase the amount to be removed. Even the quantity required for a village of a few hundred inhabitants, if it were to be brought in and carried out, would entail a considerable cost for handling.

I have recently concluded an experiment of six years' duration, the result of which seems to show that this objection to the adoption of the earth-closet system may be set aside or at least reduced to such proportions as to make it unimportant. In the autumn of 1870 I had brought to my house, where only earth-closets are used, two small cart-loads of garden earth, dried and sifted. This was used repeatedly in the closets, and when an increased quantity was required additions were made of sifted anthracite ashes. I estimate that the amount of material now on hand is about two tons. We long since stopped adding to the quantity, finding that the amount was ample to furnish a supply of dry and decomposed material whenever it becomes necessary to fill the reservoirs of the closets.

The accumulation under the seats is discharged through simply arranged valves into bricked vaults in the cellar. When these vaults become filled,—about three times in a year,—their contents, which are all thoroughly decomposed, are piled up in a dry and ventilated place with a slight covering of fresh earth to keep down any odor that might arise. After a sufficient interval these heaps are ready for further use, there being no trace, in any portion, of foreign matter or any appearance or odor differing from that of an unused fresh mixture of earth and ashes. In this way the material has been used over and over again, at least ten times, and there is no indication to the senses of any change in its condition.

A sample of this material has recently been analyzed by Professor Atwater, at the Connecticut Agricultural Station, at Middletown. The analysis shows that it contains no more organic matter than Professor Voelcker found in fresh earth prepared for use in the closet,—say about two hundred pounds,—nearly all of which organic matter it undoubtedly contained when first made ready for use. In my case, there was an addition at a moderate calculation of at least 800 lbs. of solid dry matter during the six year's use by an average of four adult persons. Professor Voelcker's analysis showed that the unused earth contained about twelve pounds of nitrogen. Professor Atwater's analysis shows that my two tons contained only about eleven pounds of nitrogen. By calculation, the 800 pounds of solid dry matters added in the use of my material contained 230 pounds of nitrogen.

Doubtless the constitution of Professor Voelcker's sample was somewhat different from the original constitution of my own; but, practically, except perhaps for the addition of a trifling amount of residual carbon remaining after the decomposition, they were about the same, and after being used ten times over, the whole of the 800 pounds of organic matter added, including 230 pounds of nitrogen, seem to have entirely disappeared.

It becomes interesting and important to know what has become of this added matter. That it was absorbed into the particles of the earth is a matter of course, and the result proves that after such absorption it was subjected to such a chemical action of the concentrated oxygen always existing in porous dry material as led to its entire destruction. Porous substances condense gases—air, oxygen, etc.—in proportion to the extent of their interior surface. The well-known disinfecting action of charcoal —the surface of the interior particles of which equal from fifty to one hundred square feet to each cubic inch of material, and all of which surface is active in condensing oxygen—is due not simply to an absorption of foul-smelling odors, but to an actual destruction of them by slow combustion, so that the same mass of charcoal, if kept dry and porous, will continue almost indefinitely its undiminished disinfecting action.

The earth used in the closet is a porous material, sufficiently dry for the free admission of air or of oxygen. The foulest materials when covered with dry earth at once lose their odor, and are in time as effectively destroyed by combustion (oxydized) as though they had been burned in a furnace. The process is more slow but none the less sure; and it is clear that in the case of my dirt-heap the

foul matters added have thus been destroyed The practical bearings of this fact are of the utmost importance. Earth is not to be regarded as a vehicle for the inoffensive removal beyond the limits of the town of what has hitherto been its most troublesome product, but as a medium for bringing together the offensive ingredients of this product, and the world's great scavenger, oxygen. My experiment seems to demonstrate the fact that there is no occasion to carry away the product from the place where it has been produced, as, after a reasonable time, it has ceased to exist, and there remains only a mass of earth which is in all respects as effective as any fresh supply that could be substituted.

The quantity necessary to provide can be determined only by extended experiment; my experiment proves that the amount needed does not exceed one thousand pounds for each member of the household, and that this amount once provided will remain permanently effective to accomplish its purpose.

With a suitable public supply of water for the purpose, and with a suitable means of disposal, nothing can be better and nothing is more easily kept in good condition than well regulated and properly ventilated water-closets. Where these are available, with enough water for their flushing, their use is to be recommended. Where there is not sufficient water, there a well-regulated system of earth-closets seems to be imperatively demanded. By one process or the other we must prevent the fouling of the lower soil, and the consequent tainting of wells and springs, and the ground under houses and adjoining their cellars. With a system of sub-irrigation pipes which deliver foul matters into earth that is subject to the active operation of oxydizing influences, we need fear no contamination of the deep and unaerated soil. It would be better, however, where this system is used, for the disposal of the outflow of soil-pipes, to avoid the use of wells. As a general rule, it is safer not to use for drinking purposes the water of any well near a house or a stable,—practically, it is better not to use wells at all as a source of water for domestic supply. Filtered cistern water is greatly to be preferred.*

* For further discussion of this topic by the same writer, see the "Home and Society" department of the present number.—ED.

THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

AN ATTEMPT AT A SOCRATIC DIALOGUE.

Socrates. Wherein, Alciphron, does a living tree differ from a dead tree?

Alciphron. A living tree adds to its bulk. A dead tree loses from its bulk.

Soc. And wherein besides this?

Al. A living tree produces fruit, and seed also, by which its kind is propagated. A dead tree does neither of these things.

Soc. And besides these?

Al. A living tree prefers light, and also a soil suited to its demands, as possessing richness and moisture. A dead tree is indifferent to such things.

Soc. And once more?

Al. A living tree chooses such elements from the soil as make for its own prosperity, and enable it to yield what it was intended for; and it rejects what do not belong to it. A dead tree makes no choice.

Soc. And yet once more?

Al. A living tree is always seen making an effort to repair any injury that happens to it. If its bark or covering, for instance, is bruised, it sets itself to work at once to heal the wound. A dead tree does nothing of the kind.

Soc. And the more thriving, and prosperous, and happy, the living tree is, the more certain it is to do these things. Is that not so?

Al. I think that is also true.

Soc. And is there any stage in the life of a tree or plant, when it first begins to do these things, having up to that time failed to do them?

Al. I think there is no such stage in the life of a tree or plant. They do these things from the beginning.

Soc. A tree then never is guilty, as a child is sometimes, of things hurtful to itself, so that we say of it, "when it is old enough, it will know better?"

Al. I think not.

Soc. And whether do you regard a living tree or a dead tree with the most pleasure?

Al. Certainly the living tree.

Soc. And why the living tree?

Al. For many reasons. It is much more beautiful and pleasing to the eye, as a living object is always more agreeable to look at than a dead object.

Soc. And what other reason besides this you have mentioned?

Al. I think we attribute a kind of enjoyment to a living tree that is prospering, and so the sight of it affects us pleasantly.

Soc. And what besides this?

Al. I think there is one other reason. There is nothing like a failure about it, but it seems to be doing just what it was designed to do.

Soc. And does a dead tree seem to be a failure?

Al. I do not mean so. But after a tree has become dead, it ceases to bring to our minds that sense of a success, which we got from it when living. That is all.

Soc. It is not then that you discover anything like a failure when you look upon a dead tree, and so your pleasure in looking at it is less for that reason?

Al. I discover no failure, nor does it seem to me to be so. It is this only—that it has ceased to be an agreeable object to look at.

Soc. Only then that there is nothing there which reminds you that it is a success, you would still have left that reason for regarding it with pleasure?

Al. Certainly.

Soc. And its having died conveys no hint of failure, and of consequent disappointment on the part of its author, because it had not answered the purpose for which it was intended?

Al. It conveys no such hint.

Soc. And what chiefly lessens your pain at its dying?

Al. The thought that it has done that which it was intended to do.

Soc. And whether is there any thought suggested of an incompleteness, or unfinished condition, when you look upon a tree?

Al. None whatever.

Soc. And particularly why?

Al. Because it seems impossible to me to regard a thing as incomplete, which is so evidently and so perfectly fulfilling the design of him who made it.

Soc. And I think you never fear lest a tree, having a variety of things offered it to choose from, should ever make a mistake, and so choose that which is not good for it?

Al. I have no such fear.

Soc. And when a tree thus converts certain elements in the atmosphere and in the soil into fruit, and leaf, and bark, and woody fiber, do you object to giving to these elements so converted, the name of "Equivalents?"

Al. I see no objection to that use of the word.

Soc. And it is because the tree does not fail to make use of these equivalents, that it is a success. Is that so?

Al. I think that is so.

Soc. Is it in considering a tree only, that you discover what we have agreed to call equivalents?

Al. No. I discover them elsewhere.

Soc. And when you find Nature has furnished these equivalents, whether do you ever doubt that upon being resorted to, they will yield the appointed result?

Al. I never have such doubts.

Soc. And I believe you agree that Nature never makes a mistake, and never meets with disappointment, because, having offered what she regarded as equivalents, they in the end proved to be not so?

Al. I agree to that. I think Nature is never seen making such mistake.

Soc. Once more. You agree that when it is once settled what an equivalent in a given case is, there can be no substitute for it?

Al. That also I agree to.

Soc. It appears then, that a tree, and other things which succeed in Nature, are a success, because they in the first place are never mistaken as to what a true equivalent is, and then they always make choice of it. Whether do we seem to you to be safe in saying that?

Al. I think perfectly safe. It seems to me entirely true.

Soc. And if passing by trees, you turn your attention to other products of Nature, Whether does all that you have been saying appear to be equally true?

Al. It seems quite true everywhere.

Soc. Whenever then Nature furnishes equivalents, or in other words, makes an expenditure, you feel sure of a return that is both adequate in amount, and suited also in the nature of it, to that expenditure. Is that so?

Al. I certainly think that is so.

Soc. But I believe you do not deny that a child sometimes chooses what is not good for it?

Al. This, it is true, seems to be an exception to the rule.

Soc. And whether is there any explanation for this exception?

Al. I think we say in such a case, that when the child is old enough, it will know better, and choose better.

Soc. And since the child at present does not know and choose better, you conclude it is incomplete—not yet finished?

Al. That is the conclusion.

Soc. So that, if never having yet seen or heard of such a thing as a child, and quite ignorant of any law or provision by which it should pass out of a state of childhood into a state of manhood, you should then first come to see and know a child, and learn of this imperfection which belongs to it, you would infer that it was thus far incomplete, and was destined to pass into another state, as a state of manhood, for instance, and so the rule which you find applied everywhere else would come at last to be applied here also. Is all this true?

Al. I think it is all true. It seems to me I should infer as you have suggested.

Soc. And identically why?

Al. Because if this were not so, it would violate a law which seems intended to be universal; and again because if it were not so, the child would be worse provided for than a tree is. But as a child is of more value than a tree, it ought to be better provided for.

Soc. And a little further, Alciphron. When the child ceases to be so, and becomes a man, is he then seen choosing only that which is good for him, and rejecting that which is bad for him?

Al. I cannot think that is so.

Soc. And whether is he seen, or is the soul of man seen, trying to repair always any hurt or injury that happens to it?

Al. I think not.

Soc. And still further, does it seem to you that this soul always seeks out and makes use of certain equivalents that have been appointed for its sustenance and prosperous growth?

Al. Certainly not.

Soc. Is not here then another instance where Nature has provided equivalents that do not yield their return, and so she has been disappointed?

Al. It seems to be so.

Soc. And whether does the soul very frequently fall into mistakes as to what are equivalents, resorting not only to those which are useless, because they are not rightly selected, but to those also which are hurtful?

Al. I think it is impossible to deny that.

Soc. If then the soul knowingly rejects equivalents for its own good, and if furthermore it often mistakes what are true equivalents, does it not seem to carry with it the same evidence of incompleteness—of being in an unfinished state, as the child does who, being as you say, of more value than a tree, still is seen taking less care of itself than a tree does, and less anxious for its own perfection than a tree is?

Al. I think the evidence of incompleteness is as strong in this case of the soul, as in the other of the child.

Soc. And, Alciphron, may we not say of a living, prosperous tree, that it is seen desiring its own happiness?

Al. I think I understand what is intended by that form of expression, and I see no reason why it should be objected to.

Soc. And may we not say of anything, which, in the sense here intended, is seen uniformly desiring its own happiness, that is, of anything which seeks instantly always to repair any injury to itself,—which always knows without possibility of mistake what are the true equivalents for its growth and prosperity, and then furthermore always without fail chooses such equivalents,—may we not say of such a thing as this, that it has reached a finished state—a state of perfect completeness?

Al. I certainly think we may use such language respecting it.

Soc. And if on the contrary we find something steadily refusing to do any of these things, or doing them only irregularly and capriciously,—in other words, if we find something not desiring its own happiness, deliberately setting aside what it knows to be for its own happiness in favor of something opposed to it, or else left in doubt what *is* for its happiness,—must we not infer of a thing like this, that it has not yet reached a complete and finished state?

Al. This seems also true.

Soc. If it were not so,—that is, if we could not take refuge by saying, as we said of the child, that when it is old enough, it will know and choose better,— would it not appear that certain equivalents in one instance at least have been created in vain, and that in one instance Nature has been disappointed?

Al. I think it would so appear.

Soc. And, Alciphron, which would seem the greater absurdity—to create something, and then withhold the equivalents necessary to bring it to perfection, or to furnish equivalents, and then create nothing that should make use of them?

Al. I think one absurdity is as great as the other.

Soc. If there be then such a thing as a human soul, you do not doubt that equivalents have been provided for it, using which,

it shall prosper as certainly as a tree prospers, when it makes use of equivalents provided for it?

Al. I have no such doubt.

Soc. And if, on the other hand, you find certain existing equivalents which would be useless if there were no such thing as a human soul, you infer from such equivalents that there is such a thing as a human soul?

Al. I do thus infer.

Soc. If then you agree that there are certain existing equivalents which would be void of value, unless there were a human soul to be profited by them, and if you are thus led to believe that there is a human soul; and then if you find that this soul refuses, or is ignorant how to appropriate to its own use these equivalents, so that by reason of this refusal or of this ignorance, such equivalents appear after all to have been furnished in vain, and Nature has come under a disappointment, what seems the only escape from the dilemma?

Al. It seems to me we must say of the soul, as we said of the child, that when it is old enough, it will know better and choose better; and since it never is old enough in this, its present stage of being, we must infer that there is another stage of being, having entered upon which, it will understand and make use of these equivalents; and so they, any more than the inferior and cheaper equivalents all about us, shall not appear to have been created in vain, and Nature shall not be found disappointed here, any more than she has been elsewhere.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

THE career of Disraeli is often mentioned as one of the most surprising in English history. The fact that a Jew should have attained a position such as his is regarded as very wonderful. It is thought strange that a member of a class nearly the whole of which were disqualified from representation in parliament should rise to the highest honors of the political profession in England, and should hold for many years the leadership of the aristocratic and conservative party in the state. But it seems to us that too much has been made of the disadvantages of race and of birth and fortune against which Disraeli was compelled to make his way. So far is it from being true that Disraeli's origin was mean, the social position of his father was quite as good as that of the parents of other men who have risen to parliamentary distinction in England. The introduction which the elder Disraeli was able to secure his son in London was one to have been envied. Disraeli, the younger, began life with an eminent and entirely respectable father, with a comfortable income, and, no doubt, with a useful, if somewhat unusual, education. His talents, his conversational eloquence, and his handsome person completed the success for which his accidental advantages had prepared him. That a Jew should have been able to climb to the head of a state in which Jews were still under disabilities was, indeed, surprising and curious. Had Pitt or Canning been told that his successor would be a veritable Hebrew, he would have wondered what would become of posterity. But it does not follow, therefore, that a Jew, once admitted to the House of Commons, would have found it difficult to assume the position for which his talents fitted him because of the prejudice which would attach to his race. Any member of the House of Commons may speak whenever he can get the eye of the presiding officer. It is not to be supposed that a man who had something weighty or clever and entertaining to say would not be listened to for the reason that the orator was a Jew, any more than that an empty proser would be heard because he was of an old county family. It might happen that the great prizes of office would be withheld from one to whom some kind of odium is attached. But in such an assembly as the House of Commons—an assembly in which a great amount of necessary work has to be performed before the eyes of the world—it would be strange indeed, if in the course of a life-time great abilities would not obtain recognition; it would be strange, indeed, if the tools should not in the end be given to him who proved his capacity to use them.

But Disraeli's career has been a very remarkable one. The career has been extraordinary because he has himself been extraordinary. It is the characteristics of the man which have been extraordinary rather than the outward accidents of his

career. Given such qualities as he has had,—such force of will, such ambition, such want of humor and consequent fearlessness of ridicule; given talents so precisely suited to the life to which his inclinations called him, and which chance opened to him, and we might expect for the lucky possessor of these qualities a great success. Indeed it would be hard to find in these days another career which shows such courage and determination, such a power to look the world down. Disraeli has longed for high places, fame, the recognition of the people who drive past Hyde Park corner, for a career which would satisfy his activities—with a fervor which reminds one of the Old Testament. The accidents of his literary career appear to us much more interesting than those of his birth and station. It is true that his books often contain passages which reveal the force of his judgment and the excellence of his satirical abilities. But they also contain such a mass of gush, nonsense, and 'talk,' such an unworldly carelessness of being thought a fool, and such an apparent ignorance of what the world thinks foolish, that it is hard for us to conceive that they are the work of one who has since proved himself to be, of all the eminent people of his time and country, perhaps the most consummate man of the world. In no books is there to be found less of that sneaking caution in expressing the mind just as it is, which a very little commerce with the world teaches. The gush, the nonsense, and the "talk" come straight to the surface. He is not in the least ashamed to express his admiration of the fine houses, fine dinners, and fine manners of the great. And the nonsense and the "talk" are not alone the outcome of his youth. We find him, after having been premier, writing a book full of the same kind of thing which he wrote as a boy. His talents have been so commanding, the force of his will has been such, that he has been able to "carry" these immaturities.

We have spoken of the extraordinary ambition of Disraeli. It is not unlikely that the disadvantages of his birth and station (such as they were) may have spurred him to exertions to attain position and fame which he might not have put forth had he been born to an eminent place. It is natural that the wealth and pride of the great society of London should appeal to the imagination of a young and aspiring man. That society is as proud as any in the world, and perhaps more splendid than any, and yet it is not inaccessible. The surest passport to it, and to a powerful place within it, is a political career. Society seems contrived for the man who may make a reputation in the House of Commons. Take a young fellow, such as we conceive Disraeli to have been, with immense ambition and an entire belief in all the wealth, rank and state of British society, and we may imagine with what longing he must look forward to the great places of the world. Is it not possible, by the way, that the condition of almost perfect democracy which we have reached in this country will scarcely permit men to cherish such fierce ambitions. No educated young man here can feel that there is any society which is greatly above him. Of course, it is true that ambition is a personal quality and needs but little to feed upon; but it seems to us very possible that one result of democratic society will be to make the ambition of men somewhat less strong and eager.

It will not be necessary for us to say much of a career so well known as Disraeli's. He is now about seventy-two years old, having been born in 1805. He was not as a boy sent to a university, but received his education from his father and from private tutors. He was for a time in an attorney's office, but abandoned very fine prospects as a lawyer to become a writer of books. The novels of his youth, "Vivian Grey," "The Young Duke," "Contarini Fleming," "Alroy," and others obtained a great celebrity, and were translated into many languages. Between 1831 and 1837, he made several unsuccessful attempts to get into Parliament. In 1837 he was finally elected. Disraeli failed in his first attempt in debate, and it was not until ten years later that he gained a strong position in the House. This was at the time of the repeal of the corn laws, when Sir Robert Peel, abandoning the position which his party had held toward the question, himself adopted and carried the measure. Disraeli then made a great reputation by his attacks upon his late chief. We doubt, however, if any of Mr. Disraeli's speeches is quite so well known, or so often quoted as that maiden speech in which he so signally came to grief. The story has been often told, but may be told again a little more at length than it has commonly been given. The Parliament to which Mr. Disraeli was first elected was the first which had been summoned by the present queen. On the day of the opening of Parliament the young queen ascended the throne in the House of

Lords, and read her message in gentle, girlish tones which made a deep impression upon the loyal hearts of those who heard it. In that throng, no doubt, there was a young member of the House of Commons who looked upon the scene with a heart full of hope and exultation. After many failures he had now secured that place for which he had so long been striving; now he was about to realize the expectations with which he had so long looked forward. His friends said that he would not allow many nights to pass without an attempt to produce some effect upon the House. On the 7th of December, just after O'Connell had delivered a most powerful

THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."—FROM SKETCH BY D. MACLISE, N. A.

speech upon the Irish Elections Petitions, and when the House was in a state of great excitement, a young man of singular appearance, dressed as the tradition is, very profusely and elaborately, with his well arranged ringlets clustering over a brow as pale as death, his eyes fixed on the ground, rose and asked the indulgence which was usually granted to those who spoke for the first time. He would, he said, show himself worthy of such indulgence by not abusing it. He began by taunting O'Connell. He then directed two or three taunts at the Whigs, who had made certain very improper intimations at clubs or elsewhere, just at that time "when the bell of our cathedral announced the death of our monarch." He made some daring assertions, which were received with laughter and cries of "Oh! oh!" from the ministerial benches. At an allusion to "men of moderate opinions and a temperate tone of mind," there was still more laughter, as it was considered that the character referred to was quite the reverse of that of the speaker. The young man entreated the House to give him five minutes hearing, —only five minutes. The House became indulgent for a moment; but shouts of laughter were again heard as Mr. Disraeli went on to explain that he stood there virtually, though not formally, as the representative of a considerable number of members of Parliament—the new members. "Then why laugh?" he asked; "why not let me enjoy this distinction at least for one night?" When however he spoke of the disagreement between "the noble Tityrus of the Treasury Bench and the Daphne of Liskeard," and mentioned Lord John Russell as waving in his hand the keys of St. Peter, the voice of the young orator was drowned in the merriment of the House. The laughter was renewed more loudly, as he ejaculated with despair,—"Now, Mr. Speaker, see the philosophical prejudice of man!" Presently he said pathetically,—"I would certainly gladly hear a cheer,

even though it came from the lips of a political opponent." No cheer, however, followed, and he then added,—"I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will listen to me!" He sat down, and Lord Stanley, on behalf of the opposition, replied to O'Connell; for it was thought that O'Connell's speech had not been answered. Several explanations of this failure have been attempted. It has been thought by some that this maiden speech was in the bombastic style of Mr. Disraeli's novels, but the speech was not specially bombastic. The House was yet strange to the characteristics and mannerisms of the young orator. A silly threat made by him to crush O'Connell, one of the most formidable men of the time, was remembered. Moreover, the House was not prepared to applaud a young member who indulged himself in the use of such personalities.

THE AUTHOR OF "LOTHAIR."—FROM SKETCH BY JOHN GILBERT.

This was in 1837. After this first signal defeat Mr. Disraeli became very quiet. He spoke but seldom, and then modestly. It was not until nearly ten years later that he reached full distinction as a parliamentary orator. He followed during these years the lead of Sir Robert Peel. Peel, however, distrusted his erratic disciple, treating him coldly. When, at the time of the repeal of

the corn laws, Peel accepted this measure, it became Disraeli's opportunity. He attacked Sir Robert in a series of speeches of extraordinary bitterness and pungency, and these attacks received the applause of the Tories, who, of course, resented the defection of their leader.

It is very interesting in looking over the periodic literature of any time to mark the growth of the fame of men. The changes in the tone of the newspapers and magazines from year to year are very noticeable in Mr. Disraeli's case. The number of "Fraser's Magazine," May, 1833, from which our first picture is taken, contains also a little essay upon him, which opens as follows: "O reader dear! do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair and forehead fair, and nose so high and gleaming eye of Benjamin D'Is-ra-el-i, the wondrous boy who wrote 'Alroy,'" etc., etc. This was supposed to be in the style of "Alroy." But in 1847, after Disraeli had become a member of the House of Commons, and his attacks upon Peel had turned the eyes of the country upon him, we find a writer in the same magazine speaking of him in a very different strain. Contrasting the keenness of the man to all going on about him, which is evident in his speeches, his writings, and his acts, with the torpor of his appearance, he says: "See him when you will, he glides past you noiselessly, without being apparently conscious of the existence of externals, and more like the shadow than the substance of a man. When he is speaking he equally shrouds himself in his own intellectual atmosphere. You would think he paid no regard to the thought of whom he was addressing, but only to the ideas he was enunciating in words. Still with downcast eyes, still with what may almost be called a torpor of the physical powers, he seems more than an intellectual abstraction—a living man of passions and sympathies. If some one of his friends interrupts him to offer a friendly suggestion, or to correct a misstatement of facts, the chances are that he will not notice him at all, or if he does, that it will be with a gesture of impatience, or with something like a snarl. This singular self-absorption betrays itself even when he is in a sitting posture. You never see him gazing around him, or lolling back in his seat, or seeking to take his ease as other men do in the intervals of political excitement."

This is a very good picture of Disraeli as he yet appears. He was accustomed to sit in his place in the House of Commons with the gravity of an Indian chief in council. George Eliot, in her latest novel, speaks of the "vivid gravity" of her Jew hero. The words so well describe Disraeli that it would almost appear that his countenance must have given her the suggestion.

We have referred above to the opening of Parliament by the young and new-crowned queen in 1837, and to the feelings with which a certain young member must have looked upon that scene. The same queen opens Parliament in 1877, just forty years later. She does not now read her message; an elderly woman in feeble health, the paper is recited for her by the Lord Chancellor, who stands by her side. Some of the characters are the same, but in appearance they are greatly altered. The scene brings to mind some of those plays in which the action covers a long period of years, such as "Elizabeth." Elizabeth, who but an hour before had been a young and vigorous woman, falters feebly upon the stage, holding by the arm of Cecil,—Cecil, now gray and tottering, who but an hour before had been the hale and portly councilor. At the recent opening of Parliament, many eyes glanced curiously about in search of a well-known figure. The once young member had been made a lord. Everybody was looking for him, and yet not one in ten of the crowd recognized him. The new peer stood at the side of the Queen, holding aloft a large sword. So covered was he with his trappings of state, that a portion of a very old and wrinkled face from which a pair of brilliant eyes looked out was all that was to be seen of him.

There is an impression that Disraeli's career has been a selfish one. Mr. Disraeli has been, perhaps, no more selfish than most other men. His aim has been to find and follow that career which his activities craved; he has sought more successfully than most other people the objects of his desire, and this is perhaps all that may be said. But it is obvious that we do not look upon such a career as his with quite the same feelings with which we regard that of a Falkland or a Pitt. We admire and wonder that, in this world of failures and half successes, a man should be able so completely to reach his mark. But the mind is not stimulated, or the sympathies aroused by such a spectacle, as when we see statesmen strongly impressed with love of country, or with devotion to the progress of mankind, or gallantly struggling for great public objects.

SOMETHING ABOUT HORSES.

NOWHERE among domestic animals do we find such ungainliness, awkwardness and misproportion as in the colt. His stilted legs, short body and diminutive neck, hardly suggest the possibility of good equine development. His hair is coarse, his tail and mane are stubbly, and his gait is, to the last degree, awkward. But although not born beautiful, the colt is born to beauty, and every month of his development, until full maturity, is marked by increasing grace and improved proportion. Nature is far from being an attentive mother to the horse, as is attested by the coarse, rough coat of the wild specimen, which, with his undeveloped form, gives him more the look of an awkward donkey than that of the noble steed as we know him in our stables. The horse which claims our admiration as a thing of beauty and of power owes very much to the refining touch of man, exerted by slow degrees through countless generations; and a thousand years of care and attention have given us at last an animal combining strength and grace, endurance and agility, courage and gentleness, in such a degree that it may be truly said that masculine and feminine beauty are here united in one being. To reach this perfection, and to retain it when reached, has cost an incalculable outlay of study, labor and treasure.

The horse-breeder seeks to produce an animal with a well-formed head, ears well proportioned and inclined to move in harmony with each other, a broad and gently arched forehead, large, clear eyes, with lids that close well over them, broad, open nostrils, lower jaw not too large, and frothing mouth, with thin, delicate lips. The neck must be well modeled and muscular, but not beefy, and the mane fine and straight. Difficult as it is to unite all these physical qualities in the horse, almost greater claims are made on his intelligence and courage. He must combine fire and gentleness, fearlessness and kindness, with mettle and docility.

When the fortunate owner has secured this perfect specimen of horse-flesh, he still finds great drafts upon his attention and care. Every appointment of stable and stall must be perfect, the temperature regulated by the thermometer, and food, drink, grooming and exercise must be administered with the most regular precision. The horse is blanketed with numerous layers, more or less according to the changes of the weather. His exercise is made to conform to fixed rules, and when he travels over long distances, his journey must be made by rail. In England, where a vast number of valuable horses are congregated, and where, especially among fox-hunters, the transportation of horses by rail is very common, there are provided at every considerable station regular cars for horses, each containing three narrow stalls. These cars are attached even to the fastest express trains, so that the fox-hunting squire may go fifty miles to meet the hounds, and return comfortably by dinner-time.

DEMOCRACY VERSUS ARISTOCRACY.

On the race-course, the drive, or the parade, the noble animal is expected to return, in one form or another, a full consideration for the skill and expense that have been bestowed upon him. Even among the most extravagant horsemen, whose disbursements

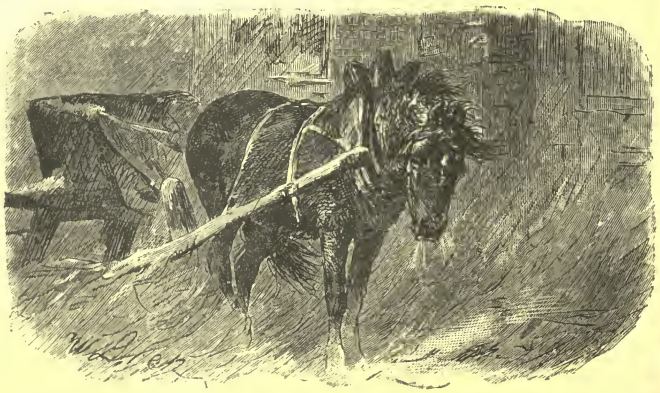
in their stables are unlimited, so rare is a real personal affection for the horse the controlling motive, that when he loses his valuable qualities, he is at once remorselessly discarded, and relegated to the lower walks

THE CARPATHIAN FOUNDLING.

of equine life and usefulness, usually to end his days in the greatest hardship and degradation. The poor man, who lives in closer communion with his domestic animals, and often owes his means of subsistence very largely to them, acquires through more constant intercourse a heartier love for his horses,—a love which leads him to cherish his beast long after his usefulness is passed.

The mountaineers of the Carpathian range show an affection for the horse, and an intimacy with him, such as are seen perhaps nowhere else. The delicate and affectionate little animal is to the family what the doll is to the child. Hardly larger than a good-sized mastiff, this horse becomes in a certain measure the house-dog of the family, and lives under the same roof, if not, indeed, in the same apartment. What the father, mother and children have to eat they freely share with him, and they are, indeed, more liberal in showering their love upon their cherished quadruped than upon any other of their domestic animals. The little horse returns their affection, nestles his delicate head in the bosom of his protector, plays gently with his children, and allows them to fondle him at will. He is also an extremely useful member, literally sharing in the necessary labors of the farm and in the road service. He and his master, yoked together, form the team which drags to market the winter's product of wood. When the load is light or the wagon empty, the horse draws the burden alone, but whenever needed, the human shoulder is bowed to the yoke. This docile beast knows neither bit nor curb, whip nor rein. The intelligent animal needs no guidance except in case of difficulty or doubt, and then he always waits for a suggestion from the beckoning hand or help from the stout arm.

The Swedish peasant is less affectionate toward his small, thick-bodied, chuckle-headed and long-haired pony, which is driven out in the autumn, and for half the winter seeks his scanty and sorry forage on the plain. With his fore-feet he scrapes away the snow, and nibbles the moss, which cracks between his teeth like brittle glass. Until the most severe weather comes on, this animal is brought home only for domestic work, and to perform the occasional post-coach service for travelers. In Sweden the passenger transport is a jealously-guarded prerogative of the peasants, who have the right to perform the service in regular rotation. If the so-called "extra post" arrives at a post-station, the postilion whose turn for service it is, and who is often a sturdy peasant girl, mounts her horse (astride),



A SWEDISH POST.

gallops to the station like a man, has the animal harnessed to the vehicle, and gives the traveler the reins,—for carriage and sled are both too small for two persons, and every traveler is his own coachman, and he bears his own whip, often armed with a sharp nail. The horse starts off at a smart trot, the girl running briskly at his side. She frequently keeps pace with him for miles, falling behind only when he is urged to a gallop. Even then she trots on briskly to the next station, where she is sure to find her beast at the post-house, dripping with perspiration, and awaiting his owner. Mounting again, she gallops mercilessly home with the price of her horse's service in her pocket.

The little Swedish horse seldom shortens pace from a trot or a gallop, but the heavy beast of Belgium and the Rhineland almost as seldom indulges in either of these gaits. These lowland animals are of almost elephantine proportions, and when at work on the road, they follow with careful tread the well-selected track of their leader. So unaccustomed are they to any other guidance, that their great freight wains would be in grave danger if the teamster were elsewhere than at the head of his team, marking the course they are to follow. Though these heavy animals show no skill under the rein, they are all the more reliable without it, stepping with the greatest care almost in the very footsteps of their leader. On steep descents, without the rein to hold them back, they throw their great weight in the harness, almost sitting on their haunches, to prevent the heavy wagons from descending too rapidly. This horse passes his life in conscientious labor, but the gentle relation existing between the Arabian or Carpathian horse and his master is here little known.

The horse of the steppes of southern Russia can scarcely be called a domestic animal at all. He never enters a house and seldom comes under a roof, but roams about in great herds. It is customary to keep among them a few powerful stallions, one of whom is the leader of the rest, and which together govern the whole community. The ruler among these stallions gains his supremacy not by the peaceful methods of selection, but by the right of conquest. When a new stallion comes into a herd, its ruling lord approaches him with pride and dignity. With bristling manes, lofty tails and gleaming eyes, they slowly draw nearer and nearer until they can stretch out their necks for that momentary touch needed to the interchange of thought among horses. Suddenly one of them screams, turns sharply around, and flings his hind-feet high in the air. Were the blow to strike, it would be fatal, but the other is on his guard, and turning as quickly as his opponent, performs the same antics, which they both seem to understand as throwing down the gauntlet, which is to be followed by nearly mortal combat, to be carried on almost with the teeth alone. Turning face to face, they rise on their hind-feet and seize each other's necks and crests with their teeth, tearing away shreds of flesh and skin, and inflicting wounds which leave bald scars for life. The wild scream bears no resemblance to the accustomed neigh. It is a shrill cry, which penetrates bone and marrow, ringing far away like the blast of a trumpet. The struggle is kept up sometimes for hours, until one of the animals, exhausted, turns tail upon his foe. The victor, satisfied with this declaration of defeat, closes the contest, and marches quietly to the head of the herd, where he is recognized as master, the vanquished opponent following in the common herd without again pressing his claims

THE HORSE OF THE LOWER RHINE.

A STRUGGLE FOR LEADERSHIP.

for championship. This struggle for the equine belt is the only serious hostility that arises among them, for these horses of the steppes are quite peaceable among themselves, and neither shy of man nor hostile to him. Their owners walk among them as among a flock of sheep, but the horses do not permit themselves to be touched. They do not resent the attempt, but merely move beyond reach.

The method of catching and breaking these horses for sale is quite peculiar. When the purchaser has pointed out the animal he desires, and the price has been agreed upon, he is asked whether he will have him broken or wild. If broken, he must pay for the trouble, which is often not slight, especially as the horse is to be delivered either on the same day, or early on the day following. The seller, armed with a rope made of hemp and horse-hair, with a large noose at one end, mounts a tame horse, and rides slowly into the herd. The rope is seemingly fastened to his left leg, and the noose is dropped on the ground near the chosen horse in such a way that he will step into it with his hind-feet. This being done, the horseman quietly draws the rope taut and rides quickly around the captured horse, and, entwining him in the rope, throws him to the ground; assistants immediately take possession of him, annoy him, and prevent his rising. After a few useless efforts to escape, he yields and submits quietly to his fate. While lying down, he is bitted, bridled, and saddled. This being effected, one of the assistants bestrides him, and the others ply the thong. The horse is released, and, rising with his unusual weight, terrified by the blows and by his rider, flies over the uninterrupted plain with the speed of the wind, the horseman letting him rush on where he pleases. At length, strength, breath and mettle give out, and he would gladly halt. Then the whip is applied, and he is urged to further efforts. As often as his pace slackens, he is goaded on, until, at last, utterly exhausted, he sinks to the ground, helpless to move

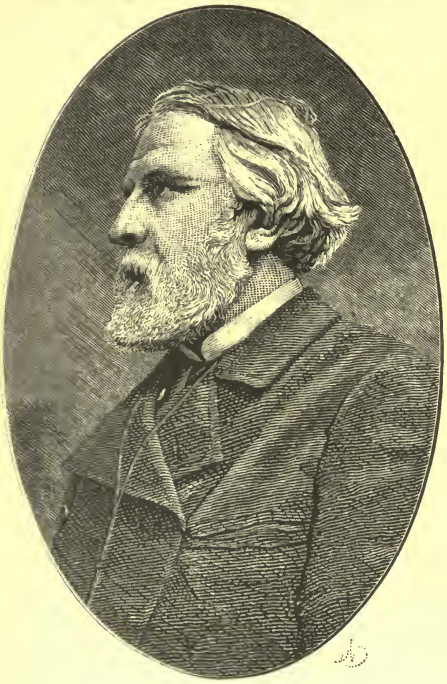
another step. Panting, groaning, covered with sweat and foam, trembling in every limb, with distended nostrils and heaving flanks, the poor beast loses all power and courage. The rider now dismounts and handles his steed by the ears, by the feet, or by the tail, with a freedom which would have cost him his life an hour before. The disheartened brute moves never a muscle, but allows himself to be bridled and unbridled, saddled and unsaddled, and mounted at pleasure. He is trained and taught the fundamental lesson that he is henceforth to submit to one mightier than he.

As a rule, the horse is a kindly and good-tempered beast. He is malicious only when made so by the brutality of his keeper, or when he has inherited the malicious quality due to the ill-treatment of an ancestor. The hereditary vice, once established, becomes almost ineradicable.

The degree to which the temper of the horse is influenced by the treatment given him by his attendants, was curiously illustrated in the case of a certain Bohemian baron, whose stud had the reputation of producing only the most vicious brutes. He was cursed with a race of grooms imbued with a thoroughly devilish spirit. These men gloried in making bad worse, by teasing and tormenting their animals until the stables became a veritable bear-garden. As a consequence the stud lost its reputation, and the baron found that he was raising horses for a steadily falling market. Realizing the cause of the growing evil, he swore vengeance against his grooms, and dismissed them *en masse*. In their stead, he employed a party of peasant girls, who, though they may have lacked the fine pastoral qualities of the peasant beauties of Watteau, were a vast improvement on the brutal men whom they displaced. Matters rapidly grew better in the stables, and the whole stud became in time gentle and kind. While the men had treated the malicious beasts with cruelty, and found pleasure in irritating their tempers, the girls treated them with affection. They coyed and played with them, accustomed them to affectionate tones, and always treated them kindly. In this way they gained their goodwill, and instilled into the rising race a new and more gentle spirit.

THE RUSSIAN HORSE-BREAKER.

IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF.



IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF.

In an age so hostile to type as our own, it is quite a relief to encounter an individuality so strongly marked, so athletic, and, in spite of all appearances, so intensely national, as that of Ivan Tourguéneff. We may quarrel with his views of life; we may disapprove of his pessimistic philosophy; but, for all that, we feel the fascination of a powerful personality; we feel the pulse-beats of a strongly agitated heart, infusing its warm life into every word and sentence he has written. To be sure, to a superficial observer he always remains cool; he never loses his self-possession; but through all these smooth and severely realistic narrations there runs a hidden vein of fire, and we often perceive how the author's blood is boiling, while his eye remains clear, and his hand firm. It was this which all Russia felt when the "Memoirs of a Sportsman" boldly tore the veil from her eyes, and displayed, in detached and carefully executed pictures, the melancholy panorama of serfdom, with all its revolting cruelty and wretchedness. And still Tourguéneff nowhere assumes the attitude of a critic, and, as an artist, he shows no fondness for strong contrasts and glaring colors; he never indulges in philosophical comments upon the social problems of his country, and, as far as we know, he has never directly, in so many words, expressed his disapprobation of the institution of serfdom. Nevertheless, the reader is not for a moment left in doubt as to his real sentiments; the pictures he has drawn speak for themselves, and they speak with no equivocal meaning.

It is not probable that Tourguéneff began his literary career with any conscious moral or social purpose. If, in a certain sense, he may be called a philanthropist (for his heart beats warmly for his kind), the rôle of a professional reformer seems utterly foreign to him. To be more explicit, a reformer is always primarily an idealist; he views his subject abstractly, and, in case he is a writer, constructs his plot, with all its minor machinations, in conformity to some leading purpose which he wishes to accomplish. With Tourguéneff, the moral tendency is not the leading motive; his works would have the same right to be, even if they had no bearing upon the social abuses of the day. As an artist, he takes a keen delight in reality for its own sake; he notes with unerring accuracy every characteristic detail; and then, calculating the finest *nuances* of shade and color, fashions his plot so as to bring these details into their proper relief and proportion. But this very reality which he portrays is so deplorable that no man can fail to see the need of a reform; and in so far as Tourguéneff held up before the Russian public, and especially before the Russian Czar, a mirror in which the social condition of the country was clearly reflected, he may be entitled to the name of a reformer.

Tourguéneff has the honor of having first made the world aware of the fact that Russia has a literature distinctly her own. At least a dozen writers of considerable talent had appeared before him; but the rigid censorship and the persecutions of the Government, which always showed itself hostile to every independent literary movement, had embittered their lives and strewn their paths with thorns. Lermontof, the author of "A Hero of Our Time," was banished to the Caucasus, where he was killed in a duel; Pushkin had a similar end; and Gogol went into voluntary exile, and, on his return to Russia, put an end to his own existence.

Indeed, the annals of Russian literature are so fraught with tragic incident as effectually to discourage even the bravest from pursuing so dangerous a calling. No wonder, then, that Tourguéneff, who, like so many of his brother authors, began his career with banishment, finds no reason for sanguine predictions in his portraiture of Russian society. A nation like his needs to be told the truth at all risks; optimistic flatteries may make an author popular, but they have no healthy effect upon his public, while a sincere, outspoken pessimism, when combined with innate strength, may rouse it from its torpor and stimulate its latent energies.

The leading events of Tourguéneff's life have recently been presented to the public in various magazine articles; but a brief review may still be in order. He was born November 9th, 1818, in the Government of Orel, in the interior of Russia. At the University of Moscow, which he entered at an early age, his democratic tendencies attracted a good deal of attention among his fellow-students. Whether at that time he sympathized with the nihilism which he has so strikingly characterized in "Fathers and Sons," we do not know; but, if we remember rightly, he took a strong interest in the doings of the American Republic, and felt quite proud of his familiar surname, "the American." Having finished his university course, he went abroad, studied German literature and Hegelian philosophy in Berlin, and, in the year 1841, returned to Russia, where he published a small volume of poems, under the title, "Panasha." During a five years' sojourn at home, he still further familiarized himself with the characteristic features of Russian life, wrote sketches and stories for the reviews, and, during his leisure hours, occupied himself with hunting, fishing, and other athletic sports. In 1846, he once more betook himself to foreign lands, and thenceforth devoted himself exclusively to literature. It was about this time that the "Memoirs of a Sportsman" appeared,—first in fragments, scattered through various monthly magazines, and afterward in book-form. The separate sketches had attracted considerable attention for their brilliancy of style and their many glimpses of deep psychological insight; but the vast effect the book was to produce was, no doubt, a surprise to the author himself. It appears now well nigh a truism to say that its publication is the most noteworthy event in the history of Russian literature. The Czar has himself admitted that it was the reading of these "Memoirs" which first opened his eyes to the demoralizing influence of serfdom, and thereby hastened the act of emancipation. This, however, did not by any means imply that he recognized Tourguéneff's right to open his eyes; and, as soon as a pretext was furnished by the publication of a eulogy on Gogol, the bold truth-teller was, by imperial command, banished from the capital, whither he had lately returned, and confined to his estates for an indefinite period. To be sure, it was the late Emperor Nicholas who was immediately concerned in the act of banishment, and it was his son Alexander who abolished serfdom; but the latter, although at the end of two years he again set the author at liberty, did effectually nothing but commute the sentence. Probably it is not altogether from free choice that Tourguéneff has spent the last twenty years in exile; and, if we are not mistaken, he has even now to obtain the permission of the Czar whenever he wishes to pay a visit to his native land. At present he makes his home with the family Viardot-Garcia in Paris; but his independent fortune enables him frequently to indulge his taste for traveling, and he has spent a considerable portion of his life in London, Rome, Florence, and Baden-Baden. The Russians are proverbial for their facility in acquiring foreign languages, and Tourguéneff is no exception to the rule. He expresses himself almost with equal ease in English, German, and Italian; and French he speaks and writes as if it were his mother-tongue.

The works of Tourguéneff are so numerous that we are at a loss to know which to select as the fittest illustrations of his style and manner. The "Atlantic Monthly," the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and the foremost German critics,—among them Dr. Julian Schmidt,—have hailed him as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living novelists, and we are not disposed to quarrel with their verdict. His only rival is of course George Eliot, the reach of whose intellect is as large and whose sympathies are as catholic and all-embracing. Nevertheless, there are certain types of character—especially types of women—which the English authoress can only reach in an overstrained attitude, while the athletic stature of the Russian enables him to observe with artistic ease. George Eliot is an inspired critic, and accordingly with her the didactic tendency predominates over the *schaffende Freude*, as Goethe terms it,—the purely artistic joy of creating.

Tourguéneff never condescends to act the showman; he has no ambition to excite our admiration of himself personally, or of the skill of his workmanship. When his drama is finished, he does not rise in his box and bow to the applauding public. To us there is something truly grand in this total self-forgetfulness, and it gave us in a measure the key to the author's character, even before a single fact of his life had become known to us. And when at length we penetrated this brazen wall of impersonality with which his perfect art has surrounded him, and actually stood face to face with the great novelist, we could not rid ourselves of a certain sense of victory, not unlike what the prince of the fairy tale must have felt, when the century-old hedge of thorns gave way and opened him access to the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Tourguéneff is a man of stately presence, as you would expect in a nobleman; his frame is large, well-knit, and finely proportioned. His eyes are of a clear grayish blue, and they beam with kindness and benevolence; the brow is prominent; the nose straight and well chiseled, and the *ensemble* of the features somehow reminds you of a noble and spirited horse. His hair is iron-gray or nearly white, and he wears a full beard.

Some five or six of Tourguéneff's novels have been translated and published on this side of the Atlantic, and are presumably known or, at least, accessible to most of our readers. They are all somber in tone, and the *dénouement* is invariably tragic, which is in itself a sufficient reason why they can never appeal to the large mass of novel-readers, and never become popular in the widest acceptation of the term. But that limited public to which they directly appeal values them, not merely as a source of entertainment, but rather for their profound and vigorous expositions of the vital problems of life; and by their sincere loyalty to the author's genius, his readers compensate for their deficiency in number.

In the novel "Fathers and Sons," Tourguéneff, with the accuracy of a surveyor, sounds and measures the gulf which separates the new generation from the old, but he makes no attempt to bridge it. The problem is concentrated in the two typical characters, Paul Petrovitch Kirsanof, the stately pedantic nobleman who clings to the old *régime*, and Eugene Bazarof, the nihilist who believes in nothing but matter, and roundly condemns all that the former generation has revered, as moonshiny romanticism and useless abstractions. The physiognomies of both are drawn with scrupulous impartiality, and with a calm mastery which is Shaksperian. Bazarof is spending his summer vacation with his friend, Arcadi Kirsanof, on the estate of the latter's father, Nicholas Petrovitch. Arcadi is still a novice both in science and in materialism, and with the enthusiasm of a warm, but intellectually inferior nature, echoes his friend's opinions. The following conversation clearly states the problem:

"'Aristocracy, liberalism, principles, progress,' repeated Bazarof. 'What strange words in our language, and perfectly useless! A true Russian has no use for them.'

"'What does he need, then, according to you? To understand you, we are outside of humanity, outside of its laws. That is too much. The logic of history exacts ——'

"'What need have we of that kind of logic? We can get on very well without it.'

"'How?'

"'Ah! Look here. I think that you do very well without logic in putting a piece of bread in your mouth when you are hungry. What is the good of all these abstractions?'

"Paul Petrovitch raised his hands. 'I do not understand you at all! You insult the Russian people. I don't understand that one can help recognizing principles and rules. What, then, directs you in life?'

"'We act in view of what we recognize to be useful,' replied Bazarof; 'to-day it seems useful to us to deny, and we deny.'

"'Everything?'

"'Everything.'

"'How! not only art, poetry, but even—I hesitate to say it?'

"'Everything,' repeated Bazarof, with inexpressible calmness.

"Paul Petrovitch looked at him fixedly; he did not expect such a reply. Arcadi blushed with pleasure.

"'Allow me, allow me,' interrupted Nicholas Petrovitch; 'you deny everything, or, to speak more exactly, you destroy everything. * * * Notwithstanding, it is also necessary to rebuild. * * * '

"'That does not concern us. * * * It is necessary in the first place to clear off the ground.'"

After the departure of the nihilistic friends the conservative Nicholas exclaims: "'Our successors! Do you know, brother, what recollection this brings back to me? One evening I was disputing with my mother; she cried out and would not listen to me

* * * I ended by saying to her: "You cannot understand; we belong to two different generations." These words wounded her deeply; but I said to myself—"What can I do? The pill is bitter, but it must be swallowed." In our turn now, our successors can say to us also: "You are not of our generation—swallow the pill." ' "

The reader will notice what a fertile field a theme like the present offers for startling complications and profound psychological studies. The nihilist of course looks upon himself as a mere machine,—as a kind of automatic furnace. He denies the existence of sentiment, and when at length the sentiment of love asserts itself in him, as it will in every human life, the story gradually gathers strength, until it rises into tragic height and dignity. How desperately he grapples with his fatal passion; how vain his endeavors to shield himself behind a wall of negations, and how stubbornly he at last succumbs, not to his love, but to a sterner force—to death.

No less masterly as a story, although equally dismal, is that exquisite piece of mosaic,—"A Correspondence," which contains within its narrow frame well-nigh every conceivable shade of epigrammatic wretchedness. At a hotel in Dresden the author makes the acquaintance of a young Russian, Alexis Petrovitch, who is dying inch by inch of consumption, and who, shortly before his death, bequeathes to him a package of letters from which the story purports to have been drawn. Alexis had in his early youth been in love with the sister of a certain Maria Alexandrowna, who had in her turn been engaged to a cousin of his. But both engagements are broken: the cousin marries somebody else, Alexis goes abroad, and Maria retires into the country where she lives a quiet uneventful life among very commonplace people. In an idle moment Alexis sits down and writes to her; he is weary of life, discontented with everything, but longs to pour his misery into some sympathetic ear. His letters teem with acute reflections on Russia and the Russians; and if, as the author evidently intended, we are to regard him as a typical Muscovite, we need no longer wonder that Russia has spent so many centuries in a state of Asiatic torpor, showing apparently but few symptoms of life, and contributing little or nothing to the progress of human civilization. We find Alexis in an attitude of perpetual self-contemplation, holding, as it were, a mirror before his mind's eye and morbidly analyzing every passing emotion of his own soul. And we are led to believe that this is the normal and not an exceptional phase of the Muscovite character. "We Russians," says the letter-writer, "have no other object in life than for ever to dissect our own personality, and hardly have we outgrown our childhood before we begin with it. We receive no decided impulse from without, we revere nothing, believe in nothing thoroughly, and thus we have free choice to make of ourselves whatever we please. * * * * While we unite in ourselves the faults of all ages, we at the same time deprive these very faults of their good and redeeming side. We are stupid as children, but we are not so sincere as they; we are cold-blooded as old men, but we lack their prudence. * * * But, to be sure, for this very reason we are psychologists! Oh yes, we are great psychologists! Only, our psychology unfortunately often assumes the character of pathology * * * * This refined study of the laws of our own diseased souls, and of our sickly mental development, with which healthy men are never wont to occupy themselves * * * * * The truth is, we are never young, not even in our youth."

Maria has in times past felt a great interest in Alexis, perhaps even loved him; she answers his letter, rebukes his indolence and indecision, and tries to inspire him with fresh courage by contrasting his fate with her own.

The correspondence with every letter grows more intense and we seem to notice how the turbulent phrase, confined within the straight-jacket of epistolary conventionalism, struggles to relieve itself of its burden of meaning.

Maria is a sweet, refined and womanly nature; she is already past her first youth, and the crisis she has been through, without leaving any bitterness in her soul, has turned it to reflection and fostered a certain brooding disposition of her mind. The neighbors have nicknamed her "The Philosopher," and it is told that she sleeps at night with a Latin book in her hand, and spectacles on her nose. The wit of the parish asserts that he has heard her say "George Sand," instead of "good morning," and that she drinks moonshine with her coffee instead of cream. However that may be, she writes very charming letters, and the thought gradually grows upon her correspondent, that she might be the one to give color to his pale existence and a purpose to his aimless

life. He writes that he desires to see her, and fixes the day when she may look for him. The day arrives but not he; neither does be attempt to explain his failure to keep his promise. His silence makes Maria anxious; she writes repeatedly in order to ascertain his whereabouts, but she receives no answer. Then at last, nearly two years later, Alexis writes to inform her that he is dying. Just as he was setting out on his journey to the province, he had met a danseuse, a low and vulgar creature, but of a magnificent *physique*. In spite of reason, duty and honor, he loved her to desperation, and, as her lover, followed her from city to city, wherever she went. One chilly winter night while he was waiting with her shawls outside of the theater where she was dancing, he caught a cold which rapidly passed into consumption; and now his days were numbered.

We may say that his conduct was weak, unmanly and disgraceful, as no doubt it was, but we will still listen to his justification: "Do you remember," he writes, "how frequently we discussed the nature of love and how ingenious were our theories on this subject. In practice, however, it turns out that true love is a feeling which, on the whole, does not at all harmonize with the picture we drew of it. In fact, love is hardly a feeling at all, it is a disease; a peculiar state of body and soul; it does not develop gradually, it is simply there! * * * Usually, it takes possession of a man, unbidden, suddenly, against his will, as the cholera or the fever. * * * In love there is no equality, no so-called free union of souls, or of any of the other abstractions, which German professors have invented in their hours of leisure. No, in love, one party is a slave and the other is lord; it is not for nothing that the poets speak of the chains of love. * * * Oh yes, it is a chain—and the heaviest of all. This, then, was my fate! In my early youth, I wanted to take the heavens by storm. Then it occurred to me to get up an enthusiasm for the welfare of the race and of my country. This also lasted for a while. Finally I began to think of founding my own domestic bliss. * * * I stumbled over an ant-hill and fell to the earth, nay, fell into the grave. What a remarkable talent we have for dying in this way, we Russians!"

Thus the story ends and the reader may be pardoned for feeling indignant at having been cheated out of a happy *dénouement*, in a moment when it seemed almost inevitable. However, a great author we must accept for what he is, instead of quarreling with him for not being what we would like him to be. And Tourguéneff's public, being convinced of his greatness, knows that his pessimism is part of himself, and no mere mask worn for the occasion.

The experiences of a man's life, in connection with his own native temperament, fashion his philosophy, and we can hardly upbraid him, because his lot was cast amid circumstances which tended to make sadness the pervading tone of his mind. Moreover, the poet, having a more sensitive organism than the majority of his kind, feels more keenly the sultriness of the atmosphere he is breathing, and his watchful ear perceives sooner the distant mutterings of the tempest. And no one who has at all listened to the pulse-beat of the feverish life of this century will deny that there is a very perceptible under-current of sadness beneath its bustling and agitated surface. At all events, in the old world, the profoundest thinkers are aware that there is something which is radically wrong, and still they love and cling to the old institutions which they know to be doomed, and view with suspicion the new movements the justice of which they are forced partly to admit. Whether the wide-spread rebellion of scientific men against the Christian religion upon which our whole civilization is founded, and the ever recurring strikes and socialistic tendencies, so prevalent among the working-classes, augur a revolution or a peaceful overthrow of the old forms of thought and government, is difficult to tell. The new philosophy, whether it be Schopenhauer's or that of Herbert Spencer or Stuart Mill, it must be admitted, is excessively dreary. And the very fact that we are, in a measure, compelled to recognize its claims, can hardly fail to fill a reflective mind with regret and tune it to sadness. Tourguéneff, as his "Fathers and Sons" and "Roudine" will testify, has drunk deeply of this modern philosophy; as a young man he spent several years in Germany at the time when the long neglected Schopenhauer was being unearthed and rose to sudden popularity, and his later personal history has not been qualified to foster in him a cheerful optimism, even if the bent of his temperament had been in that direction. We have his own authority for making this assertion. In a letter of May 14th, 1874, referring to an article by Mr. Henry James, jr., in the "North American Review," he expresses himself in the following manner: "Mr. James is cer-

tainly right in reproving my rather gloomy mood, but perhaps it is not quite my own fault, and, most certainly, it is not voluntary." Although by conviction a democrat and as such deeply concerned in the great movements of the day, nature evidently meant him for a conservative, and the problem of the century has thus found a living embodiment in him.

There is one phase of the novel literature of the day which English and American critics seldom deal with, and for which the English language, to our knowledge, has no adequate term. It is what the Germans call *die kulturgeschichtliche Bedeutung des Romans*,—its significance as an element of social history, as a document from which the historian of a later age may reconstruct the society of to-day. In this respect a truly great novel is far more valuable than a dreary chronicle of battles, statistics and diplomatic negotiations. The whole vast life of the century is concentrated in the great poet's or novelist's heart, and pulsates and throbs in every line of his writings. Our social life, our modes of thought and feeling, and even our religious convictions, are undergoing rapid changes, all of which are but imperfectly portrayed in diplomatic protocols and in the records of historical societies, and the time is not distant when our descendants will look to the novels of Thackeray, George Eliot and Spielhagen for the evidence of what we have been, rather than to the works of some professional scholar, unless, indeed, he draw his material from the same sources. Tourguéneff has in this way, perhaps unconsciously, become the historian of his country. The universality of his nature, his severe realism and his keen eye for the typical qualify him admirably for such a mission. He shows no predilection for any special type of character, and if we are at times struck with a certain family resemblance in his heroes, it is not because his power is limited, but because his heroes are all Muscovites, and consequently subjected to the same national and moral influences as the people which furnished the models. Lavretsky in "Liza," Litvinof in "Smoke," and Ssanin in "Spring Floods" are all first cousins, all slight modifications of the same type, kind-hearted and amiable young men, impulsive and at the same time irresolute, externally polished but with a latent vein of barbarism, a most curious commixture of the stoic and the epicurean. Fustof in "The Forsaken," and the anonymous story-teller in "Assja," although differing in their personal attributes from the heroes of the above-named tales, act under similar circumstances very much in the same fashion. Here, to be sure, is a hint of a limitation, but it is merely an apparent one. Taken as a whole, Tourguéneff's writings reflect truthfully, but in a condensed form, the society which he has undertaken to depict. He proportions the psychological contents of his novels only as nature herself has proportioned them in the life of which he is the observer, and the frequency of this or that type only indicates that Russia of to-day furnishes this type in special abundance. That the range of his vision embraces characters of widely varying molds, not excluding the noblest embodiments of moral dignity, we may easily convince ourselves; we choose at random Ellen and Insaroff in the novel "On the Eve," and that strong and lovable maiden whose serene presence so beautifully illumines the pages of "Liza."

Tourguéneff's studies of women are inferior to those of no other novelist. He opens to us a long and rich gallery, containing almost every conceivable variety of character, from the loud, heartless coquette to the silent, heroic sufferer who endures exile, poverty, and the loss of all for the sake of him on whom she has bestowed her love. But the accessories and the background of his pictures are always painted with the darkest colors. Now we find, as in "The Antschar," "Faust" and "Roudine," a coy and artless maiden who lavishes all the affections of her young heart upon a man who is utterly unworthy of her; now again, as in "Smoke," "Spring Floods," and "A Correspondence," the victory of a lawless passion over a pure love; and in some instances it is the stern hand of fate which seizes the lovers in its iron clutch, at the very moment when their hopes seemed on the verge of fulfillment. Liza, by a long life of renunciation, expiates a few brief moments of happiness; for the faithless wife of Lavretsky, whom he supposed to be dead, suddenly makes her presence known, and their blissful illusion bursts as the bubble on the sea.

Tourguéneff is especially a virtuoso in the portrayal of those baleful beauties whose fair, bacchanalian forms haunt the upper regions of French and Russian society. Queen among them all is that dangerous enchantress, Maria Nikolaevna Polosof in "Spring Floods," who enticed poor Ssanin's heart away from his betrothed, the lovely Gemma. She was by no means a perfect

beauty, but there was a powerful witchery of blooming womanhood about her The desire to stand and gaze at her was irresistible; she always left behind her "a momentary impression of a lovely neck, perfectly shaped shoulders and a wonderful form." There is a fatal charm in her presence, a strange, tiger-like grace in her movements. And Ssanin, confident in the consciousness of his love for, and loyalty to, the one woman he has chosen to be his, idly pauses before "that purple-lined palace of sweet sin," and forgets truth, virtue and honor while under the influence of her spell.

An equally dangerous but far more attractive coquette is Irene in "Smoke." Madame Polosof the virtuous reader will unhesitatingly condemn, but Irene, although her actions are, morally considered, no less blameworthy, cannot fail to enlist a goodly share of sympathy. She has loved Litvinof in her youth and never fully conquered her passion for him. After a long separation, she meets him, by accident, in Baden-Baden. She is married to an empty-headed Russian nobleman, and he betrothed to a plain but pure and excellent young girl whom he is just about to wed. The result may be foreseen; Tourguéneff's heroes never have the strength to resist a sin, when clothed in the form of a beautiful woman. They wrestle ineffectually with their passion and succumb. It hardly redeems Litvinof's character that in the last moment his plan of elopement fails, and that after many years of repentance and vain regret, he finally returns to his Tatiana, and receives her forgiveness.

We might add a dozen more portraits to this long gallery of fair sinners; but it is not a healthful atmosphere to linger in, and we should be loath to give the reader the impression that our author regarded these as the true representatives of Russian womanhood, or that he had studied with peculiar fondness the psychology of sin. We have already intimated that there is no lack of noble and high-minded women in his books. We hardly know to whom to give the preference, but as the story of Assja as yet remains untranslated, we select her as an example. Assja is a wild and shy girl, the illegitimate daughter of a nobleman, and is traveling with her brother Gagin in Germany, where the author meets her. She runs about, climbs rocks with the agility of a goat, sings and laughs in one moment, and in the next becomes grave and quiet. The purpose of the story, or rather its leading thought, is to show how this wild and unruly thing, still in her early girlhood, is transformed by the power of love into a sweet and passionate woman. The process is traced with a most exquisite appreciation of fleeting shades of feeling, and still with that stern eye for minute realistic details in which lies the author's chief power.

The story-teller, who introduces himself speaking, discovers that Assja loves him; he has traveled far and wide, has seen a great deal of the world and is well-nigh convinced of its worthlessness. But although he is not sure that he returns the girl's devotion, he is ever conscious of the fascination of her presence, and with a half timid reluctance he watches her fair form and listens to her fresh young voice, until finally at a secret interview, his pity for her leads him to make a caressing gesture which by her is interpreted as a confession of love. The scene is painful, but it is described with a dramatic intensity and strength which place it on a level with the best productions of Balzac and George Sand. All of a sudden the ungenerous hero awakens to a sense of the responsibility he assumes by accepting the love of this strange untutored creature who knows nothing of the requirements of the aristocratic society to which he belongs; vague scruples beset him, and while he is cruelly upbraiding Assja as well as himself, the frightened and humiliated girl hastens away. But no sooner is she gone than he begins to discover her real worth, and how dear she is to him. Longing to repair the wrong he has done her, he sets out in quest of her, vainly pursuing her course from city to city. In this mournful strain the story ends; Assja is nowhere to be found.

Tourguéneff's philosophy of life, so far as we can learn from his novels, is akin to that of Heine and Schopenhauer. He is a sincere and outspoken pessimist; but his pessimism is not like Heine's, saturated with acid; although naturally gloomy it is essentially pure, warm, and even genial. It partakes of the pervading sphere of his own character; and he is a sad, but at the same time a warm-hearted and genial man. He does not, like Schopenhauer, assume a hostile attitude toward humanity; on the contrary, he loves his fellow-men, suffers with them, and pities himself and them. He is himself deeply involved in the problems which perplex the rest of his kind; he states these problems clearly, but he does not pretend to know their solution. The same idea of an inexorable fate, which is so prominent in the writings of George Eliot, is

also the refrain of all Tourguéneff's works. Man, limited on every side by a chain of stern, immovable forces, struggles helplessly like a fly caught in a spider's web, and the end is invariably defeat. From the author's philosophic stand-point, human life, no doubt, appears as lugubrious as he pictures it, but his view is at least a one-sided one, and it is but partly true. The comfort which the Christian religion holds out to our sorely harassed race he evidently does not accept, and most of his heroes seem as regardless of its existence as he. But for all that, we find nowhere in his works those impassioned tirades against the Gospel of Christ which so disfigure even the purely æsthetic writings of Heine. Tourguéneff is too perfect an artist to be beguiled into partisanship. Christianity is to him a great and marvelous phenomenon, the influence of which, as an element in the formation of character, he is by no means disposed to underrate. In its pure atmosphere, Liza, one of the noblest creations of modern fiction, lives and breathes and has her being, and her child-like faith strengthens and inspires her to deeds of heroic devotion and self-sacrifice. In Arina Vlassievna, the mother of Bazarof in "Fathers and Sons," religion assumes the more primitive guise of mysterious superstition, and in "A Strange Story," its aspect is pathological rather than psychological; it becomes a mania, and confronts us in the most grotesque form of fanaticism. The instances we have here cited do not, however, contradict our assertion that Tourguéneff's relation to Christianity is merely that of a profound outside observer. He would have described with the same artistic pleasure the mental states of a dancing dervish or a scene of bacchanalian frenzy.

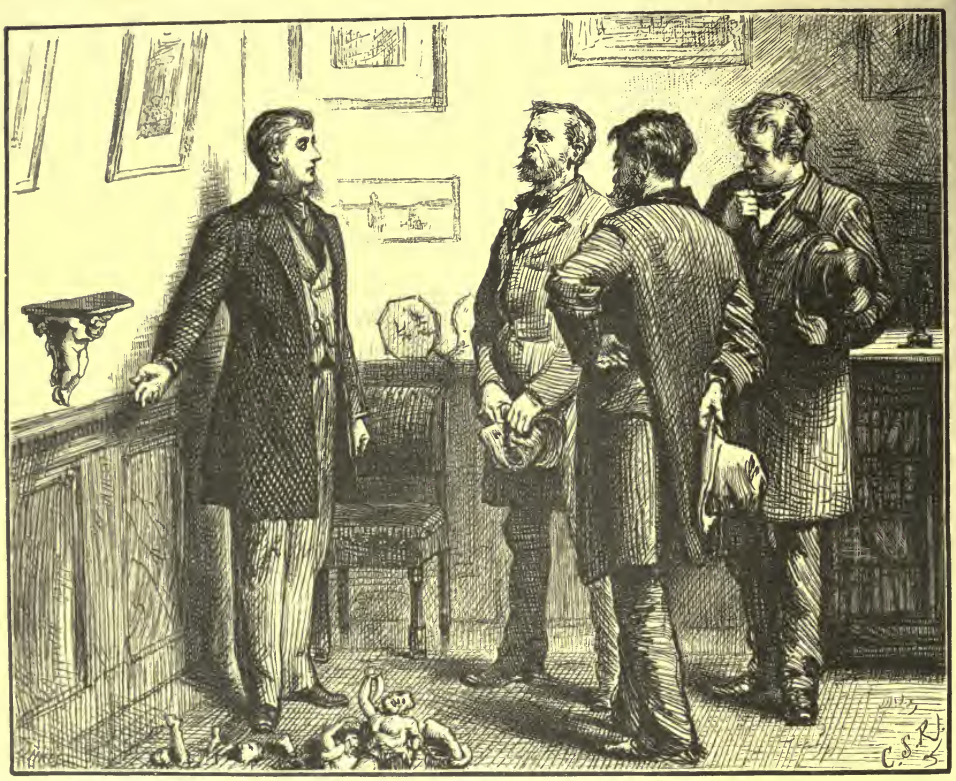
This apparently neutral ground which Tourguéneff occupies (which is as far removed from indifference as it is from partisanship), or rather the strict impartiality with which he views the great religious and social movements of the day, may lessen his influence for good during his own lifetime. Had he been an impassioned declaimer, he might perhaps have made himself the leader of some political faction whose power, while Russia is ruled by an autocrat, must necessarily have been very limited. But every faction, however great and noble its aims, is the expression and embodiment of a passing need of society, and has no *raison d'être* when the abuses against which it has fought are at length abolished. Tourguéneff, by his independence of party limitations, by his profound knowledge of humanity, and by his serene delight in realistic truth for its own sake, has gained for his writings the twofold dignity of æsthetic and historical classics, and for himself a place in the society of the Immortals.

STORM MUSIC.

LIST! through dusk silence warningly there steal
The first, low notes of airy violins.
With one shrill chord the symphony begins,
While oft the thunder's diapason peal
Rolls through the flame-lit sky—God's chariot wheel.
And hark! what trumpets blow from yon black cloud,
While the strong trees in sudden terror bowed
Seem from the tempest fleeing; then reveal
The horror of their anguish by deep moans
And wailings keen, far tossing to and fro
Their tangled branches, where the angry wind
Wreaks all his mighty passion unconfined—
Then leaves them shattered, like brave men laid low,
By war's hot breath, to die mid battle groans.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



NICHOLAS GIVES THE DEAD-BEATS A LESSON FROM THE LAOCOÖN.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Nicholas left "The Crown and Crust," on the evening of his encounter with the three rogues, he had only the shadow of an idea of what he was going to do with them, on the fulfillment of their promise to call upon him the following morning. Of one thing he was sure: he cherished no resentments against them; he desired to do them good. How to accomplish his purpose was the question which the reflections and inventions of the night were, in some imperfect or tentative way, to answer. He had the men at an advantage, which he did not intend, in any way, to relinquish. He saw that they were to be treated with a firm hand. He supposed that they would endeavor to overreach him, and he had never felt himself so stimulated and excited as during the night which preceded their appointed visit. Indeed, he slept but little; but before morning he had reasoned the matter out to his own satisfaction, and evolved a scheme, in the success of which he felt a measurable degree of confidence.

He informed Pont, at an early hour, of the visit he expected, and told him that he should be at home to no one until these men had come and gone.

At precisely ten o'clock, according to the agreement, the men presented themselves together. There was a guilty, sheepish look upon their faces, most unlike that which they wore upon the previous day. Then they were all in earnest, in their propagation of lies for the securing of a gift. This morning they had no story to tell, no part to play—at least none that had been determined upon and rehearsed. They had been detected as rogues; they were under the menace of prosecution as such; and Nicholas had surprised them so much by his boldness and promptness in getting back his

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money that, to use his own familiar phrase, they "didn't know what he was going to do." As Nicholas heard them ascending the stairs to his room, he went to his door and opened it, before Pont had had the opportunity to knock.

They entered in the same order as on the previous day. First, Mr. Jonas Cavendish received a cordial greeting, and then Mr. Yankton, and then Mr. Lansing Minturn. Pont was indulging in a broad grin, and evidently desired to make an excuse for lingering in the room. He advanced to the fire to give it a little attention, but a motion of his master sent him out, and Nicholas was left alone with his "raw material."

"Draw up to the fire, gentlemen, and make yourselves thoroughly comfortable," said Nicholas. "It is very kind of you all to be here so punctually."

"Oh! don't mention it," responded Mr. Cavendish. "We are only too glad to be in such pleasant quarters."

"Shall I call you all by the names you gave me yesterday?" inquired Nicholas.

"You may as well do so," replied Mr. Cavendish, who assumed the leadership, by virtue of his superior art and education.

"Very well, gentlemen; are you interested in art? I have some excellent engravings in this volume. Suppose you look it over between you."

Mr. Yankton sat in the middle, and took the volume in his lap.

It was a volume of engravings, representing the classical ruins and art-treasures of Rome. Nicholas sat near them, and for more than half an hour, as the leaves were slowly turned, explained the pictures to them as well as he could. Not unfrequently, Mr. Cavendish came to his aid, or offered suggestions which betrayed his early culture, astonishing Nicholas and his companions as well, and acquiring in the process a degree of self-respect, or personal pride, which wrought a curious transformation in him.

"I have some pictures on the walls," said Nicholas, "that you may be interested in;" and he rose from his chair and led the way to a sunny landscape, where a number of children were playing under a tree. Beyond the tree a placid river threaded a broad meadow, and beyond the meadow rose green hills, and beyond the hills, defining the sky-line, a mountain swelled, wrapped in its morning atmosphere. The picture was full of the morning—the morning light, the morning of the year, the morning of life. The dew was on the grass, a wreath of mist shone white on the mountain-side, and freshness was everywhere, as if there had been a shower on the previous day, and nature and life were celebrating the event with new blood in their veins. The men looked at it a long time. What thoughts were in their hearts, Nicholas did not know. He only knew that the picture was its own interpreter, and that no weary man, in whom the slightest degree of sensibility remained, could look upon it without sympathetic or pathetic pleasure.

The men lingered as if spell-bound. Not a word was said. The beautiful room was so still that the little clock upon the mantel-tree could be heard telling the tale of the passing time.

Then they passed on, and the next object to which Nicholas called their attention was a small group of the Laocoön, in plaster. The men paused before it. The transition was abrupt, and it told upon them. There were the three helpless victims, writhing in the coils of the relentless serpents, and there stood the three men. They were quick-witted, and appreciated at once the lesson they had received. They knew and felt that the vices and the circumstances which enchained them were typified before them. They could not resent the rebuke or the lesson, because they were treated by a gentleman like gentlemen; and they could not know whether there had been design in it. They looked uneasily in one another's faces, and then back upon the group, in a strange and painful fascination.

"How do you like that?" inquired Nicholas.

"Well, it doesn't strike me as being very lively," said Mr. Cavendish.

"It strikes me as devilish unpleasant," said Mr. Yankton.

"Rather suggestive, eh?" said Mr. Lansing Minturn.

"It doesn't look as if those fellows were going to get out of it, very easily or very soon," Nicholas remarked.

"No, sir," said Cavendish; "the devil is too much for any man, or any three men, when he once gets a good hold and gets the advantage."

In an instant, Nicholas advanced to the bracket upon which the group rested, raised his hand and hurled the Laocoön to the floor. It came down with a tremendous crash, and lay scattered over the carpet in a thousand fragments. The men were thoroughly startled and surprised. Pont came rushing up stairs, and, without waiting to

knock, entered the room, under the impression that his master was suffering violence.

"Pont," said Nicholas quietly, "bring a basket and a broom, and carry off those pieces."

Pont's eyes were very wide open, and he hesitated.

"Be quick about it, Pont."

The negro saw that there was to be no explanation, and went off mystified, to the accomplishment of his task.

"Let's sit down again," said Nicholas, "until we get rid of this rubbish."

When Pont had carefully performed his task and left the room, Nicholas said:

"I'm glad that thing is out of the way. It has always been a pain to me, and I really do not know why I have tolerated it so long. It embodies a lie to every ordinary imagination. There is no evil bond so strong that a man cannot break it. All it needs is a resolute hand. You can never put the serpent together again that I have just crushed."

"Or the men," said Mr. Cavendish.

"I don't wish to. Their contortions would have no meaning without the monster which they resist. There, let me place my beautiful Apollo on that bracket—free, beautiful, divine! What do you think of that?"

There was no more desire that morning to study the fine arts. The men found themselves under a strange influence. They had, first and last, entered a great many rooms of luxury and refinement on their swindling errands, but their minds had been in no mood for receiving good impressions. They had, this morning, been in this room so long, they had been in a mental attitude to receive and had received so many new impressions, that they had almost forgotten who and what they were. They had had the leading parts in a great many low and vicious comedies. Here they had been spectators in a drama of a different sort. They had been led by a beautiful path up to a realization of their own bondage and degradation, and, before their eyes, there had been typified the overthrow of their enthralling vices and their own resurrection from them.

"Fellows," said Nicholas, "tell me about yourselves. I'm sure you never came to this without going through great temptations and great struggles."

"There isn't much to tell. People call us 'dead-beats,'" said Mr. Cavendish, who always spoke for himself and his friends, "and that's just what we are. We have had our trial with the world, and we have all been dead beaten. The road into our life is straight and easy. There isn't one of us who didn't begin to lie when he came into pecuniary trouble. Just as soon as a man begins to lie to excuse himself for not paying a debt, or stretches the truth a little in order to borrow money, he's on the direct road to our kind of life. He goes on lying more and more, as his troubles increase, and, before he knows it, lying becomes the business of his life. There are plenty of men in New York now, who are shinning around from day to day to keep their heads above water, and who will be among us, and as low as we are, in two years."

"Doesn't it trouble your conscience?" inquired Nicholas.

"Not a bit," responded Mr. Cavendish; and the others laughed in approval.

"And do you never have a desire to get out of this kind of life?"

"Well, no. It's rather exciting. We were having a pretty good time last night, when you broke in on us."

"And you were not ashamed when I showed myself to you?"

"I can't exactly say that," said Cavendish.

"Come, now, tell me honestly: would you not be glad to enter again upon honest and respectable life if I will help you to a chance?"

"What does it matter to you, now? What do you care about us?" inquired Cavendish.

Nicholas was getting toward the practical results of his experiment, and his eyes filled with tears as he answered:

"Life seems so beautiful a thing to me that I cannot bear to see a man throw it away. Manhood is something so noble and grand that its ruin seems to me to be the most terrible thing in the world. Here you are—three ruined men—preying upon society like three wolves—your manhood gone, your mothers and sisters forgotten, your wives and children, if you ever had any, either killed by your disgrace, or living in despair, your tongues trained to daily lying, your past a failure, your future hopeless, and yet, when I offer to help you out of it, you ask me what it matters to me? If I did not care about it, I should be a brute. If I did not care about it, I should feel that I ought to get down upon my knees, even to you, and ask your pardon. God only knows how much I care about it."

Nicholas said this with the most earnest feeling, looking into the faces of the men who sat before him, silent, spiritless and unresponsive.

"It's too late," said Cavendish.

"It's not too late. It shall not be too late. You will accept the proposition I make to you, or you will be in the lock-up before night. If you will not reform, it will be my duty to protect society from you. I do not like the alternative any better than you do. To me, you are all men now—gentlemen, if you please. For this morning, you have laid aside your unworthy characters, and we are here together to see what we can do for ourselves. I know I can help you, and I know you can help me, if you will. There is no man—there are no three men—in the world, who can do for me a favor so great as you have it in your power to do for me this morning. Why, if I never did anything else in all my life, it would make me glad and rich to be able to help you back to life and self-respect."

Nicholas saw that the man who had assumed the relation of distant cousin was moved. Even the rheumatic man was profoundly sober, but both were under the restraint of the superior brain which the missionary possessed. The latter had the dignity, in his own domain, of being a leader, and Nicholas was inviting him to a life of subordination. It was painful to see how weakly the wills of all of them worked toward a determination upon anything that was good.

"Besides," Nicholas went on, after observing them a moment, "I want you to help me. You know so much more than I do about this city life and its temptations and miseries that I want you to help me—to be my counselors, my assistants."

The thought that they could be of use to anybody—that they could be accounted of importance in any scheme of good—that instead of being beneficiaries they could become benefactors—was a new and fruitful one. Mr. Cavendish was quick to see the drift of impression in the minds of his companions, and was conscious of certain ambitions that were awakening within himself. Light began to dawn in the horizon of them all, but still the enthusiastic missionary to the Flat Heads was inclined to question and delay.

"I suppose," said Cavendish, "that you expect to make praying sneaks of us all,—that we are to be pawed over, and palavered with, and preached to."

"I don't know that I am acquainted with any praying sneaks, as you call them," said Nicholas; "but if there is any sneak that is meaner or worse than one who sneaks into a benevolent man's house with a lie in his throat with which to steal his money, I should like to see him. He must be a curiosity."

"Good!" said Mr. Lansing Minturn, laughing suddenly; and he and Mr. Yankton clapped their hands.

Mr. Cavendish felt that his scepter was departing, but he could not give it up yet.

"But that's what they do," he said. "They all want us to become pious, you know. They want us to embrace religion, if anybody knows what that is."

"I am sorry to say," said Nicholas, "that religion is not for such fellows as you are. I think that many well-meaning persons make a great mistake in this matter. I should just as soon think of presenting religion to a pig as to a confirmed dead-beat, or willing pauper. A person who has not will and shame enough to take the single step that places him back within his manhood, will never take the two steps that will lift him into Christianity. I am not a preacher, but, if I were, I should never think of preaching to you, until you had become something different from what you are now. Christianity was made for men, and not for those who have ceased to be men. There is not a Christian motive that can touch one who has sunk below his own respect. I was once in very deep water myself, and I was obliged to come up, and work to get up and stay up, before the rescuers could reach me and save me."

The men looked in each other's faces.

"What do you say, boys?" inquired Mr. Cavendish.

"I'm going to try it," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, "whether the rest do or not."

"I, too," said Mr. Yankton.

"Very well, I'm with you," said Cavendish.

Nicholas was overjoyed. He seized the hand of the first speaker, and said impressively:

"You are quite welcome to the name of my father and of my mother. Keep them both. They will help to shut you off from your old associations, and hold you to your new."

Then he shook the other men by the hand, and told them that they had given him one of the happiest moments of his life.

"Now, what do you propose to do with us?" said Cavendish, who refused to relinquish his lead.

"Don't put it in that way," responded Nicholas. "What do we propose to do with ourselves, for you must remember that we are all engaged in one enterprise. I am to help you, and you are to help me. I propose lunch."

"I presume we are all agreeable," said Cavendish, laughing.

Nicholas touched a bell, to which Pont promptly responded.

"Bring up lunch for four," said Nicholas, as the negro appeared.

Then they broke bread together, and their viands were served with courteous punctilio. The men were awkward at first, but their embarrassment soon passed away, and they entered into a lively conversation, which made the meal thoroughly enjoyable.

"Now," said Nicholas, as he rose to his feet, "you are strong enough to promise me a few things which will be necessary to your success. In the first place, you must promise me never to return to your old haunts, never to drink a glass of liquor unless it is prescribed for you by a physician, always to stick together and be society for one another, and always to come to me if you are in trouble."

"That's pretty tough," said Cavendish.

"Do you falter?"

"A man doesn't like to lose his liberty, you know."

"Liberty to lose your place!" exclaimed Nicholas. "Liberty to go into dirty society when you can have good! What can you mean?"

The other men did not demur, and Nicholas knew that he had not yet touched the right spring in Cavendish, but he determined to study him thoroughly, and to find it at any cost.

"Well," said Cavendish, with a sigh, "let's come back to the question: What do you propose to do with us?"

"I propose to set you to work for wages, and to keep you at it every day. I propose to get you a comfortable boarding-house, where you can all live together. I propose to interest you, if I can, in an enterprise in which I have great faith—the best enterprise, I am sure, which it is possible for a man like me to undertake. I am going to try to get hold of a great many such fellows as you are, and as you know all about them, you can be of much assistance to me. You, Cavendish, must be my right-hand man, unless it should happen that I am compelled to become yours."

Nicholas had found the spring without looking far. A prospect of leadership and influence lighted the eye of the ex-missionary to the Flat Heads.

"Now," said Nicholas, putting on his overcoat and hat, "let's go and find a boarding-place. I have a dozen advertisements in my pocket, clipped out of the papers while I was waiting for you this morning."

As they passed out of the hall and struck the sidewalk, Mr. Cavendish coupled himself with Nicholas, and the men walked down the street together. Nicholas was conscious that he was but little known, and that few, if any, would notice his strange companionship. Besides, he was deeply interested, and he did not care.

They went to one house after another, and finally decided upon a large, double-bedded room, in a cheap part of the city. Nicholas, after the decision was made, had a long conference with the landlady, which ended in his becoming personally responsible for the board of the three men for a month, and an agreement, on her part, that she would report to him any irregularities of her new boarders, should any occur.

During this interview he had left the three men in their room. On returning, he found them very comfortable, and cheerfully chaffing each other.

"You two fellows," said Nicholas, speaking to Lansing Minturn and Yankton, "are to stay here, while Cavendish and I go out. You have had enough to eat, you are comfortable, you have no temptation to go away. We are going out to see what we can do for you."

Nicholas and Cavendish had hardly reached the corner of the street, when the two men, thus left free from care and in pleasant quarters, lay down upon their beds and went soundly to sleep. They had been up more than half of the previous night, and the beds were the most inviting they had seen for years. No lock and key was needed for them.

Nicholas and his companion made directly for Glezen's office. They found him, as he told them, "up to his eyes" in work, though he gave Nicholas a cordial greeting, and received his companion politely. Glezen knew, with the quick insight that comes to an observant man in city life, that Cavendish "had had a history." He knew that he was not an ordinary man, in ordinary

circumstances. His seedy clothes, his sharpened countenance, his quick eyes, betrayed the adventurer who lived upon his wits. "Glezen," said Nicholas, "I have brought this man here, looking for employment, because I have become very much interested in him."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes—the worst of him."

"Well," said Glezen, "I want a clerk. My work is getting too heavy for me, but I must have a capable and a faithful one. How long have you known him?"

"Since yesterday morning."

Glezen looked into the face of the applicant with an amused smile, which Cavendish not only understood but responded to for reasons which even Glezen did not apprehend.

Mr. Cavendish cleared his throat, and then, with some hesitation, turned to Nicholas, and said: "You have no idea of deceiving your friend. You will tell him all about me, some time, and if anybody is going to do it, I had better do it myself. Mr. Minturn"—turning to Glezen—"has been kind enough to bring me here, after I have abused his confidence, with the hope of giving me the chance for an honorable life, which I had supposed was forever gone. I am what they call a dead-beat. I don't know that I am very much ashamed of it. The world has used me roughly, and I have had a hard time, but I am willing to try again. This gentleman is the first who has given me a good word, or exercised a good intention toward me, for years. I am not very hopeful of myself, but I am willing to try to please him. In fact, I have promised to do so. And now if you will give me employment, you will find that I am capable. So long as I stay, I shall serve you faithfully. You may come here some morning and find that I am gone, but you'll miss nothing but me. That's all, and I couldn't speak to you a more honest word if I were dying, so help me God!"

"I like that pretty well," said Glezen. "I believe you'll do what you say, too."

"Thank you," said Cavendish, "and you'll excuse me if I say that I think we shall get along very well together."

"Thank *you*," responded Glezen, "and now let's see what you can do with a pen."

Cavendish drew up to a table, wrote a polite note to Glezen, and signed it.

Glezen gave it a glance, and said:

"That will do. Now what wages do you want?"

"I think," said Nicholas, "that you had better leave that matter to Mr. Glezen. He will deal fairly by you, I know."

"All right!" said Cavendish.

Glezen comprehended the object that Nicholas had in view, and said promptly:

"Your salary begins from this morning; and here is a document that I wish you to copy before you sleep. I shall be obliged to sit up all night to do it if you do not."

Cavendish took it in his hand, but seemed troubled, doubtful and hesitating.

"What is it?" said Nicholas.

"I'm afraid the boys will get tired of their confinement, and leave," Cavendish replied.

Nicholas was delighted to find him assuming a sense of responsibility for them, and said:

"Mr. Glezen will permit you to take your work home, at tea-time, I am sure, though I'm not afraid of their leaving their comfortable quarters for the present. They have no money."

"I know," said Cavendish, "but we must keep them contented and interested."

Glezen readily gave his consent to the proposition of Nicholas, and then Cavendish sat down at the desk prepared for him, to begin his work.

"By the way," said Nicholas, rising, and addressing Cavendish, "do you know whether that newly manufactured cousin of mine was ever a civil engineer, as he pretends to have been?"

"Yes, that was once his profession, and he will do well in a subordinate position."

"What about Yankton?"

"Well, I don't think he was ever trained to anything. The rheumatic dodge isn't high art, you know. Don't send him out-of-doors."

"Very well," said Nicholas; "you will work here until six, and I'll call and go home with you. I mean to get some good news for them before we see them again."

Then our enterprising young philanthropist shook hands with Glezen and his clerk, and went out. He could think of no one so likely to second his plans as Mr. Coates. He remembered what the old man had said at his dinner table, but that did not discourage him. He had learned that talk did not mean much, on either side of the question, and that those who seemed the hardest and the most prejudiced were quite as likely to be helpful as those who were more weakly and tenderly sympathetic.

So he went directly to the prosperous mercantile establishment of Mr. Coates. If

he had appreciated the fact that the old man could not have denied anything to the rescuer of his wife and daughter, he would have hesitated, but the thought that he had ever rendered Mr. Coates or his family a favor had not entered his mind. He was going to ask for grace and not for reward.

Nicholas entered the private office of Mr. Coates with a good deal of timidity, but he was heartily received and put at his ease.

Any one who held an interview with the old and eccentric merchant was obliged to do the most of the talking. His nature seemed to be extractive and absorbent. To simple-hearted Nicholas, these qualities were irresistible, and, with a few suggestions and questions, here and there, Mr. Coates managed to draw out from the young man the whole story of his experiences and experiments with the rogues he had taken upon his hands. The old man carried a sober face through it all, but suffered from certain inward convulsions which, on rising to his throat, in the direction of laughter, were suddenly shunted off into a cough.

He had heard many praises of Nicholas from his wife and daughter, as well as from Glezen, with whom he had become well acquainted; but this was the first time he had ever enjoyed the privilege of a good look into him. He was pleased with him, and more than ready to serve him.

"D–did you ever sk–in an eel?" said he.

"Never."

"Sl–ippery," said Mr. Coates.

"You think these are slippery fellows, I suppose."

"H–handle 'em with m–mittens. D–don't make too m–much of 'em."

"My mittens are the police," said Nicholas. "They have seen the rough side of my hand, and felt it, too. All that I want to have you understand is that my whole heart is in the enterprise of saving these men. I believe it can be done. I have the advantage of them, and I propose to keep it. If one of these men dares to cross the line back into his old life and associations, I shall put him where he will have an opportunity to repent at leisure."

"You w–want to have me t–take Y——"

"Yankton, yes."

"I d–don't see how I c–can."

"I'm very sorry. Have you nothing for him to do?"

"Y–yes, I could m–make a light p–porter of him, but I c–couldn't speak his n–name once a f–fortnight."

Nicholas laughed heartily, and responded:

"Then we must get a new name."

"C–call it T–Twitchell," said Mr. Coates. "He'll r–recognize the t–translation."

"So you'll take Twitchell, will you?"

"Y–yes, I g–guess so. I suppose a r–rose by any other n–name would s–mell a g–good deal sweeter."

"Oh, I'll see that he is cleanly dressed," said Nicholas.

"W–what are you g–going to d–do with the other one?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Coates, who sat in a revolving chair, wheeled around to his desk, and wrote in silence a long note, which he carefully folded and addressed. Then he turned and handing it to Nicholas, said:

"T–try that."

It was addressed to the Commissioner of Public Works, and contained a statement of all the facts relating to the history and position of the man for whom Nicholas was seeking employment. It contained also the request, as a personal favor to the writer, that the Commissioner would do what he could, consistently with the interests of the public service, to further the bearer's enterprise.

Armed with this document, his heart glad and expectant, and his face glowing with enthusiasm, Nicholas bade the old merchant a good afternoon, and sought the office to which the note was addressed.

He found the Commissioner very busy, with a number of impatient men in the anteroom of his office, waiting for an interview. It was more than an hour before his opportunity came. He presented his letter, which the Commissioner read with a frown. Then he sent for half a dozen men in different parts of the building, and held a consultation with them. The matter looked very dubious to Nicholas, and he began to tremble for the fate of Mr. Lansing Minturn.

However, after the young man had been sufficiently impressed with the importance of the matter which he had presented, and the profoundness of the difficulty which had been mastered in arriving at a decision, he was called to the side of the Commissioner, and, in the most friendly and confidential way, informed that it was winter, that not much was doing, that the department was overwhelmed with applications for employment, that there were those among his friends who, if they should know that he had favored Mr. Coates before them, would make it hot for him, that the appropriation was running very low, that Mr. Lansing Minturn's pre-

cedents were not such as would reflect credit either upon his family—begging the pardon of the family as it was represented by the gentleman before him—or upon the department, that he really had no right in his public capacity to respect personal considerations, etc., etc., etc.

After he had squeezed all the hope out of Nicholas that was possible, and shown him the preposterousness of Mr. Coates's request, and placed the young man in the position of a humble suitor for a benefaction of untold value, he condescended to say that it had been decided that, as a favor to an old and highly respected citizen, whose political influence had always been upon the side of economy and public order, Mr. Lansing Minturn should have a chance.

"Oh, I thank you! I thank you!" said Nicholas, pressing his hand, with a warm stream of feeling spouting up from his heart like a geyser, and overflowing the rocky Commissioner at his side.

"You appreciate the difficulties of my position," said the Commissioner.

"Entirely, and it is only too kind of you. I can never forget this courtesy."

"I can't ask that," said the Commissioner, smiling in a patronizing way. "Remember it until after election. That's all I ask."

Nicholas saw the point distinctly, and saw furthermore that he had been a little boyish and gushing.

"Send your man here in the morning, with a letter," said the Commissioner. "Good evening, sir!"

The mind of Nicholas was too full of his victories to make any analysis of the operation through which he had just passed. During the long stay in the Commissioner's office, the short winter day had come to an end, and he found, on issuing upon the street, that the lamps were lighted. He returned to Glezen's office, where he found both the lawyer and his new clerk busily engaged at their work.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Nicholas, "I've got work for them all. Did anybody ever hear of such luck?"

Then he told them briefly what he had done, and how he had been able to accomplish his purpose.

"Nicholas," said Glezen, solemnly, "do you know that you are ripening for a memoir? Don't die. I've always been afraid of being too good for this world, and have tried to keep just wicked enough to live."

Cavendish, driving away at his pen, with a smile illuminating his pointed face, responded:

"So have I."

A laugh followed, and then Nicholas told his protégé that he would accompany him to his boarding-place. Papers, pens and ink were taken from the office, and the two, with a strange, light feeling in their hearts, threaded the streets together, and arrived at their destination just as the two men whom they had left there were yawning themselves into consciousness.

Nicholas sat down with them, and told them the results of his afternoon's labor on their behalf. When he reached the matter of Yankton's change of name, and the reasons which had determined it, the merriment of the party became uproarious. The whole affair was as good as a play. While they sat, the tea-bell rang, and Nicholas rose to take his leave.

"Cavendish will be obliged to work this evening, and will be fully employed," he said, addressing the other two men. "He will need to get rid of you, and I want you to come to my rooms to obtain the letters you will need to-morrow; and, perhaps, I can do something to make you more comfortable and more presentable."

The men promised to call, and then Nicholas went out, took a passing omnibus, and rode home. Dispatching his dinner, he wrote the letters he had alluded to, and was ready to devote himself to his visitors when they arrived. The sheepish look of the morning had passed from their faces, and, relieved of the presence of Cavendish, they talked freely of their histories, and spoke courageously and hopefully of the future. Nicholas passed an interesting and delightful evening with them, and before they took their leave brought out to them some of his half worn clothing, which he begged them to accept.

"I don't give you any money," he said, "because you don't need any, and it would be a temptation to you. I'll call to see you to-morrow night."

They took leave of their benefactor and helper with hearty expressions of gratitude, and pledges of good behavior in the situations which had been procured for them; and then Nicholas sat down and thought it all over. He had accomplished the largest day's work of his life. He had labored under the influence of the best motives all day, and had worked in earnest. He was weary in body and mind, but he had never been more thoroughly happy. What the

final result of his efforts might be, he could not foresee, but he felt that if he could save these three men he should not live in vain. He had only begun, however, and the prospect of future harvests filled him with enthusiasm. He knew that for a long time these men must be kept under surveillance. He knew that Glezen and Mr. Coates would do what they could to help him, and that they would be trustworthy counselors; but he saw that all three men must be kept busy—that their evenings would have to be looked after. It was for this necessity that he must wisely provide, and nothing seemed so promising to him as in some way to make them responsible for each other, and to change their attitude from that of beneficiaries to benefactors. If he could interest them in his schemes, and make them helpers in the task of reclaiming others, he was sure that he could hold them to their present resolutions.

If the rich young men of the city who had tried in vain to tempt Nicholas into their life of meaninglessness and idleness had looked into his heart that night, they would have seen how small occasion they had to regard him either with pity or contempt.

CHAPTER XVII.

While all these events were in progress, others of hardly less interest to the reader occurred in Miss Larkin's little parlor.

Few are they who, in the activities of robust life, pause to think of the loneliness of the helpless invalid—of the isolated bondage of weakness. To a young woman who is cut off from all youthful amusements and pursuits, who is restrained from love, who, within four walls, is bound to her couch by chains as cruel as if they were made of steel, whose hands are forbidden any response to the busy motions of her mind, there come hours when even sympathy wearies of its ministry, and mercenary attendance must seek relief from its burdens. She must be left alone, her hands folded in patient waiting. Reminiscence, idle dreaming, aspiration, regrets, tears—these come in pathetic routine to fill the heavy hours when society departs. Great, silent heroisms are wrought out in intervals like these, more wonderful than the common imagination can conceive; or great moral disasters are suffered, from which there is no recovery.

In one direction or the other—toward cheerful, self-forgetful, ever-buoyant fortitude; or toward fretfulness, impatience, discontent and weak complaining—the invalid always gravitates. Wine, long shut from the sunlight, ripens into nectar or vinegar. The alternative is mainly fixed by the amount of sunlight it had the privilege of absorbing when it hung in clusters upon the vine.

Grace Larkin had had a delightful girlhood. Before she had been set aside by the hand of disease, and previous to the bereavements which had placed her in Mr. Benson's keeping, she had absorbed all the sunshine that could come into life through health, a happy temperament, parental love and prosperity. So invalidism had ripened her into a womanhood that was marvelously strong and sweet. Like all invalids, she had her lonely hours,—hours that seemed like eternities while passing,—but no friend ever found her in tears, or left her without the experience of a pleasant inspiration. All who came to give the comfort of sympathetic companionship, departed with the conciousness that they had received more than they had bestowed. This was the secret of her hold upon her friends. This was what made her tasteful little parlor a delightful resort.

The change in her condition, to which her guardian once alluded in his conversation with Nicholas, was one concerning which she had held no communication with him. He had either guessed the truth, or utilized a vagrant impression in the accomplishment of his purpose to ascertain the young man's sentiments.

It was true, however, that she felt more hope concerning her ultimate recovery, during the months that followed the disaster which interrupted her attempt to travel, than she had ever dared to indulge in before. The reaction which followed the terrible shock had raised her. She felt that she was stronger—that the nerves and muscles which had so long refused to perform their offices had received new life.

Thenceforward her lonely hours were far from being the least interesting that she passed. She said nothing of her altered feelings and her awakening hopes, even to Miss Bruce, her companion; but that lady was more and more at liberty to be absent; and she often found her charge, whom she had left reclining, sitting upright upon her lounge when she returned, and looking flushed, though not unhappy. What experiments had been in progress during her absence, she did not know, but she guessed.

Miss Larkin could not have been a woman—least of all the woman that she was—if she had failed to recognize the pas-

sion which Nicholas felt for her. From the first moment that she suspected it, she had been upon her guard. She did not dare to indulge herself in thoughts of him. She knew that her conscience would never permit her to burden his life with the care of her invalidism. For any selfish satisfaction or delight, she would not load him with the reproaches or the pity of his friends. If she could not be a wife to him, in all wifely ministries of care and helpfulness, she would live alone and die alone, even if she should ever permit herself, or be compelled, to love him.

Nicholas did not need to be told this, for he had already divined it. Indeed, it was this consideration which more than once had restrained him from laying his heart and life at her feet, and offering her his hand. He knew that she would reject him if he should ever be tempted by the stress of his affection to discover his heart to her, and that the event would bring to her and to him an overwhelming pain.

She ordered her thinking as well as she could, but she could not entirely put him out of it. Much as she longed to mingle in the busy scenes of life which engaged her friends, earnestly as she desired recovery that she might be an actor in the beneficent schemes which they were pushing on every hand, Nicholas, and the possibility of life in his companionship, always mingled with her motives and her hopes. She believed in him wholly. Her heart gave him its supreme approval. So, however she might disguise the fact to herself, she desired to get well for him,—for many other things besides, but always for him.

One afternoon, when Miss Bruce returned from a hurried walk, she noticed that different objects about the room had been disturbed. A shawl had been dropped in the middle of the room. A rose had been picked from a pot in the window.

Miss Bruce paused and picked up the shawl. Seeing the rose at Miss Larkin's throat, she said:

"Has any one called?"

"No."

"Has Mrs. Benson been in?"

"No."

"No woman—no child—no angel?"

"I have but one angel, and she is asking me questions. I wish she were less inquisitive," answered Miss Larkin, with a merry laugh.

Miss Bruce regarded her a moment, then crossed the room, knelt at the couch, put her arms around the beloved invalid's neck, and burst into tears.

"Oh, it is too good to believe—too good to believe!" she said.

"It isn't much, my dear," responded Miss Larkin, greatly moved. "I am very weak, and a long way from recovery yet. Don't speak of it. I don't wish to awaken hope in any one. I intended to hide my own hope from you, and you must not betray me."

"Oh! my child, my child! shall I ever see you well again—walking again?" said Miss Bruce, kissing her with ardent affection. "Heaven be praised for the hope; and Heaven only knows how often I have prayed for it."

Miss Larkin was very much affected by this demonstration on the part of one who was naturally calm and self-contained, and who had trained herself to silence.

"Are you going to let me see you do it?" inquired Miss Bruce, rising to her feet and wiping her eyes.

"I'm tired now. Let me rest awhile."

After the unwonted exertion, she slept for an hour. Then she woke, and finding Miss Bruce present, she drew a chair to her couch, and by its aid rose to her feet, and pushing it before her, followed it totteringly into the middle of the room. Miss Bruce saw that she faltered during the last steps, and had time only to throw her arms around her, before she sank so nearly helpless that she was with great difficulty restored to her couch.

"You see, my dear, that you must not try this again alone," said Miss Bruce tenderly.

"I'm afraid I shall," responded Miss Larkin smiling, but panting and faint.

The attempt was a failure, but it was sufficient to fill Miss Bruce with hope and expectation. There was certainly a change. There had been an accession of new life and strength, and she was physician enough to know that use would divert to the inactive limbs the vital energy and the muscular power which had been so long withheld.

For days afterward, however, she would not permit her charge to repeat the experiment. Then, once a day, and always at her side, she presided at the trial. Progress, if any was made, was slow; but the patient met with no drawbacks. She found her strength at no time utterly failing, but was always able to get back to her couch unaided.

Of these experiments and the hopes that were based upon them, none knew but Miss

Larkin and her devoted companion. Mr. Benson occasionally looked in,—always with his hat and cane in his hand,—made a kind inquiry, and departed. From the time he had read his ward's note requesting another private interview, he had studiously avoided all reference to it, and all opportunities for the interview desired. It was his delight and his policy to come in when others were calling. He knew she would not betray him, and that he could play his part of affectionate guardian under such circumstances to the advantage of his reputation. He could enter the room, ready for the street and his busy outside life, take her hand, inquire tenderly for her health, apologize for his intrusion, give a hearty word to her friends, and gracefully retire. Grace understood the trick, and he knew that she understood it. Once or twice he had been nearly caught. He had found her friends retiring as he entered; and then he always excused himself upon the ground that he had some business with one of them. Then he found that it was never safe to call when only Miss Bruce was present, because she always took the opportunity to retire when he entered. He was quick to guess the truth, viz.: that the matter was understood between his ward and her companion, and that he was to be entrapped if possible. As he had reasons for avoiding such a catastrophe, he avoided it.

One evening, when he had sat longer than usual over his dinner and his evening paper, and Miss Bruce and Mrs. Benson were enjoying a quiet *tête-à-tête* in the corner of the dining-room, they heard steps and the moving of a chair above them. Mr. Benson raised his eyes and listened. Then he looked at Miss Bruce, and saw that she was pale and seemed uneasy.

"What is that noise?" inquired Mr. Benson.

Mrs. Benson answered that she did not know. She knew, however, that the servants of the house were at their dinner, and that no one had called. Mr. Benson knew this, too. Miss Bruce made no answer. She would have flown upstairs in a moment if she had dared to do so, but she was afraid of arousing the suspicions of the family. Finally, she rose quietly, and saying that it was time for her to rejoin Miss Larkin, prepared to leave the room. Before she reached the door, there came a heavy jar upon the floor above them, and a noise as of falling furniture. She sprang from the room and mounted the stairs in headlong haste.

Mrs. Benson suggested that it might be robbers, and that Mr. Benson had better follow and see what the trouble was.

He laid down his paper, and, in a leisurely way sought Miss Larkin's room. The door was open, and he found Miss Bruce engaged in the difficult attempt to help Miss Larkin back to her couch. Quietly entering, and motioning Miss Bruce to stand aside, he lifted his ward in his arms and laid her upon the lounge.

Miss Larkin was not hurt, and was laughing. The exceeding solemnity of Mr. Benson amused her.

"Shall I leave you," he said, "and have a talk about this indiscretion at our leisure?"

"Oh no, by no means," she replied.

"You must see that you have been indiscreet, my child," he said in a tone of tender concern.

"Nevertheless, I'm not sorry," she responded, "for it has brought you to me. Don't you see that I write you a note, and you will not come, and then my chair slips away and falls down with me, and that brings you?"

"Don't trifle, my dear. It is a serious matter."

"It is not half so serious to me as the fact that I can never see you," said Miss Larkin. Mr. Benson looked around, and learned that Miss Bruce had silently left the room. Then he impulsively rose to his feet.

"Don't go," said Miss Larkin. "Wait until Miss Bruce comes back. I want to talk with you."

There was no help for it. He had run into the trap, and insuperable considerations had closed it upon him. How he was to manage to get out of it without being hurt, he did not know; but the first expedient was one toward which he was directed by the habits of his life.

"My dear Grace," he said, "I had supposed that you were reconciled to your lot,—that you had humbly made up your mind to the assignments of Providence. Afflictions do not rise from the ground. They descend from above. The discontent which you manifest—this quarrel which you seem disposed to enter upon with the Power which has prostrated you—disappoints me."

Miss Larkin looked with her large eyes into his, as if she were wondering how such a man could say such words, and yet, to all appearance, believe himself to be sincere.

"Disappoints you?" she said. "We are often disappointed in one another."

Mr. Benson colored. He did not dare to push his reprimand any further in that direction.

"How long have you been engaged in experiments like this?" he inquired.

"For several weeks."

"Without the advice of a physician?"

"Yes."

"Has Miss Bruce known of them?"

"Yes, she has assisted me in them."

"Then she is an imprudent woman, and quite unworthy of the charge I have committed to her. I think it time that you have a more discreet and conscientious person in her place."

"So long as I am more than satisfied with Miss Bruce, I do not see why I should part with her," Miss Larkin responded.

"My dear," said Mr. Benson, quickly, "I have a duty upon my hands, and I must discharge it. It is my duty to place with you one who will counsel and keep you safely. I should forever blame myself if disaster should come to you through my neglect."

Again the large eyes were turned upon him in wonder. He saw straight through them into the memory of his own cowardly surrender of her life. He could not bear the look, and turned away from it.

"I release you from all responsibility for me," she said.

"You release me? What do you mean?"

"Can you forget, Mr. Benson, that I have arrived at the age at which I become responsible for myself? This is what I have been wanting to tell you. Miss Bruce will stay with me, because I wish her to stay. I shall persist in my experiments toward getting back into my life, because I am responsible for them. I am not discontented. I have never complained, but I am hopeful. I expect to get well, and after all these years of care I feel as if you ought to be glad, and to load me with congratulations."

Mr. Benson was thinking. There was no smile upon his face. She could not read his thoughts, but she knew that she had brought him no sense of relief, and that there were no grateful responses in his heart.

At this moment the door-bell rang, followed by the sound of merry voices in the hall below.

"Your friends are coming, and I will go," he said.

"Oh, not yet!" she replied, hurriedly. "There is one thing that I must say to you. I must know about my affairs. I want you to tell me everything. It will employ my mind, and you know that you can do nothing legally in regard to them without my consent."

"Let us talk about this at leisure. Your friends will be here in a moment."

He turned to go out, and heard the words:

"I must insist on this, Mr. Benson. It must be done at once. I cannot live in this way."

Mr. Benson opened the door, and met the incoming visitors, whom he received with his accustomed courtesy. Then turning, he said: "Good-night, my child!" in his most affectionate tone, and sought his library.

He sat down and thought. Everything was working against him. Of course he had not been ignorant that Miss Larkin had arrived at her majority, but her affairs were not quite in a condition to be exposed to her. The shrinkage of the values in which her funds had been invested, the personal use of her income, to which he had been compelled, by the necessities of his own credit, the continued downward tendency of business and property, the bankruptcy that threatened him—all this was terrible, and he could see no way out of it. He had been once humbled into abjectness by her, in view of her power over his reputation. Again he had come under her power through the maladministration of a trust.

There was no way—there could be no way—for him but to make a full confession to his ward, on his knees, if need be, of his short-comings, and to crave her forbearance and her aid.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE Larkin Bureau" was in session again. It was the habit of this little group, consisting of the young people with whom our story has made the reader familiar, and others with whose personalities the story does not need to be burdened, to relate their experiences and to discuss "ways and means." Their interest in these meetings surpassed that with which they regarded any of the other of the social assemblages of the winter.

Already hints of some of the fresh experiences of Nicholas had been gathered by different members of the company, and all were desirous to hear the complete story from his own lips. They listened with the profoundest interest, and with much laughter, to the recital of the incidents connected with his encounter with, and capture

of, the three rogues he had undertaken to reform. Quite unconsciously to himself, he revealed his own gifts and his own character in his narrative, as vividly as he did those of the rogues. Miss Larkin and Glezen exchanged significant glances, which meant: "He is even better and brighter than we thought him to be."

"Now, Mr. Minturn, what are you going to do with these men?" inquired Miss Larkin.

"That is the question you are to help me to answer," he replied.

"But you have your own idea?"

"Yes, I know what needs to be done. They must be kept busy, and kept interested and contented. They are, in some way, to be so helped back to their sense of manhood, and they are so to commit themselves to a new course of life that they will never fall again. How to effect these objects is the great question, and I really feel incompetent to answer it."

"The difficulty to be overcome in the attempt to reform a pauper of any sort, it seems to me," said Miss Larkin, "lies in the impossibility of placing him in dignified conditions. No matter what ambitions and resolutions you may be able to stir in a man whose conditions are mean and suggestive only of his animal wants, they fade out when he realizes the setting in which his life is placed. His wife and children are ragged, his tenement is filthy, his neighborhood is base, and everything around him is a draught upon his self-respect. How he is to get that which will keep him and his alive is the ever-present question. Every thought is concentrated upon his animal life. Every thought of his neighbor is engaged in the same way. In this respect they are all like babies. Everything that comes to their hands is carried at once to their mouths. They cannot see any significance in the Christianity which good people preach to them unless it will, in some way, feed them or give them money."

"Well, I have removed my men from their mean conditions," said Nicholas, "and I shall lend them books and pictures."

"I was not thinking so much about them, as about those who are in worse conditions," said Miss Larkin. "If we could only contrive, in some way, to dignify the facts of their every-day life and surroundings, to inspire ambitions and emulations among them, to enable them to see that even poverty has its poetical side, and that their pinched lives may be dignified by humble spiritualities, we could do much for them. Until we can accomplish this, every good thing which we do for them will be debased. We must make men and women of them before they will answer to motives addressed to men and women. There is no use in addressing our religion to an open mouth; we must have the open mind and heart."

"You have taken a very large contract, my good friends," said Glezen, who had never entered very heartily into their schemes. "Wise heads have been trying to solve this problem for a great many years, and they have never solved it."

"Well," said Nicholas, "perhaps the solution of the problem is to be revealed unto babes. I believe in Christian benevolence, of the right sort, but I suspect that the benevolence of propagandism is not exactly the thing for our pauper population. There is one field, it seems to me, which Christian benevolence has never properly occupied. It has fed the mouth and clothed the back, and thus nursed the very greed which it ought to have destroyed. When it has done this, it has undertaken to give to the pauperism it has helped to develop, the Christian religion. I don't believe it can be made to grow on such a stock. I believe you might just as well preach religion to a stableful of ravenous horses. There is an intermediate ground that Christian benevolence generally has failed to occupy. There is, now and then, a missionary or a Christian preacher, who sees the right thing to be done; but most of them ignore the conditions of the life they attempt to benefit, and, after cramming and clothing the body, present their religion in the form of a sermon or a tract. I feel sure that if three-quarters of the money that has been expended on food and clothing, and Sunday-schools and preaching, had been devoted to the enterprise of placing the pauper population in better conditions,—to giving them better tenements, better furniture, instruction in the facts and possibilities of common life, entertaining books, suggestive pictures, and training in household arts,—the good results to religion itself would be ten-fold greater than they are."

"Where did you learn all this?" inquired Glezen, with genuine surprise.

"I never learned it; I see it," replied Nicholas. "I thank God that I never learned anything to cloud my instincts in this matter."

"Well, you seem to have succeeded very well with the three fellows whose salvation

you have undertaken, so far. The end is not yet, even with them, but I'm inclined to think you can manage them."

"I am going to make them help me in some way," said Nicholas. "The reformed drunkard knows what motives to address to a man who is still a slave to his vice, and I don't see why a reformed pauper cannot be as useful to the class from which he has risen."

"We must all be careful about one thing," said Miss Larkin; "we must be careful not to forget that the poor who need aid are not all voluntary paupers, and we must not forget the little children."

This remark brought out Miss Coates, whose whole heart was with the children, and who believed that the way to cure pauperism was to stop raising paupers.

"Now you touch the vital point," she said. "I have not much faith in the reformation of the confirmed paupers, but I have great faith in the training up of a generation of children that will wipe out pauperism."

"Do you suppose you can counteract on Sunday a week's teaching in pauperism?" inquired Nicholas. "Do you suppose that children who live in a room little better than a sty, and who hear nothing talked of but food and the easiest way to get it, and who are instructed to manage for the reception of benefactions from their teachers, can be cured of pauperism in a Sunday-school? Their whole life is in pauper homes and pauper conditions."

"They can be taught honesty and truthfulness and moral obligation, at least," she responded.

"Under hopeless disadvantages, I fear," he said.

"Would you advise that we let them alone?" she inquired.

"No, but they ought to have something more done for them—something more and of a different kind. Your teaching will go to waste, otherwise. You will find that parental influence will quite overbalance yours."

"I am ready to learn," she said; "but until I do learn I shall work in the old way."

"Oh, tell us about Bob Spencer," said Miss Ilmansee, who was getting somewhat bored by the character of the discussion, in which she was incompetent to bear a part.

Miss Coates laughed. She had a good deal to tell, beyond what she had reported on the night of her visit to the Spencer family. Even Glezen had heard nothing of her Sunday experiences, and when, in her own lively and graphic way, she related the incidents of her memorable encounter with one who was so very sure that he was a bad boy, his merriment was without bounds. He walked the room and clapped his hands, and roared with laughter.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Good! Now you touch what you call the vital point. These fellows all need flogging—every man and boy of them. I tell you that what we call the Christian amenities and forbearances are lost on this whole crew. They don't understand them, and they despise them. Bob Spencer is not a pauper exactly, but he is in danger of becoming one, by his associations; and I believe his soul is as good as saved. Didn't he fight?"

"How could he?"

"And has he been to your school again?"

"Regularly."

"How does he behave?"

"He not only behaves well himself, but he keeps the other boys in order, and I believe he would fight for me at the shortest notice against the greatest odds."

"Now here's a reformation worth having," said Glezen. "Don't leave chastisement out of your scheme, Nicholas. I tell you it's worth more than all your preaching and teaching. Knock the wickedness out of them, and drive the goodness in. Sentiment is lost in this business. Miss Coates has made my life brighter from this hour, and Bob Spencer has become very dear to my heart. I'll engage him for an office-boy to-morrow."

"Oh, will you?" said Miss Coates with delight.

"Don't strike me!" said Glezen, dodging, as if he expected a blow. "I assure you I meant him no harm. I'll dress him in a blue roundabout with brass buttons, and lavish my wasting affections upon him."

The reader has already perceived that Glezen had a sharper bark than bite, and that while he assumed the attitude of an outside critic, he was quite ready to second, in any practical way that was possible to a man absorbed in his own affairs, the operations of the enthusiasts around him. His interest in his new clerk was genuine, and his knowledge of men enabled him to manage him with prudent skill. He saw that Bob Spencer had been thoroughly shamed, and brought to a "realizing sense" of the fact that he was not a very bad boy after all. That he had been heartily flogged, and had responded kindly to the influence of the discipline, won his heart for the boy.

"You are very kind," said Miss Coates.

"Up to the measure of my interests and the capacities of my office—that's all," said he. "You must see," he went on, "that I cannot do any more for you. I'm not the keeper of a museum for the storage of your trophies. You will be obliged to enlarge your acquaintance. I can take care of one or two of the first drops, but, when the shower comes, buckets will not do. You will be obliged to build a reservoir."

When the laugh that followed Glezen's words had subsided, Miss Larkin said:

"There is one subject that I would like to hear discussed to-night. I need to be instructed upon it, for, as it stands now in my mind, it is a burden upon my judgment and my conscience."

"Broach it, by all means," said Glezen, promptly. "Knowledge is of no account in this company, so long as we have a man here who sees. Ladies, Mr. Minturn awaits the question."

"I'm very much in earnest, Mr. Glezen," said Miss Larkin, "so please don't make fun of me, or of anybody. You know that the times are very hard. The poor throughout the city are suffering, and we are all called upon to help them. Now, the question as to what we who have money can do for them, without injuring them, is a very important one. I have felt as if I could not spend a penny on myself—as if I ought to curtail my comforts, and drop all my luxuries. It somehow seems when I purchase anything for my own gratification, as if I were taking the bread out of mouths that are starving. My life is really made quite unhappy by this thought."

"Put her out of her misery at once, Nicholas," said Glezen. "If you don't, I shall be obliged to do it myself."

"Perhaps we had better learn what the wisdom of the world says first," said Nicholas, with a laugh, "and, if that fails, we'll fall back on the unsophisticated instinct."

"Well," said Glezen, "I suppose I am a little heterodox on this matter. One fact, however, we may all regard as established, viz., that it is a curse to a poor man to give him what his labor can fairly earn. I know it is the custom of rich people, when hard times come down upon the community, to cut off their luxuries, and all unnecessary expenditures, not because they cannot afford them, but from the fear of some disaster that may come to them. They give up their carriages, stop dining their friends, suppress their social assemblies, cease buying clothes, and by every action and all their policy do what they can to deprive those who have ministered to their artificial wants—to their extravagances, if you please—of employment. When they have done this, and brought about a state of starvation among those who have depended upon them, then they wonder whether they had better make paupers of them or set them to work."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"I see, and I thank you," said Miss Larkin.

"Don't thank me," said Glezen. "Spare my blushes. You embarrass me."

"Go on," said Miss Coates, who was getting new ideas, and arriving at the practical center of the subject much quicker than she had expected to.

"Well, it seems to me," Glezen proceeded, "that if ever there is a time in a rich man's life when he should indulge in luxuries, or, perhaps, I should say, use his money in such a way as to give people work to do, it is in a time of depression like this. If he has building to do, let him build. Materials and labor are cheap, and he will never have so good a time again. He certainly will not if he waits until better times arrive. Instead of this, he shuts up his purse, curtails his expenses, and waits while people starve. The truth is that half the evils which the poor are feeling now come from the rich man's short-sightedness and cowardliness. Every luxury that he indulges in gives work to somebody. Every enterprise that he engages in, puts bread into hungry mouths. I should say that every rich man who cuts off his luxuries in a time like this, or fails to devise all possible schemes to keep the poor employed, and then sits down and doles out his money to keep them from starving, most lamentably fails of doing his duty. I'm not a rich man, but if any of my good friends have more money than they know what to do with, I advise them to spend it for something that will give work to idle hands,—to do this at once, and do it all the time. The work that produces a garment which you procure as a luxury, is to the person who makes it a necessity. The house which you build in a time of depression, helps to bring the better time when you can get a good rent for it. The fact is that the good time we are all waiting for is locked up in the form of money in the coffers of those who refuse to use it to their own advantage, as well as to the advantage of those who are suffering for lack of labor."

"I'm sure I don't think you are very heterodox," said Miss Larkin. "I am sure you have common sense on your side, and I know that my way seems much clearer to me, and that I feel very much relieved."

"So say we all," said Nicholas.

Glezen rose to his feet, placed his hand upon his heart, and made a low bow. "I am very much honored," he said. "Ask me another."

At this moment Nicholas drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and, as he shook it out, a letter fell to the floor. He picked it up, and, looking at it, he said:

"Here is a note that was handed to me by the postman as I was leaving home to-night. I had forgotten it. Permit me to open it."

He broke the seal, and the others observed him with curious interest while he read it, for his countenance betrayed surprise and wonder.

"Shall I read this to you?" he inquired.

"Do so," from all.

As he reads it, it is not necessary for us to look over his shoulder and report the wretched orthography in which the note is couched, but we will take it from his lips.

"MR. MINTURN:—It is best for you not to show your head at "The Crown and Crust" again. You are spotted, and you'll be took care of by them as knows you. You can't catch me if you try, so give that up. If you want to talk about the bonds, there's ways of doing it. The silver you will never see again. That's gone; but the bonds are placed, and you can get them if you are willing to come down handsome. I haven't got 'em, but I know where they be, and I can tell you where they be, but you'll have to show the color of your money. I advise you as a friend to keep out of our part of the town, but the bonds are nearer to you than you know, and you can have 'em if you'll pay. Write to Bill Sanders, and the letter'll come to me, but that's not my name."

The little company were very much excited over the letter.

"Let me see it," said Glezen.

He took it, and read it through.

"It's genuine, I think," he said, as he handed it back.

"What shall I do with it, or do about it?" inquired Nicholas.

"Do nothing in a hurry," Glezen replied. "I will see you again about it."

"I'm sure it's genuine," said Nicholas, who remembered and then recounted to his companions the bootless chase he had indulged in, on the night of his visit to "The Crown and Crust."

"The fellow is out of money again," said Nicholas, "and does not dare to offer his bonds in the market. He undoubtedly supposes that I know their numbers, and that Wall street knows them."

The incident of the letter quite diverted the thoughts of the company from the topics they had met to discuss, and, after a desultory conversation, the visitors rose to take their leave.

"Don't go yet," said Nicholas. "I will be with you in a moment."

He passed out of the door with the intention of showing the letter to Mr. Benson. Arriving at the library, where he knew that gentleman always spent his evenings, he paused, and overheard voices. Mr. Benson had company. Nicholas hesitated. He was standing within three feet of his own bonds. He could not suspect it, of course, but there was a strange influence upon him. He had no love for Mr. Benson, but he felt that he must see him. The earnest conversation that was in progress in the room withheld him, however, and he turned reluctantly away, and rejoined his friends.

Soon they all went out together, and as Nicholas passed Mr. Benson's door, he paused. Then he went half-way down the stairs, and paused again, turned, and started to go back. He finally concluded that he would not return, and then he hurriedly ran down the stairs into the street.

Why did he not carry out his purpose? What was it that suggested it, and urged him to it? Some spiritual influence was upon him to which he was unaccustomed. Some angel was whispering to him, though he could not understand the language. He did not know how much he had done, or failed to do, to decide Mr. Benson's fate. He could not know that the man from whom he had turned away was passing through a great temptation, and that, debased as he had been in many respects, he would have been glad of any occasion that would compel him to put the terrible bonds out of his hands.

He had now had them in his possession for several weeks. They had begun to seem like his property. In his own mind, they were beginning to form a part of the barrier that he was trying to build between himself and bankruptcy. As a last resort, he could raise money on them, and, although they were not his, he did not absolutely know whose they were. The man who had delivered them to him did not own them—that was certain. Was it a kind Providence that had placed them in his hands? Who could tell? Would it not be just as well

for the bonds to serve temporarily his purposes, who was trying to save himself and preserve his trusts, as to lie idle in his safe?

While these sophistries were exercising his mind, he knew that he was debasing himself, but there was a strange feeling of helplessness within him, as if the good angel and the bad angel of his life were engaged in a struggle for his soul.

If in this mood Nicholas had found him, and shown him the letter he had received, he would have hailed the message of the robber as a message from God. That would have decided the matter. He might not at that moment have surrendered the property, but he would have seen the impossibility of using it for himself. He would have been placed beyond the reach of a tormenting temptation—a temptation to use that which was not his by any valid title, and a temptation to bring himself to the belief that wrong was right.

Ah! if Nicholas had only gone in when he intended to go in, how different it all might have been with Mr. Benson! If he had known what the result of his visit would have been upon the man who disliked and even hated him, he would, if necessary, have burst in the door. But he did not go in.

(To be continued.)

"LE MONSIEUR DE LA PETITE DAME."

It was Madame who first entered the box, and Madame was bright with youthful bloom, bright with jewels, and, moreover, a beauty. She was a little creature, with childishly large eyes, a low, white forehead, reddish-brown hair, and Greek nose and mouth.

"Clearly," remarked the old lady in the box opposite, "not a Frenchwoman. Her youth is too girlish, and she has too petulant an air of indifference."

This old lady in the box opposite was that venerable and somewhat severe aristocrat, Madame de Castro, and having gazed for a moment or so a little disapprovingly at the new arrival, she turned her glasses to the young beauty's companion and uttered an exclamation.

It was at Monsieur she was looking now. Monsieur had followed his wife closely, bearing her fan and bouquet and wrap, and had silently seated himself a little behind her and in the shadow.

"*Ciel!*" cried Madame de Castro, "what an ugly little man!"

It was not an unnatural exclamation. Fate had not been so kind to the individual referred to as she might have been—in fact she had been definitely cruel. He was small of figure, insignificant, dark, and wore a patient sphynx-like air of gravity. He did not seem to speak or move, simply sat in the shadow holding his wife's belongings, apparently almost entirely unnoticed by her.

"I don't know him at all," said Madame de Castro; "though that is not to be wondered at, since I have exiled myself long enough to forget and be forgotten by half Paris. What is his name?"

The gentleman at her side—a distinguished-looking old young man, with a sarcastic smile—began with the smile, and ended with a half laugh.

"They call him," he replied, "Le Monsieur de la petite Dame. His name is Villefort."

"Le Monsieur de la petite Dame," repeated Madame, testily. "That is a title of new Paris—the Paris of your American and English. It is villainously ill-bred."

M. Renard's laugh receded into the smile again, and the smile became of double significance.

"True," he acquiesced, "but it is also villainously apropos. Look for yourself."

Madame did so, and her next query, after she had dropped her glass again, was a sharp one.

"Who is she—the wife?"

"She is what you are pleased to call one of our Americans! You know the class,"—with a little wave of the hand,—"rich, unconventional, comfortable people, who live well and dress well, and have an incomprehensibly *naïve* way of going to impossible places and doing impossible things by way of enjoyment. Our fair friend there, for instance, has probably been round the world upon several occasions, and is familiar with a number of places and objects of note fearful to contemplate. They came here as tourists, and became fascinated with

European life. The most overwhelming punishment which could be inflicted upon that excellent woman, the mother, would be that she should be compelled to return to her New York, or Philadelphia, or Boston, whichsoever it may be."

"Humph!" commented Madame. "But you have not told me the name."

"Madame Villefort's? No, not yet. It was Trent—Mademoiselle Bertha Trent."

"She is not twenty yet," said Madame, in a queer, grumbling tone. "What did she marry that man for?"

"God knows," replied M. Renard, not too devoutly, "Paris does not."

For some reason best known to herself, Madame de Castro looked angry. She was a shrewd old person, with strong whims of her own, even at seventy. She quite glared at the pretty American from under her bushy eyebrows.

"Le Monsieur de la petite Dame!" she fumed. "I tell you it is low—*low* to give a man such names."

"Oh!" returned Renard, shrugging his shoulders, "we did not give it to him. It was an awkward servant who dubbed him so at first. She was new to her position, and forgot his name, and being asked who had arrived, stumbled upon this *bon mot: 'Un monsieur, Madame—le monsieur de la petite dame,'*—and, being repeated and tossed lightly from hand to hand, it has become at last an established witticism, albeit bandied under breath."

It was characteristic of the august De Castro that during the remainder of the evening's entertainment she should occupy herself more with her neighbors than with the opera. She aroused M. Renard to a secret ecstasy of mirth by the sharp steadiness of her observation of the inmates of the box opposite them. She talked about them, too, in a tone not too well modulated, criticising the beautifully dressed little woman, her hair, her eyes, her Greek nose and mouth, and, more than all, her indifferent expression and her manner of leaning upon the edge of her box and staring at the stage as if she did not care for, and indeed scarcely saw, what was going on upon it.

"That is the way with your American beauties," she said. "They have no respect for things. Their people spoil them—their men especially. They consider themselves privileged to act as their whims direct. They have not the gentle timidity of French women. What French girl would have the *sang froid* to sit in one of the best boxes of the Nouvelle Opéra and regard, with an actual air of *ennui*, such a performance as this. She does not hear a word that is sung."

"And we—do we hear?" bantered M. Renard.

"*Pouf!*" cried Madame. "We! We are world-dried and weather-beaten. We have not a worm-eaten emotion between us. I am seventy, and you, who are thirty-five, are the older of the two. Bah! At that girl's age I had the heart of a dove."

"But that is long ago," murmured M. Renard, as if to himself. It was quite human that he should slightly resent being classed with an unamiable grenadier of seventy.

"Yes!" with considerable asperity. "Fifty years!" Then, with harsh voice and withered face melted suddenly into softness quite *naïve*, "*Mon Dieu!*" she said, "Fifty years since Arsène whispered into my ear at my first opera, that he saw tears in my eyes!"

It was at this instant that there appeared in the Villefort box a new figure,—that of a dark, slight young man of graceful movements,—in fact, a young man of intensely striking appearance. M. Villefort rose to receive him with serious courtesy, but the pretty American was not so gracious. Not until he had seated himself at her side and spoken to her did she turn her head and permit her eyes simply to rest upon his face.

M. Renard smiled again.

"Enter," he remarked in a low tone,—"enter M. Ralph Edmonstone, the cousin of Madame."

His companion asked no questions, but he proceeded, returning to his light and airy tone:

"M. Ralph Edmonstone is a genius," he said. "He is an artist, he is a poet, he is also a writer of subtle prose. His sonnets to Euphrasie—in the day of Euphrasie—awakened the admiration of the sternest critics: they were so tender, so full of purest fire! Some of the same critics also could scarcely choose between these and his songs to Aglæ in her day, or Camille in hers. He is a young man of fine fancies, and possesses the amiable quality of being invariably passionately in earnest. As he was serious in his sentiments yesterday, so he will be to-morrow, so he is to-day."

"To-day!" echoed Madame de Castro. "Nonsense!"

Madame Villefort did not seem to talk much. It was M. Ralph Edmondstone who conversed, and this, too, with so much of the charm of animation that it was pleasurable even to be a mere looker-on. One involuntarily strained one's ears to catch a

sentence,—he was so eagerly absorbed, so full of rapid, gracefully unconscious and unconventional gesture.

"I wonder what he is saying?" Madame de Castro was once betrayed into exclaiming.

"Something metaphysical, about a poem, or a passage of music, or a picture,—or perhaps his soul," returned M. Renard. "His soul is his strong point,—he pets it and wonders at it. He puts it through its paces. And yet, singularly enough, he is never ridiculous—only fanciful and *naïve*. It is his soul which so fascinates women."

Whether this last was true of other women or not, Madame Villefort scarcely appeared fascinated. As she listened, her eyes still rested upon his eager, mobile face, but with a peculiar expression,—an expression of critical attention, and yet one which somehow detracted from her look of youth, as if she weighed his words as they fell from his lips and classified them without any touch of the enthusiasm which stirred within himself.

Suddenly she rose from her seat and addressed her husband, who immediately rose also. Then she spoke to M. Edmondstone, and without more ado, the three left the box,—the young beauty, a little oddly, rather followed than accompanied by her companions,—at the recognition of which circumstance Madame de Castro uttered a series of sharp ejaculations of disapproval.

"Bah! Bah!" she cried. "She is too young for such airs!—as if she were Madame l'Impératrice herself! Take me to my carriage. I am tired also."

Crossing the pavement with M. Renard, they passed the carriage of the Villeforts. Before its open door stood M. Villefort and Edmondstone, and the younger man, with bared head, bent forward speaking to his cousin.

"If I come to-morrow," he was saying, "you will be at home, Bertha?"

"Yes."

"Then, good-night,"—holding out his hand,—"only I wish so that you would go to the Aylmers' instead of home. That *protégée* of Mrs. Aylmer's—the little singing girl—would touch your heart with her voice. On hearing her, one thinks at once of some shy wild bird high in a clear sky,—far enough above earth to have forgotten to be timid."

"Yes," came quietly from the darkness within the carriage; "but I am too tired to care about voices just now. Good-night, Ralph!"

M. Renard's reply of "God knows, Paris does not," to Madame de Castro's query as to why Madame Villefort had married her husband, contained a strong element of truth, and yet there were numbers of Parisian-Americans, more especially the young, well-looking and masculine, who at the time the marriage had taken place had been ready enough with sardonic explanations.

"There are women who are avaricious enough to sell their souls," they cried; "and the maternal Trent is one of them. The girl is only to blame for allowing herself to be bullied into the match."

"But the weak place in this argument," said M. Renard, "is that the people are too rich to be greatly influenced by money. If there had been a title,—but there was no title."

Neither did Bertha Trent comport herself like a cowed creature. She took her place in society as Madame Villefort in such a manner as could give rise to no comment whatever; only one or two of the restless inquisitive wondered if they had not been mistaken in her. She was, as I have said already, a childishly small and slight creature,—the kind of woman to touch one with suggestions of helplessness and lack of will; and yet, notwithstanding this, a celebrated artist—a shrewd, worldly-wise old fellow—who had painted her portrait, had complained that he was not satisfied with it because he had not done justice to "the obstinate endurance in her eye."

It was to her cousin, Ralph Edmondstone, he had said this with some degree of testiness, and Edmondstone had smiled and answered:

"What! have you found that out? Few people do."

At the time of the marriage Edmondstone had been in Rome singeing his wings in the light of the eyes of a certain Marchésa who was his latest poetic passion. She was not his first fancy, nor would she be his last, but she had power enough for the time being to have satisfied the most exacting of women.

He was at his banker's when he heard the news spoken of as the latest item from American Paris, and his start and exclamation of disgust drew forth some cynical after-comment from men who envied him.

"Who?" he said, with indiscreet impatience. "That undersized sphynx of a Villefort? Faugh!"

But insignificant though he might be, it was M. Villefort who had won, and if he was nothing more, he was at least a faithful

attendant. Henceforth, those who saw his wife invariably saw him also,—driving with her in her carriage, riding with her courageously if ungracefully, standing or seated near her in the shadow of her box at the Nouvelle Opéra, silent, impassive, grave, noticeable only through the contrast he afforded to her girlish beauty and bloom.

"Always there!" commented a sharp American belle of mature years, "like an ugly little Conscience."

Edmondstone's first meeting with his cousin after his return to Paris was accidental. He had rather put off visiting her, and one night, entering a crowded room, he found himself standing behind a girl's light figure and staring at an abundance of reddish-brown hair. When, almost immediately the pretty head to which this hair belonged turned with a slow, yet involuntary-looking movement toward him, he felt that he became excited without knowing why.

"Ah, Bertha!" he exclaimed.

She smiled a little and held out her hand, and he immediately became conscious of M. Villefort being quite near and regarding him seriously.

It was the perverseness of fate that he should find in Bertha Villefort even more than he had once seen in Bertha Trent, and there had been a time when he had seen a great deal in Bertha Trent. In the Trent household he had been a great favorite. No social evening or family festivity had seemed complete without his presence. The very children had felt that they had a claim upon his good-humor and his tendency to break forth into whimsical frolic. Good Mrs. Trent had been wont to scold him and gossip with him. He had read his sonnets and metaphysical articles to Bertha, and occasionally to the rest; in fact his footing in the family was a familiar and firmly established one. But since her marriage Bertha had become a little incomprehensible, and on that account a little more interesting. He was sure she had developed, but could not make out in what direction. He found occasion to reproach her sometimes with the changes he found in her.

"There are times when I hardly know you," he would say, "you are so finely orthodox and well controlled. It was not so with you once, Bertha. Don't—don't become that terrible thing, a fine lady, and worse still, a fine lady who is *désillusionée*."

It baffled him that she never appeared much moved by his charges. Certainly she lived the life of a "fine lady,"—a brilliant life, a luxurious one, a life full of polite dissipation. Once, when in a tenderly fraternal mood, he reproached her with this also, she laughed at him frankly.

"It is absinthe," she said. "It is my absinthe at least, and who does not drink a little absinthe—of one kind or another?"

He was sincerely convinced that from this moment he understood and had the right to pity and watch over her. He went oftener to see her. In her presence he studied her closely, absent he brooded over her. He became impatiently intolerant of M. Villefort and prone to condemn him, he scarcely knew for what.

"He has no dignity—no perception," was his mental decision. "He has not even the delicacy to love her, or he would have the tenderness to sacrifice his own feelings and leave her to herself. I could do it for a woman I loved."

But M. Villefort was always there,—gravely carrying the shawls, picking up handkerchiefs, and making himself useful.

"*Imbécile!*" muttered M. Renard under cover of his smile and his mustache, as he stood near his venerable patroness the first time she met the Villeforts.

"Blockhead!" stealthily ejaculated that amiable aristocrat. But though she looked grimly at M. Villefort, M. Renard was uncomfortably uncertain that it was he to whom she referred.

"Go and bring them to me," she commanded. "Go and bring them to me before some one else engages them. I want to talk to that girl."

It was astonishing how agreeable she made herself to her victims when she had fairly entrapped them. Bertha hesitated a little before accepting her offer of a seat at her side, but once seated she found herself oddly amused. When Madame de Castro chose to rake the embers of her seventy years, many a lively coal discovered itself among the ashes.

Seeing the two women together, Edmondstone shuddered in fastidious protest.

"How could you laugh at that detestable old woman?" he exclaimed on encountering Bertha later in the evening. "I wonder that M. Villefort would permit her to talk to you. She is a wicked, cynical creature, who has the hardihood to laugh at her sins instead of repenting of them.

"Perhaps that is the reason she is so amusing," said Bertha.

Edmondstone answered her with gentle mournfulness.

"What!" he said. "Have you begun to say such things? You too, Bertha ——"

The laugh with which she stopped him was both light and hard.

"Where is M. Villefort?" she asked. "I have actually not seen him for fifteen minutes. Is it possible that Madame de Castro has fascinated him into forgetting me?"

Edmondstone went to his hotel that night in a melancholy mood. He even lay awake to think what a dreary mistake his cousin's marriage was. She had been such a tender and easily swayed little soul as a girl, and now it really seemed as if she was hardening into a woman of the world. In the old times he had been wont to try his sonnets upon Bertha as a musician tries his chords upon his most delicate instrument. Even now he remembered certain fine, sensitive expressions of hers which had thrilled him beyond measure.

"How could she marry such a fellow as that—how could she?" he groaned. "What does it mean? It must mean something."

He was pale and heavy-eyed when he wandered round to the Villeforts' the following morning. M. Villefort was sitting with Bertha and reading aloud. He stopped to receive their visitor punctiliously and inquire after his health.

"M. Edmondstone cannot have slept well," he remarked.

"I did not sleep at all," Edmondstone answered, "and naturally have a headache."

Bertha pointed to a wide lounge of the *pouf* order.

"Then go to sleep now," she said, "M. Villefort will read. When I have a headache he often reads me to sleep, and I am always better on awaking."

Involuntarily Edmondstone half frowned. Absurdly enough, he resented in secret this amiability on the part of M. Villefort toward his own wife. He was quite prepared to be severe upon the reading, but was surprised to be compelled to acknowledge that M. Villefort read wondrously well, and positively with hints of delicate perception. His voice was full and yet subtly flexible. Edmondstone tried to protest against this also, but uselessly. Finally he was soothed, and from being fretfully wide-awake suddenly passed into sleep as Bertha had commanded. How long his slumber lasted he could not have told all at once. He found himself aroused and wide-awake as ever. His headache had departed; his every sense seemed to have gained keenness. M. Villefort's voice had ceased, and for a few seconds utter dead silence reigned. Then he heard the fire crackling, and shortly afterward a strange, startling sound—a sharp grasping sob!

The pang which seized upon him was strong indeed. In one moment he seemed to learn a thousand things by intuition—to comprehend her, himself, the past. Before he moved he knew that Villefort was not in the room, and he had caught a side glimpse of the pretty blue of Bertha's dress.

But he had not imagined the face he saw when he turned his head to look at her. She sat in a rigid attitude, leaning against the high cushioned back of her chair, her hands clasped above her head. She stood at the fire with eyes wide and strained, with the agony of tears unshed, and amid the rush of all other emotions he was peculiarly conscious of being touched by the minor one of his recognition of her look of extreme youth—the look which had been wont to touch people in the girl, Bertha Trent. He had meant to speak clearly, but his voice was only a loud whisper when he sprang up, uttering her name.

"Bertha! Bertha! Bertha!" as he flung himself upon his knees at her side.

Her answer was an actual cry, and yet it reached no higher pitch than his own intense whisper.

"I thought you were asleep?"

Her hands fell and he caught them. His sad impassioned face bowed itself upon her palms.

"I am awake, Bertha," he groaned. "I am awake—at last."

She regarded him with a piteous, pitying glance. She knew him with a keener, sadder knowledge than he would ever comprehend; but she did not underestimate the depth of his misery at this one overwhelming moment. He was awake indeed and saw what he had lost.

"If you could but have borne with me a little longer," he said. "If I had only not been so shallow and so blind. If you could but have borne with me a little longer!"

"If I could but have borne with myself a little longer," she answered. "If I could but have borne a little longer with my poor base pride! Because I suffered myself, I have made another suffer too."

He knew she spoke of M. Villefort, and the thought jarred upon him.

"He does not suffer," he said. "He is not of the fiber to feel pain."

And he wondered why she shrank from him a little, and answered with a sad bitterness:

"Are you sure? You did not know that I——"

"Forgive me," he said brokenly, the face he lifted, haggard with his unhappiness. "Forgive me, for I have lost so much."

She wasted few words and no tears. The force and suddenness of his emotion and her own had overborne her into this strange unmeant confession; but her mood was unlike his,—it was merely receptive. She listened to his unavailing regrets, but told him little of her own past.

"It does not matter," she said drearily. "It is all over. Let it rest. The pain of to-day and to-morrow is enough for us. We have borne yesterday; why should we want it back again?"

And when they parted she said only one thing of the future:

"There is no need that we should talk. There is nothing for us beyond this point. We can only go back. We must try to forget—and be satisfied with our absinthe."

Instead of returning to his hotel, Edmondstone found his way to the Champs Élysées, and finally to the Bois. He was too wretched to have any purpose in his wanderings. He walked rapidly, looking straight before him and seeing nobody. He scarcely understood his own fierce emotions. Hitherto his fancies had brought him a vague rapture; now he experienced absolute anguish. Every past experience had become trivial. What happiness is so keen as one's briefest pain? As he walked he lived again the days he had thrown away. He remembered a thousand old, yet new, phases of Bertha's girlhood. He thought of times when she had touched or irritated or pleased him. When he had left Paris for Rome she had not bidden him good-bye. Jenny, her younger sister, had told him that she was not well.

"If I had seen her then," he cried inwardly, "I might have read her heart—and my own."

M. Renard, riding a very tall horse in the Bois, passed him and raised his eyebrows at the sight of his pallor and his fagged yet excited look.

"There will be a new sonnet," he said to himself. "A sonnet to Despair or Melancholy or Loss."

Afterward, when society became a little restive and eager, M. Renard looked on with sardonic interest.

"That happy man, M. Villefort," he said to Madame de Castro, "is a good soul—a good soul. He has no small jealous follies," and his smile was scarcely a pleasant thing to see.

"There is nothing for us beyond this past," Bertha had said, and Edmonstone had agreed with her hopelessly.

But he could not quite break away. Sometime for a week the Villeforts missed him, and then again they saw him every day. He spent his mornings with them, joined them in their drives, at their opera-box or at the entertainments of their friends. He also fell into his old place in the Trent household, and listened with a vague effort at interest to Mrs. Trent's maternal gossip about the boys' college expenses, Bertha's household and Jenny's approaching social *début*. He was continually full of a feverish longing to hear of Bertha,—to hear her name spoken, her ingoings and outcomings discussed, her looks, her belongings.

"The fact is," said Mrs. Trent, as the winter advanced, "I am anxious about Bertha. She does not look strong. I don't know why I have not seen it before, but all at once I found out yesterday that she is really thin. She was always slight and even a little fragile, but now she is actually thin. One can see the little bones in her wrists and fingers. Her rings and her bracelets slip about quite loosely."

"And talking of being thin, mother," cried Jenny, who was a frank, bright sixteen-year-old, "Look at cousin Ralph himself. He has little hollows in his cheeks, and his eyes are as much too big as Bertha's. Is the sword wearing out the scabbard, Ralph? That is what they always say about geniuses, you know."

"Ralph has not looked well for some time," said Mrs. Trent. "As for Bertha, I think I shall scold her a little, and M. Villefort too. She has been living too exciting a life. She is out continually. She must stay at home more and rest. It is rest she needs."

"If you tell Arthur that Bertha looks ill——" began Jenny.

Edmonstone turned toward her sharply.

"Arthur!" he repeated. "Who is Arthur?"

Mrs. Trent answered with a comfortable laugh.

"It is M. Villefort's name," she said, "though none of us call him Arthur but Jenny. Jenny and he are great friends."

"I like him better than any one else," said Jenny stoutly. "And I wish to set a good example to Bertha, who never calls him anything but M. Villefort, which is absurd. Just as if they had been introduced to each other about a week ago."

"I always hear him address her as Madame Villefort," reflected Edmondstone, somewhat gloomily.

"Oh yes!" answered Jenny, "that is his French way of studying her fancies. He would consider it taking an unpardonable liberty to call her 'Bertha,' since she only favors him with 'M. Villefort.' I said to him only the other day, 'Arthur, you are the oddest couple! You're so grand and well-behaved, I cannot imagine you scolding Bertha a little, and I have never seen you kiss her since you were married.' I was half frightened after I had said it. He started as if he had been shot, and turned as pale as death. I really felt as if I had done something frightfully improper."

"The French are so different from the Americans," said Mrs. Trent, "particularly those of M. Villefort's class. They are beautifully punctilious, but I don't call it quite comfortable, you know."

Her mother was not the only person who noticed a change in Bertha Villefort. Before long it was a change so marked that all who saw her observed it. She had become painfully frail and slight. Her face looked too finely cut, her eyes had shadowy hollows under them, and were always bright with a feverish excitement.

"What is the matter with your wife?" demanded Madame de Castro of M. Villefort. Since their first meeting she had never loosened her hold upon the husband and wife, and had particularly cultivated Bertha.

There was no change in the expression of M. Villefort; but he was strangely pallid as he made his reply.

"It is impossible for me to explain, Madame."

"She is absolutely attenuated," cried Madame. "She is like a spirit. Take her to the country—to Normandy—to the sea—somewhere! She will die if there is not a change. At twenty, one should be as plump as a young capon."

A few days after this, Jenny Trent ran in upon Bertha as she lay upon a lounge, holding an open book, but with closed eyes. She had come to spend the morning, she announced. She wanted to talk—about people, about her dress, about her first ball which was to come off shortly.

"And Arthur says ——" she began.

Bertha turned her head almost as Edmondstone had done.

"Arthur," she repeated.

For the second time Jenny felt a little embarrassed. "I mean M. Villefort," she said, hesitantly.

She quite forgot what she had been going to say, and for a moment or so regarded the fire quite gravely. But naturally this could not last long. She soon began to talk again, and it was not many minutes before she found M. Villefort in her path once more.

"I never thought I could like a Frenchman so much," she said in all enthusiastic good faith. "At first, you know," with an apologetic half laugh, "I wondered why you had not taken an American instead, when there were so many to choose from, but now I understand it. What beautiful tender things he can say, Bertha, and yet not seem in the least sentimental. Everything comes so simply right from the bottom of his heart. Just think what he said to me yesterday when he brought me those flowers. He helps me with mine, and it is odd how things will cheer up and grow for him. I said to him, 'Arthur, how is it that no flower ever fails you?' and he answered in the gentlest quiet way, 'Perhaps because I never fail them. Flowers are like people,—one must love and be true to them, not only to-day and to-morrow, but every day—every hour—always.' And he says such things so often. That is why I am so fond of him."

As she received no reply, she turned toward the lounge. Bertha lay upon it motionless and silent,—only a large tear trembled on her cheek. Jenny sprung up, shocked and checked, and went to her.

"Oh, Bertha!" she cried, "how thoughtless I am to tire you so, you poor little soul! Is it true that you are so weak as all that? I heard mamma and Arthur talking about it, but I scarcely believed it. They said you must go to Normandy and be nursed."

"I don't want to go to Normandy," said Bertha. "I—I am too tired. I only want to lie still and rest. I have been out too much."

Her voice, however, was so softly weak that in the most natural manner Jenny was subdued into shedding a few tears also, and kissed her quite fervently.

"Oh, Bertha!" she said, "you must do anything—anything that will make you well—if it is only for Arthur's sake. He loves you so—so terribly."

Whereupon Bertha laughed a little hysterically.

"Does he," she said, "love me so 'terribly?' Poor M. Villefort!"

She did not go to Normandy, however, and still went into society, though not as much as had been her habit. When she spent her evenings at home, some of her own family generally spent them with her, and M. Villefort or Edmondstone read aloud or talked.

In fact, Edmondstone came oftener than ever. His anxiety and unhappiness grew upon him and made him moody, irritable and morbid.

One night, when M. Villefort had left them alone together for a short time, he sprang from his chair and came to her couch, shaken with suppressed emotion.

"That man is killing you!" he exclaimed. "You are dying by inches! I cannot bear it!"

"It is not he who is killing me," she answered; and then M. Villefort returned to the room with the book he had been in search of.

In this case Edmondstone's passion took new phases. He wrote no sonnets, painted no pictures. He neglected his work, and spent his idle hours in rambling here and there in a gloomy, unsociable fashion.

"He looks," said M. Renard, "as if his soul had been playing him some evil trick."

He had at first complained that Bertha had taken a capricious fancy to Madame de Castro, but in course of time he found his way to the old woman's *salon* too, though it must be confessed that Madame herself never showed him any great favor. But this he did not care for. He only cared to sit in the same room with Bertha, and watch her every movement with a miserable tenderness.

One night, after regarding him cynically for some time, Madame broke out to Bertha with small ceremony.

"What a fool that young man is!" she exclaimed. "He sits and fairly devours you with his eyes. It is bad taste to show such an insane passion for a married woman."

It seemed as if Bertha lost at once her breath and every drop of blood in her body, for she had neither breath nor color when she turned and looked Madame de Castro in the face.

"Madame," she said, "if you repeat that to me, you will never see me again—never!"

Upon which Madame snapped her up with some anger at being so rebuked for her frankness.

"Then it is worse than I thought," she said.

It was weeks before she saw her young friend again. Indeed, it required some clever diplomacy to heal the breach made, and even in her most amusing and affectionate moods, she often felt afterward that she was treated with a reserve which held her at arm's length.

By the time the horse-chestnuts bloomed pink and white on the Avenue des Champs Élysées, there were few people in the Trent and Villefort circles who had not their opinions on the subject of Madame Villefort and her cousin.

There was a mixture of French and American gossip and comment, frank satire, or secret remark. But to her credit be it spoken, Madame de Castro held grim silence, and checked a rumor occasionally with such amiable ferocity as was not without its good effect.

The pink and white blossoms were already beginning to strew themselves at the feet of the pedestrians, when one morning M. Villefort presented himself to Madame and discovered her sitting alone in the strangest of moods.

"I thought I might have the pleasure of driving home with Madame Villefort. My servant informed me that I should find her here."

Madame de Castro pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," she commanded.

M. Villefort obeyed her in some secret but well-concealed amazement. He saw that she was under the influence of some unusual excitement. Her false front was pushed fantastically away, her rouge and powder were rubbed off in patches, her face looked set and hard. Her first words were abominably blunt.

"M. Villefort," she said, "do you know what your acquaintances call you?"

A deep red rose slowly to his face, but he did not answer.

"Do you know that you are designated by them by an absurd title—that they call you in ridicule 'Le Monsieur de la petite Dame?' Do you know that?"

His look was incomprehensible, but he bowed gravely.

"Madame," he answered, "since others have heard the title so often, it is but natural that I myself should have heard it more than once."

She regarded him in angry amazement. She was even roused to rapping upon the floor with her gold-headed cane.

"Does it not affect you?" she cried. "Does it not move you to indignation?"

"That, Madame," he replied, "can only be my affair. My friends will allow me my emotions at least."

Then she left her chair and began to walk up and down, striking the carpet hard with her cane at every step.

"You are a strange man," she remarked.

Suddenly, however, when just on the point of starting upon a fresh tour, she wheeled about and addressed him sharply.

"I respect you," she said; "and because I respect you, I will do you a good turn."

She made no pretense at endeavoring to soften the blow she was about to bestow. She drew forth from her dress a letter, the mere sight of which seemed to goad her to a mysterious excitement.

"See," she cried; "it was M. Ralph Edmondstone who wrote this,—it was to Madame Villefort it was written. It means ruin and dishonor. I offer it to you to read."

M. Villefort rose and laid his hand upon his chair to steady himself.

"Madame," he answered, "I will not touch it."

She struck herself upon her withered breast.

"Behold me!" she said. "*Me!* I am seventy years old! Good God! seventy! I am a bad old woman, and it is said I do not repent of my sins. I, too, have been a beautiful young girl. I, too, had my first lover. I, too, married a man who had not won my heart. It does not matter that the husband was worthy and the lover was not,—one learns that too late. My fate was what your wife's will be if you will not sacrifice your pride and save her."

"Pride!" he echoed in a little hollow voice. "My pride, Madame!"

She went on without noticing him:

"They have been here this morning—both of them. He followed her, as he always does. He had a desperate look which warned me. Afterward I found the note upon the floor. Now will you read it?"

"Good God!" he cried, as he fell into his chair again, his brow sinking into his hands.

"I have read it," said Madame, with a tragic gesture, "and I choose to place one stumbling-block in the path that would lead her to an old age like mine. I do not like your Americans; but I have sometimes seen in her girl's face a proud, heroic endurance of the misery she has brought upon herself, and it has moved me. And this letter—you should read it, to see how such a man can plead. It is a passionate cry of despair—it is a poem in itself. I, myself, read it with sobs in my throat and tears in my eyes. 'If you love me!—if you have ever loved me!' he cries, 'for God's sake!—for love's sake!—if there is love on earth—if there is a God in heaven, you will not let me implore you in vain!' And his prayer is that she will leave Paris with him to-night—to-night! There! Monsieur, I have done. Behold the letter! Take it or leave it, as you please." And she flung it upon the floor at his feet.

She paused a moment, wondering what he would do.

He bent down and picked the letter up.

"I will take it," he said.

All at once he had become calm, and when he rose and uttered his last words to her, there was upon his face a faint smile.

"I, too," he said,—"I, too, Madame, suffer from a mad and hopeless passion, and thus can comprehend the bitterness of M. Edmondstone's pangs. I, too, would implore in the name of love and God,—if I might,—but I may not." And so he took his departure.

Until evening Bertha did not see him. The afternoon she spent alone and in writing letters, and having completed and sealed the last, she went to her couch and tried to sleep. One entering the room, as she lay upon the violet cushions, her hands at her sides, her eyes closed, might well have been shocked. Her spotless pallor, the fine sharpness of her face, the shadows under her eyes, her motionlessness, would have excused the momentary feeling. But she was up and dressed for dinner when M. Villefort presented himself. Spring though it was, she was attired in a high, close dress of black velvet, and he found her almost cowering over the open fire-place. Strangely enough, too, she fancied that when she looked up at him she saw him shiver, as if he were struck with a slight chill also.

"You should not wear that," he said, with a half smile at her gown.

"Why?" she asked.

"It makes you so white—so much like a too early lily. But—but perhaps you thought of going out?"

"No," she answered; "not to-night."

He came quite close to her.

"If you are not too greatly fatigued," he

said, "it would give me happiness to take you with me on my errand to your mother's house. I must carry there my little birthday gift to your sister," smiling again.

An expression of embarrassment showed itself upon her face.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "to think that I had forgotten it! She will feel as if I did not care for her at all."

She seemed for the moment quite unhappy.

"Let me see what you have chosen."

He drew from his pocket a case and opened it.

"Oh!" she cried, "how pretty and how suitable for a girl."

They were the prettiest, most airy set of pearls imaginable.

She sat and looked at them for a few seconds thoughtfully, and then handed them back.

"You are very good, and Jenny will be in ecstasies," she said.

"It is a happiness to me to give her pleasure," he returned. "I feel great tenderness for her. She is not like the young girls I have known. Her innocence is of a frank and noble quality, which is better than ignorance. One could not bear that the slightest shadow of sin or pain should fall upon her. The atmosphere surrounding her is so bright with pure happiness and the courage of youth."

Involuntarily he held out his hand.

"Will you ——" he began. His voice fell and broke. "Will you go with me?" he ended.

He saw that she was troubled.

"Now?" she faltered.

"Yes—now."

There was a peculiar pause,—a moment, as it seemed to him, of breathless silence. This silence she broke by her rising slowly from her seat.

"Yes," she responded, "I will go. Why should I not?"

* * * * * * *

It was midnight when they left the Trents', and Jenny stood upon the threshold, a bright figure in a setting of brightness, and kissed her hand to them as they went down the steps.

"I hope you will be better to-morrow, Arthur," she said.

He turned quickly to look up at her.

"I?"

"Yes. You look so tired. I might say haggard, if it was polite."

"It would not be polite," said Bertha, "so don't say it. Good-night, Jenny!"

But when they were seated in the carriage she glanced at her husband's face.

"*Are* you unwell?" she asked.

He passed his hand quickly across his forehead.

"A little fatigued," he replied. "It is nothing. To-morrow—to-morrow it will be all over."

And so silence fell upon them.

As they entered the drawing-room a clock chimed the half hour.

"So late as that!" exclaimed Bertha, and sank into a chair with a faint laugh. "Why, to-day is over," she said. "It is to-morrow."

M. Villefort had approached a side table. Upon it lay a peculiar-looking oblong box.

"Ah," he said, softly, "they have arrived."

"What are they?" Bertha asked.

He was bending over the box to open it, and did not turn toward her, as he replied:

"It is a gift for a young friend of mine,—an odd one,—a brace of pistols. He has before him a long journey in the East, and he is young enough to have a fancy for fire-arms."

He was still examining the weapons when Bertha crossed the room on her way upstairs, and she paused an instant to look at them.

"They are very handsome," she said. "One could almost wear them as ornaments."

"But they would have too threatening a look," he answered, lightly.

As he raised his eyes they met hers. She half started backward, moved by a new sense of the haggardness of his face.

"You *are* ill!" she exclaimed. "You are as colorless as marble."

"And you, too," he returned, still with the same tender lightness. "Let us hope that our 'to-morrow' will find us both better, and you say it is to-morrow now. Good-night!"

She went away without saying more. Weary as she was, she knew there was no sleep for her, and after dismissing her maid, she threw herself upon the lounge before the bedroom fire and lay there. To-night she felt as if her life had reached its climax. She burst into a passion of tears.

"Jenny! Jenny!" she cried, "how I envy —how I envy you!"

The recollection of Jenny shining in her pretty gala dress, and delighting in her birthday presents, and everybody else's pride and affection, filled her with a morbid misery and terror. She covered her face with her hands as she thought of it.

"Once," she panted, "as I looked at her

to-night for a moment, I almost hated her. Am I so bad as that?—am I?"

Scarcely two seconds afterward she had sprung to her feet and was standing by the side of her couch, her heart beating with a rapid throb of fright, her limbs trembling. A strange sound had fallen suddenly upon the perfect silence of the night—a sound loud, hard and sharp—the report of a pistol! What dread seized her she knew not. She was across the room and had wrenched the door open in an instant, then with flying feet down the corridor and the staircase. But half way down the stairs she began to cry out aloud, "Arthur! Arthur!" not conscious of her own voice—"Arthur, what is it?" The door of the drawing-room flew open before the fierce stroke of her palm.

M. Villefort stood where she had left him; but while his left hand supported his weight against the table, his right was thrust into his breast. One of the pistols lay at his feet.

She thought it was Death's self that confronted her in his face, but he spoke to her, trying faintly to smile.

"Do not come in," he said, "I have met with—an accident. It is nothing. Do not come in. A servant——"

His last recollection was of her white face and white draperies as he fell, and somehow, dizzy, sick and faint as he was, he seemed to hear her calling out, in a voice strangely like Jenny's, "Arthur! Arthur!"

In less than half an hour the whole house was astir. Upstairs physicians were with the wounded man, down-stairs Mrs. Trent talked and wept over her daughter, after the manner of all good women. She was fairly terrified by Bertha's strange shudderings, quick, strained breath, and dilated eyes. She felt as if she could not reach her—as if she hardly made herself heard.

"You must calm yourself, Bertha," she would say. "Try to calm yourself. We must hope for the best. Oh! how could it have happened!"

It was in the midst of this that a servant entered with a letter, which he handed to his mistress. The envelope bore upon it nothing but her own name.

She looked at it with a bewildered expression.

"For me?" she said.

"It fell from Monsieur's pocket as we carried him upstairs," replied the man.

"Don't mind it now, Bertha," said her mother. "Ah! poor M. Villefort!"

But Bertha opened it mechanically and was reading it.

At first it seemed as if it must have been written in a language she did not understand; but after the first few sentences a change appeared. Her breath came and went more quickly than before—a kind of horror grew in her eyes. At the last she uttered a low, struggling cry. The paper was crushed in her hand, she cast one glance around the room as if in bewildering search for refuge, and flung herself upon her mother's breast.

"Save me, mother!" she said. "Help me! If he dies now, I shall go mad!"

Afterward, in telling her story at home, good Mrs. Trent almost broke down.

"Oh, Jenny!" she said. "Just to think of the poor fellow's having had it in his pocket then! Of course I did not see it, but one can fancy that it was something kind and tender—perhaps some little surprise he had planned for her. It seemed as if she could not bear it.

M. Villefort's accident was the subject of discussion for many days. He had purchased a wonderful pair of pistols as a gift for a young friend. How it had happened that one had been loaded none knew; it was just possible that he had been seized with the whim to load it himself—at all events, it had gone off in his hands. An inch—nay, half an inch—to the right and Madame Villefort, who flew down-stairs at the sound of the report, would only have found a dead man at her feet.

"*Ma foi!*" said M. Renard, repressing his smile; "this is difficult for Monsieur, but it may leave '*la petite Dame*' at liberty."

Madame de Castro flew at him with flashing eyes.

"Silence!" she said, "if you would not have me strike you with my cane." And she looked as if she were capable of doing it.

Upon his sick bed M. Villefort was continually haunted by an apparition—an apparition of a white face and white draperies, such as he had seen as he fell. Sometimes it was here, sometimes there, sometimes near him, and sometimes indistinct and far away. Sometimes he called out to it and tried to extend his arms; again he lay and watched it murmuring gentle words, and smiling mournfully.

Mrs. Trent and the doctor were in despair. Madame Villefort obstinately refused to be forced from her husband's room. There were times when they thought she might sink and die there herself. She would not even leave it when they obliged her to sleep. Having been slight and frail from ill health

before, she became absolutely attenuated. Soon all her beauty would be gone.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Trent to her husband, "I have found out that she always carries that letter in her breast? I see her put her hand to it in the strangest way a dozen times a day."

One night, awakening from a long sleep to a clearer mental consciousness than usual, M. Villefort found his apparition standing over him.

She stood with one hand clinched upon her breast, and she spoke to him.

"Arthur!" she said,—"Arthur, do you know me?"

He answered her, "Yes."

She slipped down upon her knees, and held up in her hand a letter crushed and broken.

"Try to keep your mind clear while you listen to me," she implored. "Try—try! I must tell you, or I shall die. I am not the bad woman you think me. I never had read it—I had not seen it. I think he must have been mad. Once I loved him, but he killed my love himself. I could not have been bad like that. Jenny!—mother!—Arthur! believe me! believe me!"

In this supreme moment of her anguish and shame she forgot all else. She stretched forth her hands, panting.

"Believe me! It is true! Try to understand! Some one is coming! Say one word before it is too late!"

"I understand," he whispered, "and I believe." He made a weak effort to touch her hand, but failed. He thought that perhaps it was the chill and numbness of death which stole over him and held him bound. When the nurse, whose footsteps they had heard, entered, she found him lying with glazed eyes, and Madame Villefort fallen in a swoon at the bedside.

And yet, from this time forward the outside world began to hear that his case was not so hopeless after all.

"Villefort will possibly recover," it was said at first; then, "Villefort improves, it seems;" and, at last, "Villefort is out of danger. Who would have thought it?"

Nobody, however, could say that Madame had kept pace with her husband. When Monsieur was sufficiently strong to travel, and was advised to do so, there were grave doubts as to the propriety of his wife's accompanying him.

But she would not listen to those doubts.

"I will not stay in Paris," she said to her mother. "I want to be free from it, and Jenny has promised to go with us."

They were to go into Normandy, and the day before their departure Ralph Edmondstone came to bid them good-bye.

Of the three he was by far the most haggard figure, and when Bertha came down to meet him in the empty drawing-room, he became a wretched figure with a broken, hopeless air. For a few seconds Bertha did not speak, but stood a pace or two away looking at him. It seemed, in truth, as she waited there in her dark nun-like dress, that nearly all her beauty had left her. There remained only her large sad eyes and pretty hair, and the touching look of extreme youth. In her hand she held the crushed letter.

"See!" she said at last, holding this out to him, "I am not so bad—so bad as that."

He caught it from her hand and tore it into fragments. He was stabbed through and through with shame and remorse. After all, his love had been strong enough here, and his comprehension keen enough to have made him repent in the dust of the earth, in his first calm hour, the insult he had put upon her.

"Forgive me!" he cried; "oh, forgive me!"

The few steps between them might have been a myriad miles.

"I did love you—long ago," she said; "but you never thought of me. You did not understand me then—nor afterward. All this winter my love has been dying a hard death. You tried to keep it alive, but—you did not understand. You only humiliated and tortured me. And I knew that if I had loved you more, you would have loved me less. See!" holding up her thin hand, "I have been worn out in the struggle between my unhappiness and remorse and you."

"You do not know what love is!" he burst forth, stung into swift resentment.

A quick sob broke from her.

"Yes, I do," she answered. "I—I have seen it."

"You mean M. Villefort!" he cried in desperate jealous misery. "You think that he ——"

She pointed to the scattered fragments of the letter.

"He had that in his pocket when he fell," she said. "He thought that I had read it. If I had been your wife, and you had thought so, would you have thought that I was worth trying to save—as he tried to save me?"

"What?" he exclaimed, shamefacedly. "Has he seen it?"

"Yes," she answered, with another sob, which might have been an echo of the first. "And that is the worst of all."

There was a pause, during which he looked down at the floor, and even trembled a little.

"I have done you more wrong than I thought," he said.

"Yes," she replied; "a thousand-fold more."

It seemed as if there might have been more to say, but it was not said.

In a little while he roused himself with an effort.

"I am not a villain," he said. "I can do one thing. I can go to Villefort—if you care."

She did not speak. So he moved slowly away until he reached the door. With his hand upon the handle he turned and looked back at her.

"Oh! it is good-bye—good-bye!" he almost groaned.

"Yes."

He could not help it—few men could have done so. His expression was almost fierce as he spoke his next words.

"And you will love him—yes, you will love *him*."

"No," she answered, with bitter pain. "I am not worthy."

* * * * * * *

It was a year or more before the Villeforts were seen in Paris again, and Jenny enjoyed her wanderings with them wondrously. In fact, she was the leading member of the party. She took them where she chose,—to queer places, to ugly places, to impossible places, but never from first to last to any place where there were not, or at least had not been, Americans as absurdly erratic as themselves.

The winter before their return they were at Genoa among other places; and it was at Genoa that one morning, on opening a drawer, Bertha came upon an oblong box, the sight of which made her start backward and put her hand to her beating side. M. Villefort approached her hurriedly. An instant later, however, he started also and shut the drawer.

"Come away," he said, taking her hand gently. "Do not remain here."

But he was pale, too, and his hand was unsteady. He led her to the window and made her sit down.

"Pardon me," he said. "I should not have left them there."

"You did not send them to your friend," she faltered.

"No."

He stood for a moment or so, and looked out of the window at the blue sea which melted into the blue sky, at the blue sky which bent itself into the blue sea, at the white sails flecking the deep azure, at the waves hurrying in to break upon the sand.

"That—" he said at length, tremulously, and with pale lips, "that was false."

"Was false!" she echoed.

"Yes," hoarsely, "it was false. There was no such friend. It was a lie—they were meant only for myself."

She uttered a low cry of anguish and dread.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" he said. "You could not know. I understood all, and had been silent. I was nothing—a jest—'*le monsieur de la petite dame*,' as they said,—only that. I swore that I would save you. When I bade you adieu that night, I thought it was my last farewell. There was no accident. Yes—there was one. I did not die, as I had intended. My hand was not steady enough. And since then——"

She rose up, crying out to him as she had done on that terrible night.

"Arthur!" Arthur!"

He came closer to her.

"Is it true," he said,—"is it true that my prayers have not been in vain? Is it true that at last—at last, you have learned —have learned ——"

She stretched forth her arms to him.

"It is true!" she cried. "Yes, it is true! —it is true!"

WITH THEE.

I'd rather walk through shower with thee,
Than with another when the air
Is soft with summer, and as fair
The heavens above us as a sea
Of dim, unfathomed sapphire, where,
Slow drifting on a liquid sky,
The white-sailed ships of God float by.

Sweeter in storm to be with thee,
Dark waters 'round us, and the roar
Of breakers on an unseen shore
Resounding louder on the lee,—
Than with another, sailing o'er
A rippling lake, where angry gale
May never rend the silken sail.

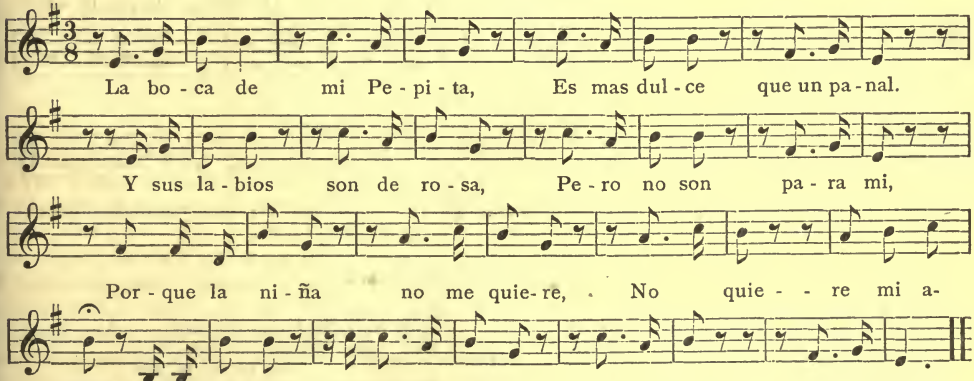
TRADITIONAL MUSIC OF THE SPANISH PYRENEES.

THE summer of 1871 saw me in St. Jean de Luz, with my household. Here we came directly into the Basque provinces, of which there are six, and heard a language quite impossible for a stranger to learn. Indeed, the Basquèze are so proud of the difficult character of their tongue, that they have a proverb running thus: "The devil lived here seven years and could not learn one word." If his Satanic majesty had had any music in his soul, he would not have tried to learn, for the jargon has no musical sound whatever, and every word ends with something like a sneeze.

St. Jean de Luz is a small, dull fishing village, about six miles from Biarritz, looking out upon the Bay of Biscay, and more sheltered from the cool winds than Biarritz is. There are three parallel streets and five or six cross ones in the town. Nice apartment houses and wretched hovels are crowded together, and the streets are so narrow that if, by chance, a carriage goes by, the foot passengers crowd themselves close against the houses, in imminent danger of being crushed. The principal street, called the Route de Bayonne, leads at one end up to Biarritz and beyond that to Bayonne, as its name indicates, and the other end leads to the Place Louis XIV., where there is a lovely view of the Bay of Biscay, and a small triangular bit of gravel walk, fenced in, with benches scattered about. The palace of the Infanta, or the Maison Lahobiague as it is sometimes called, stands on the right hand side of the Place, and the Maison Louis XIV. on the left. Oral tradition says that the "Grand Monarque" lived here for a time, when he was betrothed to the Infanta of Spain, she occupying the palace opposite.

There happened to be a great many Spaniards in St. Jean de Luz during the summer of 1871 (attracted probably by the presence of Don Carlos), and guitar-music and pretty little Spanish songs continually filled the air. In Spanish countries there are always many pretty popular airs, of which the music never seems to be printed; and unless one can catch them, by constantly hearing them, it is impossible to procure them. One gets at last to envy the facility with which the "gamins" in the street pick up everything by ear, strum a few notes on the guitar, sing as they go along at the top of their lungs, with all the neighbors joining in. "La Boca de Pepita" was a particularly favorite air, and ran thus:

LA BOCA DE PEPITA.


La bo - ca de mi Pe - pi - ta, Es mas dul - ce que un pa - nal.
Y sus la - bios son de ro - sa, Pe - ro no son pa - ra mi,
Por - que la ni - ña no me quie - re, No quie - - re mi a -
mor, Y los la - bios que son de ro - sa. Ay! no son pa - ra mi.

2.

Los ojos de mi chacha
Son muy negros y lindos,
Y los dientes son muy blancos,
Blancos como la leche.
Pero la niña no me quiere,
No quiere mi amor;
Y los dientes y los ojos
Ay! no son para mi.

3.

El corazon de mi niña
Es muy grande y liberal,
Y su alma es muy pura,
Pura como una perla.
Y yo vivo en la esperanza,
Esperanza y virtud,
Esperando que la niña
Quiera mi amor.

PEPITA'S MOUTH.

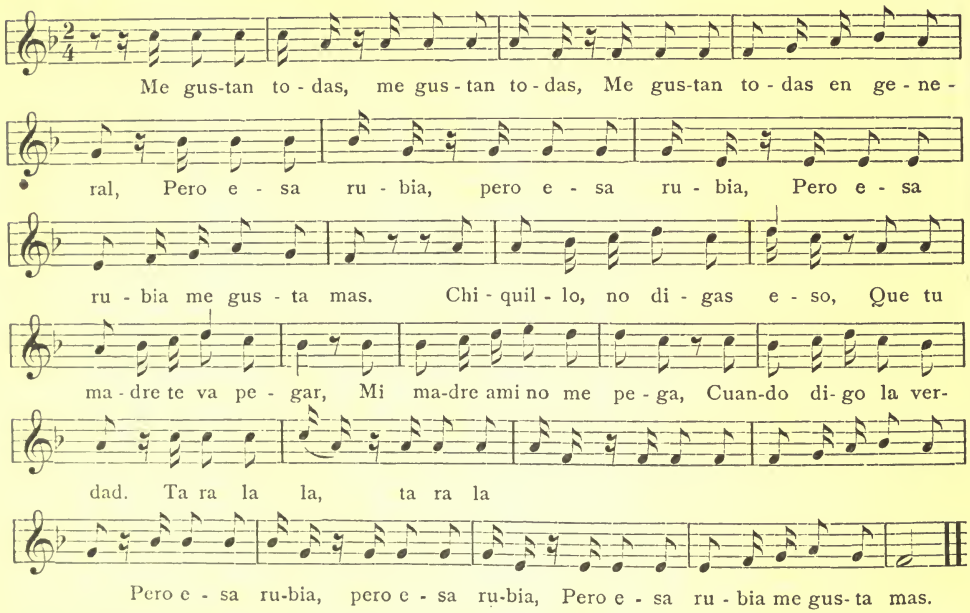
Oh, the mouth of my Pepita,
It is sweeter than the wine;
And her lips are like the roses,
But they never can be mine.
For my darling will not have me,
My love she doth decline;
Ah, her lips are like the roses,
But they never can be mine.

Oh, the eyes of my Pepita
Are so dazzling and so bright,
And her teeth have such a luster,
Milk was never half so white.
But my darling does not like me,
My love she doth decline,
And her teeth and her bright eyes
They never can be mine.

But I know that my Pepita
Is a tender-hearted girl,
Very noble is her spirit,
She is purer than a pearl.
I am waiting, ever hoping,
That if faithful I shall prove,
Ah, at last my dear Pepita
Will listen to my love.

Here is another very popular street song in old Spain, and the urchins sing it with a peculiarly knowing look, and with a toss of the head quite delicious to see:

"ME GUSTAN TODAS."

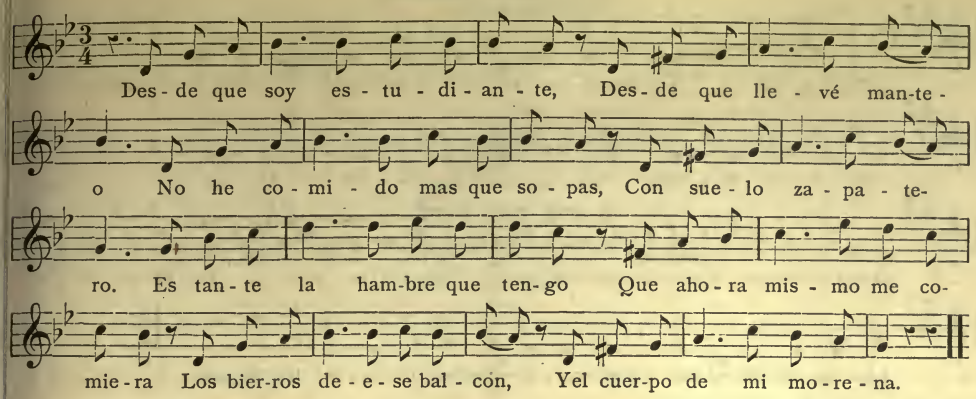

Me gus-tan to-das, me gus-tan to-das, Me gus-tan to-das en ge-ne-
ral, Pero e-sa ru-bia, pero e-sa ru-bia, Pero e-sa
ru-bia me gus-ta mas. Chi-quil-lo, no di-gas e-so, Que tu
ma-dre te va pe-gar, Mi ma-dre ami no me pe-ga, Cuan-do di-go la ver-
dad. Ta ra la la, ta ra la
Pero e-sa ru-bia, pero e-sa ru-bia, Pero e-sa ru-bia me gus-ta mas.

THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

I like them all—the pretty girls—
I like them all, whether dark or fair;
And yet above the rest I like the best—
The girl with the golden hair.
"You foolish boy, don't say so,
Your mother will punish you!"
"Oh no indeed she will not,
For saying what is so true;"
Ta, ra, la, la, etc.
Ah yes, above the rest I like the best—
The girl with the golden hair.

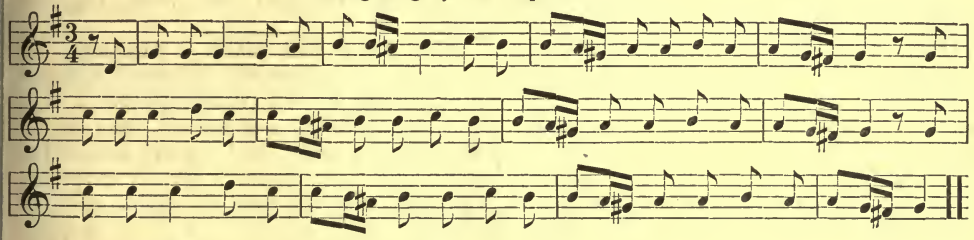
Beggars swarmed in St. Jean, and generally thrummed the guitar under the window, singing for a few pennies the most doleful ditties. There was one dreadful creature who came once a week. He used to wear a long "capa" or cloak, and a wide hat called a "sombrero," and in the most discordantly squeaky voice, which occasionally cracked, he sang this Spanish student's song:

SPANISH STUDENT'S SONG.


Des-de que soy es-tu-di-an-te, Des-de que lle-vé man-te-
o No he co-mi-do mas que so-pas, Con sue-lo za-pa-te-
ro. Es tan-te la ham-bre que ten-go Que aho-ra mis-mo me co-
mie-ra Los bier-ros de-e-se bal-con, Yel cuer-po de mi mo-re-na.

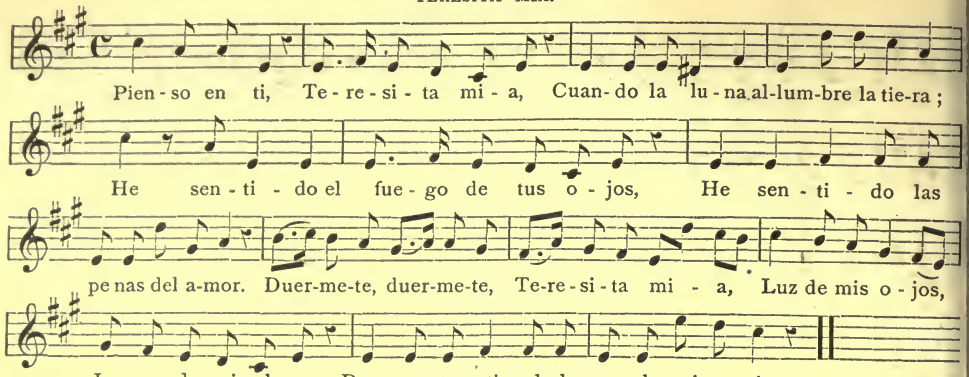
Behind our apartments, which were in the Rue St. Jacques, was a road leading to the beach and to the Casino. In one of the hovels on this road there lived a poor carpenter who was afflicted with an inebriate wife. She was pleasant enough when sober, but when she was intoxicated she used to chant and shout all kinds of songs, the neighbors generally knowing when she was dangerously cross by her choice of melodies. When she was very surly she indulged in the following air, which she sang to Basquèze words, which I cannot give; but many is the time that the peaceful inhabitants of the Rue St. Jacques were roused from their sleep by this ditty, until it became as fearful as the cry of the jackal, for we knew when she sang it that poor Jean was having a bad time of it:

BASQUÈZE AIR.

Song sung by the Carpenter's Wife.

Among our friends in St. Jean were three pretty girls, who created quite a sensation wherever they went, being rather Rubens-like in their proportions, and different from the small delicately made French and Spanish women in the village. The youngest and prettiest was a great favorite, and her name was Emilia. She had numerous admirers; but there was one young Spaniard who was her adoring slave. This poor youth's name was Fernando, and he became a real object of pity to all who knew him, for his abject devotion to the pretty Emilia, who taunted and scorned him.

Fernando, unfortunately, was not brilliant in conversation, but looked unutterable things when Emilia was by. His two brothers, Carlos and Felipe, dubbed him "el dudo," or "the doubtful," because he was never quite sure of anything, and was of a timid nature. If "el dudo" could talk very little, he could sing like a bird, in a most delicious tenor. His admiration of Emilia caused him to compose lovely songs in her honor, and he used to coax Carlos and Felipe to play duet accompaniments on the guitar, while he serenaded her on moonlight nights. The neighborhood rejoiced greatly whenever these serenades took place; but I regret to say that Emilia treated him always with much contumely and silent scorn. The following song was one of the numerous ones which he composed for and sang to her, and it was a great favorite with us all.

TERESITA MIA.


Pien - so en ti, Te - re - si - ta mi - a, Cuan - do la lu - na al - lum - bre la tie - ra ;
He sen - ti - do el fue - go de tus o - jos, He sen - ti - do las
pe nas del a - mor. Duer - me - te, duer - me - te, Te - re - si - ta mi - a, Luz de mis o - jos,
Lu - na de mi al - ma, Duer - me - te entien - do la voz de mi pa - sion.

2.

Buenas noches, Teresita mia,
Dulces sueños te espero;
Una serenada de mi amor,
Una cancion ti canto.
Duermete duermete, Teresita mia,
Luz de mis ojos, luna de mi alma,
Duermete entiendo la voz de mi pasion.

TERESITA MIA.

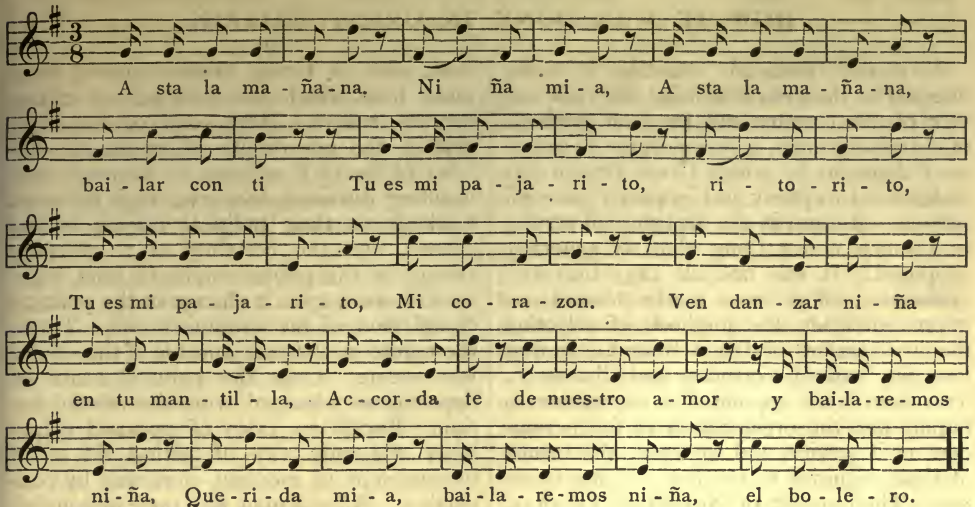
I think of thee, Teresita mia,
When silver moonlight o'er the hills is streaming,
Still I see those eyes so brightly beaming,
And the pains of love too well I know.
Slumber, darling Teresita mia,
Light of my eyes and bright star of my soul,
List in thy dreams to the story of my woe!

Good-night, fairest Teresita mia,
May guardian angels evermore defend thee,
Sweetest visions in thy sleep attend thee,
While I sing my serenade to thee.
Slumber, darling Teresita mia,
Light of my eyes and bright star of my soul,
Sleep while I sing this serenade to thee!
Farewell, then,—ah, fare thee well,
Teresita!

These young men were stanch supporters of Don Carlos; and among the warm sympathizers in the cause, at St. Jean, was a certain friend of theirs, a Madame C——. Knowing, of course, Fernando's hopeless adoration of Emilia, this good lady called on us and gave us a cordial invitation to attend her receptions. On one evening in the week she received English, and on another her Spanish friends. We were invited to both, but we infinitely preferred the Spanish evenings, because there was less formality and more music and fun. Madame C—— was a most curious little person. She was very short and very fat, and had the deepest voice I ever heard in a woman. She was always gorgeously attired when she made visits, and felt hurt if every one was not in full dress at her parties; but she herself received in a blue mousseline delaine dress, with white spots, her white hair all drawn back and fastened into a tight knot at the back of her head by a comb. This good little creature lived in the Maison Louis XIV., of which she was the proprietress. She boasted always of being connected with the "Grand Monarque," although she was very vague and misty as to details. However, she so evidently believed in the relationship herself that every one received the shadowy tale with apparent faith.

Her house was really a curiosity. A copy of a well-known picture of Louis XIV. hung in her drawing-room. The most exquisite old lace formed valances for her mantel-pieces; and we ate and drank from china and glass of most curious design, all marked with L. XIV. and the crown.

I shall never forget one of the many evenings we passed at her house. It was a gala night among the Carlists,—for Don Carlos was there. In repose his face was melancholy and sad; but it lighted up wonderfully in conversation. His spirits were cheerful, and he was immensely popular with his supporters. The evening was very hot, and the balcony at Madame C——'s being very wide, we all went out there to sit and get cool. Looking over the high road, we could see the lovely "Corona de España," the highest peak in the Spanish Pyrenees, bathed in moonlight and romance. Emilia was there, and Fernando, delighted to pour out his soul to her in music, coaxed his brothers to play, while he sang the following song:

"A STA LA MAÑANA."

A sta la ma - ña - na, Ni ña mi - a, A sta la ma - ña - na,
bai - lar con ti Tu es mi pa - ja - ri - to, ri - to - ri - to,
Tu es mi pa - ja - ri - to, Mi co - ra - zon. Ven dan - zar ni - ña
en tu man - til - la, Ac - cor - da te de nues-tro a - mor y bai-la - re - mos
ni - ña, Que - ri - da mi - a, bai - la - re - mos ni - ña, el bo - le - ro.

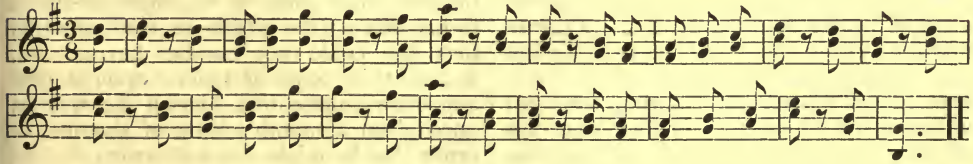
2.

Deme esa rosa de tu mantilla,
Deme esa rosa que portas tu,
Y dime que tu m'amas, Pepita mia,
Y dime que tu m'amas del corazon.
Ven danzar, niña, en tu mantilla,
Accordate de nuestro amor;
Tu es mi pajarito, flor de mi vida,
Sol de mi alma, mi corazon.

TO-MORROW.

I await the morrow, Niña mia,
I await the morrow all thro' the night,
For the entrancing music and dancing
With thee, my song bird, my heart's delight.
Come dance, my Niña, in thy mantilla,
Think of our love, and do not say no,
Hasten then, my treasure, grant me this pleasure,
Dance, then, to-morrow the Bolero.

Give me the rosebud in thy mantilla,
Give me the rosebud that thou dost wear,
And tell me that thou lovest me, Pepita mia,
I will be faithful as thou art fair.
Come, dance to-morrow in thy mantilla,
Ever my fairest treasure thou art,
Join then the entrancing music and dancing
With me, my flower, pride of my heart.

"JOTA ARAGONESA."

On Sundays there was dancing on the beach, by the fishwomen and peasants, to the music of two fiddles and a flute. The "Jota Aragonesa," given above, was always a favorite dance.

Our summer passed away very quickly and pleasantly. We made excursions into Spain; saw bull-fights; basked in the delightful sunshine and laughter of the place; and we shall always retain a warm corner in our hearts for quiet, dull St. Jean de Luz.*

* Those who are interested in these songs are referred to a paper by the same author in SCRIBNER for February, 1877, entitled "Traditional Music of the French Pyrenees." Some of the songs quoted in these two papers have been arranged with accompaniment for the piano, by Miss Sturgis and Mr. William P. Blake, and have been published by Mr. Carl Prüfer, of Boston.—ED.

HOW IT WAS DONE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Now that renewed attention is being directed to the evils that infest the civil service of this country and the best methods of correcting them, it is opportune to examine the means by which Great Britain has endeavored to purify and improve her civil service. Reform in the British civil service is a much newer thing than is generally supposed. It was not till 1853 that any systematic effort was made toward an improvement in the methods of selecting the civil servants of Great Britain. In that year Sir Stafford Northcote and Charles E. Trevelyan were appointed a committee to inquire into the organization of the permanent civil service, and to report the results of their inquiries to the lords of the treasury. Their report of November 23, 1853, may be said to be the foundation of the whole system of civil service examinations in Great Britain. They recounted the evils flowing from the old system of appointment in strong but temperate language. They declared that the civil service of the country did not attract the best men; that it was sought by the indolent, the unambitious, and the incapable, and that the junior clerkships were likely to be bestowed upon the sons or dependents of those having personal or political claims on the head of the department. As a remedy for these evils they recommended open, competing literary examinations, conducted by a single central board, for all appointments to junior situations in the public service, and the appointment of all persons on probation. Prior to that time examinations had been applied to the nominees for appointment in many branches of the service, but they were not uniform, and in most cases they were not effective. In the inland revenue service examinations had been introduced as far back as 1848, and they had also been in force in the customs service for some years. In some offices the examinations may have been a real test of fitness, but in many cases they were merely formal. Edward Romilly, secretary of the Board of Trade, said that he had been a member of a board of examiners for twelve years, and that not one candidate had been rejected by the board. These examinations were in no case competitive, but were simply "pass," or test examinations of candidates nominated in the usual way.

In one important respect the evils to be dealt with in Great Britain differed from those from which the civil service of this country suffers. Here, one of the chief evils is the uncertainty of tenure, the liability of the civil servants to summary and insulting dismissal, whenever their influence weakens or their political fidelity is suspected, and the certainty of a sweeping change of the public employés, from highest to lowest, upon a change in the political complexion of the administration. There, the tenure of the rank and file of the service was secure. Only the political heads of departments changed with the administration. Except in cases of personal culpability, the only way of getting rid of an incompetent or indolent clerk was by pensioning. After a man was once appointed, the public had him for life. The evils sprang almost wholly from the defective methods of selecting the public servants in the first instance. Sir James Stephen, who was for thirty-five years connected with the colonial department, said that the majority of persons appointed in that department possessed an incredibly low degree of requisite qualities, and that the same was true of other departments; that nepotism was prevalent in the public service, and that the places were usually given to friends or dependents of the appointing power. Another officer said that of eighty clerks supplied by patronage, not more than twelve were worth their salt. A retired civil officer declared that some of the clerks assigned to his office were unable to read or write, that one could not number beyond ten, and that in some instances upon a new appointee's presenting himself he was at once given a month's leave of absence, in order that he might learn to write!

The course pursued with Northcote and Trevelyan's report is a good illustration of the thorough, systematic manner in which the British consider public questions. Copies of the report, accompanied by a plan of competition, drawn up by the Rev. B. Jowett of Baliol College, were sent to a large number of eminent gentlemen,—including professors of universities, heads of colleges, men distinguished for their learning, chiefs of departments and other high officers, as well as some who had retired after long and distinguished service,—with a request for an expression of their judgment upon the plan

proposed. The opinions furnished in response to this request were most of them very full and elaborate, and make in all a stout octavo volume of 438 pages. Their general tone was highly favorable to the proposed system of competitive examinations. The most unfavorable comments were made by a few department officials who had grown up under the old system, and who took umbrage at some of the expressions in the report derogatory to the character of the service.

No direct action was taken by the government upon the report of the committee of inquiry. The royal speech of 1854 called attention to the subject, and stated that Her Majesty would direct a plan to be laid before Parliament to improve the system of admission and increase the efficiency of the service. Owing to a change of ministry the promised plan was not presented, but on May 21, 1855, was issued the famous order in council relative to the examination of candidates for admission to the civil service. The order appointed a civil service commission of three members, and directed that all young men who were proposed for appointment to any junior situation in any department should be examined by or under the direction of the commission before being admitted to probation. The commission was required to ascertain with respect to each candidate that he was within the limits of age prescribed, that he was free from any physical defect or disease likely to interfere with the discharge of his duties, that his character was such as to qualify him for the public employment, and that he possessed the requisite knowledge and ability. The rules of examination were to be settled at the discretion of the heads of departments, and the commission was prohibited from making any alteration in respect to the nomination or appointment of candidates. Successful candidates were required to be appointed for a probationary term of six months. If, by the expiration of that time, proofs of their conduct and capacity had been presented to the chief of the department, they were to be re-appointed.

It will be seen that this plan fell very far short of the scheme of unrestricted competition recommended by the committee of inquiry. Patronage was still permitted to have full sway in the nomination of the candidates. Appointments might still be made for political and personal reasons as freely as before. The only condition imposed was that the nominee should obtain a certificate of qualification from the civil service commission. Nevertheless, it was a great improvement on the previous order of things, and in time became the stepping-stone to a still better system. The most salutary feature was the establishment of a board of experienced and capable men, independent of the appointing power. By this means a fair and uniform system of examination was secured. The original commission consisted of Sir Edward Ryan, assistant comptroller-general of the exchequer, John George Shaw Lefevre, clerk-assistant to the House of Lords, and Edward Romilly, then chairman of the board of audit. Mr. Romilly, however, never acted as a member of the commission.

The commission immediately entered upon the performance of its duties. In June, 1855, a circular was addressed to the heads of departments, preliminary to settling the regulations governing the examinations for their departments, and on the 30th of that month was held the first examination under the order in council. The first report of the commission, dated March 4, 1856, showed that, to the close of February, 1,078 candidates had been examined, and that certificates of qualification had been granted to 676 of them. The range of examination varied widely for different positions and different branches of the service. Although neither the order in council, nor the regulations under it, required the nomination of more than one candidate for each vacancy, several of the offices voluntarily adopted the plan of limited competition. Three or more candidates were nominated for each vacancy, and were subjected to the same examination, the one standing highest receiving the appointment. Seven such competitive examinations had been held when the report was submitted, in which 175 candidates competed for 58 situations. This practice met with considerable favor, and was somewhat extended during subsequent years, although most of the examinations were pass examinations of a single nominee. To February 25, 1858, 127 examinations had been held, in which limited competition was applied. Thirty of these were held in 1856, 68 in 1857, and 29 in the first two months of 1858. The commissioners stated in their report for 1858 that they had carefully compared the results of the pass examinations with those of the competitive examinations, and that the best of the candidates in the latter were better than the best of those in the former. As the result of their experience, they reported that com-

petition was the best method of securing junior clerks.

The House of Commons had already twice approved the competitive principle, and declared that it ought to be extended (first, by the resolution of April 24, 1856, and again, by the resolution of July 14, 1857), basing its opinion on the results of the examinations conducted by the civil service commission. Its action in this respect was in strong contrast to the indifference manifested by our own Congress toward a similar experiment in this country. Notwithstanding the approval of the House of Commons and the recommendation of the commission, no measures were taken by the government at that time to extend the application of the competitive principle.

In the year 1858 the plan of limited competition was still further extended, the practice being adopted in some departments of nominating more than three candidates for one vacancy, instead of only three as formerly. On January 18, 1859, occurred the first open unrestricted competitive examination ever held in England for clerkships in a public office. The vacancies to be filled were in eight writerships in the office of the secretary of state for India. Three hundred and ninety-one competitors were summoned and three hundred and thirty-nine appeared. The subjects of the examination were not very formidable. They consisted of handwriting, copying from manuscript, orthography, arithmetic, including decimal and vulgar fractions, English composition, geography and history.

In 1860 an important change was proposed in the plan of examination. In that year a committee was appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the mode of nominating and examining candidates. In their report of July 9, the competitive principle was very strongly approved, and the system of private patronage condemned. They did not, however, recommend the immediate adoption of the plan of open competition, believing that precipitancy in adopting it might lead to reaction. They thought that the general substitution of a system of limited but real competition for that of simple nomination would be an important step in advance, and recommended that each vacancy be competed for by at least three candidates, "to be nominated, as at present," except when there was but one vacancy, in which case there should be at least five competitors. They also recommended that each candidate, before being admitted to the competition, should pass a preliminary test, or pass examination in order that the competition might be real and not illusory. They also recommended that several vacancies should be competed for at one time and that the commissioners should examine into the moral and physical qualifications of candidates before, instead of after, examination. The report met with the approval of Lord Palmerston, and steps were at once taken to carry its recommendations into effect. There were still many offices which had not adopted the practice of limited competition recommended by the committee. The establishment of the preliminary pass examinations made an important change in the mode of procedure. They were introduced early in 1861 into the offices for which the treasury had the right of nomination, but were not extended to all of the other branches of the service until some time after. In 1860 limited competition was applied in 33.2 per cent. of the examinations. In 1861 the percentage increased to 53.8, but fell back to 42.2 in the next year, showing that the progress was by no means uniform. The names of the successful candidates in the pass examinations were entered on the qualified lists, from which all competitors for vacancies were chosen. All names not nominated were canceled on a change of ministry.

This system continued in operation without material change until 1870. The nomination of candidates for examination was still a matter of patronage and influence. Interest with public officers and members of Parliament was indispensable to the seeker after a nomination. In their report for 1868 the commission gave a history of the progress of the competitive principle, and strongly advocated the adoption of the practice of open competition. They declared that, in most cases of limited competition, the candidates selected by the nominating departments were so few as to render the competition illusory. In 1870 the most important step yet made in the direction of reform was taken. On June 4 of that year an order in council was issued, directing that, with certain exceptions, all appointments either permanent or temporary to any situation or employment in any department of the civil service made after August 31 of that year should be made by means of open competitive examinations. The exceptions are: offices in the gift of the crown, places filled in the ordinary course of promotion by persons already serving in the de-

partments, and such situations as the heads of the departments, with the concurrence of the lords of the treasury, may designate. The civil service commission was also authorized to dispense with examinations where professional or peculiar qualifications are required. The practice of preliminary pass examinations was not disturbed. The order was at once put in operation, and the system which it provides is that under which admission is now gained to the great mass of positions in the civil service of Great Britain, whether situated in England, Ireland or Scotland.

The situations are divided into two general classes,—Class I. embracing those positions for which a high order of educational attainments is required, and Class II. those which may be filled by younger and less educated men. Each class is divided into several grades. Admission can be gained only at the lowest grade of a class. The upper class is much the smaller of the two, and examinations for admission to it are very infrequent. The annual salaries on entrance into it run from about £200 to £250, and its members are eligible for advancement to the highest places. The salaries of the lower class advance from £80 or £100 in the lowest grades to £300 in the highest. Members of the lower class cannot enter the upper except through open competition with all comers. General examinations are held for admission to each class, besides special examinations for special positions. Examinations for local offices are conducted at the place of location under the direction and control of the civil service commission, to whom all the papers are sent for revision.

The subjects of the preliminary pass examinations are handwriting, orthography, arithmetic (to vulgar and decimal fractions), and, for Class I. only, English composition. The subjects of the competitive examinations for situations in Class I. are English composition and *précis*, language, literature and history of England, Greece, Rome, France, Germany and Italy, mathematics, pure and mixed, natural science, moral science, jurisprudence and political economy. For Class II. the candidates are examined in handwriting, orthography, arithmetic, copying manuscript, indexing and digesting returns, English composition, geography, English history and book-keeping. Other subjects are added for special situations requiring peculiar attainments. The following will serve as examples of the subjects on which candidates for such places are examined: law of evidence, constitutional and international law, criminal law, mercantile and commercial law, religious knowledge, school management and correction of the press. In pass examinations no marks are assigned, but the character of the answers is indicated by epithets which determine the result with sufficient accuracy. In competitive examinations, a certain number of marks indicates the maximum in each subject, and constitutes the scale on which the candidate's answers are marked. Thus, if the total of marks is 2,000 and it is desired to give a certain subject a weight of one-fifth in the examination, 400 marks are assigned to it and the candidate's proficiency in it is marked on a scale of 400. In this country the examining boards adopted the much simpler plan of marking each answer on a scale of 100, and of affixing the proper weight to each subject afterward by multiplying the average of the marks obtained in it by a number indicating its relative importance.

Under the commission are two permanent examiners, who have general control of the examinations, framing the questions and, in most cases, marking the answers. Occasional examiners of high qualifications in special and technical subjects are also employed. Short-hand, book-keeping, book and vellum binding, free-hand drawing and political economy are specimens of the subjects in which there are special examiners. The duties of the commission are by no means confined to ascertaining the literary acquirements of candidates. A searching inquiry is also made into their health and moral character, and many candidates are rejected because they are not able to furnish satisfactory evidence on these points. Many are also rejected because it is found on investigation that they do not come within the prescribed limits of age. Before the appointment of the commission it was common for men broken down in health or character to be foisted on the public service, just as they are now often forced into the civil service of this country—by political "influence."

In addition to the regular clerical force, temporary writers are employed by some departments. These have no fixed tenure of office, but are employed as occasion requires. Formerly, they were employed at the discretion of the heads of departments, without any regular testing of their qualifications. Under the present regulations, which were confirmed by the order in council of

August 19, 1871, these writers are subjected to a simple pass examination, and if they are found qualified their names are entered upon a register kept at the office of the civil service commission. When temporary writers are required by any department, they must be selected from the names thus registered. The subjects of the examinations are: handwriting, spelling, copying manuscript, and copying figures and tabular statements. The names of temporary messengers are registered in the same manner, on the presentation of satisfactory evidence of health and moral character, and of their ability to read and write. In February, 1876, there was constituted a new division of the service lower than the two classes already mentioned. It consists of men and boy clerks, who are examined in much the same way as the writers.

The total number of cases acted upon by the commission to December 31, 1874, was 142,423, classified as follows:

CANDIDATES.	From May 21, 1855 to June 30, 1870	From July 1, 1870 to Dec. 31, 1874	Total.
Nominated singly.....	53,280	15,109	68,389
Nominated to compete...	8,304	3,983	12,287
Ent'd for open competition	10,387	41,264	51,651
Entered for registration as writers and messengers.	....	10,096	10,096
	71,971	70,452	142,423

It will be observed that the number of candidates examined in the four and one-half years following the adoption of open competition was nearly equal to the number examined in the entire fifteen years preceding. The number of candidates certified as qualified was 54,385. 16,075 candidates were examined under other authority than that of the orders in council.

The appointments to the civil service in the first instance are usually to junior situations. After the six months' probation has been satisfactorily passed the candidate receives a permanent appointment. In most offices the officers and clerks receive an annual increment of salary until they reach the maximum of their class. Arrived at this point, there is no further advancement until a vacancy occurs in the next grade above. Promotions within the class are made from grade to grade without examination by what has been termed a mixed system of seniority and merit. They are necessarily very slow on account of the permanency of tenure and of the rare occurrence of vacancies.

The competitive system was applied to the East India civil service at a much earlier day than to that of the mother country. An act of Parliament, passed in 1854, provided for examinations for admission to the civil service of the East India Company. A committee, of which Lord Macaulay was chairman, submitted a plan on which the examinations should be conducted. The scheme provided for a competitive examination of a very severe and extended character for admission to Haileybury College—an institution for the education of persons for the East India civil service—and for a pass examination after an interval of from one to two years of the successful candidates in the competitive examinations. Haileybury College was abolished in 1855 on the recommendation of the India Board and the successful candidates were allowed to study where they chose, but the general features of Lord Macaulay's plan were carried out, and are still in force. The examinations are open to all natural-born subjects of Great Britain, presenting the requisite evidence of age, health and character. The competitive examination is of a general nature and embraces, among other subjects, ancient and modern languages, literature and history, mathematics, pure and mixed, natural science, moral science and the Sanskrit and Arabic languages and literature. The number of selected candidates has varied from 20 to 80 according to the needs of the service. The subsequent pass examinations are devoted more particularly to the history and geography of India, Sanskrit, the vernacular languages of India, law, and political economy,—to the study of which the selected candidates are expected to devote themselves during the interval between the two examinations. Those who are found qualified, are entitled to be appointed in the East India civil service. The first competitive examination was held in July, 1855, and others followed in 1856 and 1857. These were held under the direction of the India Board, with the assistance of the civil service commission,—the commission relieving the board from trouble but not from responsibility. In 1858 an act was passed making it the duty of the civil service commissioners to conduct the examinations for the East India civil service, and recognizing and defining the duties of the commission. From that time to this the examinations have been conducted by the commissioners with the most satisfactory results. The East India civil service is of the highest intelli-

gence, character, and ability, and it owes these qualities to the application of the competitive system of selection in its broadest and highest form. Many of the men who have thus gained admission to the service have won their way with surprising rapidity to the foremost positions in it. The apprehension that they would prove to be sickly bookworms has been dissipated.

The competitive system now applies to almost the entire civil service of Great Britain. The chief exceptions are the foreign office and the diplomatic service. These constitute the only prominent strongholds of the ancient system of patronage and favoritism which the reformers have not been able to carry. Within the last few months an assault has been made upon them in the House of Commons under the leadership of Mr. George O. Trevelyan. It was opposed by the same arguments that were used by the advocates of exclusion and favoritism against the original introduction of the competitive principle. The attack was not successful in this instance, but in the light of past experience it cannot be doubted that those branches of the service will soon be compelled to yield to the same reforming influences which have prevailed in all the other departments of the government.

Canada in 1858 threw the appointments in her civil service open to competition, and South Australia adopted the same policy in 1874. New Zealand, also, in 1866 required all candidates for the civil service to pass a junior examination before becoming eligible for appointment, and to pass a senior examination before advancement to any class above the fourth.

The steady and triumphant progress of the competitive principle in Great Britain against class interests, prejudice and prescriptive customs which had acquired almost the force of law, is full of encouragement for the friends of reform in this country. Republican America ought not to lag far behind monarchical England in the application of a reform, the principles of which are essentially just and democratic.

CHILD'S-FAITH.

All beautiful tales, I trust, are true.
But here is a grave in the moss,
And there is the sky. And the buds are blue,
And a butterfly blows across.

Yes, here is the grave and there is the sky:
To the one or the other we go.
And between them wavers the butterfly,
Like a soul that does not know.

Somewhere? Nowhere? Too-golden head,
And lips that I miss and miss,
You would tell me the secret of the dead—
Could I find you with a kiss!

* * * Come here, I say, little child of mine,
Come with your bloom and your breath.
(If he should believe in the life divine,
I will not believe in death!)

"Where is your brother?"—I question low,
And wait for his wise reply.
Does he say—"Down there in the grave"? Ah, no;
He says, with a laugh, "In the sky!"

CALVIN: A STUDY OF CHARACTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN."

CALVIN is dead. His life, long to him, but short for the rest of us, was not marked by startling adventures, but his character was so uncommon and his qualities were so worthy of imitation, that I have been asked by those who personally knew him to set down my recollections of his career.

His origin and ancestry were shrouded in mystery; even his age was a matter of pure conjecture. Although he was of the Maltese race, I have reason to suppose that he was American by birth as he certainly was in sympathy. Calvin was given to me eight years ago by Mrs. Stowe, but she knew nothing of his age or origin. He walked into her house one day out of the great unknown and became at once at home, as if he had been always a friend of the family. He appeared to have artistic and literary tastes, and it was as if he had inquired at the door, if that was the residence of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and, upon being assured that it was, had decided to dwell there. This is, of course, fanciful, for his antecedents were wholly unknown, but in his time he could hardly have been in any household where he would not have heard "Uncle Tom's Cabin" talked about. When he came to Mrs. Stowe, he was as large as he ever was, and apparently as old as he ever became. Yet there was in him no appearance of age; he was in the happy maturity of all his powers, and you would rather have said that in that maturity he had found the secret of perpetual youth. And it was as difficult to believe that he would ever be aged as it was to imagine that he had ever been in immature youth. There was in him a mysterious perpetuity.

After some years, when Mrs. Stowe made her winter home in Florida, Calvin came to live with us. From the first moment, he fell into the ways of the house and assumed a recognized position in the family,—I say recognized, because after he became known he was always inquired for by visitors, and in the letters to the other members of the family he always received a message. Although the least obtrusive of beings, his individuality aways made itself felt.

His personal appearance had much to do with this, for he was of royal mold, and had an air of high breeding. He was large, but he had nothing of the fat grossness of the celebrated Angora family; though powerful, he was exquisitely proportioned, and as graceful in every movement as a young leopard. When he stood up to open a door—he opened all the doors with old-fashioned latches—he was portentously tall, and when stretched on the rug before the fire he seemed too long for this world—as indeed he was. His coat was the finest and softest I have ever seen, a shade of quiet Maltese; and from his throat downward, underneath, to the white tips of his feet, he wore the whitest and most delicate ermine; and no person was ever more fastidiously neat. In his finely formed head you saw something of his aristocratic character; the ears were small and cleanly cut, there was a tinge of pink in the nostrils, his face was handsome and the expression of his countenance exceedingly intelligent—I should call it even a sweet expression if the term were not inconsistent with his look of alertness and sagacity.

It is difficult to convey a just idea of his gayety in connection with his dignity and gravity, which his name expressed. As we know nothing of his family, of course it will be understood that Calvin was his Christian name. He had times of relaxation into utter playfulness, delighting in a ball of yarn, catching sportively at stray ribbons when his mistress was at her toilet, and pursuing his own tail, with hilarity, for lack of anything better. He could amuse himself by the hour, and he did not care for children; perhaps something in his past was present to his memory. He had absolutely no bad habits, and his disposition was perfect. I never saw him exactly angry, though I have seen his tail grow to an enormous size when a strange cat appeared upon his lawn. He disliked cats, evidently regarding them as feline and treacherous, and he had no association with them. Occasionally there would be heard a night concert in the shrubbery. Calvin would ask to have the door opened, and then you would hear a rush and a "pestzt," and the concert would explode, and Calvin would quietly come in and resume his seat on the hearth. There was no trace of anger in his manner, but he wouldn't have any of that about the house. He had the rare virtue of magnanimity. Although he had

fixed notions about his own rights, and extraordinary persistency in getting them, he never showed temper at a repulse; he simply and firmly persisted till he had what he wanted. His diet was one point; his idea was that of the scholars about dictionaries,—to "get the best." He knew as well as any one what was in the house, and would refuse beef if turkey was to be had; and if there were oysters, he would wait over the turkey to see if the oysters would not be forthcoming. And yet he was not a gross gourmand; he would eat bread if he saw me eating it, and thought he was not being imposed on. His habits of feeding, also, were refined; he never used a knife, and he would put up his hand and draw the fork down to his mouth as gracefully as a grown person. Unless necessity compelled, he would not eat in the kitchen, but insisted upon his meals in the dining-room, and would wait patiently, unless a stranger were present; and then he was sure to importune the visitor, hoping that the latter was ignorant of the rule of the house, and would give him something. They used to say that he preferred as his table-cloth on the floor a certain well-known church journal; but this was said by an Episcopalian. So far as I know, he had no religious prejudices, except that he did not like the association with Romanists. He tolerated the servants, because they belonged to the house, and would sometimes linger by the kitchen stove; but the moment visitors came in he arose, opened the door, and marched into the drawing-room. Yet he enjoyed the company of his equals, and never withdrew, no matter how many callers—whom he recognized as of his society, —might come into the drawing-room. Calvin was fond of company, but he wanted to choose it; and I have no doubt that his was an aristocratic fastidiousness, rather than one of faith. It is so with most people.

The intelligence of Calvin was something phenomenal, in his rank of life. He established a method of communicating his wants, and even some of his sentiments; and he could help himself in many things. There was a furnace register in a retired room, where he used to go when he wished to be alone, that he always opened when he desired more heat; but never shut it, any more than he shut the door after himself. He could do almost everything but speak; and you would declare sometimes that you could see a pathetic longing to do that in his intelligent face. I have no desire to overdraw his qualities, but if there was one thing in him more noticeable than another, it was his fondness for nature. He could content himself for hours at a low window, looking into the ravine and at the great trees, noting the smallest stir there; he delighted, above all things, to accompany me walking about the garden, hearing the birds, getting the smell of the fresh earth, and rejoicing in the sunshine. He followed me and gamboled like a dog, rolling over on the turf and exhibiting his delight in a hundred ways. If I worked, he sat and watched me, or looked off over the bank, and kept his ear open to the twitter in the cherry-trees. When it stormed, he was sure to sit at the window, keenly watching the rain or the snow, glancing up and down at its falling; and a winter tempest always delighted him. I think he was genuinely fond of birds, but, so far as I know, he usually confined himself to one a day; he never killed, as some sportsmen do, for the sake of killing, but only as civilized people do,—from necessity. He was intimate with the flying-squirrels who dwell in the chestnut-trees,—too intimate, for almost every day in the summer he would bring in one, until he nearly discouraged them. He was, indeed, a superb hunter, and would have been a devastating one, if his bump of destructiveness had not been offset by a bump of moderation. There was very little of the brutality of the lower animals about him; I don't think he enjoyed rats for themselves, but he knew his business, and for the first few months of his residence with us he waged an awful campaign against the horde, and after that his simple presence was sufficient to deter them from coming on the premises. Mice amused him, but he usually considered them too small game to be taken seriously; I have seen him play for an hour with a mouse, and then let him go with a royal condescension. In this whole matter of "getting a living," Calvin was a great contrast to the rapacity of the age in which he lived.

I hesitate a little to speak of his capacity for friendship and the affectionateness of his nature, for I know from his own reserve that he would not care to have it much talked about. We understood each other perfectly, but we never made any fuss about it; when I spoke his name and snapped my fingers, he came to me; when I returned home at night, he was pretty sure to be waiting for me near the gate, and would rise and saunter along the walk, as if

his being there were purely accidental,—so shy was he commonly of showing feeling; and when I opened the door he never rushed in, like a cat, but loitered, and lounged, as if he had had no intention of going in, but would condescend to. And yet, the fact was, he knew dinner was ready, and he was bound to be there. He kept the run of dinner-time. It happened sometimes, during our absence in the summer, that dinner would be early, and Calvin, walking about the grounds, missed it and came in late. But he never made a mistake the second day. There was one thing he never did,—he never rushed through an open door-way. He never forgot his dignity. If he had asked to have the door opened, and was eager to go out, he always went deliberately; I can see him now, standing on the sill, looking about at the sky as if he was thinking whether it were worth while to take an umbrella, until he was near having his tail shut in.

His friendship was rather constant than demonstrative. When we returned from an absence of nearly two years, Calvin welcomed us with evident pleasure, but showed his satisfaction rather by tranquil happiness than by fuming about. He had the faculty of making us glad to get home. It was his constancy that was so attractive. He liked companionship, but he wouldn't be petted, or fussed over, or sit in any one's lap a moment; he always extricated himself from such familiarity with dignity and with no show of temper. If there was any petting to be done, however, he chose to do it. Often he would sit looking at me, and then, moved by a delicate affection, come and pull at my coat and sleeve until he could touch my face with his nose, and then go away contented. He had a habit of coming to my study in the morning, sitting quietly by my side or on the table for hours, watching the pen run over the paper, occasionally swinging his tail round for a blotter, and then going to sleep among the papers by the inkstand. Or, more rarely, he would watch the writing from a perch on my shoulder. Writing always interested him, and, until he understood it, he wanted to hold the pen.

He always held himself in a kind of reserve with his friend, as if he had said, "Let us respect our personality, and not make a 'mess' of friendship." He saw, with Emerson, the risk of degrading it to trivial conveniency. "Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend?" "Leave this touching and clawing." Yet I would not give an unfair notion of his aloofness, his fine sense of the sacredness of the me and the not-me. And, at the risk of not being believed, I will relate an incident, which was often repeated. Calvin had the practice of passing a portion of the night in the contemplation of its beauties, and would come into our chamber over the roof of the conservatory through the open window, summer and winter, and go to sleep on the foot of my bed. He would do this always exactly in this way; he never was content to stay in the chamber if we compelled him to go upstairs and through the door. He had the obstinacy of General Grant. But this is by the way. In the morning, he performed his toilet and went down to breakfast with the rest of the family. Now, when the mistress was absent from home, and at no other time, Calvin would come in the morning, when the bell rang, to the head of the bed, put up his feet and look into my face, follow me about when I rose, "assist" at the dressing, and in many purring ways show his fondness, as if he had plainly said, "I know that she has gone away, but I am here." Such was Calvin in rare moments.

He had his limitations. Whatever passion he had for nature, he had no conception of art. There was sent to him once a fine and very expressive cat's head in bronze, by Frémiet. I placed it on the floor. He regarded it intently, approached it cautiously and crouchingly, touched it with his nose, perceived the fraud, turned away abruptly, and never would notice it afterward. On the whole, his life was not only a successful one, but a happy one. He never had but one fear, so far as I know: he had a mortal and a reasonable terror of plumbers. He would never stay in the house when they were here. No coaxing could quiet him. Of course he didn't share our fear about their charges, but he must have had some dreadful experience with them in that portion of his life which is unknown to us. A plumber was to him the devil, and I have no doubt that, in his scheme, plumbers were foreordained to do him mischief.

In speaking of his worth, it has never occurred to me to estimate Calvin by the worldly standard. I know that it is customary now, when any one dies, to ask how much he was worth, and that no obituary in the newspapers is considered complete without such an estimate. The plumbers in our house were one day overheard to say that, "They say that *she* says that *he* says that he wouldn't take a hundred dollars for him."

It is unnecessary to say that I never made such a remark, and that, so far as Calvin was concerned, there was no purchase in money.

As I look back upon it, Calvin's life seems to me a fortunate one, for it was natural and unforced. He ate when he was hungry, slept when he was sleepy, and enjoyed existence to the very tips of his toes and the end of his expressive and slow-moving tail. He delighted to roam about the garden, and stroll among the trees, and to lie on the green grass and luxuriate in all the sweet influences of summer. You could never accuse him of idleness, and yet he knew the secret of repose. The poet who wrote so prettily of him that his little life was rounded with a sleep, understated his felicity; it was rounded with a good many. His conscience never seemed to interfere with his slumbers. In fact, he had good habits and a contented mind. I can see him now walk in at the study door, sit down by my chair, bring his tail artistically about his feet, and look up at me with unspeakable happiness in his handsome face. I often thought that he felt the dumb limitation which denied him the power of language. But since he was denied speech, he scorned the inarticulate mouthings of the lower animals. The vulgar mewing and yowling of the cat species was beneath him; he sometimes uttered a sort of articulate and well-bred ejaculation, when he wished to call attention to something that he considered remarkable, or to some want of his, but he never went whining about. He would sit for hours at a closed window, when he desired to enter, without a murmur, and when it was opened he never admitted that he had been impatient by "bolting" in. Though speech he had not, and the unpleasant kind of utterance given to his race he would not use, he had a mighty power of purr to express his measureless content with congenial society. There was in him a musical organ with stops of varied power and expression, upon which I have no doubt he could have performed Sebastian Bach's celebrated cat's-fugue.

Whether Calvin died of old age, or was carried off by one of the diseases incident to youth, it is impossible to say; for his departure was as quiet as his advent was mysterious. I only know that he appeared to us in this world in his perfect stature and beauty, and that after a time, like Lohengrin, he withdrew. In his illness, there was nothing more to be regretted than in all his blameless life. I suppose there never was an illness that had more of dignity, and sweetness, and resignation in it. It came on gradually, in a kind of listlessness and want of appetite. An alarming symptom was his preference for the warmth of a furnace-register to the lively sparkle of the open wood-fire. Whatever pain he suffered, he bore it in silence, and seemed only anxious not to obtrude his malady. We tempted him with the delicacies of the season, but it soon became impossible for him to eat, and for two weeks he ate or drank scarcely anything. Sometimes he made an effort to take something, but it was evident that he made the effort to please us. The neighbors—and I am convinced that the advice of neighbors is never good for anything—suggested catnip. He wouldn't even smell it. We had the attendance of an amateur practitioner of medicine, whose real office was the cure of souls, but nothing touched his case. He took what was offered, but it was with the air of one to whom the time for pellets was passed. He sat or lay day after day almost motionless, never once making a display of those vulgar convulsions or contortions of pain which are so disagreeable to society. His favorite place was on the brightest spot of a Smyrna rug by the conservatory, where the sunlight fell and he could hear the fountain play. If we went to him and exhibited our interest in his condition, he always purred in recognition of our sympathy. And when I spoke his name, he looked up with an expression that said, "I understand it, old fellow, but it's no use." He was to all who came to visit him a model of calmness and patience in affliction.

I was absent from home at the last, but heard by daily postal-card of his failing condition; and never again saw him alive. One sunny morning, he rose from his rug, went into the conservatory (he was very thin then), walked around it deliberately, looking at all the plants he knew, and then went to the bay-window in the dining-room, and stood a long time looking out upon the little field, now brown and sere, and toward the garden, where perhaps the happiest hours of his life had been spent. It was a last look. He turned and walked away, laid himself down upon the bright spot in the rug, and quietly died.

It is not too much to say that a little shock went through the neighborhood when it was known that Calvin was dead, so marked was his individuality; and his friends, one after another, came in to see him. There was no sentimental nonsense about his obsequies; it was felt that any parade would

have been distasteful to him. John, who acted as undertaker, prepared a candle-box for him, and I believe assumed a professional decorum; but there may have been the usual levity underneath, for I heard that he remarked in the kitchen that it was the "dryest wake he ever attended." Everybody, however, felt a fondness for Calvin, and regarded him with a certain respect. Between him and Bertha there existed a great friendship, and she apprehended his nature; she used to say that sometimes she was afraid of him, he looked at her so intelligently; she was never certain that he was what he appeared to be.

When I returned, they had laid Calvin on a table in an upper chamber by an open window. It was February. He reposed in a candle-box, lined about the edge with evergreen, and at his head stood a little wine-glass with flowers. He lay with his head tucked down in his arms,—a favorite position of his before the fire,—as if asleep in the comfort of his soft and exquisite fur. It was the involuntary exclamation of those who saw him, "How natural he looks!" As for myself, I said nothing. John buried him under the twin hawthorn-trees,—one white and the other pink,—in a spot where Calvin was fond of lying and listening to the hum of summer insects and the twitter of birds.

Perhaps I have failed to make appear the individuality of character that was so evident to those who knew him. At any rate, I have set down nothing concerning him but the literal truth. He was always a mystery. I did not know whence he came; I do not know whither he has gone. I would not weave one spray of falsehood in the wreath I lay upon his grave.

WHILE THE ROBIN SINGS.

THE red-breast warbles in the leafless branches,
The first shy sparrow tries his tender trills,
And May, her girdle full of pallid blossoms,
Trails slow her faint-green robes across the hills.

And we rejoice; not with light words and laughter
We watch the soft relenting of the sky,
But with a touch of vague, unspoken heart-ache,
We say "The spring has come"—and smile—and sigh.

Yet we are glad. How is it that our gladness
Is thus sedate, and calm, and well controlled?
Is it that joy no longer craves expression,
Or can it be that we are growing old?

Have we so changed? Are sense and spirit duller
Than when our happy hearts made louder mirth?
Has it grown less, our fond and quick perception
Of all the lovely moods of sky and earth?

Once we exulted in the morning's crimson,
The evening's purple, and the sunset's gold;
And every gleam and cloud brought added rapture,
Ere we had thought or dreamed of growing old.

Yet still our grateful hearts leap up responsive
To the brave bluebird, laughing at the cold;
Our eyes note every tint of sky and ocean—
It cannot be that we are growing old.

No—while our nearness to the great All-mother
Preserves us humble, pure and tender-souled,
She gives us of her deathless youth and freshness,
And those who love her never can grow old.

The years may check or still our lighter laughter,
And hush our hearts with chidings manifold,
And spring may come and go, and find and leave us
Sobered, perhaps, but surely not grown old!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Future of New York.

WHATEVER may be the result of conflicts and changes now in progress which tend to modify the relations of New York to the country, and to the cities that are striving to win and hold a portion of her trade, no one doubts, we suppose, that she is always to be our most important commercial city. Her position, connections, wealth and prestige conspire to insure so much as this, at least, while none of her intelligent citizens doubt that she is to remain the largest city of the continent, and to go on increasing until she becomes one of the few gigantic cities of the world. With Brooklyn, which is, in everything but name, a part of her, she is already as large as Paris. With Brooklyn again, she is as large as London was in 1825; and we see no reason why, in fifty years, she may not be as large as London is to-day. She has behind her the resources of a country many times as great as England; and though she will be obliged to divide her prosperities with other cities, to a degree that London has not been called to do, there would seem to be no limit to her growth. New York is not going to lack for business, whenever there is business to be done, or for population. She is evidently not going to command so large a proportion of the commerce of the country as she has done; but it must be remembered that the country grows all the time, and that we need to look forward but a few years, in what constitutes the life of a great nation, to find upon our soil a population of one hundred millions where there are now but forty millions. Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, Baltimore—all these are growing cities, and there is growth for them all, without hindering the growth of New York for a day.

But it is not of the commercial future of New York that we feel moved to write. We shall rejoice in the commercial prosperity of the city, as a matter of course, but after this the merchants will look, and the railroad men and the shipping men. Our special anxiety relates to other things. We have written of these things before, but we write of them now under new circumstances. It was but a few months ago that we had in this city, three men living, of exceptional and superfluous wealth. It is not to be denied that there were general expectations on the part of our people that these men, who had won so much money in this community, would do something for its higher interests. We needed a great picture gallery. We needed a great museum. We needed a great conservatory of music. There were so many things that we needed to raise the city to the position of a grand national capital—a capital in which every form and department of art could be studied and enjoyed—that our hopes and anticipations were very great though very indefinite. But the three men have passed away, and the community is but little the richer for them. Our Metropolitan Museum of Art grows with painful slowness; our great gallery of pictures is still uncollected; our Musical Conservatory is not organized, and still we are able to offer nothing to the student of art that will keep him from crossing the sea to do all his study. It is not to be denied that there is a better popular knowledge of art, and, in some of its branches, a better practice of it, in Cincinnati than there is in New York. The great city of the continent has not the pre-eminence in this matter that it ought to have.

It seems to us to be desirable, above all things, to make New York a good place to live in. The rich and well-to-do people, of all parts of the country, should be able to find in New York that which will make it a delightful home to them. The opera, the theater, the picture gallery, the museum, the library, the literary and scientific lecture, the choicest eloquence of pulpit and platform, bright and stimulating society in multiplied and multiform organizations—all these should combine to make a winter residence in New York so desirable that all who have money and leisure, wherever they may live, will indulge in the luxury. Dr. Johnson said to Boswell that the finest view in Scotland was the road to London, and that was before London was as large as New York is now. What we want is to have the road to New York the finest view to be seen anywhere in the country.

We hope it is now understood, as it has not been before, that nothing is to be expected from those who have more wealth than they know what to do with. Men who feel the cost, and who give with a sense of sacrifice, will be obliged to take hold and do this business. There are certain very desirable things in which New York has the lead that belongs to her, as the commercial metropolis, but they lie in lines closely associated with her commerce. The New York publishing interest, for instance, is metropolitan in its character. The newspapers of New York, in their relation to the country, are like the London newspapers in relation to England, and the Parisian newspapers in relation to France. The grand center of the book publishing interest is here, and the same may be said of magazines. The center of the publishing interest is not likely to change, under any circumstances. The present indications point to a more thorough concentration of this interest in New York than has previously existed; but we want so many other things, in order to make New York a worthy metropolis, that we can hardly plume ourselves on anything.

We say this, conscious that with all our poverty in the best things—in those things that give a city character and high attractiveness—New York is really the literary and artistic metropolis of the country. Here is where most of the artists live, and where all come to show their pictures. It is true, too, that wherever the center of the publishing interest is, there is the literary center. These two interests are never divided, or never for any con-

siderable length of time. Wherever the leading publishing interest is, thither the literary interest gravitates. But what we want are institutions, organizations, collections, schools,—and these cost money.

Can any loyal New Yorker think of anything better to do for his beloved city than helping to make it in every high sense a delightful home for his children, and for everybody throughout the country? The commercial future of New York may be brilliant beyond all its past; but its youth can furnish it no longer with an excuse for neglecting those high interests which must be recognized and incorporated with its growth, in order to give it character and make it a place worth living in. We have talked in another article in this number about making homes interesting. New York may be very large, very beautiful in houses and churches, very prosperous, and, after all, it may not be interesting. What the city needs most is to be made interesting, as London and Paris and Rome and Florence and Munich are interesting. When a stranger has once ridden through our streets, and driven around the Park, what is there left for him to see? It is a painful question to ask as well as to answer.

Houses and Things.

Mr. Clarence Cook has lately said so much about houses, and the things that go to make them comfortable and beautiful, that the rest of us have been glad to stand respectfully among the audience, and let him do all the talking. A man of positive ideas, and a graceful and forcible way of expressing them, is not so frequently met with that we can afford to miss even his smallest utterance. But Mr. Cook would have people think for themselves. One of his aims is to stimulate independent thinking, and so to make every home, in its fulfillment of wants and its expression of tastes, a fresh and original growth. He would have us cut loose from the conventional, and look around for ourselves to find the natural and the picturesque. He would have us do away with shams and imitations, and have only that which is honest in structure and appearance. Specially would he teach us to do our own thinking.

So we propose to think independently a little, especially with relation to certain appointments of the house which, in these latter days, are suffering abuse, as it seems to us. The first thing to be spoken of is the carpet. We like a handsome rug. We like an inlaid floor. A handsome rug upon an inlaid floor is a beautiful thing to look at. In a warm climate it is not only beautiful, but fitting. A rug upon matting, during the cooler months, in tropical latitudes, is charming for many reasons; but for our cold country we like a carpet—ingrain, Brussels, velvet—no matter what—something that covers the floor. A wooden floor needs a great deal of service to keep it in presentable condition, and should be polished as often as one's boots, especially in latitudes where the boots have nails in them. Where the slipper is constantly worn, it is a very different thing. A hard, polished floor, or a wooden staircase, is not a pleasant thing to walk on. It is slippery and noisy, and a rug is always kicking up at the edges, especially where there are children. We like a well-carpeted house—the thicker the carpet the better—especially during the severe winter months. A great deal is said about carpets as dust-catchers and disease-absorbers, and all that; but we very much doubt whether a well-swept and well-kept carpet is worse than a rug, in any particular. No one has at all demonstrated that it is worse, and in our climate it certainly is more comfortable than any other floor surface that is possible.

Furnaces, too, are abused, and open fires are advocated. Now, we have had a good deal of experience with furnaces, not only, but with open fires. In the first place, open fires are incompetent to heat our houses. In the second place, they are exceedingly dusty; and it somehow happens that the men who are very much afraid of the dust of the carpet set aside the dust argument when they talk about open fires. There is nothing that fills either carpets, or rugs, or atmosphere with dust so quickly as the open fire. The dust of a good furnace is the dust of the outside atmosphere—no more. An open fire is picturesque. It is cozy and homelike and ornamental; but when the outside temperature is at zero, mere picturesqueness will not answer. When a man is shivering, it will not comfort him to know that he is as picturesque as his fire, as he bends over it and pokes it. Furnaces are comfortable—there's no denying it. Carpets are comfortable too, and carpets and furnaces are going to live.

Even our plumbing is complained of, and men are taught to look back to a clumsy wash-stand and a big basin, and a heavy pitcher, as things that were pretty and sensible, and in every way more desirable than the modern hot and cold water that comes and goes with the turning of a cock or the lifting of a gate. Now it always seemed to us that a big water-pitcher was an awkward thing for a strong man to handle, to say nothing about a weak woman. Bathing the hands and face at an old-fashioned wash-stand—pouring water out of pitchers into basins, and out of basins into slop-jars—seems to us to be a very clumsy business, compared with that mode of introducing and dismissing water which has come in with "modern improvements." So we believe in plumbing, and not only don't believe it will ever be done away with, but are sure that it will go on unto perfection.

The mistake of this era in the history of "household art and home decoration," lies, it seems to us, in the attempt to do too much with furniture. Ruskin, in one of his books, distinguishes between building and architecture. There are certain structures in which architecture should never be attempted. A grain-elevator, a store-house, a barn,—these are buildings, and architecture is out of place in them. There is no more reason why they should be beautiful than there is why a meal-sack should be beautiful, or a wheelbarrow, or a coal-cart. So it seems

to us that there may be, and that there are, certain items of furniture which we may legitimately excuse from the duty of picturesqueness. If our carpets are less beautiful than rugs upon bare floors, if furnaces are less interesting than open fires, if the old-fashioned wash-bowl and pitcher are more picturesque than the plumbers' substitute, what of it? In which direction shall we make our sacrifices? Toward comfort and convenience, or toward the picturesqueness of ruder times and smaller means? We advocate comfort and convenience, and leave others to do as they choose. The modern advocacy of beauty, in connection with all articles of furniture and household convenience, reminds one of the child who insists on making play of everything,—who cannot take a mouthful of food, or do an act of service, without making it in some way a source of amusement.

To come to the practical point, a home may be interesting without being more than moderately beautiful, and may be more than moderately beautiful without being interesting at all. If we rely entirely upon furniture for the interest of a house,—if we make furniture picturesque at the price of comfort and convenience, our homes may be made interesting in a moderate way, provided we follow out our individual ideas, and do not fall back upon the conventionalisms of the manufacturers. But the most interesting things in a house should never be its furniture. Given convenient furniture, that shall be picturesque when convenient, the question whether a home shall be greatly interesting relates mainly to other things—to books, pictures, objects of art, bric-à-brac, and treasures of various sorts, in fact or in association. We can point to homes whose furniture attracts no attention whatever, but which are absorbingly interesting through the artistic products of its members. The more the culture and taste of cultured and tasteful people are expressed in their homes, through various modes and forms of art, the more interesting those homes will be; and the more a guest is compelled to forget furniture, except as it answers to the higher harmonies of the house, the better. The best things of an interesting home are never bought of a furniture dealer, though the most beautiful may be.

The Changes in Preaching.

THAT an important change is now in progress in the American pulpit, is evident to even a careless observer. The preachers now coming upon the stage are studying methods and arts as they have never done within our memory. A most important fact began, fifteen or twenty years ago, to manifest itself alike to teachers and disciples, viz., the fact that the great masses were slipping more and more out of the reach of the church, and that the preacher was losing his power, even over his own flock. It was hard for men trained in the old ways to understand the causes of this misfortune; but it became apparent at last to one, here and there, that a theological skeleton, unclothed with flesh and blood, and without a warm heart behind its ribs, was not an inspiring object. It became apparent that the world was sick of theology, and, if it could not have the gospel, would not have anything. There are still many among the preachers who suppose that theology is the gospel, but they are rapidly passing away.

A very successful preacher, in a recent conversation, said that his theology was a sort of dry codfish which he hung up in his study by the tail, and whenever he wanted any of it he cut out a chunk. Another, of almost equal eminence, said, that while it seemed to him very important that a preacher should be well grounded in Christian doctrine, and have definite and well settled opinions on theology, he should never think of taking theology into the pulpit! Both these men are earnest men, and remarkable preachers, but they have made the clean jump into the new order of things. Can New England ever comprehend this—that a preacher can be in dead earnest, and yet, without any reservation, say that theology is a thing for the study and not for the pulpit? Of course it is nothing less than a revolution, but toward this is the drift of the day.

It is a significant commentary on the condition of the Christian mind of the country that this revolution needs explaining. There are great multitudes who have so identified theology with religion that they cannot conceive what a preacher who says nothing of theology can have to say, and what can be the object of his preaching at all. Indeed, we have heard a prominent preacher of the old sort confidently declare that no preacher can sustain himself, or find enough to talk about, who does not preach theology. He was honest in his declaration, and he will never be revolutionized, and never be very useful; but his successor will understand it, and his people will win the profit of his intelligence. To explain, then, what is involved in this revolution: the man who preaches theology exclusively, preaches exclusively to the head; and every man preaches to the head in just the measure that he preaches theology. The man who preaches the gospel preaches a person,—preaches a life and death and resurrection,—proclaims the good tidings of a divine message and a divine mission to men,—addresses and works upon the higher sentiments,—labors for the uprooting of selfishness in the heart and life, and the implanting in them of love as the dominant motive, and labors for a transformation of character. The great aim of the man who preaches the gospel is to make bad men good, and good men better,—to improve the quality of character and life,—to bring man into that harmony with God and the divine moralities which will be secured through the following of the Master. The old sort of preaching is not unlike the work of articulating a skeleton; the new sort is not unlike that of gathering and weaving a garland of flowers. There may be a certain amount of mental discipline in theology, but, on the whole, mathematics must be preferable; and, really, if a man feels that he must go for the heads of his congregation every time, let him drop his pen, and with a piece of chalk and a blackboard,

talk about something that he understands, and something that will be of practical value to his people.

Revivals have become necessary to the advance of Christianity, simply because of the incompetency of the ordinary preaching; and the moment the revivals come, the preaching changes, or it changes before they come. In the nature of things, there ought not to be much for a revival to do in any church which has had the simple good news preached to it, and in which the heart and life and better motives have been affectionately and persistently addressed. Revivals are nothing but a makeshift. It is not a very high idea of the Father of us all that supposes him any more willing to convert men at one time than another. Preachers full of the learning of the schools go on from year to year with their dry discourses, and wonder that nothing comes of them. Then a Christian ignoramus comes along, with burning love and zeal in his heart, and no theology to speak of in his head, and bad grammar on his tongue, and the long winter breaks up, and the waters flow once more, and the meadows blossom again. And this is done over and over, with some good results and many bad ones.

With the passing away of the theological essay, will pass away much of the necessity of written discourses; and it will be noticed that very nearly in the proportion in which the character of preaching has changed, has the oral supplanted the written discourse. We think it is seen now, with great distinctness, that, in addressing motives, direct speech from heart to heart is almost infinitely superior to the reading of pages conceived and framed in the study. If instruction were needed upon this point, the history of Methodism in this country would furnish it in abundance. With a ministry confessedly inferior in scholarship, at least in its beginnings, but with direct address from every pulpit to the heart and life, the success of this denomination has been enormous. With high culture on the part of its teachers, its progress would possibly have been wider, but they have at least proved that the direct, spoken discourse is a power which every pulpit should assume and use as soon as it can. The question whether a young man who cannot acquire the ability to speak well without reading has a call to preach is, to say the least, an open one. At any rate, this ability is what all divinity students are striving for.

Edward Seymour.

It is but a very few swift years ago that the sainted friend and associate who gave his name to this magazine passed away, and now we are called upon to note another departure from the lessening group of which he was the head. Edward Seymour, of the firm of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., and one of the proprietors of this magazine as a member of Scribner & Co., died on the 28th of April, after a brief and painful illness, at the house of his father in Bloomfield, N. J. His death has brought a shock of grief to a wide circle of friends, and left a vacancy in business and social life not readily to be filled.

Born April 1st, 1835, he was a little past forty-two years of age when he died. He was prostrated thus, at the maturity and highest activity and efficiency of his powers. And these powers were of no mean order. He was one of our comparatively few literary book-sellers—quite competent to judge a book, to write a critique upon a book, to prepare a book for the press, or to create a book. There was hardly any detail of literary work with which he was not familiar.

While at Yale College, of which he was a graduate in the class of 1858, he corresponded with the "New York Times," then under the charge of Mr. Raymond. One of the first scholars of his class, it needed but this modest introduction to secure a place upon the reporting, and afterward upon the editorial, staff of that journal, with which he remained connected until 1868, when he took a salaried position in the publishing house of Charles Scribner & Co. Soon afterward, he became a member of the firm, and at its dissolution on the death of Mr. Scribner, he entered the new firm of Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Our readers will recall his recent article in this magazine, entitled "Trout-fishing in the Rangeley Lakes." The faithfulness with which the article was written, the keen love of out-of-door life which it manifested, the racy English in which the story was told, reveal the man as well, perhaps, as anything he has ever done, for it presented both sides of him—the conscientious literary man and artist, and the happy sportsman who was as fond of nature as of his own mother. His latest work was the editing and condensation of the life of Charles Kingsley. This was done with such cleverness as to call out the grateful acknowledgments of those who stood nearest in relation to the departed Englishman. But his life was full of work, and of work, too, that did not show—work which, in some instances, brought credit to others, never disowned by them. We can imagine no man more competently endowed by nature, or better furnished by study and experience, for the work which he undertook, than Mr. Seymour.

What we have lost as a friend in this sad death, it is harder to tell. Mr. Seymour was one of the most genial and companionable of men. He had a quick appreciation of everything that was humorous in conversation and incident, and a quick laugh at hand for its acknowledgment. He was like an unspoiled boy in this. A good story, a merry conversation, would beguile him of weariness and pain, and, indeed, it was the readiness with which, up to the last week of his life, he responded to the inspirations of his companionships, that deceived his friends and made it impossible for them to comprehend the dangerous character of his indisposition. His nature was particularly sunny, and it is sad for his friends to remember that it was particularly dependent upon the sun. Trouble did not stimulate—it depressed him. No man of his profession was more popular than he, and few were as widely and affectionately

known among contemporaneous authors, at home and abroad. There are few men, indeed, of any profession whose nature and personality are as acceptable and pleasing to such wide varieties of people as were those of Mr. Seymour. He won his way in the world, and never pushed it, and he never occupied a place in the popular esteem that was not, by every right, his own.

Mr. Seymour was a Christian, and for many years, until his cares became too heavy to permit it, was engaged in various forms of Christian service. An affectionate associate, a man of culture and power, an earnest Christian, a tender husband, a loving and beloved father, and a true and genial friend—it is hard to realize that we shall see his face no more. We give our hearty sympathy to his family. We most affectionately write these words of honor to his memory.

THE OLD CABINET.

THERE is a strange and interesting correspondence between the art of Tourguéneff and that of the late Jean-François Millet. We were very much impressed by this lately in looking over a portfolio of engravings after Millet's sketches. In these last were the same realism,—which yet is full of a most powerful imagination,—the same intensity, the same tragedy that we find in Tourguéneff. The parallel is seen to extend still farther when we come to Millet's painting—in color so rich, so full of vigor and charm, and also of solemnity.

It is said that Tourguéneff is not widely read in America. But certainly no living Continental author has equal influence over the younger generation of American writers. It would seem, too, that the often-noticed similarity between Russia and America, and the constant occurrence in his books of individual types, and of social and political situations which one had thought were peculiarly American,—it would seem that these accidents would be likely to hasten Tourguéneff's popularity in this country.

Since Mr. Boyesen's article was written, the story of "Assja" has appeared in the "Galaxy." In the number of that magazine for April, 1874, Mr. Boyesen gave an account of "A Visit to Tourguéneff," from which we quote the following. Mr. Boyesen had been expressing his admiration for Irene in "Smoke" when Tourguéneff replied:

"That character of Irene has a strange history. It was suggested to me from life. I have myself known her. And still it is not altogether the same; it is she, and still not she. I hardly know how to explain to you how characters develop in my mind. Every line I have written has been inspired by something which has happened to me or come within my observation. Not that I copy actual scenes and lives of actual persons—no; but they teach me a lesson and furnish me with the rough material for building. So also with a character. I seldom find it suitable to my purpose to copy directly a person of my own acquaintance, because it is but rarely that one finds a pure type. I then ask myself what nature intended with this or that person; what this or that trait of character would be if developed to its last psychological consequences. I do not take a single feature or a single peculiarity and make a man or a woman of it; on the contrary, I endeavor not to give undue prominence to any one trait; even if ever so characteristic, I try to show my men and women *en face* as well as *en profile*, and in fact in every attitude which has at the same time natural and artistic value. I cannot pride myself on strength of imagination; I have not the faculty of building in the air."

"What you say seems to me to explain the fact that your characters also assume distinct features to the mind of the reader; at least I know it has been the case with me. Bazaroff in 'Fathers and Sons,' and Irene, I know as well as I do my own brothers; their faces are familiar to me; I look upon them as old friends and acquaintances."

"And that is the very way I look upon them too—that is, as men and women whom I have once known intimately, but whose acquaintance I no longer keep up. While I was writing about them, they were as real to me as you are at this moment. When a character is suggested to me, he immediately takes possession of my mind; he haunts me continually by night and day, and will leave me no peace until I have done with him. When I read, he whispers his opinions in my ear; when I walk, he persists in making his criticism upon everybody I meet and upon everything I see and hear. Then at last I have to yield. I sit down and write his biography. I ask who was his father and who was his mother, what sort of people they were, and of what kind of a family they came, how they looked, and what were their habits. Then I inquire into the particulars of my hero's education; what was his personal appearance, how and in what kind of a town or country did he spend those years of his life in which character is especially molded. Sometimes I go still further, as, for instance, in the case of Bazaroff, the nihilist. He had taken such a powerful hold on me, I had to keep his journal, in which he wrote his opinions on all the leading questions of the day, religious, political, and social. The same I did in the case of another rather inferior figure in 'On the Eve'—— Well, I hardly remember his name this moment."

"Paul Shoubine," I ventured to suggest.

"Exactly—Paul Shoubine," he cried with visible delight; "why, you seem to know my character better than myself. Yes, it was Paul Shoubine. I have just been burning his posthumous papers lately; and they were bulkier by a good deal than the volume I published. These things I merely regard as preparatory studies; as long as there is anything misty about any of the figures, as long as their faces do not stand clear and distinct before my mind's eye, I can do nothing at all with my story."

"What you say about your inquiring into the pedigree and family history of your heroes, and even writing whole books about them, not intended for publication, reminds me of a very interesting article which appeared in the 'Atlantic Monthly' some time ago. The author, Mr. Lathrop, there proves that Hawthorne very soon abandoned the idea of publishing his romance 'Septimius Felton,' and that he looked upon it merely as a study, as an indispensable block in the pedestal which was to rear that exquisite though unfinished work of art, 'The Dolliver Romance.'"

"Yes," he said musingly, "Hawthorne was a man of energy and determination. I rather work *con amore*. Only to give you an instance of how involuntarily I often stumble upon a plot, I shall only mention the way in which 'Fathers and Sons' came into existence. As I was walking one day, I happened to think of death, and immediately I saw a scene at a death-bed. It was Bazaroff dying. The scene made a strong impression upon me, and then afterward the characters gradually developed."

The conversation was continued for several hours, and many other topics were brought up for discussion. As we parted, Tourguéneff made me a present of the German edition of those of his works which I did not already possess. Of "Spring Floods" and the one last written, "The Nobleman of the Steppe" (not "The Lear of the Steppe"), he gave me the French edition. * * *

The last time I saw Tourguéneff was the evening previous to my departure for this country. His last words to me were: "*Au revoir* in America!" * * *

In his twentieth year our author went abroad, and in Berlin studied German literature and the Hegelian philosophy. For three years he remained in Germany, and mastered the language to perfection. French he speaks like a native, and in English he has acquired great facility of expression; his foreign accent is just slightly perceptible in his use of rising and falling inflections, but his pronunciation is faultless. With his return to Russia in the year 1841 begins his literary career, although he is at present not disposed to acknowledge the poems which date back to this period as legitimate children of his brain. He gives the critic Belinski the credit of having opened his eyes to a truer appreciation of nature and of his own mission as an author. The time from 1846 to 1850 he spent in Germany, France, and Italy, and during this period appeared, besides a series of short stories, as "Petuschof," "The Jew," "Three Portraits," and "The Swaggerer," that work which struck, as it were, the dominant chord of his life, and pointed out the direction of his whole future activity,—I mean "The Journal of a Sportsman." Here we find for the first time that deep, unconscious sympathy with nature, and those marvelously vivid and truthful pictures of the life of the serfs, which were to exercise so great an influence upon the future of Russia.

There has seldom been so interesting and important a confession of methods in literary art as this. We think that Tourguéneff's readers will, however, hardly agree with him as to his strength of imagination. He does not choose to do, or he may even not be able to do, a great deal of invention,—though, we imagine if his taste ran that way, he would find ability enough; but it would be as idle to deny imagination to the author of the "Purgatorio," as to the author of "Fathers and Sons." It must have been Tourguéneff's modesty that led him to say that, and not a lack of understanding of the nature of imagination.

To take an illustration from Millet,—how much more of imagination there is in that "realistic" drawing of his of the peasant who stands in the field, gaunt and crook-kneed, against the twilight sky, pulling on his blouse, after his day's work,—how much more of imagination there is in this than in Kaulbach's "Era of the Reformation." But, it may be said, why do you speak of Kaulbach's picture instead of Raphael's "School of Athens," where there are both imagination and invention?

Well, we are far from sure (as intimated above) that Tourguéneff has not in him the elements of invention such as this. Literary art was formerly divided into the classic and the romantic; Tourguéneff himself is called a realist—"the head of the realistic school in fiction"; but, is not realism a branch of romanticism,—is it not the natural reaction from the extreme to which romanticism has lately been carried? Is it not his individual taste (the result of contemporaneous influences) which induces his imagination to work realistically, as it is called, rather than a lack of invention. For, certainly, he *has* invention, there being only a question as to quantity.*

THE Philistine outside of art, and the Philistine inside of art have lately been referred to here. There is another species, namely, the educated Philistine. Philistinism, as one learns from experience, is something inborn, and has little or nothing to do with circumstances. We are acquainted with an old colored woman, of very little education, but with a natural insight and an intellectual hospitality that mark her at once as anything but a Philistine. In fact, the more a Philistine is educated, the more his Philistinism becomes apparent. It is he who gives two or three very learned and excellent reasons for liking some very silly book or picture. Sometimes you reproach yourself for harboring hard thoughts of him; you say, "he cannot, after all, be such a bad fellow, for is he not an admirer of this or that great writer or artist? There must be some discernment in him." But soon you discover that the great man whom he admires has either been dead many centuries, or else, if a modern, is some modern about whose force there is no question. When brought to the test of a decision on some fresh subject, the educated Philistine at once betrays himself; for it now appears that his expressions of appreciation of contemporaneous or long departed excellence were mere lessons learned by rote. It is when the educated Philistine becomes a public and professional critic that his Philistinism is most painfully conspicuous. He tries to hide it, but, like murder, it will out. He finds that some famous critics have gained reputation, as he supposes, by their severity; thereupon, he himself falls to condemning with great heartiness; but the trouble is that he condemns among the bad also the really good books, or good pictures, or musical performances. If he praises, it is with the same uncertainty. Having no real insight or taste to guide him, he is of course continually making mistakes of this kind. But we need not regard him with pity, for it is one of the traits of the educated Philistine that he never finds out his mistakes. He is self-satisfied and happy to the last.

WE were struck the other day by the reply of a musician to a friend who had asked him to play on a piano which was out of tune. Some one was present who had not before heard the pianist. "Do play for us," said the musician's friend, "Mr. Blank will make allowances for the condition of the piano." "Make allowances!" replied the pianist, "I have heard that all my life, and it never was and never will be true. Nobody 'makes allowances.' If a pianist plays on a bad piano, or a tenor sings when he has a sore throat, or an orator gets out of his death-bed to make a speech,—the audience is disappointed because he does not do his best work,

* Tourguéneff's works are published in this country, in English, by Henry Holt & Co. Mr. Boyesen has translated for the July number of SCRIBNER, one of Tourguéneff's most interesting shorter works, which will be printed, with illustrations by George Inness, Jr.

and it carries away an impression of the performance which is likely to last for a life-time. It's the same in housekeeping, and dressing, and business, and everything else. People expect the best under all circumstances. There is no such thing as 'making allowances.'"

We saw some time ago a picture of an oriental group surrounding a juggler who was lying on his back, on a rug, while he kept three poniards circling in the air above his bare throat. This idle and admiring group, we said to ourselves, represents a large class of the public; and this juggler represents the artist and his work, as understood by them. Art gives them no worthy emotion; they are filled only with a pleased wonder.

A part of what we call the public look upon all art as a sort of jugglery—a picture is with them a sleight of hand performance. They have a childish delight in seeing a man's hat or a piece of crockery painted so that it "looks just like the real thing." It is a fact, by the way, that so badly are our eyes trained in seeing, and so influenced have we all been, unconsciously, by poor and untruthful drawings and paintings, as well as by photographs, that the things which the public suppose to be just like the natural objects are apt to be in reality extremely *un*like them. There is little doubt, for instance, that the fourth-rate portrait painters, who used to do so large a business in this country before the advent of photography, gave much better satisfaction with their "likenesses" than the old masters would have given to the same class of patrons.

There is, of course, a certain legitimate sleight of hand in painting, but this is merely the technical skill which comes by practice to the painter, as it comes to the pianist, or to the mechanician. The imitative jugglery which the public especially admire, such as the veiled ladies of sculpture, the yellow mists which some of our painters are always spreading over their pictures, the reflections in water, the streaks of sunshine, and other illusions,—such, for instance, as Gérôme uses in his "Sword Dance,"—these and a hundred similar devices are, of course, the cheapest sort of effects. They cost the painter nothing in the way of thought. He can do them easily and at any time. They are really what the untrained public consider all art to be—nothing but trick,—the miracles of Heller.

The true miraculous in art is a different thing. In pictures of real worth there is often a mysterious quality which is not the result of legerdemain. We do not now refer to that element in a picture which *makes* it a picture, and which impresses itself upon every cultured beholder and often upon the uncultured; but we mean a mystery of technique,—some effect of color or tone which painters only, or those especially trained, can detect. A painter will look at the work of another painter and say (speaking of the technique) "Here is something I cannot account for. I do not see how this was done."

We know there are painters who hold that great effects may be produced by a kind of cold mathematical calculation. This undoubtedly is so, if the calculation is made by a man of extraordinary force—(it always comes back to a question of the artist's individuality). But even with painters who believe this there are fortunate moments which bring extraordinary results, by means which they themselves are hardly able to render an account of.

Is there not something in the making of poems analogous to this mystery of technique in painting. Those are not poor poems in which the reader can, as he imagines, trace the workings of the poet's mind. Take, for instance, Keats's sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." One of the pleasures of reading that sonnet is the feeling one sometimes has that he sees it growing under his eyes. On the other hand we have heard a person of great discernment say that he could tell something about the way that everybody's poetry was made except Emerson's. *That* completely nonplussed him. He did not know where it came from, or how it was done. There was humor in the observation, but no disparagement either intended or to be inferred.

The articles in "MacMillan's Magazine" on Charlotte Brontë are now, with additions, brought out in book form.* They really make a new, original life of "Currer Bell." The book is intensely interesting. Its literary style is not in all respects adequate; the sentences are rounded a little too much in the manner of the special correspondent; but the work has been done with industry and sympathy. In one respect the "monograph" is superior to Mrs. Gaskell's "biography." Mr. Reid does not make Mrs. Gaskell's mistake of imputing coarseness to portions of Charlotte Brontë's stories.

It seems an astounding thing that one's most intimate correspondence may be subject to the fate of Charlotte Brontë's letters. There are not many men or women whose letters would stand the test of publication so well. These letters of Charlotte's (which are now first gathered together) are restrained and quiet. Their freedom from sentimentality and gush gives one renewed confidence in the intensity of expression in her formal, published works.

Singer and Poet.

"Make me a summer song, for music meet,
And you shall hear it when you come again—
Let it be full of life
And sunshine and of flowers.

"It must run so,"—she laughing spoke, and then
Struck the white keys and played a joyful tune:
'Twas winter, but I thought
The birds began to sing.

I waited till the frozen buds should bloom
For then, I said, my song were better tuned—
Catching a sound of mirth
From the awakening world.

O friend,—dear friend! The winter has gone by
But still thy poet's song will not be glad,
While the bright flowers of June
Blossom above thy grave.

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* Charlotte Brontë. A Monograph. (With Illustrations.) By T. Wemyss Reid. London: MacMillan & Co. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Glassware and Glass-houses.

"A PERPLEXED Housekeeper," writes to us on the subject of glass for the table: the time has come when her "nice, beautiful and complete sets of cut glass have been made almost a total wreck by the vandal hands of irrepressible Bridget," and she "hardly dares ask a few friends to tea, until she can replenish her table with this necessary ware." In such a plight, one would think that persons of ordinary Christian feeling would try to soothe the anguish of their neighbor, and if they could not help her to lay in a new stock of glassware, that they would at least refrain from throwing metaphorical stones at such glass as she has. Yet her letter reveals the painful fact that she has a heartless friend named Amelia, "who visits friends in the city," and who taunts her with the unfashionableness of her "goblets," assures her that this form of drinking-vessels is no longer tolerated, tumblers being the only proper thing; and when she sees the tears starting to the eyes of the perplexed housekeeper, she slyly exclaims, "Ha! now will I draw the waters!" and gives her an additional stab with the stern tidings that "hollow-stem champagnes are entirely tabooed, and that the few sherry and claret glasses she has left are entirely out of style!" Need we add that the anxious housekeeper confides to us her secret hatred for her dear friend Amelia, and assures us that while she has "the greatest confidence in what she says," "she *would* like to prove to her that she doesn't know everything!" And we are to be the means of helping the perplexed housekeeper to this revenge upon her friend Amelia—"who visits friends in the city." She asks us to give a little space to "glass," to tell our readers the "correct shape, size, and style of table-glass—whether it should be engraved or plain," in short to put her in possession of a complete armory by which, on her next visit, she can utterly demolish and confound the heartless Amelia.

Well, Amelia is certainly wrong. If, when she next "visits friends in this city," she will go to Tiffany's or Collamore's, she will find that cut-glass—the old-fashioned, heavy, many-faceted cut-glass of our grandmothers—is glittering and sparkling in prismatic splendor on the tables of all the fashionable people of to-day—that is, all the fashionable people who do not like glass of the thinnest make without any "cutting" at all! So with goblets. Nobody uses goblets to-day who prefers tumblers, unless it be the people who like both! And engraved glass is seen on every table that has a right to call itself fashionable, provided the owner of the table does not better like glass that is not engraved. But, to make sure that he is doing the right thing, and having plenty of money, he will order engraved and unengraved glass together, and the result is that "proper" people, like Amelia, don't know where they stand, and think they have fallen on degenerate days.

Degenerate or not, the facts are these. There is now an absolute liberty of choice in glass as in everything. Among sensible people who stood on their own feet, there always was this liberty of choice, of course; but now, liberty of choice is "the thing." Said one well-known dealer to us, the other day — If you ask me what is the fashion in glass, I say everything is the fashion. Some people think there is nothing like heavy cut-glass, others think there is nothing like Baccarat's crystal, or the English glass, as plain in form as Baccarat's, but clearer, more brilliant. Some people think engraved glass very desirable, while others will not have it, or have only a piece or two to show as a curiosity, or to put at the service of a favored guest. In short, the tastes of no two people are alike, and in the very heart of what is known as the best society, every one has perfect liberty to furnish her table as her own taste may persuade her.

Our own preference leads us to recommend the plain English or the French Baccarat glass—the latter so called after the manufacturer. The shapes of the tumblers, goblets, wine-glasses, and preserve-dishes, of English and French make alike, are simple and make no pretense of novelty, but for this very reason they will be found to please longer than forms got up to catch the eye of people bent on being "in the fashion." All table-glass needs to be kept not only immaculately clean, but highly polished, and of course this is more difficult to accomplish with the plain glass than with such as has eye-taking ornaments upon it, just as plain body-linen is harder to launder than such as is frilled, tucked, and embroidered. We shall not be misunderstood; we mean that, in the one case, there is no escape from the inquisitive eye—every spot tells, every cloud shows, and immaculateness is harder to accomplish. In the other case there are hiding-places for specks and flaws, and the eye of both maid and mistress is more easily satisfied.

The housekeeper wants her table, when dressed, to please the sight. But some are pleased with neatness and a Quaker simplicity, others want picturesque oddity, and others again want richness and abundance. In our present state of freedom, we can, all of us—"Quakers," "artists," "leaders of society" in this, that, or the other Little Pedlington—dress our table to suit ourselves. And a good thing it is that there are such differences of taste. To show how little any formula of style or fashion holds in our society, we may tell our perplexed housekeeper that in the principal shops of New York the salesmen will show you "sets" of all the kinds of table-glass, heavy, cut, plain, engraved, and Venetian, and then will tell you that many people like to mix all these up, to have the tumblers or goblets of one kind, and even to alternate the guests with tumblers and goblets (think of that, thou Amelia, who visitest friends in the city!) then, claret, champagne, hock, sherry,—liqueur plain, en-

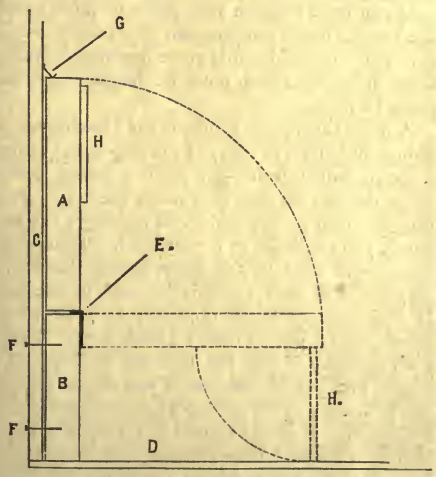
graved, colored—like a bouquet of flowers at each plate. Perhaps at dessert a dish of Venetian glass, milky white, with its roses and green leaves about the edge, will be set to holding the fruit, while a dish of heavy cut-glass at one end gives back sparkle for sparkle with the jelly that fills it, and a dish of English crystal with twisted handles at the other end, matches with its smooth severity the severe smoothness of the blanc-mange.

We advise our perplexed housekeeper not to let her life be made miserable by her friend Amelia, nor by the fear of what her friends' friends in the city are doing or saying. Just let her please herself—put money in her purse, and go to see Tiffany or Collamore and buy what pleases her womanly eye; aided if need be by the experience of the salesman, though she will be better without it. If she can be really independent, pleasing herself, and if she have the taste that women have so often—she will dress her table so attractively that her guests will all be inly persuaded she has been "visiting friends in the city," and has learned the latest news. "We are the makers of manners, Kate," says young King Harry to his princess, and every housekeeper, with a taste of her own and independent enough to follow it, will find herself making the manners of all her neighborhood.

C. C.

A Makeshift Bedstead.

Two or three summers ago it became desirable to construct for use in a diminutive sea-side cottage, a bedstead which should be always ready when wanted, and yet out of the way when not in use. A simple box-frame was made by nailing together four pieces, the sides being about seven feet long and the ends two and a half. The pieces were five



A, End of box frame; B, scantling; C, wall; D, floor; E, T-hinge; F, F, screws fastening scantling to wall; G, hook; H, H, legs.

inches wide. Across this frame stout slats were nailed for the mattress to rest on. Two pieces of light scantling of the proper length for legs and a little wider than the frame pieces were then screwed to the wall about five feet apart, care being taken to place the screws where they would hold firmly. To these the frame was hinged with two strong wrought-iron T-hinges, fastened to the lower edge of the side, so that the whole frame could be raised close against the wall, and held in that position by a hook. To the outer side of the frame, legs were hinged so that they would by their own weight drop against the slats or between two of them, when the bed was raised.

The contrivance has served its purpose admirably in the cottage in question, and the device is perfectly applicable to a larger bed, where economy of space is desirable. Any of the ready-made wooden cots, the Howe patent, for instance, may be arranged in like manner. When not lowered for use, a coverlet may be hung over the unsightly slats, or a shelf may be placed above the bed, and a curtain hung from its edge may be as ornamental as taste or purse permits.

The mattress and clothing resting on the slats are wholly within the box-frame, so that it can fit as closely against the wall as is indicated in the diagram. If necessary, the hinged legs can be prevented from swinging too far outward by attaching to each of them a cord of the proper length. When rightly hung, however, they will not need this.

The object of the pieces of scantling is, of course, to "bear" out the bed from the wall so that it can fold up closely, but long pieces fastened horizontally and supported by brackets would serve quite as well, and would prevent a child from falling out of bed. Indeed, if pieces of scantling are used, it is well to nail a long board upon it to serve as a preventer as specified.

A bed arranged in this way, as it might easily be, would give many a young fellow who has to live in a hall bedroom, twice the space he can otherwise enjoy.

C. L. N.

Cistern Water.

In our climate, where rain is abundant during a considerable portion of the year, the water falling upon the roof of any house, if properly collected and stored, is ample for the whole supply of the family which that roof shelters. This water as it falls is ordinarily free from any impurity that can affect its taste, and from every source of serious fouling, though after a long-continued drought it is well to divert and discharge upon the surface of the ground the first ten minutes' flow of a shower—so that the impurities of the air, and the dust of the roof may be first removed. After this first dash, lead to the cistern all that follows. Even with this precaution the water will be more agreeable for use if filtered. There are numerous systems for making filters in cisterns, but no other is so simple, nor so durable and satisfactory as the separation of that part of the cistern from which the suction-pipe leads by a wall of brick and cement. It is simply necessary to build a wall of brick set on edge (two and a half inches thick), so as to include about one-quarter of the area of the bottom,

sloping it back so as to terminate against the side of the cistern at a height of from four to six feet. This wall should be so well cemented at its joints that water can only pass through the material of brick, and for strength its form should be slightly bulging. A wall of this sort, measuring say six feet at its base and rising to a height of six feet at its highest point, will transmit an amount of water sufficient to supply the demand of the most constant pumping that any domestic use can require.

G. E. W., Jr.

Camp Stoves and Cooking Utensils.*

If you have a permanent camp, or if moving you have wagon-room enough, you will find a stove to be most valuable property. If your party is large it is almost a necessity.

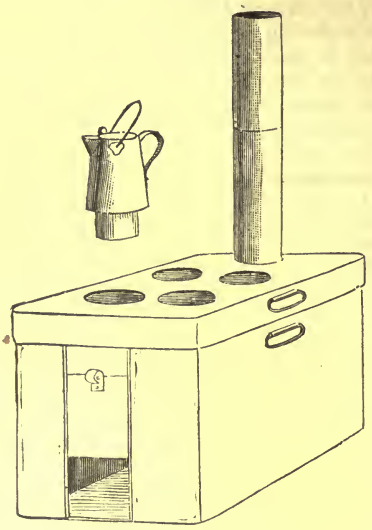
For a permanent camp you can generally get something second-hand at a stove-dealer's or the junk shop. For the march you will need a stove of sheet-iron. About the simplest, smallest, and cheapest thing is a round-cornered box made of sheet-iron, eighteen to twenty-four inches long and nine to twelve inches high. It needs no bottom: the ground will answer for that. The top, which is fixed, is a flat piece of sheet iron, with a hole near one end large enough for a pot or pan, and a hole (collar) for the funnel near the other end. It is well also to have a small hole, with a slide to open and close it with, in the end of the box near the bottom, so as to put in wood, and regulate the draught; but you can dispense with the slide by raising the stove from the ground when you want to admit fuel or air.

I have used a more elaborate article than this. It is an old sheet-iron stove that came home from the army, and has since been taken down the coast and around the mountains with parties of ten to twenty. It was almost an indispensable article with such large companies. It is a round-cornered box, twenty-one inches long, by twenty wide, and thirteen inches high, with a slide in the front end to admit air and fuel. The bottom is fixed to the body; the top removes, and is fitted loosely to the body after the style of a firkin-cover, *i. e.*, the flange, which is deep and strong, goes *outside* the stove. There are two holes on the top 5½ inches in diameter, and two 7½ inches, besides the collar for the funnel; and these holes have covers neatly fitted. All of the cooking utensils and the funnel can be packed inside the stove; and, if you fear it may upset on the march, you can tie the handles of the stove to those of the top-piece.

A stove like this will cost about ten dollars; but it is a treasure for a large party or one where there are ladies, or those who object to having their eyes filled with smoke. The coffee-pot and tea-pot for this stove have "sunk bottoms," and hence will boil quicker by presenting more surface to the fire. You should cover the bottom of the stove with four inches or more of earth before making a fire in it.

To prevent the pots and kettles from smutting everything they touch, each has a separate bag in which it is packed and carried.

The funnel was in five joints, each eighteen inches long, and made upon the "telescope" principle,



which is objectionable on account of the smut and the jams the funnel is sure to receive. In practice we have found three lengths sufficient, but have had two elbows made; and with these we can use the stove in an old house, shed, or tent, and secure good draught.

If you have ladies in your party, or those to whom the rough side of camping-out offers few attractions, it is well to consider this stove question. Either of these here described must be handled and transported with care.

A more substantial article is the Dutch oven, now almost unknown in many of the states. It is simply a deep, bailed frying-pan with a heavy cast iron cover that fits on and overhangs the top. By putting the oven on the coals, and making a fire on the cover, you can bake in it very well. Thousands of these were used by the army during the war, and they are still very extensively used in the South. If their weight is no objection to your plans, I should advise you to have a Dutch oven. They are not expensive if you can find one to buy. If you cannot find one for sale, see if you cannot improvise one in some way by getting a heavy cover for a deep frying-pan. It would be well to try such an improvisation at home before starting, and learn if it will bake or burn, before taking it with you.

Another substitute for a stove is one much used nowadays by camping-parties, and is suited for permanent camps. It is the top of an old cooking-stove, with a length or two of funnel. If you build a good tight fire-place underneath, it answers pretty

* We take these timely suggestions from a practical little volume by John M. Gould, entitled, "How to Camp Out," recently published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

well. The objection to it is the difficulty of making and keeping the fire-place tight, and it smokes badly when the wind is not favorable for draught. I have seen a great many of these in use, but never knew but one that did well in all weathers, and this had a fire-place nicely built of brick and mortar, and a tight iron door.

Still another article that can be used in permanent camps, or if you have a wagon, is the old-fashioned "Yankee baker," now almost unknown. You can easily find a tinman who has seen and can make one. There is not, however, very often an occasion for baking in camp, or at least most people prefer to fry, boil, or broil. Camp stoves are now a regular article of trade; many of them are good, and many are worthless. I cannot undertake to state here the merits or demerits of any particular kind; but before putting money into any I should try to get the advice of some practical man, and not buy anything with hinged joints or complicated mechanism.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The National Academy Exhibition, 1877.

ABOUT fifteen years ago there was a "revival" in American art somewhat similar to that which is marked by the Academy Exhibition of the present year; and fifteen years before that there was another. But we doubt whether either of the two former "revivals" was so appreciable by the public as the latest. This year the new men have fairly carried the exhibition and the world by storm.

It is said by some of the wise-heads that all this juvenile display is mere cleverness and imitation. "These boys," it is declared, "are merely repeating by rote the lesson learned from their masters. There is nothing in it, and nothing behind it." There is a certain amount of truth in this. It is beyond controversy that many of these baby artists have yet to prove that they can stand alone. Methods and technicalities are one thing, and art is another. They have learned how to talk,—hereafter it will appear whether they have anything to say.

But certainly we do not see any reason in the condemnation which has been lavished upon these cunning youths. That they *have* learned the methods, is evident enough: that they *have* acquired the language so far as their masters could teach it to them, is beyond dispute. Of course they have much more to learn with regard even to the mere technicalities of painting,—for we doubt if any artist, old or young, has said to himself "At last I know it all,"—but on the whole they have been bright pupils and have gone as far—these young Americans—as students to the manner born; they are painting as well to-day in Paris and Munich and New York as any students of their age; and this although having spent but a few years in an "art atmosphere" instead of a life-time. The fact that so many of our young men have gone to work with such keen enthusiasm to get the best art education available, and that they have shown so much aptness and ability, and have succeeded so admirably—we say that this is full of interest and encouragement, and should be greeted with applause, and not with disparagement.

One of the most interesting of the young men whose work is displayed this year is the Munich student Duveneck. As one stands before his gorgeous painting of still-life, of which the attenuated "Turkish Page" is a mere accessory, one says to himself "Here is humanity wrecked on the shore of decoration!" It is a brutal picture. The dark-browed skeleton-armed boy—there is no more consideration for him, than for the public who are made to look at him. The colors are piled on with savagery. For all that, it is a glowing and splendid canvas,—painted with delight, and with an artist's love for color, if not with an artist's love for human nature. As a studio study it is full of promise. High toward the ceiling we find another Duveneck; a portrait of Charles Dudley Warner, which we wish were within inspecting distance,—for, though a bit mannered perhaps, it seems to have a sense of character and a subtlety which are excellent complements to the qualities of the larger and nearer picture. W. M. Chase has worked under the same influences as Duveneck, and even in the same studio, for his "Unexpected Intrusion" is a clever study of the same "properties" as are used in "The Turkish Page."

Walter Shirlaw, also of Munich, has the brilliancy of Duveneck, though not, perhaps, his richness and depth of color. His "Sheep-shearing in the Bavarian Highlands" is the most prominent *genre* picture of the exhibition. It should be seen at a distance, and should be looked at for some time, if one wishes to lose the first impression of confusion in the composition. Many of the separate parts of this spirited and graceful work are undeniably good, and it contains some excellent rendering of character. Dielman's little study of a "Patrician Lady" is one of the best pieces of painting here. It is especially admired by artists for its tone; although in point of technique it is exquisitely managed in every particular.

Among the young men from Paris Edgar M. Ward is conspicuous. His work is good, though without much fire. Mr. Ward's strong point is not his color; some of his pieces are dull and inky, and would perhaps find nearly all their best qualities preserved in an engraving or photograph; but the color in his most important work "Washing-Place, Brittany," is more agreeable than in the examples in the north room. We do not think that this picture suffers by its proximity to the more ambitious work of Shirlaw,—for although not so brilliant as the latter, its subdued color is a rebuke to the not very costly profusion of the "Sheep-shearing." Hovenden's work has much in common with that of Ward.

Julian Weir, the youngest of a family of artists, exhibits some clever pictures of varying excellence; in his head of a "Peasant Girl of Brittany" he has expressed, with unusual refinement, all the charm that could be found by a thoughtful observer in a face which most people would pass by as uninteresting. Abbot Thayer carries out the promise of his earlier work; he has lost none of his individuality, and has gained in knowledge and in mastery of his material. Mr. Thayer calls himself an "animal painter," but we have heard artists say that there are no better figures of children in the exhibition than those with his "Stubborn Donkey." This picture is painted in a gray key, but the color is so pure and delicate that instead of being quite put out of countenance by its somewhat gaudy surroundings, it helps to make the color of most of the pictures about it seem crude and ugly. We think that after many visits to the exhibition the careful observer will conclude that few of the younger men have made such substantial advances as Mr. Thayer in learning the art of painting. His work is as strong as it is gentle and refined; he shows not only taste but brains. We wish we could be as confident of the future of these showy Munich boys as we are of his. Sartain has here some interesting heads, and his "Narcissus" is apparently a good life study, although it is too high to be seen to advantage.

We can barely mention Low, who has a very clever "Revery" in the Carolus Duran manner,—a manner which he will do well to forsake as soon as possible; Hamilton, whose subject, in "Le Rire," will cause many to overlook the artistic excellences of the painting (it is a coarse and unpictorial subject, surely, but not treated coarsely); John W. Bolles, who sends a very bad "Esmeralda," and a very good picture of a "Woman testing an Egg;" Maria R. Oakey, whose "Innamorato" shows a fine sense of decorative color; George Inness, Jr., with some cattle pictures not so spirited and satisfactory as his sketches; Mrs. Whitman, whose decorative panels, exhibited elsewhere in New York, show so much freedom and grace, and who exhibits a head painted with much feeling, and a poetic "Sunrise at Newport;" the vigorous, if conventional, drawings of Erxleben on the stair-way; Miss Bartol's strong "Portrait;" interesting heads by Gortelmeyer and Witt; the beautiful landscapes of Waterman; Champney's sketches and figure subjects, or the pictures of Knight, Swift, Macy, Hitch, Mrs. Gifford, Miss Lea, and Miss Stone. The works of Benjamin C. Porter, of Boston, are among the most attractive in the exhibition; his color is rich and soft, though wanting in depth and intensity. Wyatt Eaton, while apparently lacking the intensity and brilliancy of Duveneck and others, shows qualities which are likely to carry him as far as they if not farther. His "Harvesters at Rest" has a solidity and reality of drawing and a seriousness of purpose which make it a picture, and not a mere bit of decoration. Whether or not it augurs well for him, Eaton has certainly avoided acquiring the mannerisms of his European masters. Gérôme was his teacher, but there is nothing of Gérôme's personality in Eaton's work; he had the advantage of Millet's friendship and influence, yet the "Harvesters at Rest" is utterly unlike Millet both in spirit and in method.

If we turn now to the artists with whose names the public are more familiar, we find that while many of them—Sanford Gifford, McEntee, Le Clear, Whittredge, Wyant, Heade and others—are fully represented here, the greatest advances seem to have been made by Inness, Miller and Swain Gifford. Inness should be especially praised as one of our older artists who has not fallen into the ruts either of ignorance or indifference. The landscapes of no painter in the exhibition, young or old, are so luminous, so full of vitality. This artist has lost none of the force, and what is still more remarkable, none of the curiosity of youth. Mr. Miller, a much younger man, has taken a long step in advance of his former work, reaching, in one example at least (445, "Autumn"), a largeness and a strength of treatment which we associate with the masters. In color Mr. Miller's "Autumn" approaches the work of Inness. Mr. Swain Gifford's landscapes, while as usual good in color, show a marked increase in power and interest. It would be interesting to review the examples of T. Moran, who proves his versatility by coming out in quite a new rôle this year; of Homer Martin, whose color is always subtile and original; of Winslow Homer, whose landscape is one of the freshest and strongest on these walls; and of Eastman Johnson who would always make agreeable pictures, if he had taste to guide him in the choice of subjects,—as witness his admirable "Dropping Off" and his painful "City People in Country Quarters." Mr. Julio sends, from the South, a picture of negroes harvesting cow-pea-vines, which shows, what he intended to show, that negro life may furnish subjects to the artist aside from its comical features. If this artist should receive the requisite training in color, he would send north much more agreeable pictures in a line of character which he seems to be able to handle. Winslow Homer's "Cotton Pickers," exhibited lately at "The Century," is a work which Mr. Julio might study to advantage.

The sculpture is so huddled that it is impossible to see or judge of it. There are several examples here of Mr. Hartley's work, which is always graceful, if not strong, and a striking portrait-head by a pupil of St. Gaudens, whose own work we are sorry not to find represented. In the East Room a portrait-head by O'Donovan seems to be an honest and good piece of modeling.

Many interesting pictures cannot even be named, but enough has been said to indicate that there is unusual life and movement in art. It is true that not many of the older and very few of the younger men show much thought; there are not many profound ideas or emotions to be gained in walking through these galleries, whose walls are so crowded, but when we see such increasing numbers of painters, and such increasing numbers of persons interested in painting, the chances are favorable for the outcropping of genius and for its due appreciation and encouragement.

"That Lass o' Lowrie's."*

If we are to judge a story by its power over its intelligent readers, "That Lass o' Lowrie's" must take no mean rank. The critic who reads it with sympathy is hardly in a mood to write dispassionately about it. The story produced a profound impression as it was read in its serial form, but the impression is greatly deepened and strengthened as we turn the pages of the book, and are swept along on the rapid current of the narrative—where one heart-compelling scene follows another with the vividness and intensity of an acted tragedy, relieved here and there by passages of bright and genial humor. Few novelists have Mrs. Burnett's ability to bring before our eyes a scene in which men and women seem to be actually moving and speaking. The "Lass" standing with the child in her arms, and confronting Liz's tormentors in a flame of wrath; Joan "shadowing" Derrick on the Knoll Road; the death of Lowrie; Joan's appeal to the men to let her join the party of rescue; her appearance in the evening at the gate of the house in which Derrick lay; the last scene in the book, where Joan turns away from her lover and leans her head against the tree,—these, and many other pictures, linger long in the memory. And this is not merely because the separate incidents are related with vivacity; but because the author understands the human heart, and makes her characters act not only consistently with her view of their different individualities, but in accordance with what we feel to be truth to nature.

We think that there are evidences that the author has not in every case thoroughly understood her own characters, though she has generally reported their *actions* correctly. It would be strange if so young and inexperienced a writer should make no mistakes of this kind. On the other hand, there is often a subtlety of observation, that gives good promise for her future work. Of Liz it is said, and every reader of the book will recognize the aptness of the illustration: "her shame, her grief, her misery, were all mere straws eddying on the pool of her discomfort." Liz, by the way, seems to us perfectly drawn; there may be false touches here and there in the drawing of other characters,—even that of Joan, however strong and successful the portrait as a whole,—but Liz in every action and every word is accurately portrayed.

This author's pathetic power is remarkable. Many story-writers can describe situations supposed to be pathetic; but it is not often that these situations deeply move the reader. Mrs. Burnett, however, rarely fails to make her story affecting when she attempts to do so. Her humor also is fresh and sustained. Sammy Craddock is an original and delightful creation,—a study of character relying for effect not upon distortion or exaggeration, but upon its inherent truthfulness. "Owd Sammy" is autocrat of the village, not merely by virtue of his wit, but by reason of his own innate sense of superiority. When Derrick thrashes Lowrie, "Owd Sammy" stands one side and tranquilly assumes the position of the victor: "He's done a bit o' work as I'd ha' takken i' hond mysen long ago, if I'd ha' been thirty years younger, an' a bit less stiff i' th' hinges." Even when, at last, he sees fit to apologize to the "little parson" he wears the apology as a feather in his cap, and by no means as a token of surrender and mortification.

Mrs. Burnett is, we fear, in danger of writing when she has nothing to say; but some of the short stories which have appeared since "That Lass o' Lowrie's" was written have shown maturing powers of observation and, we think, a more precise literary style, with no falling off in humor and pathos.

Bret Harte's "Thankful Blossom."*

Both Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. Howells seem to be casting longing glances of late toward the stage. To be sure, the former has come out actually as a playwright, but in "Thankful Blossom" he seems to have reverted again to the half-way house still occupied by Mr. Howells with his recent "Atlantic" story called "Out of the Question." They both linger, as it were, in the greenroom, for the stories are not actable enough to be thought of for the stage, yet smack so much of the scene-shifter that their natural habitat is inside the walls of the theater. The two are, however, very distinct departments of literature. While a story gives a thousand chances for quiet and thorough painting of character, a play has to be comparatively superficial, since it treats of actions of people more than their impulses and thoughts. Hence the effort to combine the two, however cleverly done, is pretty sure to be less successful than the writer expects. Charles Reade, in some of his early novels, knew how to do it about as well as any one; but even with him the eventual success of the plan is problematical.

"Thankful Blossom"—the name of a pretty girl in Morristown, N. J., A. D. 1779—is a story without depth and reflection, yet not ready to be put upon a stage. It is clever, but then we have a right to expect Mr. Harte to be clever. It consists chiefly in action, in "scenes," yet it would never do as the basis even of a comedietta. The first scene gives a winter meeting between Thankful and her lover, Major Brewster of the Connecticut troops. The next is the arrest of Brewster, by order of General Washington. In part second, Thankful's father and two mysterious foreigners figure, one of whom shows his good taste by kissing Thankful. Then Major Van Zandt arrives to quarter himself on Blossom, and tells Thankful of her lover's arrest. Thankful rides off to General Washington after having horsewhipped Van Zandt by mistake. Some rather dull and pointless scenes give historical views of Washington. Brewster's villainy is exposed, and

* That Lass o' Lowrie's. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

* Thankful Blossom. A Romance of the Jerseys, 1779. By Bret Harte. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

Thankful finds herself in love with the horsewhipped Van Zandt. Brewster escapes. Van Zandt chases him, and Thankful chases Van Zandt. She overtakes him, nurses him through the small-pox, and insists on marrying him. Finis.

The story is very light and will not require much mental effort to read; but it may occupy a spare hour or so agreeably enough. It is a pity we do not get more real Western character drawing from Mr. Harte. He has shown himself able in that field, and certainly it cannot have been exhausted by what he has already given the world.

"The Unseen World." *

It is not often that a volume of essays by a single author covers so wide a range of topics as this of Mr. Fiske's, including, as it does, speculations upon immortality, parallels between ancient and modern life, and theological, literary, historical and musical criticism. Perhaps the most satisfactory treatment which our space allows will be given by a separate consideration of one or two essays which we have found among the most striking. That from which the book takes its title was suggested by an ingenious theory put forward by two English physicists, which bases on the latest scientific explorations of the material universe the possibility of a future life for man. In approaching the subject, Mr. Fiske first sketches with a vigorous hand the daring and brilliant theories broached in late years as to the origin and the probable ultimate fate of the solar system. Of these theories, that which deals with the past—the Nebular Hypothesis—seems establishing itself as belonging to authentic history; those which forecast the future must at present be regarded as highly conjectural. They all are presented by our author with great distinctness, and so as to be wonderfully impressive to the imagination. From these he passes to consider the speculations on "The Unseen Universe," attributed to Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart. The substance of their hypothesis is something like this:—as the minutest change in the physical atoms of the universe produces an interminable series of effects, so the molecular disturbances of the brain which accompany thought and feeling may be propagated in their effects into the unseen, all-enveloping ether, whose existence is indicated by science; there may thus be constituted an enduring register of each man's inner life; and at the change which we call death there may be a transfer of the individual consciousness to this correlative self which has grown up *pari passu* with the earthly life, and corresponds to it somewhat as the negative plate to the photograph. The hypothesis, which in this bald statement is scarcely intelligible, appears, when fully set forth, not only very ingenious, but fertile in moral suggestion, which it would be interesting to follow out. But Mr. Fiske shows very clearly—at least to the mind of a layman in science—that it has not an atom of genuine proof, or even the semblance of proof; and it lies in that field of material existence where a theory absolutely without proof has no standing whatever. The strictly materialistic character of the theory is pressed by Mr. Fiske as its weakness. He shows that theories of a purely spiritual existence, wholly unconditioned by matter, stand on entirely different ground. Of such an existence there can, in the very nature of things, be no scientific evidence; we who are materially conditioned have no faculties for apprehending pure unconditioned spirit in any such way as we apprehend things tangible and visible. But here comes in a most important consideration, which is strongly urged by our author: "The entire absence of testimony does not raise a negative presumption except in cases where testimony is accessible." It is this idea, which he reiterates and develops, that seems to us to constitute Mr. Fiske's most important contribution to the subject in hand. That the silence of science regarding a spiritual hereafter has absolutely no weight in negation of such an existence, is a truth too little recognized both by the devotees of science and by those who dread it. It is here that we reach the door to that class of considerations which do have legitimate weight upon the question of immortality. Into this field Mr. Fiske goes but a little way, and though he says here some very good things, he by no means makes any adequate presentation of the moral evidence for immortality. It would perhaps be too much to expect this, in addition to the valuable service rendered by his essay in showing the radical unsoundness of seductive materialistic speculations upon properly spiritual themes; in affirming in science's own behalf that there is a realm where her writs do not run; and in directing us again to the truth that "the things of the spirit are spiritually discerned."

The paper on "Athenian and American Life" is an admirable diagnosis of our great national disease, Hurry. We must take exception in one respect to the attractive picture of Athenian life, as deficient in its entire ignoring of the moral blemishes which left their ugly stain, not only on the history, but on the noblest literature of that remarkable people. Aside from this we suppose the picture is essentially truthful, as it certainly is vivid and pleasing; and it admirably serves its purpose of a foil to our feverish and money-worshiping society. We do not remember meeting anywhere a more philosophical account of the causes which have plunged all modern peoples, and especially our own, into this joyless, exhausting, life-sapping pursuit of material good; nor have we seen a better exposition of the various ills wrought in every department of life by this tendency. The substance of the essay needs to be repeated a thousand times to the community; its ideas should be inwrought in every one who has the shaping of other lives.

Mr. Fiske is always readable, even when he does not convince; he has a happy faculty of so using his scholarship and scientific habit of mind as to interest those who are only moderately versed in scholarship or science.

* The Unseen World, and other Essays. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company. 1876.

"Examples for Stump-Drawing."

MRS. SUSAN NICHOLS CARTER principal of the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union, publishes, through L. Prang & Co. of Boston, a series of "Examples for Stump-Drawing," consisting of a cylinder vase, gourd, Lysicrates scroll, and eagle, in each six stages, and head of Homer in five stages. These are accompanied by a pamphlet giving suggestions to teachers and pupils for the practical use of the examples. There may be a better method of drawing from casts; but the artist is a good draughtsman, the directions are minute and must prove exceedingly useful to those who desire to learn the use of the stump.

New English Books.

LONDON, April 6.

THE traditional "oldest inhabitant" of Paternoster Row, if such a person can be found, is ready to declare that there never was a season when so little was doing in the way of publication and the bringing out of new books as in the present year, and especially at this portion of it, when general activity should be the rule, and not, as it is now, the exception. The same chronic dullness seems to have settled down over the whole book trade of Great Britain; but this state of things offers a difference in its results from a similar condition of affairs in the United States. Not being eaten up by large business expenses, and living at a moderate rate of personal expenditure, the book-seller in town or country, when nothing is doing, can afford to do nothing, and live on quietly hoping for better times, but has no occasion to fail. Owing to the absence of speculative habits, the bad debts of the publishers are next to nothing, and would be much more than covered by one per cent. on their sales. The sensation of the month just passed has undoubtedly been a book of Mr. Russell, descriptive of the Prince of Wales's tour in the East. It is in the form of a "Diary in India, with some Account of the Visits of his Royal Highness to the Courts of Greece, Egypt, Spain and Portugal," with illustrations by Sydney Hall, in royal octavo. So large a field requires a peculiar talent for its proper development. If the "pen of a ready writer" can justly be attributed to any one it must surely belong to the author of the famous letters from the Crimea; but so many places and persons all claimed to have justice done them that even Dr. W. H. Russell has been delayed in the execution of his task beyond the appointed time, so that the book—long ago announced for Christmas—only makes its appearance in March. It has nevertheless found an ample and hearty support from the public. The first edition of two thousand copies was insufficient to supply the subscription number of twenty-four hundred ordered previously to the appearance of the work, and more than another thousand of the second edition, at an advance price, are already clamored for by the trade. The illustrations by Mr. Sydney Hall are remarkable for absolute fidelity, and the skill shown in depicting vast crowds and assemblages of people, and without indistinctness or confusion. Altogether the book is a handsome as well as a successful one, and is well worthy of preservation as the record of an event of importance to the future of the Oriental world. Though it cannot compare with the work of M. Rousselet, "India and its native Princes," in splendor of illustration, the two books together furnish the materials for a most vivid impression of India at the present day,—that teeming hive of two hundred millions of people,—a world of itself, ruled over by some four hundred and fifty distinct sovereignties, and extending from the everlasting snows of the Himalayas, to tropical Ceylon; yet all condensed and comprehended in popular usage in a single word—Hindostan.

The visit of the great explorer Dr. Schliemann to London has aroused the attention of scholars anew to the importance of his wonderful discoveries. Some of his drawings and photographs were partially exhibited at the reading of a paper by him before the Society of Antiquarians; but they will remain a sealed book until the publication of his work simultaneously in English, American, German, and French editions, next autumn. This is a very proper precaution against garbled statements, and it is Dr. Schliemann's express desire that the whole of the evidence involving the origin, attributions, destination, etc., of the remains he has discovered shall be presented to the public at once, so that the materials for confirming or assailing his conclusions should be equally within reach of all. The personal reception of Dr. Schliemann has been of a very gratifying character, though few could recognize in the short, slight, active, gentlemanly man, scarcely arrived (to all appearance) at middle age, the person who had the energy to make a fortune in the western hemisphere, and the spirit to expend it in a more than princely manner in the eastern, in the interests of science alone. As an American citizen, Dr. Schliemann claims the sympathy of his compatriots, and will doubtless meet with sufficient proofs of it in the reception given to his forthcoming "Researches at Mycenæ and Tyrius in Greece." "The Cradle of the Blue Nile, a Visit to the Court of King John of Ethiopia," by an English gentleman, E. A. de Cosson, possesses considerable interest, as it is the first connected account we have had of that country since the time when the death of King Theodore dissolved all the elements of authority and left Abyssinia in a state of the most thorough anarchy and confusion. From this chaos it has been rescued by the fortunate advent of one man, the Prince Kassa, who now reigns in the place of the late Theodore, and has reorganized the country to such effect that it has opposed a successful resistance to all the attacks of the much more powerful country—Egypt. To do justice to this monarch is the chief object of Mr. de Cosson's book, and it possesses the advantage (rare in the present day) of complete novelty of subject.

Though Scotland has done something in stone and marble in commemoration of the one subject

wherein the national enthusiasm always glows at fever heat,—the genius of Robert Burns,—there has yet been wanting the most appropriate and enduring of all monuments to a poet—a complete edition of his writings in every respect worthy of his fame. This omission is now being supplied in a most successful manner by the appearance of the "Library Edition of the Complete Works of Robert Burns," under the editorial superintendence of William Scott Douglas, who is well known to all students of the poet as having devoted his life to the subject. Notes to every poem, detailing its origin and exhaustive of its history, etc., indexes, tables, and an ample glossary are supplied by the editor, and an "Essay on the Genius of Burns" is contributed by John Nichol, LL. D., professor of English literature in Glasgow university. The edition distinctly claims to present many unedited poems, besides additional stanzas, etc., to pieces already published. The original MSS. have been collated when they exist in every instance, and many important variations are now derived from them. A large number of important unpublished letters will now first appear in print; and, in short, the entire remaining productions of Burns are now meeting with the reverend care and attention formerly confined to the works of the ancient classics; and it is the aim of the editor to produce what would have been formerly called a "*Variorum*" edition, enriched with contributions from all sources, but as the work is so thoroughly done that no gleanings should be left for a successor, the issue of the first volume will test how fully this idea has been carried out. The beauty of its mechanical execution must strike every lover of books, and it may be sufficient to say that it proceeds from the same press that has produced the recent library edition of Molière's works, in six volumes, through the energy of a publisher who bids fair to recall to Edinburgh the old glories of the days of the Constables, Ballantynes, etc., when London itself could hardly match the enterprises undertaken by the great Scotch houses. A fine line engraving by Anderson—the frontispiece of volume one—is the most trustworthy transcript of Nasmyth's famous portrait of the poet ever executed; and the other embellishments of the volume, fac-similes, etc., all show the loving care and assiduity consecrated to the illustration of the poet. Enough has been said to call the attention of book-buyers to the work, and it is certain none of them can say they are disappointed with it.

In spite of the prevailing cry of dullness of trade, of course, in a thickly settled country like England, there is a steady sale, to a considerable extent, especially of cheap and low-priced books, as some late examples show. It would seem as if the interest attaching to the Eastern question had permeated down to the lower stratum of society, for the publisher of the cheap edition of the Koran, already mentioned, has, to his own surprise, sold between forty and fifty thousand copies of it. The first cheap edition of any of Charles Dickens's works has been issued by their legal proprietor and published, so as to fill the market in anticipation of the time when they would be open to any one by the expiration of the copyright—now, within a year or two, as regards the early writings. Of "Pickwick" and the "Sketches," accordingly, fifty thousand each were printed at fifty cents each. That number of "Pickwick" was exhausted in two or three weeks, and an equal quantity of both is now reprinting. An elegant little typographical *bijou*—a French dictionary on a new plan—has sold to the extent of ten or twelve thousand copies, though not a cheap book; and, by a rare fate, the printer (Mr. Bellows, of Gloucester), author and publisher, are combined in one person, so the right person reaps the reward. Out of London the sales of quantities like the above are confined to the north of England, and the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The agricultural south and east (except where religious dissent has stirred up men's minds a little, as in Cornwall) is as mentally torpid as in the days of the heptarchy,—a curious fact in so small a country.

The new series of "Short Studies on Great Subjects," by Mr. J. A. Froude (the historian), collects, for the first time, several of his admired papers from periodical publications, and also contains some original ones—now first published—as his interesting "Leaves from a South African Journal," a record of his experience when on a special Government Mission to arrange some disturbing questions in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. "The Life and Correspondence of Thomas De Quincy" bids fair to prove a valuable addition to the rich English stock of literary memoirs. The editor, Mr. H. A. Page, has been intrusted with the whole of De Quincy's papers, including letters from Professor Wilson, Thomas Carlyle, etc. etc. These are given in the memoirs, and a special feature will be a medical estimate and examination of his case in connection with the consumption of opium, by Dr. Eatwell, a well-known physician. A few forthcoming books are: "Sketches of Ottoman History," by Dr. Church, Dean of St. Paul's; "Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, his Life and Works," by Miss Helen Zimmern, who lately introduced "Schopenhauer and his Philosophy" to English readers; a volume containing Lessing's chief works is also in preparation for Bohn's Standard Library, where will shortly appear the second part of Goethe's "Faust," translated by Miss Swanwick. "Lectures on Welch Philology," by John Rhys, the incumbent of the new Professorship of Celtic Language and Literature at Oxford, treats of a subject by a man of European reputation hitherto left to mere provincial hands. "Theism," by Dr. Robert Flint, Divinity Professor at the University of Edinburgh, is the new volume of the "Baird Lectures," and promises to be an important book. "The Religion of Israel, a Manual," by Dr. Knappert, of Leyden, is translated by Rev. R. A. Armstrong, and brings the results of Professor Kuenen's great work into an accessible shape in one volume 12mo.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Novel Styles of Window-Screens.

By the use of strips of colored glass for the slats or leaves of blinds, in place of wood, an ingenious form of interior window-screen has been made that admits of a variety of effects. The blind may be of the usual shape, and the slips of glass, 25 millimeters (1 inch) wide and 6 millimeters thick (¼ inch), and of a convenient length, are pivoted at each end so that they can turn freely in every direction. Half of the slips in the blind are of one color and half are of another, and these colors are placed alternately, and all the slips of one color are joined by a rod, as in the common form of wooden blind. By this device, one half the blind can be opened and the other half closed. If green and violet glass is used, the blind will then appear green divided by black lines, or violet divided by black lines, according to the colored slips exhibited. If both the green and violet slips are half way open, the blind will give stripes of green, blue, and violet light, the blue light being obtained by the overlapping of the green and violet glass. When the slips are oblique, but at right-angles with each other, the blind will have alternate broad stripes of green and violet, and when all are open, the blind will give clear light, intersected by narrow dark lines. With red and green glass this style of blind will give all these effects in red and green, with the addition of yellow when the slips overlap each other. This style of blind is also adapted for fire screens, softening the light of the fire and tempering the heat.

Granulated Gold in Glassware.

The use of a fine frost-work of granulated gold imbedded in glass has been considered a lost art. The few samples of Venetian glass treated in this manner that are in existence give no intimation of the method of securing the grains of gold in the glass, and the rediscovery of the art has already attracted favorable attention. The glass vase, or other object, is first blown in the usual way, and is then covered with pure gold leaf, and is at once heated with a blow-pipe. This heat is sufficient to cause the gold to run into fine drops and globules, and is also sufficient to melt the glass slightly, so that the gold sticks to it. The vase is then covered with a thin film of clear glass, leaving the vase, when tempered, hard and smooth on the outside, and with the gold apparently bedded in the substance of the vase. The gold granulations may be laid on in any desired pattern, and in any degree of thickness, and the work is reported to be no more expensive than the slight extra labor of the blow-pipe, the extra film of glass, and the cost of the gold.

Stenochromy.

This method of printing in colors differs from chromo-lithographic printing in the use of only one plate for all the colors, and in giving the colors at one impression. The colors employed are mixed with fatty substances that give a soft pigment, having the consistency of butter at 40° Fahr. At a temperature slightly higher the pigments melt, and may be treated as liquids. They are also of a uniform character and specific gravity, and are said to be strong and durable when laid on paper.

In preparing to print, the color next the borders of the picture is first melted and is then poured into a shallow wooden tank that forms the block from which impressions are taken. Upright strips of metal are set up in the bottom of the tank to define the places where the color is to flow, and when the pigment is cold and hard the slips are removed, and the outlines of this color in the picture are carefully cut out with a thin knife held vertically in a movable frame. Slips are again set up on the uncovered places, and another liquid color is poured into the tank. In this manner all the pigments, including white, are added one after the other till the surface of the tank is covered, and every color is in its proper place. A leveling knife is passed over the work, as soon as it is cold and hard, to bring every color to a uniform surface and the color block is ready for printing. The paper is then laid on the block and gently pressed down by means of rollers passing over the back. On lifting the sheet all the colors are found in their place in one impression, and to finish the print it is treated with one or two impressions from lithographic stones to add the outlines in black and to put in any small pieces of color or blended colors that may be needed. It will be observed that in this stenochromo printing every color is on the block and all are impressed at once. The pigments, being soft, readily adhere to the paper and a succession of copies may be taken till the color is exhausted. All the impressions are alike, the last being as good as the first, even if many thousand copies are made. The pictures, when finished, are said to be permanent, strong and cheap.

Fac-simile Copying.

A simple and inexpensive process for making fac-simile copies of letters with an ordinary copying-press is announced. The letter is first written with a very strong aniline ink and is then suffered to dry naturally without the use of a blotter. When dry, a sheet of transfer paper is dampened (as in ordinary copying) and laid over the letter and both are placed in a leather folio or "printing pad" and placed in a common press. On taking these from the press the transfer paper has a copy of the letter in reverse, and while this is still wet, writing paper is laid on it and the two are again submitted to the press. This gives a fac-simile of the letter and a number of copies may be taken from the transfer paper in the same way till the copies become faint. To take more copies the transfer may be restored by dampening the back of the transfer paper, or by

taking a second, or even third, transfer from the original letter. This process recommends itself for simplicity and cheapness, and seems likely to prove as useful as the ordinary copying press.

Preservation of Iron.

PROFESSOR BARFF offers the suggestion that iron may be protected from rust and the action of corrosive vapors by covering it with its own magnetic or black oxide. This oxide gives the iron an exceedingly hard, black surface, and adheres so tenaciously that even if a spot is left bare and the ordinary oxidation begins it will not spread on the surface, as is often the case with paints. The method employed to produce this oxide is to expose the iron to the action of the superheated steam under a high temperature, when a film of black oxide is formed, varying in thickness and hardness, according to the temperature and the time of exposure. At a temperature of 500° Fahr. for five hours, a surface is obtained that will resist a moderate exposure to the weather. A temperature of 1,200° Fahr. for seven hours will give a hard, black surface that will resist a file, and will bear unlimited exposure to the atmosphere out of doors without rusting. So far, only small articles have been coated with the oxide, and new and larger appliances are being prepared to test the value of Barff's discovery when applied to girders and bridge iron.

New Process in Making Steel.

A NEW process for making a high quality of tool-steel has been under experiment for some time, and its manufacture upon a commercial scale is now announced. A highly magnetic ore is selected and crushed in a Blake machine. The crushed ore is sifted, and the coarser part is put into a disintegrator and reduced still finer, and in this way a fine iron-ore sand is produced. The sand is then passed through a self-acting magnetic separating machine, in which the iron is extracted by means of magnets. This pure, rich, metallic powder is mixed with powdered charcoal and resin, and after being warmed, is made up into blocks in a common brick machine. The carbonaceous matter is intended to combine with the oxygen of the ore, and thus effect its reduction, and the proportion used is somewhat in excess of the oxygen to be removed. These bricks are then placed in a gas retort having tight doors at each end, and then submitted to a full red heat for twenty-four hours. By this time gas ceases to flow, and the carbonaceous matter having been burned out, the ore is reduced to a red hot powder. The next step is to remove this and to allow it to cool down, without coming in contact with the air. To accomplish this common gas is turned into the retort at the discharging end to produce an outward pressure and exclude the air, and at the same time an iron receiver is pushed up closely to the discharging end of the retort. Gas is then turned into the feeding end of the retort, and the door is opened sufficiently to admit the entrance of tools to push the hot powdered iron out of the retort into the receiver. It is there kept closed from the air till it is cold. It is then passed once more through the disintegrator and magnetic separator to select the iron from the ash and refuse mingled with it. The pure metallic powder thus obtained is then mixed with resin and with manganese, or any other alloy, and pressed into cakes, is put into crucibles and melted in the ordinary manner employed in making crucible steel. This steel is reported to give highly satisfactory results in point of toughness and endurance.

Memoranda.

IN selecting corn for seed, it is often the practice to merely choose large ears from the general crop. It is suggested that this is not the best method, for, while the plant may be strong and vigorous and bear large ears, the corn may have been fertilized by pollen from feeble or stunted plants near it, and the seed may retain and repeat these adverse qualities in spite of the vigor of the plant on which it grew. It is said that a better plan would be to plant some of the seed in a small plot by itself, at a distance from the main crop, and to give this patch plenty of room and high culture. When the tassels appear in this seed-bed every plant should be examined, and all feeble stalks should be pulled out or cut off below the tassel before it has an opportunity to bloom. By this arrangement both the plant on which the ears grow, and the pollen scattered from its own and neighboring tassels, will be alike strong and vigorous, and the seed will partake of the strength of both its parents.

Les Mondes reports a new method of cleaning wool by means of gas. The wool is placed in a receiver made air-tight, and is treated with a current of air at a temperature of about 40° Fahr. This is followed by a current of dry, cool hydrochloric acid gas that quickly decomposes any vegetable matter clinging to the wool. After this a stream of pure air is turned through the receiver to drive out the acid gas and the receiver is raised to a temperature of 130° Fahr. to finish the destruction of the vegetable refuse. To remove all traces of the hydrochloric gas, ammoniacal vapor is then driven through the wool, and the work is finished. The process is said to leave the wool perfectly clean and unharmed.

The beautiful iridiated glass so much admired in the Cesnola and other collections has been successfully imitated, and promises soon to appear upon a commercial scale. The process consists in submitting common glass to the action of water charged with 15 per cent. of hydrochloric acid at a pressure of two atmospheres, and at a temperature of 248° Fahr. for about seven hours. The interest shown in the hardened glass (the La Bastie glass already described in this department) has resulted in a new hard glass, obtained by submitting fluid glass to heavy hydraulic pressure. No other tempering is required, and the pressed glass is reported to be even stronger than the La Bastie glass, and to show a fibrous instead of a crystalline fracture when broken.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

"Say, Boss! will ye jes lock dat coat up and give me check for him whi'e I heave in dat coal o' yourn? 'Pears like as if dey's so many thieves 'bout now'days nothin' haint safe."

Love and Reason.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

YOUNG Love went sailing without fear
  Upon a lotus leaf,
Though Reason said, "Pray let me steer,
  Or you will come to grief."
Then laughed the saucy god and cried,
  "You look too grum and blue,
Go walk along the river's side,
  I'll paddle my own canoe."

So Reason, plodding on the shore,
  Watched Love's frail shallop floating,
And thought,—"Though walking is a bore,
  It's very risky boating.
Hallo! young imp, you will be wrecked,
  Your bark is very frail."
But Love sang gayly, "I expect
  To have a jolly sail!"

"Keep off the rocks and cataracts,
  They oft beguile a stranger."
Quoth Love—"A truce to stupid facts!
  I rather like the danger.
The stream is smooth, the sky is clear,
  You need not come to measure
The crystal deeps through which I steer,
  My pilot shall be Pleasure!"

On with the tide did Cupid drift,
  His hand at Reason kissing,
To where those sun-lit waters swift—
  Swift down the rocks went hissing:
A warning scorned, a danger spurned,
  Of which he saw no token;
Love's lotus leaf was overturned,
  His fairy rudder broken;

The gossamer sail was torn to strings;
  He seized on Pleasure, crying,
"Come, let us rise! Though drenched my wings,
  They're light enough for flying.
From yonder bark—to ruin whirled—
  We shall escape in season.
I'll fly with Pleasure through the world,
  And leave my wrecks to Reason."

The War of the Roses.

IN Celia's cheek the red rose and the white,
So fairly mingle, we must deem it best,
That both should conquer in the equal fight,
And as they mingle put all strife at rest;
For blushes as they come seem half ashamed,
And paleness steals, from 'neath the radiant glow,
Till, like carnations in the drifted snow,
Which is the brightest none can ever know.
Ah! had she lived five hundred years ago,
Sweet truce had ne'er been broken, treason blamed,
Nor York, nor Lancaster had struck a blow,
But both in homage bowed, both been content,
Upon so fair a queen, to see their colors blent.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

JEALOUSY.

A CORNER IN APPLES

To a Gorilla in a Menagerie.

"O MIGHTY ape!
Half beast, half man,
Thy uncouth shape
Betrays a plan
The gulf of Being at a bound to span.
Thou art the link between ourselves and brutes,
Lifting the lower to a higher plane;
Thy human face all cavilers refutes,
Who sneer at Darwin as a dreamer vain.
How camest thou beneath this canvas tent?
Within this cage? behind these iron bars?
Thou, whose young days in tropic lands were spent,
With strange companions, under foreign stars?
Art thou not lonely? what is life to thee
Thus mewed in prison, innocent of crime,
Become a spectacle for crowds to see,
And reckless boys to jeer at all the time?
Hast thou no feelings such as we possess?
Art thou devoid of any sense of shame?
Rise up, O brother, and thy wrongs redress;
Rise in thy might, and be no longer tame!"

I paused in my apostrophe; the animal arose;
He seized the bars that penned him in; my blood in terror froze;
He shook the cage from side to side; the frightened people fled;
Then in a tone of savage wrath the horrid monster said:
"I'm hired by the wake to wear the dhirty craythur's shkin;
I come from Tipperary, and me name is Micky Flynn."

F. W. CLARKE.

Compensation.

THIS large and flabby man, with the big voice,
Adroit to wheedle and fawn in public life,
Reveals, in private hours, the frequent choice
Of bullying his frail sallow little wife.

But she, in turn, feeling his rude words gall,
Stabbed cruelly by his hard imperious sneer,
Striving her best on scantiest wherewithal
To fitliest serve the meager household cheer,

Will sometimes, her meek patience overthrown,
Assail in petulant and querulous way,
Her maid-of-all-work, wearied to the bone,—
A pale gaunt drudge who toils for trivial pay.

These taunts the ill-used factotum calmly bears,
Yet vents her dudgeon later in fierce jeers
Hurled at a timorous kitchen-maid down-stairs,—
A shabby little waif with monstrous ears.

Then she, this injured scullion, goes to seek
An old lame cur that in the back-yard dwells,
And having found him, with malicious tweak
She pulls his stumpy tail until he yells.

The poor cur, thus maltreated without cause,
Hobbles away in dismal spleen at that,
And watches for an hour, with sullen jaws,
Beside a certain hole where dwells a rat!

HUGH HOWARD.

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BOW-SHOOTING.

THE ARCHERY CLUB.

ARCHERY is my own favorite pastime, but in attempting a "practical" paper on the subject I find one difficulty very hard to overcome, viz., the mass of notes, filling many field-books,—from which I must cull the most striking and characteristic incidents of my past experience,—are all to me so full of fresh interest, now that I have begun to

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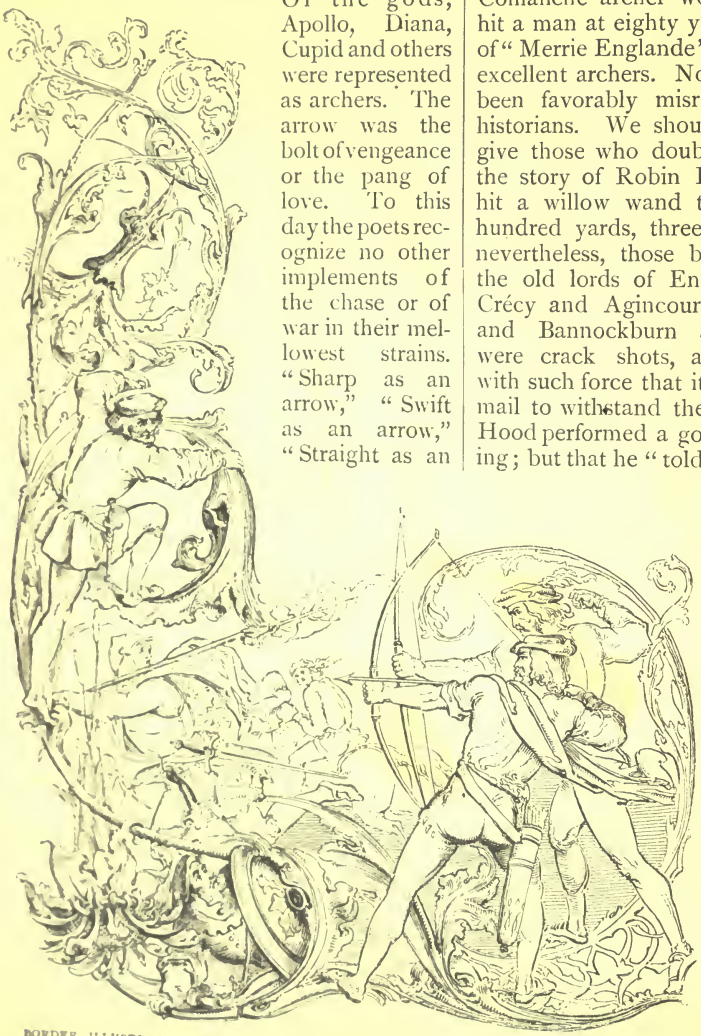
look them over, that I am at a loss what to take and what to reject. The subject, archery in general, outside of any personal experience, is a charming one. The bow and arrows are as old as man. If the origin of any implements of human invention can be accepted as of prehistoric date, the archer's curved stick and feathered missiles are entitled to the honor of being placed first on the list. Of the venerable monuments of ingenuity discovered by our remotest ancestors, not one is so surely traceable through the shadows of doubtful history to an existence beyond the limits of tradition. Nor has any implement of ancient or modern times ever been so universally used. Of the gods, Apollo, Diana, Cupid and others were represented as archers. The arrow was the bolt of vengeance or the pang of love. To this day the poets recognize no other implements of the chase or of war in their mellowest strains. "Sharp as an arrow," "Swift as an arrow," "Straight as an arrow," "The shafts of envy, hatred, malice," and other like expressions, are everywhere found in poetry, while "Swift as bird-shot," "Round as a Chicago pellet," "The No. 2's or B. B's of envy," would be ridiculous even in prose.



BORDER ILLUSTRATING THE ENCOUNTER OF ROBIN HOOD AND SIR GUY OF GISBORNE WITH THE SHERIFF. [FROM HALL'S "BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS."]

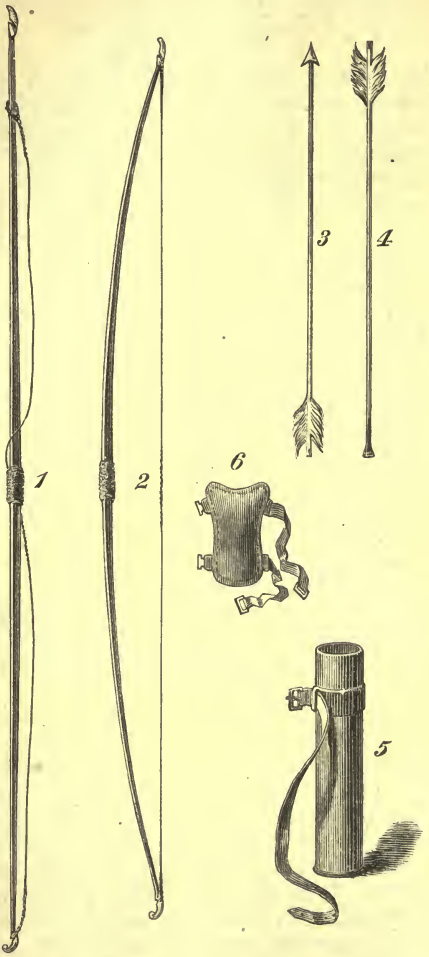
Many nations and tribes of men have been famous for their archery. The Parthians, Carduchians, Scythians and Persians are mentioned by the old writers as mighty bowmen. Some of the American Indians are very expert, though by no means graceful or powerful archers. Much has been spoken and printed of the wonderful effect of Indian arrows at long range. It is all imagination. The best Sioux, Navajo, or Comanche archer would rarely be able to hit a man at eighty yards. But the yeomen of "Merrie Englande" were the world's most excellent archers. No doubt they, too, have been favorably misrepresented by loving historians. We should not be slow to forgive those who doubt the difficult feats in the story of Robin Hood. He never did hit a willow wand three hundred or two hundred yards, three shots in succession; nevertheless, those bowmen who followed the old lords of England in the days of Crécy and Agincourt, and Flodden Field and Bannockburn and Neville's Cross, were crack shots, and sent their shafts with such force that it took the best Spanish mail to withstand them. No doubt Robin Hood performed a good deal of fancy shooting; but that he "told" every rivet and joint of a knight's armor at long range with his arrow points is a pretty tough story for an archer to believe. For one, however, I gladly accept the stories of Robin's poaching proclivities, and the great havoc he made with the game wherever he chose to hunt.

Taking wild game has nearly ceased to be reckoned among the means of gaining a livelihood, and has fallen, or risen, as one may view it, to the level of a sport or means of recreation from the exhaustion and depression consequent to the civilized

WILLIAMS THE HERMIT.

methods of self-destruction called business. Formerly table-comforts of the most necessary sort had to be procured by the skill or luck of the huntsman, and as the game yearly grew more wary and difficult of approach, as well as more scarce, while the demand for it steadily increased, necessity invented fire-arms—that terrible source of slaughter which has at last reduced shooting to less than a sport. The limits of this paper will not admit of even the most condensed statement of the combination of causes which has so revolutionized hunting with a gun that, as it is the fashion to follow it now, it cannot be recommended as either healthful or pleasant. It is not sport to sling a handful, say from three to five hundred pellets at a bird or hare. Your true sportsman finds his chief delight not in a big bag of game, but in the "brilliancy" and accuracy of his shooting. Now, as regards skill, no man ought to brag of knocking down two quails, left and right, under the ordinary circumstances of field shooting with a double-barreled shot-gun. Let us look at the thing for a moment. Say you have four hundred pellets in each barrel, and your gun at ordinary shooting distance will spread that number pretty evenly over nine square feet of space. See what a margin for successful inaccuracy you have! Your line of sight may be two feet off the bird and yet you hit it. With a good shot-gun no man ought ever to miss a quail at thirty yards. A moment's thought will suggest to sportsmen the calamity which these absolutely murderous weapons are hastening forward. The shot-gun will soon exterminate game. It has already exterminated it in many large regions. The very sound of a gun is terrible to all wild things. A few more years and hunting will be a thing of the past, except for a few rich men, unless some change takes place in our methods of destroying game.

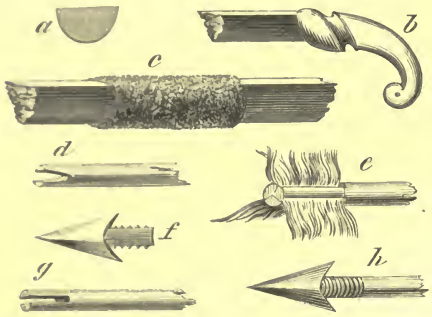
I wish by this paper to show that if the long-bow were adopted as the sporting weapon of the world, game would increase everywhere, while expert sportsmen would get all that they could desire from their favorite pastime, as regards both mental and physical recreation and a goodly weight in the game-bag. I speak confidently on this subject, having fifteen years of happy experience in archery to draw from.



1, Bow (unstrung); 2, bow (strung); 3, barbed arrow; 4, blunt arrow; 5, quiver and belt; 6, guard.

I was yet in my teens when I was taught the use of the long-bow by Thomas Williams, a sort of hermit whose cabin stood

in the midst of a vast pine forest that bordered my father's plantation in the beautiful Cherokee country of North Georgia.



a, Section of bow; *b*, end of bow, showing nock; *c*, handle of bow; *d*, arrow nock; *e*, section of arrow, through feather; *f*, steel arrow-head; *g*, slit in shaft to receive head; *h*, head wired on.

My brother and I had, in a boyish way, been practicing archery for some years before Williams gave us lessons; but, though we had of our own efforts become expert in the making and use of our weapons, we found to our chagrin, that before we could dare call ourselves bowmen all we had learned must go for naught, and an art must be mastered, the difficulties of which at first seemed insurmountable. Williams was a better archer than either of us can ever hope to be; but he was ashamed for any man to see him out with his bow and quiver. We never could get him to come forth boldly and join us in the delightful excursions we undertook to various shooting-grounds after his careful training had made accurate and enthusiastic bowmen of us.

Before entering upon the subject of using the bow and arrows, let us examine the weapons and their necessary accompaniments, so that we may clearly understand the few technicalities connected with a discussion of archery.

Figure 1 of the accompanying engravings is a good representation of a long-bow after the best English model. It is six feet from tip to tip, as it lies unstrung, and is made of lemon-wood, lance-wood, or yew. Figure 2 shows the weapon strung ready for use, which shortens it three or three and a half inches. This bow is the kind I have used for years. It has a plush handle and horn nock-tips. Its wood is yellow as gold, straight-grained, waxy in appearance, heavy, springy as steel and flexible as whalebone. It was made by Philip Highfield, London. The string is of the best white hemp, slack twisted, stiffly waxed, and whipped with silk at the ends and middle. By referring to the detail drawings and examining the cross-section and representation of the nocks and the handle, any one possessed of ordinary mechanical skill can, from a well-seasoned billet of common mulberry or sassafras wood, make an excellent bow with which to begin practice.

The two arrows represented in the figure are those used for hunting purposes. The best target-arrows, for use in the game of archery, are for sale by all dealers in sporting implements. (Ask for the best-footed, whole nock, Highfield arrows, $9.00 per dozen.) But your hunting-arrows cannot be procured in the market. No manufacturer makes them. You must first know what you want, then stand by some good workman till he has satisfied you. The barbed shaft in the illustration, I have made as follows: twenty-eight inches long, of hickory, perfectly straight, even and smooth, a little less than one-third of an inch in diameter, well-seasoned and oiled. The thin, flat, barbed head is set in a slit sawed for it, and fastened by a wrapping of fine

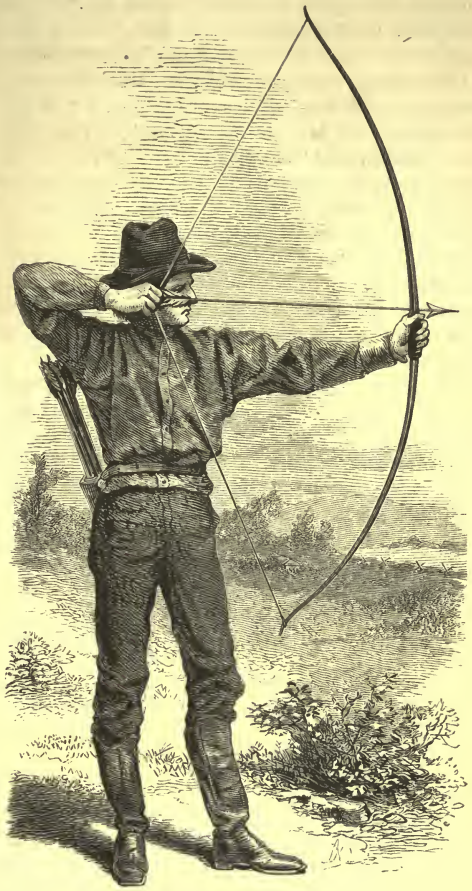
STRINGING THE BOW.

brass wire, as shown in the detail drawings. The feathering is a most important and difficult thing to accomplish, and upon this depends the value of your arrow. After you have set the head in one end of your

shaft and cut a deep, safe nock in the other, glue three strips of feather on, three inches from the nock and four inches long, running toward the head, so arranged as to stand at an angle of one hundred and twenty degrees to one another, and slightly spiral, so as to give a turning motion to the arrow as it flies. The blunt arrows used for shooting small game, and wild-wood birds not game, of the size of a pheasant, or smaller, are made precisely as above, excepting that a ferrule of pewter or harder metal is substituted for the barbed point. The shaft must be exactly straight, smooth and even, as already stated. The slightest inequality or crook will spoil the chance of accurate shooting. A good quiver is made of stiff harness leather, circular, three and a half inches in diameter, eighteen inches deep, and decorated to suit your fancy. It is worn attached to a belt passing around the waist or slung diagonally to the shoulder. Shooting-gloves I never use, and cannot recommend. A bow-cord in shooting is no harder on the fingers than are the strings of a guitar in playing. You can shoot with a glove on about as well as you can play a guitar with a glove on. A brace, or wrist-guard, may or may not be necessary, according to the conformation of the joints. It is a stiff piece of smooth leather curved to fit over the left fore-arm and wrist, and made to fasten with elastic straps, as shown in the engraving on page 275.

Now, to string your bow. Observe, first, that the handle is a little nearer to one nock than to the other. The longer end of the bow is the upper one in shooting. To string the weapon, fasten the cord well in the lower end nock, so that the loop made at the other end of the cord shall pass around the bow about three or four inches, or less, from the upper nock,—the variation in this distance to regulate the amount of tension. Now, place the lower end of the bow in the hollow of your right foot planted firmly on the ground; clasp the handle of your weapon with your right hand; place the heel of your left palm on the upper end and back of the bow, just below the string-loop; draw the bow toward you with your right and push it from you with your left hand. This will bend the bow. Now slip the loop up and into the nock with the thumb and fore-finger of the left hand. Your bow is strung, and the cord stands about five or six inches from the handle. The accompanying cut shows the archer in the act of shooting. The arrow rests on the left hand, and is drawn to the head. The nock end of the shaft is held between the first and second fingers of the right hand and upon the string, which is drawn to the right ear by all the fingers being hooked stiffly over it. The release must be smart and clear, giving the arrow a strong, even flight.

Archery as a game needs but few words of description. Two targets of straw faced



DRAWING THE BOW.

with canvas, upon which are painted four concentric rings and a bull's eye, are placed at any desired distance apart, facing each other. The competing archers stand by one target and shoot three arrows each at the other target, then walk forward and reverse the direction of their shots. By this method the exercise of shooting is combined with that of walking. The score is kept as follows: bull's-eye, 9; first ring, 7; second ring, 5; third ring, 3; fourth, or outermost ring, 1.

Archery clubs of from seven to fifteen

members, both ladies and gentlemen, could be formed all over the country more easily, at less expense, and with far better results than cricket, croquet, or base-ball clubs. The rules governing such organizations should be few and simple, not unlike those of rifle clubs. Prizes could be offered, and medals of championship adopted. Once brought into public notice and fairly established, no sport or game would be half so popular or permanent. It has in it all the elements of desirable pastime and recreation. The physical exercise is better than fencing, boxing, or lifting; it has every feature of an exciting competitive game, is attended with no danger, and "shows off" the human form to the very best advantage,—all its poses being those of grace, ease, and power combined. A lady who has made herself "handy" with the bow never looks so well as when in the act of shooting. In England, archery has long been cultivated by ladies and gentlemen, and esteemed a fit sport for the gentlest and most cultured classes.

From the earliest days of successful archery in England, green has been the bowman's favorite color, and all his metal decorations have been of silver. Clubs have, therefore, generally chosen a uniform in which leaf green is the prevailing color, and their badges and medals have been wrought of silver,—a ring, a crescent, or a richly chased arrow being the commonest device.

In giving directions how to shoot, I cannot hope to improve on the simple language of the old disciple of the bow, Roger Ascham, who in 1545 wrote a little book on the subject of archery, entitled "Toxophilus," in which he says:

"The first point is, when a man should shoot, to take such footing and standing as shall be both comely to the eye and profitable to his use, setting his countenance and all other parts of his body after such a behavior and port, that both all his strength may be employed to his own most advantage and his shot made and handled to other men's pleasure and delight. A man must not go too hastily to it, for that is rashness, nor yet make too much to do about it, for that is curiosity; the one foot must not stand too far from the other, lest he stoop too much, which is unseemly, nor yet too near together, lest he stand too straight up, for so a man shall neither use his strength well, nor yet stand steadfastly. The mean betwixt both must be kept, a thing more pleasant to behold when it is done, than easy to be taught how it should be done."

A little care at first will save you a great deal of trouble and annoyance. When you begin to shoot, learn at once to stand firmly on your feet, the left slightly advanced, the head easily poised, the upper portion of the body gently inclined forward, and the shoulders neither lifted nor drooped. Hold the bow vertically with the left hand, the arm extended straight. Nock the arrow well on the string, draw with all the fingers of your right hand till you feel your right ear, fix your eyes steadily on the target, and let fly. The shaft will sing through the air with a sound peculiarly musical, and hit with a force that will surprise you, even though at first you use a bow of but forty pounds' weight,

AIMING HIGH.

i. e., one which requires a draft of but forty pounds to draw a 28-inch arrow to the head.

Forty yards from target to target is a long enough range to begin practice with, and it might well be not over half that length. In fact, though many of the English clubs scorn to shoot less than a hundred yards, my experience goes that fifty or sixty paces measure about the longest certain range for the average archer, using a bow of not over fifty-five pounds' weight. Few ladies are able to use a bow stronger than thirty-five or forty pounds, and it requires a man of the strong-

est muscle to draw a ninety-pound one. I recommend a bow rather under than over your strength, for accurate, easy shooting.

If you begin your practice for the purpose of learning to shoot wild game by "field and flood," you must not use a target at all. One who is trained to aim at a large, graduated target, either with gun or bow, can rarely shoot well at game. The reason is that in target shooting at a fixed distance he gets used to a certain size, color, and condition of *background*, and when he gets into the woods and lifts his bow to draw on a bird or a hare, his accustomed rings and dark background are not there. His vision is blurred, he draws waveringly and shoots indifferently. A black rubber ball four inches in diameter, suspended in mid-air by a string fastened to the low limb of an apple-tree, makes a first-rate substitute for a bird, and a small bag of straw, placed flat on the ground and shot at at about twenty-five yards, makes good hare practice. You will soon learn the great advantage of not using the same distance all the time, as in the game of archery. For, after all, a bowman's skill is scarcely worthy of admiration if it is confined to a fixed range. It is when you have learned to shoot well and betake yourself to the woods and fields, that archery becomes a truly royal sport, and not till then do you begin fairly to draw upon the varied resources compassed by the art.

Your first practice on wild things should be carefully done, choosing the tamest and least wary of birds, in order that you may make short shots and observe how near you come to hitting your mark. You must not think of game till you have shown your ability to hit a woodpecker or meadow-lark at twenty paces—not every shot, nor once in five, or in twenty, even; but you must get well used to shooting at these birds and to hitting one occasionally before you can approach a hare or a quail with any degree of calmness. You need not fear that woodpecker-shooting will prove poor sport. Some of my happiest bouts in the woods have owed all their charm to the excitement of chasing an ivory-bill, a red-head, or a speckled "sap-sucker" from tree to tree, whacking away at him whenever he got still, watching the flight of my arrow as it whisked past him or struck close by him with a ringing rap like the blow of a hammer, till at last I plumped him over, stringing him half-way down my shaft.

Three things are requisite to bird-shooting with the bow. First, you must know how to measure distance with the eye accurately and quickly; secondly, you must be quick and noiseless in your movements; thirdly, you must draw uniformly, that is, put the same power on every shot, no matter how near or far the bird may be. When you begin to shoot in the woods, after considerable experience and success at target practice, you will discover that to be a good

A SHOT AT A WOODPECKER.

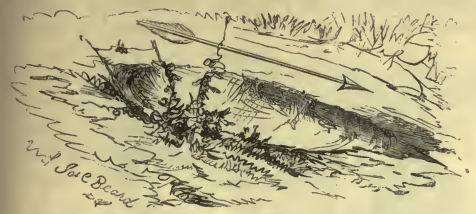
shot is not the half of what it takes to make you a tolerable bird-slayer. Some of the finest shots you will ever make will be misses, and some of the poorest will be center hits. Such is luck. To do regular, even shooting requires long practice at unequal distances and under a large variety of influences, and with every difference of surround-

PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA. [FROM HANSARD'S "BOOK OF ARCHERY."]

ings. In fact you will never be a good shot till all the operations of archery are performed as naturally and almost as involuntarily as your breathing. A meadow-lark shows his yellow breast in a bunch of clover blossoms thirty yards ahead—you pause instantly, throw up your bow quickly, gracefully; draw an arrow to the head, let go sharply—all with as little effort and with precisely the same half voluntary, half mechanical accuracy with which you take so many steps in walking. Your arrow flies with a keen hiss straight to the mark and knocks the bird over and over amid a cloud of gold feathers and clover leaves. When you can do this one time out of five you may begin to call yourself an archer and look about for game. But even then I will wager you a good bow you miss your first hare, though you may find him crouched in his form not twenty feet from your nose. In fact, while a hare is a good large target, he is very difficult to hit before one has learned by experience just how to aim at him.

In still-hunting you will generally find him in his form, his body and neck elongated, his ears flat, his chin resting on his fore-feet; he is fast asleep with his round eyes open. He looks larger by half than he really is, which is apt to cause you to aim indifferently and shoot carelessly. You draw with great deliberation and let drive. Whack goes your arrow through the grass in which he lies, but to your utter amazement up springs the frightened hare and scuds away like a bit of gray paper before a gust of wind. You do not get another shot at him. He hunts his hole. Upon examination you find that you have overshot him and your arrow will be sticking in the ground just beyond his form, and slanting back across it toward you. This is your first and most important lesson in hare-shooting. Hereafter you will aim low. Yes, too low entirely; for your next hare gets out of his form before you see him, and after a few long, lazy bounds, squats on his haunches and waits for you to shoot at him. You aim low and let fly and have the chagrin to see your arrow strike full ten feet short! The hare resolves himself into an ecstasy of billowy ambulation, outrunning the other by several seconds on the mile, and you are left pensively leaning on your bow, longing for a shot-gun! The third time is the charm, mayhap; you bowl your game over in fine style and can never in your life be

WHAT YOU AIMED AT.



WHAT YOUR ARROW FOUND WHEN IT GOT THERE.

prouder or happier. A week or two of daily practice in good hare-cover will get you well up toward successful shooting at this game; then you will be ready for quail and pheasant. These birds are so similar in their habits that to know one is to be pretty well acquainted with the other. You hunt them on damp, cloudy days with a very small dog, to escape which they fly up and alight on the lower limbs of trees and hedge shrubs or the stakes of worm fences. This gives you rare sport, and shot by shot you knock down your birds.

Thus you gradually advance in the science and art of archery till you become a "crack shot," able to match any ordinary rifleman at forty yards. I can now leave you and proceed to give some notes on a few of the many hunting-grounds I have shot over with the long-bow. But first a word about the dress of a wild-wood archer. Your angler has his suit, your gunner has his; why may not the archer affect a peculiar garb? He does. It consists of low-legged jack-boots, corduroy breeches, a green-checked hickory shirt, and a broad-brimmed, light, soft felt hat. If the weather is chilly or cold, a heavy flannel shirt may be worn under the hickory, or a close-fitting jacket may be put on over it. The main object is to keep your clothes down to the minimum in weight, and at the same time have no skirts or lappels to hinder your shooting.

Florida was the first grand hunting-ground visited by my brother and myself. After a year or two of training under Williams and a great deal of hunting among the hills and along the fine streams of North Georgia had made real archers of us, we spent three winters there, shooting over some of the finest water and land region for sporting to be found in the world. My note-books are full of incidents, some of which are fresh to me as I read them over. But I cannot do more here than pick out two or three of the most striking. The reader must not expect to get even a glimpse of the dark side. One does not care to write or read about failures, disappointments, vexatious delays, worrying accidents and ill-luck generally,—these things come frequently to every sportsman. Some days he can find no game,—some days he finds everything and can hit nothing,—sometimes he breaks a bow, sometimes he loses all his arrows. The successful day—the "brilliant shot"—the exciting chase ending in capture—the long-range hit when I expected to miss—these are all down in my field-books, along with rough drawings of the birds, curious plants, strange insects, notable trees, and whatever happened to strike me as worth future thought.

Our party in Florida consisted of three,—

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

Will and myself, and Cæsar—an inky, midnight black man, who acted as cook, washerman, boatman,—everything except sportsman. Cæsar was a source of amusement to us. In fact, his face was so comically dull and heavy, and yet so plashed over with evidences of a keen sense and keener love of the ludicrous, that a single contortion of its outlines was enough to make one laugh.

We camped once for a week on Lower Indian River, and it was there that I made

OUR TENT ON INDIAN RIVER.

a shot of which I have some hesitancy in speaking, so sure am I that its history must appear apocryphal, and I have no means of proving its truth. Our tent was pitched in a clump of palmetto-trees, on a low jut of shore overlooking the frith of a lagoon of the river. A visiting party, composed of Mr. Willis Lloyd Parker and friends, of London, England, had just left us, making us a parting present of five bottles of pale sherry; so we planned to have a quiet dinner to the memory of our guests. Will was to go down the river for wild-fowl, while I pushed up the lagoon in a canoe, hoping to get a young turkey or two from a flock I had seen a few days before on a sort of island. Cæsar remained at the tent to take care of things. An hour of leisurely pulling over a still, dead sheet of dark water brought me to where the lagoon forks at a sharp angle, flowing on either side of a densely wooded tongue of land, to where, a mile away, a barely perceptible shallow slough runs across from prong to prong, thus making a triangular island, barely separated from the main-land by this slough, over which deer or turkey could easily pass at low tide. I had caught sight of a late-hatched brood of turkey just at twilight one evening as I was passing this point, but they turned and ran into a thicket, and I did not care to follow them with only a few minutes of day-time to spare. I had come prepared for them now, and looking about for a landing-place, I drew the canoe into a re-entrant angle of the shore, and secured it just as the sun of a semi-tropical winter day made glorious all the points of the flat verdurous landscape. Strapping on my quiver and stringing my bow, I plunged into the marshy wood where vines, moss, low-hanging boughs, tufts of palmetto and saw-palm made progress at times a matter of great labor, and attended with so much noise that such a thing as getting near a turkey was impossible. Farther in, however, a broad glade or meadow of low, coarse grass opened before me, on the opposite rim of which I saw the birds skulking quietly along far beyond bow-shot. The only feasible method of approach was to slip around the edge of the glade just inside the fringe of cover. To do this involved time and patient toil, but your archer is used to such tedious strategy. Foot by foot, rod by rod, stealthily as a cat, I made my way, till at length I came to a break in the cover, to pass which would be sure to expose me to the birds. They were fully one hundred and fifty yards away, moving slowly, close together, in a direction "quartering" to me. A few more steps, and they would be in the jungle. I must have a shot. My only chance was to risk the luck of a long-range flight at them, so I braced myself for a steady pull, elevated my bow-arm, drew to my ear, and let go a shaft. At the sound of the recoil of my weapon, the turkeys stopped, lifted their heads, and began that sharp cry of "Pit,—pit!" so well known to sportsmen. Meantime, my arrow went singing through the elongated parabola of its flight. I watched it with that fixed eagerness which always attends a moment of intense

suspense. A little breeze was blowing, but it did not seem to affect the course of the shaft. Swiftly it swept down, and I saw the feathers shatter out from the back of one of the turkeys, which tried to rise, but could not. It was a "solid hit," as we term it, and the bird was done for. The others of the flock took rapidly to wing, and soon curved into cover. This is the longest successful bow-shot we have recorded. It must be noted, however, that I did not shoot at any particular bird, but at the flock, and of course "much good luck" was a strong element in influencing the result.*

On approaching my turkey, I found it pierced through the spine and lungs, quite dead. I spent an hour or two after this beating about the island, but saw no more of the flock. Three deer got up before me, and in following them, I passed around an arm of the lagoon. Before I was aware of it, I had betangled myself in a jungle, from which it took me two hours more to extricate myself, and it was two o'clock when I reached my canoe. Feeling pretty hungry, I did not dally much in returning to the tent. When I reached it, however, Cæsar was not there, and no preparations for dinner were visible. I lay down to smoke and rest. In a few minutes Will came in, tired too, but Cæsar could not be heard from, though we called him in no gentle way. Finally, we had to make a fire and prepare the dinner ourselves. We roasted the turkey, which, being only about half-grown, cooked easily, and Will made some excellent coffee. We had sailor's biscuit, some pickles, onions, canned fruit, and then the wine; but when we came to look for the last-named article, not a bottle could be found! O, Cæsar, what unfeeling treachery! We understood the matter now, and a little search discovered him lying under a palmetto-tree, sleeping the sleep of the very drunk. By his side were all the bottles, two of them nearly empty! We threatened to trounce him roundly when he got sober, but that great black, appealing face repelled our anger, and we forgave him.

I cannot think of camp life in Florida without longing to talk and write glowingly of it, but this paper must be a "practical" one. I am sure of this, however: no man ever went to Florida with a shot-gun and

CÆSAR.

found such sport, such exercise, such exhilarating pastime and recreation, as he could have found had he been an accomplished archer. Much of our time there was spent heron-shooting, and every sportsman knows what a wary, wild, almost unapproachable bird the heron is. Let me here say that woodcraft is probably the most important and most difficult part of all an archer's training. To be a successful hunter with the bow, you must know perfectly all the habits of your game; you must be stealthy and sly as an Indian, not the least excitable, patient, watchful, storing up in your memory every item of experience; and, above all, you must be keen-sighted and steady of hand. For to get within good bow-shot of your game is of the first value, and scarcely second to this is the power of instantly centering all your faculties in the act of shooting.

To show how a perfectly trained archer manages his approach to very wary game under circumstances of extreme difficulty, let me describe how Will worked his way to within forty yards of a snowy heron. The great white bird was sitting on the top of an old cypress-stump about twenty yards out in a shallow pond, and we were lying on a green tussock six hundred yards away. We had been talking about the great difficulty of getting a shot at him, and, finally, one of us remarked that it would be evidence of the very highest skill if a hunter should show himself able to outwit that old heron, and get within fair shooting distance of him.

* While on the subject of long shots, I must give to Captain H. H. Talbott, of our Crawfordsville (Indiana) Archery Club, the credit of one of the fairest and finest, which was made in the presence of several witnesses. He hit a golden-winged woodpecker, a bird not quite so large as a dove, at a measured distance of seventy-nine yards. This, of course, is a better record than mine above given.

Finally, Will determined to try his luck, on condition that he should be considered champion of the world if he succeeded.

The ground between us and the pond in which the cypress-stump stood was covered with thin, stiff grass, about knee high, with here and there tall tufts of broad-leaved aquatic weeds growing around little puddles of water. Will's method of procedure was to lie down in the grass, and snake himself

A GOOD SHOT.

along from one of these tufts to another, which would have been rapid enough and quite easy had the tufts been anything like in a row leading toward the bird; but this was not the case. Sometimes a space had to be passed, in full view of the heron, where nothing but the thin grass offered any cover. Here Will's patience and skill were put to strongest test. Lying flat in the grass, face downward, he drew himself forward inch by inch (so slowly that his motion was hardly discernible), till a weed-tuft would hide him from the game, then he would slip rapidly up to the tuft and repeat the process of slow, painful progress to another. Cæsar and I watched alternately the archer and the bird. Now and then the latter would stretch out its wings and shake them a little, or lift up its head to the full extent of its long neck; but the movements were not those of fright. As Will neared his game his motions became still more slow and careful. He zigzagged back and forth from tuft to tuft, gaining only a few feet of distance for many yards of creeping. But he was getting the space quite narrow between him and the heron. Presently it only remained for him to reach another tuft. No cat ever crept as he did. Line by line he seemed to move, scarcely faster than the hand of a clock, and at last we saw him draw himself up behind the tall weeds. For a few moments he rubbed his arms to relieve them of their weariness, then he slipped an arrow from his quiver, nocked it on the string, and moved to one side of the tuft to get a view of his bird. I was watching his movements through a good glass, and I felt my nerves tingle with the excitement of expectancy. All at once he drew and shot. Down came the heron impaled on the shaft, his great wings spread out and his long neck doubled under him! Cæsar and I leaped to our feet and yelled with delight. Will came trudging back carrying his bird, proud, tired, victorious: "champion of the world," sure enough.

Shooting fish might seem to be poor sport, but in the clear spring-streams of North Georgia we have had some lively work and right royal fun killing bass ("trout," the people call them there) with the bow and arrow. Will was the first to attempt this, and after two hours sport he brought in a string of five or six bass, one of them weighing over four pounds. They were certainly the most toothsome fish I ever ate, their flavor being equal to the famed pompano, while their flesh seemed firmer and juicier. After this, "trout" shooting became a favorite change with us when tired of other sport or when other game did not offer. No disciple of Izaak Walton need fly into a passion at this, for in the clear spring-streams of North Georgia no bass would ever take either fly or minnow for me, though in the rivers and brooks they are lively enough game for the hook. In the Oothcaloga, a small mill-stream near Calhoun, I caught a string of sixteen pounds in less than two hours, but in the Cranetah and Big-Spring streams they will not rise or strike at all.

It is a long step from Florida to the Kankakee region of Illinois and Indiana; but there are times when the sportsman may take the step with profit to himself. In the spring and fall this region is one of the finest grounds for mallard, teal, wood-duck and geese to be found in the United States. I need not say to a sportsman that the mallard is a king's own bird for the table. The canvas-back does not surpass it. I have shot corn-fed mallards whose

THE THUNDER-PUMPER.

flesh was as sweet as that of a young quail, and at the same time as choice-flavored as that of the woodcock. A favorite way of shooting these birds, and geese also, with the bow, is for the archer to conceal himself at a point over which a flock will fly when disturbed, and send an assistant to go by a wide circuit round the game and drive it over. I have seen eight or ten birds taken in this way during the course of two hours' shooting. But the best sport is had by slipping along the shores of the ponds and streams and getting single shots by strategy. In the Kankakee lagoons one may shoot all day at buffle-heads, wood-duck, teal, scaup-duck and mallard without getting out of sight of his camp. On the flat prairies bordering this river plover are plentiful, and no bird offers a better mark for an arrow. It is somewhat difficult to hit, but the sport is exciting on account of the fact that on the smooth, level meadow of the prairie you can mark just how near you come to killing each bird; and oftentimes a miss, when your arrow fairly lifts the back-feathers of the game or "tips" its tail or beak, gives you as much pleasure as if you had bowled it over. The peculiarly lively skip and jump taken by a plover when an arrow-head strikes into the ground beside it is enough to make any healthy man laugh in spite of himself. Of course, when shooting at game so small, you must be content to miss five times as often as you hit; indeed to kill once out of five shots would be excellent archery. I have had some days of rare sport when my score showed over forty shots to each bird I bagged.

A kind of bittern or night-heron haunts the prairie sloughs in the Kankakee region, and often, for lack of better game, I have knocked them over for their wing-feathers, which make excellent trimmings for light arrows. The natives call these bitterns by the very appropriate if not euphonious name of "thunder-pumper."

It is rather remarkable that the archer is subjected to the criticism of everybody who sees him. A grave man, who boasted of having served many years in the Hoosier senate, once gave me a long lecture on the folly and childishness of "playing with bows 'n' arrers;" but he would sit all day beside a mill-pond, fishing for "goggle-eyes" and sun-perch, without dreaming of childishness. A Kankakee herder, with a cast of countenance decidedly hangdog, ventured to set his big cur on Will, because he went among some cattle to shoot at a prairie-hen; but a well-directed blunt shaft settled the dog, which ran yelling back to its irate master. Whenever you go into a village all the urchins will gather around you, and some one a little more ragged and bold than the others will be sure to sidle up to you and say, "Mister, make me a bow, will ye?" as though the manufacture of an English long-bow were a matter of five minutes' work!

THE SENATOR'S LECTURE.

I well remember an old curmudgeon whom we ran across in a Florida woods. He carried a flint-locked rifle, nearly six feet long, and wore what, some twenty years before, had been a beaver tile. He helped himself to an enormous quid of smoking fine-cut, and forthwith began to ply us with questions about our weapons. We very patiently explained our method of

HAWK WATCHING FOR QUAIL

shooting and how our arrows were made, the use of our quivers, and so on, till he seemed satisfied, and stood for a moment as if plunged in deep meditation. Then he turned abruptly away and left us, muttering as he did so, "Ye couldn't gi' me a thousand o' them 'ere bows!"

Sometimes we have been followed for a half-day at a time by a staid old farmer, to watch us shoot. His delight at our success was as unbounded as his amazement was profound.

Wood-duck shooting is the bowman's richest sport, and the bird itself is the most royal of game in everything but size. The little streams of the middle and western states, especially those of Indiana and Illinois, teem with wood-duck in their season, which is from the first of September to about the tenth of November, when they fly south. These small streams mostly flow through a wooded country, between low bluffs fringed with papaw and hazel thickets, and overshadowed by giant oak and plane trees. Acorns are constantly dropping into the clear water, giving the ducks all the food they desire; but should this source chance to fail, the wheat stacks and corn-shocks of the farmer are hard by, and to them they make daily excursions. Under cover of the bluffs or the hazel and papaw thickets, the archer has easy work approaching his birds, and generally gets within short range of them before he shoots. If you can keep the shot-gunners away, three or four miles of a well-stocked stream will afford two archers plenty of sport for a whole season. Hunting them with the bow does not drive the birds off to other haunts; but the sound of a gun soon depopulates a stream, whether any duck be killed or not. The little rivulet I am now* hunting along is so shallow that I can wade it at any point, and its average width is not over fifteen yards. No gunners have been on it this season—*i. e.*, within a mile or two of my cabin, each way. The ducks are plentifully distributed along my beat, and seem very fat. I am having grand luck.

Yesterday I found an old, dead, scraggy plane-tree, so full of knot-holes and deserted woodpecker-holes that it looked like a dry honeycomb, and it was literally crammed with flying-squirrels. I spent an hour pounding on the old shell and shooting at the little animals when they came out of the holes. Finally I fetched my stool and easel and made a rough sketch of this flying-squirrels' palace. Anything that flies, swims, climbs or runs is game for the archer. He shoots at everything from a tomtit to a hawk or an eagle, from a flying-squirrel or ground-

"MISTER, MAKE ME A BOW, WILL YE?"

squirrel to a deer. He is out for sport, and means to have it.

To close this paper, a few plain rules for bow-shooting will be of value to those who may be tempted to try it.

* Walnut Fork of Sugar Creek, Oct., 1876. I have on this stream alone taken eight wood-duck each day, on an average, for a week.

The first thing is to secure good weapons. A poor bow and slipshod arrows are worse than none.

For target practice, a fifty-pound lemon-

"YE COULDN'T GI' ME A THOUSAND O' THEM 'ERE BOWS."

wood bow, six feet long, and best-footed Highfield arrows, twenty-eight inches long, are what is needed. A hunting-bow should be ten or fifteen pounds heavier.

All your weapons and accouterments must be kept dry and well oiled. Dampness and archery do not agree.

Never allow yourself to make a careless shot at anything. Strive for excellence at every effort.

Never try to take aim when shooting, but fix your eyes steadily on the mark, and guide your arrow by your *sense of direction.*

Squeeze the bow-handle with the left hand. You cannot hold it too fast. Draw quickly and evenly. Let go without "bobbling" or tremor.

Do not allow the sight of game to put you all in a quiver. You cannot shoot well when excited.

I do not wish to put in a special plea for archery, but I venture to say that no man or woman who cares at all for out-door sport can resist its fascination after he has once mastered its first difficulties. I have yet to find a person so grave and dignified that archery could not coax him into a bending humor. Indeed the bow is the *natural* weapon of man, and it affords him the most perfect physical and mental recreative exercise that can be conceived of. It is to the mind and body what music and poetry are to the soul,—it trains them to the highest degree of healthfulness and strength.

I do not decry angling and gunning, except that the latter is too destructive of game. I am an enthusiastic "disciple of the rod," but whenever I cast a fly or troll a minnow my long-bow is near at hand, and a well-filled quiver at my side. You cannot combine gunning and angling on account of the weight of the gun and accouterments, and still more because the noise of fire-arms is sure to render timid fish sullen. I have known the bass in a well-stocked pool utterly to refuse the most tempting bait through an entire day, for nothing more than a pistol-shot fired close by. The twang of a bow-string seems to frighten nothing. It was the old first note of music made by Apollo.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

BILL SANDERS GETS HIS HANDS "ONTO A BIBLE."

CHAPTER XIX.

NICHOLAS visited his protégés every evening for a week after he had procured places and employment for them. He carried them newspapers and books, read to them, discussed business and the affairs of the nation, and heard the stories of their experience in their new spheres of life. It would be hard to tell whether he or they learned the more, or enjoyed the more, in these reunions. That they missed their old excitements and their vagrant liberty, was very evident; but no one seemed so far to regret the change as to be tempted to return to his old life. Every day placed them further from danger, and all of them had conceived a hearty respect and friendship for their benefactor. Nicholas was very much gratified that, at the end of the first week, they paid their board-bills, though they must have been sorely tempted to use the money in their hands for the improvement of their wardrobe. For this, Nicholas and they were indebted to Glezen, who had had a long talk with Cavendish, and placed upon him the responsibility of seeing that his companions did their duty.

The result of many discussions, in which the reclaimed vagrants gave Nicholas some valuable lessons in human nature and phil-

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osophical policy, appeared at the end of the week, in an announcement which threw one of the worst and poorest neighborhoods of the city into a fever of curious excitement. "The Beggars' Paradise," as the neighborhood was familiarly called, had something new to think of and talk about.

Nicholas, in his conversations with Cavendish, found that he was a man of very fair education, and exceptionally versatile gifts. He had been the inventor of a thousand schemes for winning money without work; his wits had been sharpened in all directions; he was familiar with every phase of pauper life; he knew thoroughly the kind of demoralization which it engendered, and he possessed not only a facile tongue, but an illimitable impudence, which a worthy motive could readily soften into self-respectful courage and ingenious address.

On the border of "The Beggars' Paradise," at the corner of a street devoted mainly to the purchase and sale of old clothes, many of which were collected and dawned by the beggars themselves, there was a dilapidated assembly-room, called by the ambitious proprietor "The Atheneum." In earlier days it had been the scene of sundry cheap shows and low theatrical exhibitions. During one whole season a quartette of negro minstrels, with very large posters and very small jokes, had occupied "The Atheneum." This was in its "palmiest days." But the minstrels and the glory departed together. The grime of years had clothed itself upon the bare arms and legs of Melpomene and Terpsichore, which illuminated the drop-scene of the little stage; many of the seats were broken; the spiders had woven their gray webs across the angles and corners; boys had scrawled the walls with rude effigies of the proprietor, and legends not altogether complimentary to his sense of decency and habits of cleanliness, and everything betrayed not only the degeneracy of the hall itself, but that of the neighborhood on which it had originally depended for support.

Nicholas, for a very modest sum, secured a lease of "The Atheneum" for six months. He caused the shutters to be opened one bright morning, started the fires, put a little army of laboring men and women into the room with brooms and scrubbing-brushes, rolled the presiding muses out of sight, and before night had a clean little theater that would comfortably seat five hundred people.

In the meantime he had informed his friends and associates of what he was doing, and the greatest curiosity and interest prevailed throughout the little group. Ways and means were discussed, prophesies were indulged in, and all looked forward to the night of the opening with keenly delightful anticipations.

The announcement of the first performance at "The Atheneum" was composed by the "Larkin Bureau," and revised and modified under the suggestions of Mr. Jonas Cavendish and his friends; and "The Beggar's Paradise" awoke one morning to the surprise of the flaming poster, on every convenient dead-wall of the region, to which allusion has already been made. It read as follows:

GREAT BREAD MEETING!

Every Ticket a Loaf of Bread, wrapped neatly in brown paper!

Good news to "The Beggars' Paradise"!

Re-opening of The Atheneum! On Thursday evening, January 10th, at 8 o'clock, The Atheneum will be re-opened for a lecture on Bread.

HOW TO GET IT AND HOW TO MAKE IT!

The tickets, each of which will be a loaf of the best bread, are placed at the low price of one dime. Just five hundred loaves will be packed in the box-office, and every member of the audience, on payment of the admission fee, will receive a loaf, and be admitted to the door on showing the same.

The audience are particularly requested not to break the papers and eat the contents during the exercises!

The amusements of "The Beggars' Paradise" were few; and as every attendant upon the performance was promised an equivalent for his money in bread, men and women alike were more than ready to avail themselves of the opportunity to enjoy a social evening in comfortable quarters.

During the afternoon of the opening day, a huge load of bread was drawn to the door of "The Atheneum," and carried upstairs in the sight of an admiring crowd of boys and idle men. So there was no longer any doubt about the bread. A competent force of police was secured for the preservation of order, and for the sifting out and sending from the building such drunken applicants for tickets as would be likely to make disturbance.

At half-past seven o'clock, Nicholas stationed himself in the box-office, with Talking Tim at his side. The former was to take the money, and the latter was to pass out the bread, which so filled the little office that they had hardly sufficient room to stand. Their friends had previously been admitted to the hall by a private door, and had found

places for themselves upon the stage, within sight of the rostrum, though hidden from the auditorium.

Already there was a crowd at the door, covering the sidewalk for several rods, and clustering upon the steps like a swarm of bees upon an orchard limb, with a buzz that might furnish a new force to the figure.

At last the door was opened, and the crowd surged up the stair-way in wild disorder, and with cries and shouts and oaths that made their entrance more like that of a mixed herd of cattle and swine and sheep than like that of human beings.

At the end of the passage leading to the hall they encountered a force of police, standing opposite the box-office in quiet dignity, and every man, as he caught sight of the officers of the law, subsided into silence. Here and there one stopped and hugged the wall, waiting for his chance to turn back—men who did not wish to be recognized, or to come too near to those who might remember a claim upon their persons.

Nicholas had but little difficulty in making change, as nearly every man and woman had brought only the dime that would secure admittance; so that the hall filled rapidly, and Tim, with his one hand, had all he could do to pass out the huge ticket, whose possession gave admission. Before the hour for the beginning of the exercises arrived, the last loaf of the five hundred had been passed out, the box-office was closed, and the remainder of the still-coming crowd was turned back, because there was no more room.

Within, there was a scene of confusion, such as the worst theaters have rarely witnessed. Some of the more reckless had broken their loaves, and were throwing them at each other. It was a remarkable-looking crowd. Pale women sat holding their loaves in their laps, as if they were afraid their treasures would be snatched away. There was a great rustling of paper, there was merry chaffing on every hand, there was impatient stamping of feet, and the little knot of philanthropists behind the wing of the stage, who from sundry peep-holes could see everything, were in a fever of excitement.

One among them was pale and uneasy. The success of the evening depended upon him, and, bold as he was, confident as he was in his own resources, he was humble and fearful. At last, when the clamor was at its height, Mr. Jonas Cavendish stepped out upon the stage, and advanced to a little desk near the foot-lights.

Twenty men recognized him in an instant.

"O Jonas! Jonas!" went up from all parts of the hall.

"Who made your boots?"

"Where did you get your pretty coat?"

"Who suffered for the bread?"

"Where did you sleep last night?"

Cavendish stood and received these blows in silence. At last, he saw a brutal fellow rise in the middle of the hall, and lift his loaf of bread to hurl it toward the stage, himself being the special target. He raised his hand deprecatingly, and some neighbor pulled the ruffian back into his seat.

"Boys," said Cavendish, "do you believe in fair play?"

"Yes!" "yes!" "yes!" from all parts of the hall.

"Have you had anything but fair play here to-night, so far?"

"No, no, it's all right."

"Very well; you will have nothing but fair play for the rest of the evening. And now, will you hear what I have to say?"

"Yes, yes! go on! go on!"

Cavendish, with one trembling hand upon the desk, and leaning appealingly and deprecatingly forward, began:

"You are all poor people here to-night. Some of you are very poor. Some of you do not know where your food for to-morrow is coming from, but all of you know that you have a breakfast in your hands, and that you have honestly paid for it."

"That's so!"

"Well, boys, I see that some of you know me."

"A good many of us know you, Jonas," was the response.

"I'm glad of it, for, if you do, you know that I have been as poor as any of you, that I know what hard times you have, and that I am acquainted with every disreputable trick by which a dead-beat manages to keep body and soul together."

"You can swear to that, Jonas."

"Now," said Cavendish, "I want to tell you a little story, and, if you will hear it through, perhaps you will hear the rest that I have to say."

"Go on, we'll hear you."

"I was a rich man's son,—the son of a man who was fond of me, and gave me every advantage,—and I was foolish and wild. I squandered the money that was left to me, after I had broken the hearts of my father and mother."

"Oh, none of that! none of that, Jonas! Don't come the pathetic."

"Ah, but I am telling you the truth. I say that I broke the hearts of my father and mother, and after that I broke the heart of as good a wife as a man ever had. I went from bad to worse, until the time you first knew me. I borrowed money to spend upon my vices, until I could borrow no longer, and then, dead-beaten, I resorted to every scheme that my ingenuity could devise to get the money that I would not undertake to earn."

"You were an ornament to the profession, Jonas. Don't cry about it"—from the audience.

"I am not going to cry, but I'll make you cry before I get through with you: see if I don't."

"Pump away, Jonas!"

"Well, I played at last a shabby trick upon a gentleman. I'm not going to tell you what it was, but I got the money I went for, and then he got me. [A general laugh.] But he bore no grudge against me, and had a hearty wish to help me. He found a place for me to work. He gave me good companionship and books. He gave me his own society, and treated me as a man and an equal. Since I started in my place, I have earned my daily bread, and more; and I have found and proved that there is no man so low, so beaten by the world, that he cannot rise and be a man again. There is not a man or woman in this hall, who begs from day to day, who cannot by industry and good habits place himself or herself above want, and become something better than a mere swallower of the earnings of other people.

"Now, mark you, I did not intend to tell you this when I came here. I'm no preacher, but you have compelled me to explain my presence here to-night.

"Will you let me go back a little now, in your own lives? Let us go back to the time when you married that pretty girl. How pretty she was! Do you remember her rosy cheeks, her bright eyes, her quick and elastic step, her pleasant ways, the trust she had in you? Do you remember how fond you were of her? Do you remember how you promised to work for her, and take care of her? Do you remember how proud you felt with her hand upon your arm, and how you prized her more than all the world besides? Where is she now? In her coffin? I do not see her in this hall. I see women here, care-worn, pale, weary, with no smiles on their faces. These are not the girls you married. Where are they? Ah, boys! you have killed some of them, and some of them you have beaten. You have made beggars of them and their children. You have disgraced them and done them a thousand wrongs. Isn't it so, boys? Haven't I told you the truth?"

"What's the use o' rakin' it up?" exclaimed a rough fellow, wiping his eyes, while a dozen women were sobbing around him.

"You drove me to it," said Cavendish, "and I told you I would make you cry, and I have done it. But I haven't told you the whole of my story yet. The man who helped me to my place has hired this hall for your amusement and your help, and I have promised to stand by him. I'm going to do it. You will always have your money's worth in your ticket, as you have had it to-night. If you know me at all, you know I can teach you, and if I know you, I can tell you a thousand things that it will be useful for you to learn. I would like to see "The Beggars' Paradise" something better than a beggars' hell, and if you will join hands with me we'll revolutionize this part of the town, and get the name changed. I will work every day for myself for the sake of working with you at night."

"Bully for you, Jonas!"

"We'll think about it."

"Where's the boss?"

After these expressions, coming from different parts of the hall, had died away, Cavendish proceeded:

"I was to speak about bread to-night. This preliminary talk that we have had is more than I bargained for.

"I want you now to follow me as I try to show you the region where the bread begins its life. Let us take the cars and travel westward. We go one, three, five, seven, ten, twelve hundred miles. We pass through a great many thriving cities, we cross many wonderful rivers, we skirt the shores of broad lakes, for a day and a night, and a day and a night, and on a bright and dewy morning we stand upon a broad prairie. It has been a tedious journey, but what we open our eyes upon now is so great, so sweet, so wonderful, that we are repaid for our fatigues. The ocean itself does not seem more illimitable than this expanse of land, all turned over and harrowed to receive the seed. Before, endless prairie; behind, endless prairie; at the right and left, nothing but prairie, —sometimes level like the sleeping sea,

sometimes rolling like the ocean after a storm.

"The little seed-wheat which the thousands of workmen are scattering has been brought, perhaps, from long distances, but every kernel cost the farmer money. The labor that sows it costs the farmer money. All the preparation of the ground costs the farmer money, or his own hard labor. The cattle and the horses used cost him labor or money.

"Go to the same prairie in the early autumn. The black earth has turned into gold, and the prairie is a yellow sea, as mobile and as beautiful as if it were water. Every ear of grain that helps to constitute that palpitating, rippling ocean of beauty, over which the shadows of the clouds are chasing one another, is bending with bread. Then come the reapers who do their work, and get their pay, and then come the threshers, and the money that their labor commands is added to the aggregate of cost. Then the kernels, every one as exquisite as a pearl, are prisoned in sacks, bursting with fullness, are loaded upon wains that drag them to the rail, and then they begin the journey eastward which we passed over when we started to see the prairie. They ride on the rail to the lake. They are hoisted into huge elevators. They descend in streams into ships. They toss upon the waters. Steam propels them, or the winds drive them eastward. For long days and nights they journey over the water and over the land, until they reach their destination. They find the miller at last, and are ground into the finest flour. They are barreled and shipped to the city. From the warehouse they go to the baker, and from the baker they come here, and here you have them in your laps.

"Now mark the process, and see how every grain of these beautiful loaves has been paid for. The seed cost money, and the man who received the money fed himself with it, and thus secured pay for his labor. The plowing and pulverizing of the soil, the covering of the seed, the reaping, the threshing, the transportation by sea and land, the grinding, the baking, have all been giving people bread. Every little kernel of wheat in these loaves has had a blessing in it for every hand that has touched it; and the money that you have paid for this bread to-night goes back through a thousand hands. Bakers, and millers, and railroad men, and sailors, and laborers of all sorts, teamsters and farmers, are helped by the little dimes that you have brought here to-night. All these men depend upon you, and the rest of us, to pay them for the work they have done, and all they ask is that you shall work as hard for them as they have worked for you. Is there anything unreasonable about this? Don't you all feel better for having paid for your loaf of bread, and will not the bread taste the sweeter for it?"

When Cavendish had concluded this part of the address, the house was perfectly still. The listeners had made an excursion into the great country, had caught a glimpse of its industries, and they were thinking how many loaves of bread they had eaten without making any return for them. He was a graphic speaker, and having fairly got the audience into his hands, he had won back all his self-possession and was master of the situation. Dull as the minds of his audience were, they had followed him, and saw dimly what he had been driving at.

"No man is a real man who is not willing to do a man's work, and contribute his share to the making of the bread he eats," said Cavendish. "I confess myself to have been a mean apology for a man,—a skulk, a shirk, a leech."

"No doubt about that, Jonas," from the audience.

"What are you?" said Cavendish.

As the owner of the responding voice was a notorious dead-beat, and well known to those about him, a laugh of derision went up at his expense.

"I propose to be a leech no longer. I am ashamed of myself," said Cavendish; "but I must not waste your time in personal matters. It has been promised that I should tell you how to make bread."

Then he went into a long and interesting dissertation on the chemical processes involved in the making of the loaves that the audience held in their hands. He broke open a loaf that lay upon the table at his side, and compared it with the miserable stuff they were in the habit of preparing for themselves. Then he told them that lest they should forget the various formulas that he had described to them, he had brought some printed recipes, which he would distribute among them.

Forthwith there appeared from the wing of the stage, and descended into the auditorum, a lad dressed like a page, in a blue roundabout with brass buttons—no less a personage than Bob Spencer, Glezen's new boy, in the regalia of his high office.

"Hullo, Bob!" rose from every part of the hall, and Bob was as proud of his dignity as if he had been a prince. He passed among the seats, distributing his bundle of recipes right and left. Every woman took one, and laid it away in her pocket or her bosom. Then the boy ran swiftly upstairs and disappeared.

It looked as if the exercises were closing, when a voice called out:

"How are we to get the bread? You promised to tell us how to get it."

"Thank you," said Cavendish. "I came near forgetting that, I have had so many other things to talk about. Now, as I have dealt very frankly with you to-night, and acknowledged my own sins and short-comings, I have a right to ask you to treat me in the same way. How many in this audience intend to go to an ale-house, or a gin-shop, on their way home and get something to drink? Up with you! Be fair now! No skulking!"

Cavendish was laughing, and the laugh was contagious. The atmosphere was favorable to candor and frankness. One lathy, long fellow rose, amid universal merriment, then another and another, until a hundred men were on their feet.

"That's right," said Cavendish. "Now please to sit down."

All resumed their seats, and then Cavendish said:

"I calculate that this audience propose to spend at least ten dollars on the way home for drink. There, you see, are a hundred loaves of good honest bread that you propose to throw away. And what will you get for it? An unhappy home, a drunken sleep, a headache to-morrow morning, unfitness for work, and the necessity of driving your poor wives and wretched children out to beg for the bread that will be necessary to hold your souls within your miserable carcasses. Isn't that true? You know it is. One way, then, to get your bread is to save your money for it. The other way is to get something to do, at any wages, and do it, and get your money for that."

It was evident that the audience had risen to no such determination as this. They had been interested and amused, but every man had come to the hall with a scent of benevolence in his nostrils. They knew that somebody, somewhere, had money; and when they arrived at the hall Cavendish had told them that somebody had money. They wanted money. Their self-respect had been ministered to, but their wants were open, and the habit of their lives—the habit of living and desiring to live on the money of others—was not broken.

"Where's the boss?" they cried.

"Trot him out!"

"We want to see him."

"Show us the elephant."

They clapped their hands and stamped their feet, and were about breaking up in a great tumult, when Nicholas appeared at the wing of the stage, advanced rapidly to the foot-lights, and bowed to the audience.

"Boys," said he, "I am the boss, and I mean well toward you all. I wanted to do something for you. I knew your evenings must be rather dull, and that even those among you who have homes are not very comfortable in them. I thought it would be a good thing for you to have a warm, well-lighted hall, such as the rich people have to meet in, and that you could be interested here. I have been very much instructed and interested to-night, myself, by one from your own ranks, and I am sure that there are hundreds of well-educated people in New York who would have been willing to give five or ten times the sum your bread has cost you for the privilege you have enjoyed. All I have to say is that they cannot have it at any price. [Cheers, and 'bully for you!'] Is there anything that I can do for you?"

If he had asked this question earlier, there would have been a call for money from every part of the house, but the speaker's respectful tone, and his evident good-will, shamed them all into silence, except one brutal fellow who said loudly:

"Yes! shell out!"

A hiss was started, and a cry of "shame, shame," went up from every part of the hall.

When the tumult subsided, Nicholas said:

"I may as well answer this man, for myself and for you. I never gave a cent of money to a man in my life—to a man, I mean, who was able to earn it and had not earned it—that I was not ashamed of myself and ashamed of him and for him; and I promise you and pledge you that I will never give you a penny so long as I live. I would not insult a man who was capable of earning his own bread by offering him money. I would not do anything for any man that I would not permit him to do for me. I have a reasonable amount of money now, but I may lose it, as multitudes have lost theirs. If I am unfortunate, I will work my fingers to the bone before I'll beg."

"Good! good! You're all right," resounded on every hand, and Nicholas was about retiring from his first public effort when a man rose in the middle of the hall and expressed the hope that he would remain a moment.

Nicholas recognized Mr. Lansing Minturn, who, with Yankton, or "Twitchell," had taken a seat in the audience, in order to be ready for any emergency. Both these men were known, and both knew that their recent history had not come to the ears of their old associates. It was Lansing Minturn's hand that, in the early part of the evening, had prevented the loaf from being hurled at the head of Cavendish. They had led in the cheers, and had controlled and guided, as well as they could, the demonstrations of the audience.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, "that this audience owes to the gentleman who has just spoken, and to our old friend Cavendish, a vote of thanks for our entertainment here to-night. I therefore propose that the thanks of the audience be presented to them for the use of the hall that we have enjoyed, and the very instructive and interesting address that we have listened to."

"I second the proposition," said Mr. Yankton promptly.

The propounder of the motion put it to vote, and it was carried *nem. con.* Nicholas, with a smile of acknowledgment on his face, bowed to the audience and retired, while Cavendish raised his hand and said:

"One word more."

The audience paused—some standing, some sitting.

"One week from to-night there will be a lecture in this hall on 'Soap.'"

The announcement was greeted with the wildest merriment and applause.

"How to make it and how to use it!" shouted Cavendish.

This addition excited loud laughter and cheers, as the grand joke of the evening.

"Every attendant paying his dime at the box-office, will be presented with a cake of good soap, which will serve as his ticket of admission to the hall."

"We'll all come," said Lansing Minturn.

"Every man and woman of us," shouted Yankton.

The hall was quickly emptied of as merry an audience as any New York theater sent into the street that night. They had been interested, they had been instructed, they had forgotten for more than an hour the low motives of their lives. The passengers upon the sidewalks stopped and watched the bread-bearing crowd, and wondered what had been done; and many men went straight home who had intended to waste the scanty contents of their pockets in drink.

Nicholas and Cavendish, on rejoining the little circle of friends behind the wing of the stage, were the recipients of quite an ovation. Both were heartily congratulated. Mr. and Mrs. Coates were there, having been attracted partly by curiosity, and partly by the enthusiasm of their daughter. Mrs. Coates only, of all the company, withheld her approval.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Coates, "that this meetin' ought to have been opened with prayer. I may seem to be a strange woman, but I like the good old ways."

"Y–yes," said Mr. Coates, who saw that he was the only proper person to make a response to the suggestion, "b–bait your t–trap with a ch–icken, c–catch your fox, and then b–brush the flies off his face, and t–teach him the c–catechism."

It would have been too much to expect of the excited and happy group that they should receive this illustration of Mr. Coates's idea of the situation without laughter; but there was not one of them—there was not one of the most reverent of them—who did not apprehend the unfairness of imprisoning a collection of five hundred people for a special object, and then taking an advantage of their helplessness to secure another. They had seen it tried, again and again, and they did not believe in it. They did believe, however, that God likes work better than words, that those who honestly labor for his children have his blessing in advance, without those phrases of public petition which are uttered mainly for their moral effect.

From the hall the young people went directly to Miss Larkin, who awaited their return and report in a fever of excitement. She had asked of Nicholas the privilege of sharing in his expenses, so that she might be reckoned among the agents of the reform he had undertaken, and he could not refuse her request.

The meetings at "The Atheneum" went on during the winter. The lecture upon soap was as great a success as that on bread. New seats were put into the hall. The audience went from five hundred up to six hundred. "The Atheneum" had never enjoyed such a season. The lecture on soap was followed by one on carbon in all

its forms, from graphite to the diamond. The ticket for this lecture was a little ink-stand, made from coal like that which they burned upon their hearths. Cavendish was furnished with books for cramming purposes, and was particularly brilliant and graphic in his representation of the age when the world's fuel and light were deposited in their rocky store-houses. From useful things the lectures went to ornamental. The ticket to the first of these was a chromo, and in this lecture upon art, Cavendish told with thrilling effect the story of the morning which he and two of his companions spent with Nicholas in his room. The hurling of the Laocoön from its bracket, on that eventful morning, was made to do double duty, and the audience had been so far educated by the exercises of the winter, that they could receive and carry away the lesson.

There was new life in hundreds of homes. Other philanthropists became interested in the remarkable experiment, and the appearance of a number of gentlemen and ladies upon the stage, with the permission of the audience, came to be a regular and expected affair. Of course, those who were poor were poor still, but something had come into their lives to give them meaning. Their common needs lost their vulgarity, and gradually clothed themselves with beauty and even romance. A degree of self-respect came back to them. They were more industrious, more frugal, less intemperate. They paid more attention to their persons. They were better dressed and cleaner.

While this was going on, other events were in progress among those with whom our story has brought us into association, and to these we must return for a while, to come back to "The Atheneum" experiment when it takes on a new character and develops a new phase of interest. It is sufficient to say now, in regard to this experiment, that its course, though always progressive, met with many drawbacks and difficulties, which taxed to their utmost the time and ingenuity of those who carried it on. Nicholas was the busiest man in New York. He made all the purchases, and became a personal adviser—almost a father confessor—to many poor men and poor women, who were struggling to better their low conditions. He had a great deal of earnest help, but he was the readiest man of them all—always bold and quick in expedients, and never failing of his ends, because he would not fail.

CHAPTER XX.

One may not swear that a river is pure because heaven is to be seen in it. Reflection is an office of the surface. Many a stream with an under-tide of turbid waters and a muddy bottom mirrors back the courtesies of the trees upon its banks, but never shows them a pebble.

Mr. Benson's life seemed pure. It reflected the atmosphere above him and the things around him. There was not a bird that crossed it without seeing its double in an inverted sky. It gave back what it received. It entertained the clouds and the stars; and men did not pause to think that they were only looking into a mirror. Indeed, they flattered the fact in supposing that the difficulty in seeing into this life was attributable to its depth rather than its density.

It often happens, however, in the clearest streams that a confluent may receive an independent freshet, and carry out into the broad river its burden of suspended uncleanness. Mr. Benson's financial troubles and the means he adopted to meet and master them were defacing the mirror of his life. The surface was growing dull and perturbed. Midway it showed a separation; and side by side, with only an imaginary or indistinct division, there flowed a river that seemed clear as of old, and one that was dirty and dull. If careless people did not see this, Mr. Benson himself was conscious of it. He was in grave trouble—trouble not only with his affairs, but with himself. He had arrived at a point where he could apprehend the fact that a fatal gap yawned between his religion and his morality. He was inexpressibly pained by this apprehension, and profoundly puzzled by it. He could not see that his religion and his morality had the same selfish basis. He could not comprehend the fact that his morality had not grown out of his religion—that they had no common root in love to God and love to man.

He was sure that he enjoyed his religious exercises. He did not see that he enjoyed them because they had no connection with his moralities. The services of his church on Sunday, the attendance upon, and the active participation in, the social religious gatherings of the week, personal devotions, the reading of his Bible,—all these were sources of comfort to him. The faithful discharge of what he regarded as his religious duties gave him his best consolations.

It has been said that there was no vital relation between his morality and his religion, yet in his own mind there was a relation, so far that he was puzzled to understand why a man who discharged his religious duties with such careful punctilio should not receive his reward in greater prosperity. He was a friend of religion—a friend of God: why was not God a more helpful friend to him? Still, the fact that God was no more helpful did not tempt him to relinquish his religious duties. Indeed, the circumstance that he was doing doubtful things in the realm of his moralities, stimulated him in what he regarded as other good directions. He was dimly conscious, perhaps, that he was trying to blind the eyes of others to his immoral doings and conditions, and that he was apparently more religious because he was consciously more immoral, but this did not affect his action.

Mr. Benson was sound in his beliefs, and this fact, in such a mind as his, went a long way in the conservation of his self-complacency. To these he clung with almost affectionate pertinacity. Whatever changes might happen to his earthly fortune, his heavenly inheritance should be secure. Concerning the duties in this department of his life he had no doubt, even if the circumstances of the time and the infirmities of his will under temptation, should warp or degrade his action in his practical dealings with the world. He was at least no heretic, and the truth should always find in him a bulwark and a defense.

The real trouble with Mr. Benson was that he was obliged to take care of Mr. Benson and Mr. Benson's reputation. He had been a wise and prosperous man. The community had looked up to him and trusted him. He had nursed his reputation with a degree of self-love of which he was entirely unconscious. To be greeted, and spoken of, and pointed at, as a man of probity, as an eminent citizen, as a person supremely trustworthy, was the sweetest gratification of his life. Under the inspiration of his own self-love, rather than that of any higher love, he had been a moral man. When he saw this successful and moral man about to tumble from his height of prosperity and good repute, the same self-love sprang to save him by such means as seemed necessary.

The first duty, then, that appealed to Mr. Benson, outside of that which he owed to his religion, was that of taking care of himself. He justified himself in this by the fact that if he could take care of himself, he could take care of all whose affairs he held in his hands. His work was therefore very simple. How to get through the crisis and save his reputation was the great question which covered all other questions.

He was already conscious, however, as has been intimated, that a freshet had occurred in the principal confluent of his life, which had betrayed itself upon the surface to a few eyes besides his own. He knew that his reputation was suffering already. He was at least so conscious that it ought to suffer, that he became painfully alert and suspicious. He had carried through all his business life so confident a feeling and so confident a front, based upon conscious fair dealing and assured popularity, that a suspicion of himself made him suspicious of the public. He had noticed, first, that the tide of private deposits, of which he had been the recipient, had reached its flood. Whether this was attributable to the growing poverty of the people, or to a general subsidence of confidence in moneyed men, or to a special waning of faith in him, he could not tell, but he suspected the last.

It is curious how keen the public scent of private difficulty is,—how quickly suspicion gathers around a man who, however faithfully he may have discharged all his business obligations, has done it with trouble to himself and fears for the future. There was no doubt that, for some reason, the public confidence in Mr. Benson was waning. His affairs had been quietly canvassed in business circles, and wise heads had been shaken over them. Nothing had been spoken of them outside,—no whisper of warning had been breathed among the poor,—yet sharp instincts apprehended the tottering of his strength, and a certain indefinable change in himself. The man who had had a courteous word for everybody, now passed his best friends in the street without knowing them. He was absorbed, preoccupied. He found it more difficult from day to day to obtain accommodations. Some of his recent depositors called, under various excuses, to withdraw their loans. Men bowed to him in the street in a different manner from that to which he had been accustomed. Money-lenders gave him short greetings or a wide berth.

He was unspeakably vexed and distressed with the change, and it did not work well with him. It maddened him and made him desperate, yet still he could not only blame their selfishness, but take refuge in his own superior motives. These motives

hardened, however, from day to day, into a determination to save himself at any risk—almost at any price.

Did he mean to wrong anybody? No. He fully intended to pay every dollar of his debts. That, at least, would be necessary to save his reputation, and he sincerely desired to do this, with as little wrong-doing as possible.

It was in this mood and in this condition that Nicholas would have found him on the night on which he received the letter from the burglar concerning the stolen bonds, had he persisted in his determination to call upon him and read the letter to him. At that moment he was closeted with one of his largest and most importunate creditors—one who, on the brink of failure, was telling him that he must and would have his money. It was in vain that Mr. Benson assured him that the debt could not be paid without distressing others, and involving a ruinous sacrifice of property. Necessity could take no counsel of generosity. Ruin was not in the mood to consider ruin; and Mr. Benson was obliged to submit to the rule of business which circumstances had compelled him to enforce upon others.

So, before the creditor left the house that evening, he secured a promise from Mr. Benson that the debt should be paid on the following day.

This was the hardest emergency that Mr. Benson had ever experienced. He had made a desperate promise under desperate pressure, and must keep it or go to protest, and acknowledge himself beaten. He had nothing to keep his promise with. No sale of property could be made in the brief hours at his command. He could not borrow on the securities he held, save at rates that would disgrace him and hasten his ruin.

His mind trod the weary round of possibilities again and again, and at every revolution it paused before the safe that held the stolen bonds. He did not wish to touch them. Why had he held them? Why had he not placed himself beyond the temptation to use them? Could it be that Providence had withheld his hand from restoration? Could it be that the God he had prayed to so earnestly intended that these bonds should come into his hands for temporary use, in the most cruel exigency of his life? It seemed so. He could see no other way out of his trouble. There were the bonds, lying idly in his safe. There was in them all the help he needed, and more. They were doing good to nobody. At the very moment he contemplated theft, his heart went up with an emotion of gratitude!

The devil had come to him as an angel of light, with the blasphemous message that Providence was dealing with him,—that a miracle had been wrought for him,—that a man who held him in his hands and held him in contempt had been made unwillingly tributary to his safety. The devil did not need to tell him that he had paid for the bonds a certain sum in money, that he had taken them from the hands of a robber, that he was ready to give them up to any man who could prove them to be his, that he had kept them safely for the owner, and that he only wanted a temporary use of them.

What should he do? What would any man do with ruin staring him in the face, the means of avoiding it in his hands, and a message more than half believed to be from heaven in his heart, bidding him use the means?

Still, if Nicholas had told him of his letter, the message from heaven in answer to prayer would not have come to Mr. Benson. He might even have informed Nicholas of his possession of the bonds, and insisted on putting them out of his hands. He had gradually approached, and finally reached, a determination, and found his heart lighter and his path brighter. Was this heaven's own smile of approval? It seemed to be.

But here another difficulty arose. Where should he use the bonds? He found that however divinely sanctioned his use of them might seem to be, he was not ready to use them in the open market. It would not be safe to place them where he could not at once lay his hands upon them.

So he was shut up to a single resort. It was against the law for an officer of the Poor Man's Savings Bank to use its funds for his personal purposes. But he would use them for a few days, and no harm could come to the bank, with such security as he had it in his power to offer. He had become so blinded and benumbed in his apprehensions, that he did not see that his one illegal or irregular act would demoralize every officer of the bank associated with him, and that he would lose all power to control them. He did not see that every man of them would demand a loan for himself, as a bribe to secrecy, and that he would by his act inaugurate a confederacy of crime that would endanger or destroy the institution in which he had taken so much pride.

Before noon on the following day the bonds were in the vault of the savings bank, Mr. Benson's creditor was paid, and he had a surplus fund on hand which would give him room and leisure to work for the redemption of his pledged securities.

The first effect was great mental relief to Mr. Benson. The second was an organized demand, on the part of the other officers of the bank, for accommodations for themselves. They gave him plainly to understand that they were in as great trouble as himself; that their right to borrow of the bank was equal to his own, and that if their demand was not acceded to they would endeavor, in the proper quarters, to ascertain why he was to be made an exception to the rule.

Mr. Benson was in their hands. Practically he was under the threat of exposure, if he refused to honor their wishes. There was but one thing for him to do, and he discovered too late that the devil, who had assumed the semblance and the prerogatives of Providence, had led him into a trap, from which there was no way of escape. He saw before him the ruin of the bank. He saw that he had demoralized his own officers, and that not one of them could be dismissed.

Sometimes the whole chain of events which had led him into his present desperate perplexities was unrolled before him. Oh that he could go back! Oh that he could recall the first mistake, the initial act, of his supreme selfishness, which had placed him on this declining and tortuous road!

He prayed, but he had no relief. He was in a land of shadows. He was fighting with monsters. The heavens were brass, the earth was iron. His divinity was the Virgin of the medieval chamber of torture, who opened her thorny arms and pressed him to a breast of spikes, that quenched his breath and drew his blood and racked him with insufferable pain.

CHAPTER XXI.

In the meantime, Nicholas had taken the burglar's letter to Glezen's office, and they had looked over it together. Nicholas had not the slightest doubt that the note was from the man whom he had chased from "The Crown and Crust"—his keeper on the night of the Ottercliff robbery—the beggar whom he had violently ejected from his house. Every circumstance connected with it assured its genuineness, but whether Bill Sanders knew where the bonds were, or was only trying to secure money for information which he did not possess, was a question that could only be doubtfully answered.

Glezen had considerable faith in the genuineness of the letter, but none at all in its author's proposition. He had had a little experience, and a good deal of observation, in such cases, and he had learned that very little dependence was to be placed upon letters of that character. It was possible, however, that the burglars had quarreled over their booty, and that Bill Sanders would be ready to play a game of revenge, if he could be assured of his own safety.

After a long consultation, Nicholas left the letter in Glezen's possession, with the permission to take such steps with regard to it as might seem to be the most judicious.

From all that Glezen could learn or guess about Bill Sanders, he had been a subordinate in the crime—a cat's-paw in the hands of abler and worse men; and he cared a good deal more about getting back the bonds for Nicholas than he did about securing the person of such a man. Besides, a man who would be willing to act as a tool for a greater rogue, might the more easily be induced to act as his own tool. So he sat down and carefully wrote a reply to the burglar's letter, telling him that the matter had been placed in his hands, and proposing an interview, with a pledge of personal safety.

The night fixed upon for the interview was one which Nicholas and Cavendish would spend at "The Atheneum," so that, without exciting suspicion, or being under the danger of intrusion, he might have the rogue in his office and examine him at his leisure.

The reply to his note reached him with unexpected promptness, and, somewhat to his surprise, his proposition was accepted. The man made his conditions in detail. The main point seemed to be personal safety during the visit. He even indulged in threats, in the name of his gang, if anything should happen to him contrary to the construction he had placed upon Glezen's letter, and the conditions named in his own.

Glezen was in his office at nine o'clock, the place and hour specified in his own letter, though he had but little faith that the visitor he had invited would appear.

The clock of Trinity had hardly completed its tale of the hour, however, when Glezen heard steps slowly ascending the

stairs. They paused at the landing, and the man who had made them seemed to be trying to read the signs on the various doors. At last there came a hesitating knock, which Glezen answered in person.

"Is this Bill Sanders?" inquired Glezen, opening the door upon him.

"I'm the man as writ the letter," was the reply, in a voice which Nicholas, had he been present, would have recognized at the antipodes.

"Come in out of the draught," said Glezen.

"Is it all clear?"

"Yes."

"Honor bright?"

"Without a stain," said Glezen, while the man glanced into his quizzical eyes.

Bill Sanders stepped inside, and looked around him, as the lawyer turned the key in the door.

"Be you a jokin' man?" inquired Bill Sanders.

Glezen laughed, and said:

"Why do you ask?"

"I reckoned you was by what you said, and how you looked," was the reply.

"I am serious enough for our business," said Glezen.

"I always trust a jokin' man," said Bill, flatteringly with his husky voice. "'Does he joke?' says I. That settles it. 'There's a good spot in 'im,' says I. 'What he says he'll do, he will do. When he says he'll pertect ye, he'll do it. When he says he'll plank down money, he'll plank down money, and he wont stand on small change.' That's what I says."

Bill took the chair that was offered him, tucking his hat under his left arm, as if that disposition of it were an act of courtesy toward his host. He wore a cunning, deprecative, deferential air, most unlike the ordinary bully, and a pale, creamy smile, under which it was difficult to tell whether the milk was sweet or sour.

"I know ye mean to deal squar'," said Bill, to break the uncomfortable silence in which Glezen was regarding him. "I knowed it as quick as I see ye leave the key into the door."

"I think I understand you, Bill," said Glezen, at length; "and before you start, I want you to hear a little that I have to say. You needn't tell me your real name, because you'll lie about it, and that will be a bad beginning. What I want is the truth. I have promised that you shall come and go this time in safety, and I will keep my promise; but you must remember that I have promised nothing beyond this evening. If you tell me the truth, I can probably save you from harm. If you lie to me, I shall feel at perfect liberty to do anything that seems desirable. You are undoubtedly one of the robbers of my friend Minturn's bonds. Now what do you know about them?"

"Swear me! Let me git my hand onto a Bible," said Bill.

"No, I don't want you to swear," said Glezen. "I'll take your word of honor, if such a man as you has any honor."

"Then I'll swear myself," said Bill. "May God ——"

"Stop!" said Glezen. "Not another word! If you wish to have me believe you, drop your oaths."

Bill's programme for the evening was broken up, and it bothered him. He had actually come to tell the truth; he had been confirmed in his determination to tell it by Glezen's words; but he somehow thought it would be truer if he could "git his hand onto a Bible."

"Begin," said Glezen.

"There was three men as went a-foragin'," said Bill Sanders,—"as went a-foragin' up the river. Two of 'em was old hands, that was used to large business, and one of 'em was a new hand, as was used to small business. They cracked a house, as wasn't fur from the river, and got away with a stack o' plunder, an' nobody hurt. Lawyer, stick a pin in that—nobody was hurt. A kid was skewered temperary, but there wasn't no murder,—a kid as had no good will a-owin' to 'im, but there wasn't no harm done."

"No," said Glezen, impatiently, "you only bound and gagged him. Go on. I've heard all this before."

"As I was a-sayin'," pursued the narrator, "the men got away with a stack o' plunder —some on it silver, and some on it bonds. Now, s'pose we call the head man Captain Hank. That wasn't his name, but suppose we call it Captain Hank, to make it easy. Captain Hank says: 'Boys, we'll divide the silver, but I'll keep the bonds, an' sell 'em when the time comes. They must be kep' together, an' I'm goin' to keep 'em,' says 'e, an' when I git red of 'em, then we'll divide squar',' says 'e. Well, the men was free-spendin', and they run through the silver afore they knowed it, and then Captain Hank went for to raise the needful on the bonds."

Up to this point, Glezen had sat back in his chair with half shut eyes, listening to the

old story, but now he opened them and became alert.

"Did he get any money on them?" inquired Glezen.

"I'm a-comin' to it, careful," said Bill. "Two of the fellers waited for Captain Hank, an' they waited till he come back, the wust beat man you ever see. He went to a high party as deals extensive, and the high party knowed about the bonds, an' come down on 'im with a barker an' a telegraph, an' was too many for 'im. Leastways, that's Captain Hank's story. Captain Hank gave both of his pardners an X, an' that's all they ever see of the bonds, an' then he broke with 'em. An' here you sets an' asks me if he got money on 'em. In course he got money on 'em, an' he got more'n he give account fer. That's what's the matter. You don't s'pose I'd come here an' give him up if he'd dealt fair, do ye?"

"Who's the high party as deals extensive?" inquired Glezen, adopting a phrase which Bill seemed to have used with considerable pride.

"He's a party as gobbled the whole pile, an' we've watched the papers to see if the bonds ever got back to the man as owns 'em, but the old cock hasn't peeped. He's got 'em now. I've seen 'im sence in the street, and butter wouldn't melt in 'is mouth."

"But you haven't told me his name," said Glezen.

Bill drew his chair nearer to Glezen, and began to tremble and grow white-lipped. His voice became more husky, and came down to a wheezy whisper, as he said:

"Lawyer, you wont believe me. Swear me as a pertickler favor. Let me get my hand onto a Bible."

Glezen was impressed with the man's sincerity. He was evidently under great excitement, and felt that the secret he had determined to divulge would be regarded as incredible. Knowing that his word was valueless, he seemed to feel that an auxiliary oath might stiffen it for use.

"I don't want any oaths," exclaimed Glezen, impatiently. "If your word isn't good for anything, your oath isn't good for anything. Out with it."

"But you wont believe it," said Bill.

"You don't believe it yourself, perhaps."

"I do. I know it."

"How do you know it?"

"I went with 'im to the door!"

Bill fell back in his chair, and drew a long breath.

"What door? Whose door?"

"Old Benson's!" in a whisper.

It was Glezen's time to be excited now.

"I have a good mind to tell you that you lie, and to kick you out of my office," said he.

"I knowed you wouldn't believe it," said Bill, deprecatingly. "I wanted to get my hand onto a Bible, and you wouldn't let me."

"Very well," said Glezen, trembling with excitement, "you shall have your hand on a Bible. Here it is. Stand up, and put your hand on it."

The rogue staggered to his feet, and placed his hand boldly on the book.

"I'm ready," said he.

"You solemnly swear, that you honestly and firmly believe, that a man whom you know as Captain Hank, and as the robber who stole a package of bonds from Nicholas Minturn at Ottercliff, disposed of those bonds to, or had them taken from him by, Benjamin Benson, in this city, God Almighty being your witness, and your avenger if you swear falsely."

Glezen administered the oath with profound solemnity.

"I do," said Bill, "an' that's what I call business. You might as well have come to it afore, an' it wasn't my fault that you didn't."

"Now, if you have lied to me, Bill Sanders, I'll make this place too hot to hold you."

"If I've lied to you, I hope I'll go to a hotter place than you can make this into," said Bill, firmly.

"Don't you tell this to anybody else," said Glezen. "If it's true, I'll take care of the matter. If it is false, as it probably is, whatever your belief may be, it will be a cruel thing against an innocent man to say anything about it. Captain Hank has probably lied to you. He may have gone to Mr. Benson to sell the bonds, but he probably did not sell them. And now," said Glezen, rising, "I want nothing more of you to-night."

"What are you going to give me?" inquired Bill.

"For what you've told me, nothing," said Glezen, "until I am convinced that you have told me the truth. For your trouble in coming here to-night, this ——," and he handed him a bank-note of a small denomination. Bill was disappointed.

"I'll make it right, if I am convinced that you have not tried to deceive me. There's no use in talking about the matter. No words, Bill, no words! Good-night!"

and he almost crowded him out of the door of his office, and locked himself in. Passing swiftly to his window, he saw his visitor cross Broadway, and disappear down one of the side streets.

It was already late, but he knew, with this secret in his possession, he could not sleep. He paced his room for a few minutes, then, seized with a sudden determination, he hurried on his overcoat and hat, locked his office, ran down-stairs, and hailing and leaping into a passing cab, ordered the driver to take him to the rooms of Nicholas, and not to lose time on the way.

The revelations of the robber had profoundly impressed him, however incredulously he may have appeared to receive them. He was certainly more than half convinced that Bill Sanders believed the statement he had sworn to. If he had not been measurably convinced of this, he would not have been so much excited.

He found himself sitting lightly on his seat, and leaning forward, with the strange, involuntary fancy that he was lightening the burden of the horse, or imparting something of the haste he felt to the brute that dragged him. Every muscle was tense, and, at last, became so painful that he was obliged to lean back for rest. Although the night was cold, the cab seemed close, and he put down the windows, that he might catch the sharp air on his feverish cheeks. Then came a flood of doubts whether he had a right to plant suspicions in the mind of Nicholas, which, in all probability, were groundless. He had a dozen impulses to stop the driver and walk back to his own rooms

But the cab rolled on over the stony streets, past the theaters as they were disgorging themselves, past the saloons ablaze with light, past the long rows of dark warehouses, and the unending lines of flickering street-lamps, and he held to his seat as if by some fatal necessity. Crowded and violently exercised as his mind had been, he was at his destination before he could realize that the long distance had been measured. The cabman was royally paid for his service and dismissed; but even then Glezen hesitated.

In vain. He could not go away. He rang the bell, and on reaching the room he sought he found Nicholas preparing to retire for the night.

"What! This you?" exclaimed Nicholas.

"Even so."

"What is the matter? You are pale. Are you ill?"

"I have heard the devil's own story to-night," said Glezen, sinking into a chair, "but I am not ill,—only a little excited. Put on your coat, Nicholas. We must have a talk. I don't know that I ought to tell you this story, but it's in me, and I don't seem to be able to hold it."

Nicholas sat down near his friend, very much puzzled, and heard in profound amazement every incident of the interview that had occurred at Glezen's office.

"Now mark you, Nicholas," said Glezen, interrupting the latter in his attempt to speak, "I give but little credence to this story. On one side of it, there is a set of desperate rogues—men known to be thieves—men who would perjure their souls for money just as readily as they would break into a house, or cut a throat, if they had occasion for violence. On the other, there is a man more conspicuous for his probity than for anything else—with all the dissuasives against crooked courses that can be gathered round a man, or gathered into him. It is not fair to pit one of these parties against the other, even before the bar of one's private judgment. We must keep this to ourselves. I am glad to have a partner in the possession of the story, because it is an ugly thing for one man to carry, but it cannot be true. You know it cannot be true."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Nicholas. "You lawyers are always after evidence that will be good in a court of justice. There are circumstances in my mind that have fitted themselves into, and illuminated every passage of, the story. I shall surprise you if I say that I not only believe that this story is true, but that my belief amounts almost to knowledge."

"You surprise me," said Glezen. "What do you mean?"

"I know the very night on which the transaction took place," said Nicholas. "Why, the man almost revealed himself. The secret was as hard for him to hold as it has been for you; and if he had had no greater motive for keeping it than you have had, I should have received it then. My interview with him came next after that of Captain Hank. He was pale and excited when I entered. He questioned me about the bonds. He told me he believed, or felt, somehow, that I should get them again. He went so far as to say that he had just had a call from a man who was as likely to have been the robber as any man he had ever seen. I see it all. He had my bonds in his safe at that moment. He asked me if

I had yet discovered the record of the numbers, and I can see now—I saw it then, without understanding it—his look of satisfaction when I answered in the negative. It's true, Glezen; it's true! I see it more plainly every moment, as our conversation comes back to me. I see the strange malignity with which he undertook to play upon my hopes, and the blinds which he wove before my eyes. I tell you it's true."

Nicholas grew more nervous and emphatic as he talked. Every word and circumstance of the interview which he recalled fitted so naturally into, or grew out of, the consciousness of guilt on Mr. Benson's part, that he could find no place for them in any substituted theory.

Then he rose and walked the room in wild excitement. He clenched his hands as if he were in pain. Then gesticulating furiously, he said:

"I see it! I see it! I know it is true!"

"You forget, Nicholas, that Benson is not a fool," said Glezen. "He couldn't afford to risk his reputation for the money."

"He doesn't love me, Glezen."

"Very well, he cannot afford to risk his position for the gratification of a private enmity. You must give me a better reason than these."

"Wouldn't he commit crime for the sake of saving his position?" inquired Nicholas.

"My boy," said Glezen, "that's deeper down into motives than I've been. If he is in any such strait as that, it is time our friend, Miss Larkin, were placed on her guard."

"She shall be placed on her guard the next time I see her. If he can steal from me, he can defraud her."

The excitement of Nicholas had had the effect to cool Glezen, and the latter at last said quietly:

"Well, Nicholas, what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to give Mr. Benson an opportunity to deny the story."

"You cannot do that, you know."

"I can do it, and I will do it."

"You will only get yourself into difficulty."

"What do I care about that? I have had him on his knees more than once, and he has more than one reason to be afraid of me. You talk about keeping this matter to ourselves. I cannot carry it, even with your help. Why, the man has almost shaken my bonds in my face. He has gloated over their possession in my presence. Leave me alone. I shall not mention your name, and I assume all the responsibility."

Glezen saw that it was useless to argue with Nicholas in his excited and confident mood, and securing a promise from him that he would not move in the affair until further consultation, bade him good-night and sought his lodgings.

He left his friend to a night of sleeplessness. A danger to Miss Larkin had been opened to the latter in the conversation. His own instinct or insight had discovered it. It assumed the front of reality, and he could not put it out of his mind. Any selfish consideration was nothing compared with his sympathy for her, and the motive that sprung within him to shield and defend her. He would warn her of her danger. She was a lamb in the den of a wolf, and he would be her protector. He tossed all night, and went through every imaginable encounter and conflict with his foe, but rose in the morning with his purpose unshaken.

(To be continued.)

IRREVOCABLE.

BECAUSE it did not yield me shade enough,
Because the time seemed long till fruit should be,
I smote at root my flowering apple-tree;
It was the fairest tree in my scant grove,
And fell with little sound: I watched above
And viewed it where it lay, content to see
My fearful handiwork, and angrily
I shook its boughs, and plucked the leaves thereof;—
Poor leaves that never a deep shadow made,
Yet were so fair! I dropped them, one by one;
And then I wept, for what I cannot say,
Unless my heart conjectured of some day
When I should stand alone, and no such shade
Should interpose between me and the sun.

RICHMOND SINCE THE WAR.

When, on the morning of Sunday, April 2d, 1865, Mr. President Davis was informed by a dispatch from General Lee that the Confederate army would be compelled to abandon Petersburg and Richmond that night, there was, as might have been expected, a wild panic in the capitol city, and not only the president, but the leading Confederate officials and generals then in Richmond, made a precipitate flight. In this flight the government warehouses, situated in the lower part of the city, between Cary street and the river, and filled with immense quantities of tobacco and other stores, were devoted to the flames, in order to prevent their rich booty from falling into the hands of the Federal army. By whose order this wanton act was done has heretofore been deemed a matter of hazardous inquiry in Richmond; but in a recent important insurance case tried in that city, involving the liability of parties to the transaction, it seems to have been admitted that the order was issued by General Ewell. The burning of these immense warehouses loaded down the atmosphere with the smell of tobacco for miles and miles around, and added another (and the most grievous of all) to the many calamities which have befallen that city since, in 1781, it was first destroyed by the British, under General Arnold.

The history of Richmond since the fire shows the wonderful recuperative power of its people. Hundreds of the most successful business men in Richmond to-day found themselves, on the morning of the 3d of April, 1865, stripped of their last dollar's worth of property. Many of them were gentlemen of the oldest Virginia families, owning large ancestral estates before the war, and strangers to want. But not a few of them possessed great resources of mind and body, and philosophy enough to dismiss their regrets for the past, and to grapple resolutely with the exigencies of the occasion. The first thing to be done was to clear away the foundations and rebuild. In this labor they had no such adventitious aid as accrued to Chicago after her great fire, when sister cities a thousand miles away promptly contributed their eight or ten millions in insurance adjustments; for, under the circumstances of its destruction, no insurance policy protected a dollar's worth of Richmond property. But, nothing daunted, her people went to work, every man putting his shoulder to the wheel. Of the success attained, the following pages will have something to tell.

In this renascence the Tredegar Iron Works, which had been turning out the mighty cannon of the Confederacy, promptly responded to the demands of peace, and began to master new processes of iron manufacture. The ponderous machinery of the Richmond Architectural Iron Works, which had been destroyed, was soon set in motion to repair the general ruin. In less than eight months after the fire, these extensive works were re-erected on their old site, and were filling heavy city orders. The Metropolitan Iron and Brass Works on Cary street, reaching from Seventh to Sixth, soon became a powerful auxiliary in the work of reparation, as did the Shockoe Machine Works, the Phœnix Foundry, the Franklin Machine Company, and many other establishments of lesser note, not to mention the Old Dominion Iron and Nail Works on Belle Isle, which had fortunately escaped the general conflagration. In addition to these several extensive works, employing hundreds and even thousands of the best skilled workmen, companies were formed for re-opening the coal mines in the near vicinity, and developing the Richmond granite quarries (the finest in the world), and soon three thousand lineal feet of sheds on the Manchester side of the river covered half as many stone-cutters, engaged in the grand work of restoration now resolutely in progress throughout the city.

In much less time than a similar work was afterward done in Chicago, the burnt district was entirely rebuilt, and with far more substantial, imposing, and beautiful edifices than those which had succumbed to the fire. Main street, the great business artery of the city, was especially improved in the solidity and style of its architecture, and the perfection of its mercantile arrangements.

In the view which we give of Richmond from the Manchester side of the river, the Tredegar Iron Works are seen nestling under Gamble's Hill, in the left foreground as seen beyond the rapids, while Belle Isle, the Tredegar railroad bridge, the Petersburg railroad bridge, and the Gallego flouring-mill, are, apart from the rapids themselves, the most conspicuous objects

that meet the eye in the lower part of the city. Beyond, on the crest of Shockoe Hill, stands the state capitol, an imposing edifice with a handsome Doric portico, below which, and to the right and left, lies the principal business portion of the city. The small church spire to the extreme right, on Church Hill, and almost hidden in the foliage of surrounding trees, is that of the "Old Church," in which Patrick Henry electrified the whole country in 1775, by his memorable utterance: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

The activity of the Tredegar Iron Works since the war has been remarkable. Since the reorganization of the company in 1867 with a capital of $1,000,000, it has constructed a bridge across the river, with a three-rail track, which enables the Works to connect with both systems of railroad (the narrow and wide gauge) running southward, and with the northern system on the Richmond side of the river, embracing the York River road, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Fredericksburg road to Washington and Baltimore. A more complete establishment of its kind is not to be found anywhere in the United States. It has a capacity for working twenty-five hundred hands, mostly skilled mechanics and artisans, and it only requires a general revival of business throughout the country to place the company on a solid footing of prosperity. Had it not suffered heavily from the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., it would hardly have met with any serious embarrassments since the war.

The Works cover somewhat over fifteen acres of ground, and have an unlimited supply of water-power at all seasons of the year. The present capacity is more than double what it was before the war, the rolling-mills turning out over thirty thousand tons of railroad bars, spikes, etc., per annum, and the foundries between twenty and thirty thousand tons of castings, while the machine-shops are capable of an indefinite amount of work, depending upon the extent of force employed and the amount of orders they may have in hand. The car-shops (a branch more recently added) manufacture over two thousand freight-cars annually, while the car-wheels here made are in very wide demand, owing to their superior strength and durability. The Works receive orders from all the principal railroads in the United States, as well as in the Canadas, in Cuba, Peru, Brazil, and other parts of South America. Most of their raw material (the best grades of pig-iron) comes from Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama and North Carolina. Richmond and vicinity furnish the supply of coals,—the best quality that can be had for the general furnace,—as well as excellent grades of sand and clay for casting and puddling purposes.

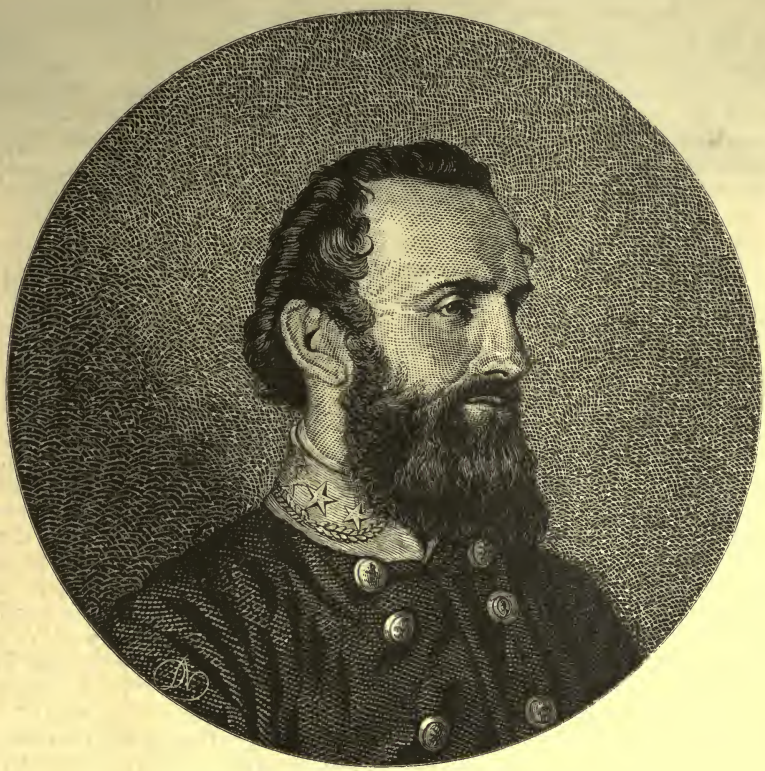
In addition to the manufactories already mentioned, there are establishments for making steam and fire engines, steam saw-mills, agricultural implements of all kinds, tobacco machinery, carriages, furniture, cabinet furniture, wooden-ware, stone-ware, paper, and almost every description of household utensil. Add to these the sugar refineries, tanneries and sumac-mills, the extensive cotton-mills on the Manchester side of the river, the five large flouring-mills, capable of producing two million barrels of flour annually, and the fifty or sixty tobacco manufactories, and you can have some idea of what Richmond has been doing since the war to restore her shattered industries. And all these enterprises have, in the main, been undertaken and carried forward by Virginia industry and capital,—a circumstance all the more creditable, considering the comparatively brief period since the restoration of the state to the Union—*i. e.*, since January 1, 1870.

The Old Dominion Nail and Iron Works may be seen on Belle Isle, which is much nearer the Manchester than the Richmond side of the river. It is a very extensive establishment, employing over a thousand hands, and has been very prosperous since the war. This island, famous as a Confederate prison, lies in the rapids of the river, with deep and angry currents on all sides. The prisoners were massed in camp on the flat portion of the island, at the eastern or lower extremity of it. On the hill above, and overlooking the camp, were two heavy pieces of artillery, designed to be used in case the prisoners should overpower the guard and attempt an escape. But the place had such natural protections, and presented such formidable barriers against escape, that the guns were never fired, except when some poor fellow paid all too dearly for his foolhardiness in venturing into the current in the vain hope of escaping to the opposite shore; and these volleys were only fired that his body, whirled into the deeper eddies of the stream, might rise to the surface and receive burial at the hands of his comrades. It is believed that no one ever escaped from the island, even when the river was at its lowest, and few

attempts were made after the first dozen had resulted fatally. Many prisoners were buried on the island, but their remains were subsequently removed to the National Cemetery, which is about two miles out of the city on the Williamsburg road.

Libby Prison, where most of the Federal prisoners were confined in the earlier stages of the war, is situated on Cary street, at the corner of Twentieth. It has been used since the war as a tobacco-factory, a sumac-mill, and a pail-factory, all in operation at the same time. The full height of the building is not shown in the sketch on the next page, as the entrance on Cary street is to the second story, and not to the first, which fronts on Water street. A block distant, on the opposite side of the street, is Castle Thunder. Both were old tobacco-factories, having thick, heavy walls, grated windows, and powerful supports between floors. The Libby is much the larger building of the two, and capable of holding nearly a thousand prisoners to a floor, though at times it probably held many more.

Passing up Eighth street from the Union Depot, near the Tredegar Works, you turn the corner of Main at right angles, and are brought to the site of the old Spotswood Hotel, quite as notable in the history of Richmond as any institution of which her beauty and fashion can boast. Turning to the right down Main street for a single block, you come in sight of Capitol Square,



STONEWALL JACKSON.

a splendid inclosure on the crest of Shockoe Hill, containing eight acres, and making one of the handsomest public parks in the country. It is inclosed by a heavy iron fence, is beautifully and tastefully laid out, with shade-trees, graveled walks, fountains, shrubbery and statuary. Near the center of the square stands the state Capitol, a structure which has been severely criticised for its architectural pretensions,—the more perverse critics insisting, not without some reason, that the architect, who ambitiously aimed at reproducing the *Maison Carrée*, at Nismes, in France, worked from his plan upside down, and put the basement where the eaves should have been, and otherwise reversing the architectural order. The building is not altogether an unimposing one,

VIEW OF RICHMOND FROM THE MANCHESTER SIDE OF THE JAMES.

and has a very handsome portico looking to the south, from which there is a fine view of the falls and the river below.

In the rotunda of the Capitol the visitor will find the celebrated statue of Washington, by Houdon, executed in Paris soon after the close of the Revolutionary war, by order of the General Assembly of Virginia. From the west entrance of the Capitol he may see the equestrian statue of Washington, by Crawford, located on an imposing column of Richmond granite. The entire colossal group is in bronze, and includes standing figures of Patrick Henry, George Mason, Thomas Jefferson and others, and all but the pedestrian statues of Generals Nelson and Lewis, and the allegorical figures, were the work of Crawford. Mr. Crawford died in 1857, leaving the models of these last unexecuted, and Randolph Rogers was employed to complete the work after the war.

Standing between the equestrian group and the governor's mansion, on the same plateau, is the recently erected and much admired statue of Stonewall Jackson, presented by certain English gentlemen to the people of Virginia, as a tribute of their sincere admiration for the memory of the "Christian soldier and patriot." It is reckoned an admirable work of art. On the pedestal is inscribed the fact of presentation, with the simple name of "Thomas J. Jackson." To this is added the grateful acceptance of the munificent gift by Virginia, in the name of the whole Southern people. The monument was erected about two years ago, with imposing ceremonies, on the hundredth anniversary of the commonwealth's independence. Underneath the general inscription is this historic line: "Look! there is Jackson, standing like a stone wall!"

Returning to the Capitol, the visitor will find, standing in the eastern entrance or porch, the historic stove of the world. It unquestionably deserves this designation, although it is best known as the "Old Stove," having been manufactured in England by one Buzaglo, and sent over to Lord Botetourt, in 1770, as a present to the colony of Virginia. This old stove was used in warming the House of Burgesses in Williamsburg until 1779, when the capital was removed from that place to Richmond, and served the state altogether, in heating its legislative halls, for a period of sixty years; after which it was placed in the rotunda of the Capitol, and warmed that portion of the building for about forty years more, when it was laid aside as one of the sacred relics of Virginia.

LIBBY PRISON.

Leaving out of the question the "Old Stone House," built (nobody knows in what

year) by one Jacob Ege, a German immigrant, and occupied successively by six generations of his descendants, and in the royal wigwam of the noted chieftain of that name.

The "Powhatan estate" was for two hun-

VIEW OF WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

which President Monroe is said to have boarded when a boy at school in Richmond, the old church edifice, known as St. John's Church, on Church Hill, can boast the highest antiquity. The origin of this building also runs back beyond record, except as to the tower, which is of modern construction, and except some of the interior arrangements of the church.

A pleasant walk of a few blocks from the "Old Church" brings us to the crest of Libby Hill, from which there is one of the most charming views to be seen in or about Richmond. It is a favorite resort during the summer months and late into the autumn for those seeking enjoyable walks, cool and refreshing breezes, and startling beauty and variety of scenery. Looking up Main street, you have almost a bird's-eye view of the chief business thoroughfare of the city, for a distance of more than two miles, including all the leading public buildings. Our artist's sketch of the river at this point (given on page 309) takes in a view of "Powhatan," where once stood

dred years the property of the Mayo family, and here, as the story goes, John Howard Payne fell madly in love, when in Richmond, with Miss Maria Mayo (afterward Mrs. General Winfield Scott), a famous Richmond belle in her day, and remarkable for her wit and intelligence, as well as for her extraordinary beauty. Poor Payne laid his heart at her feet, but she is said to have toyed and coquetted with it, and then to have flung it aside. When all hope of winning the fair prize was abandoned, Payne went to Europe, where he remained for nearly twenty years, and where he wrote his "Home, Sweet Home," which was first sung in his opera of "Clare," at London. This traditional incident in the life of Payne revives another (and one still current in Richmond) connected with General Scott. It is said that when he first addressed Miss Mayo, he was only a captain in the regular army, and his suit was summarily dismissed. Afterward, when a major, he renewed the proffer of his hand, but with no better success. The third time he wore the epaulets

of a general, and these promptly secured his acceptance. When asked by one of her friends why she had thus suddenly changed her mind, Miss Mayo is said to have replied: "In my estimation, there is a very decided difference between a captain, or even a major, and a general in the American army."

Passing out of Capitol Square for a promenade up Grace street, the eye of the visitor is at once arrested by an imposing tower more than a mile distant, sentineling this

"THE OLD CHURCH" (ST. JOHN'S).

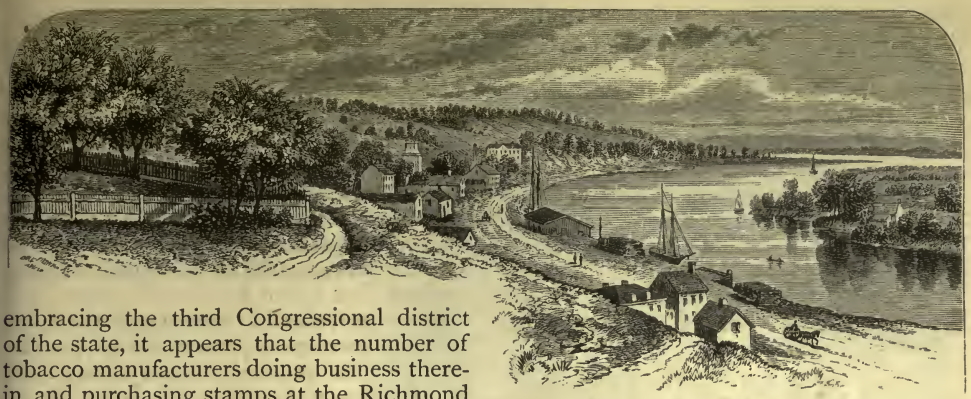
splendid avenue of churches and well-shaded residences, and marking the site of Richmond College. Chartered in 1840, it graduated its first class in 1849. The fine property of the corporation came forth from the war sadly dismantled, and with its chief endowment withered, like that of many other similar institutions in the South, into eight per cent. Confederate bonds. But since its re-organization in 1866–7, its success has been most marked and gratifying. Beautifully located, and favorably so both as to the city and state, with buildings susceptible of high improvement, and a fine corps of professors and instructors, it rests upon an excellent foundation.

On leaving the college grounds, the attention of the visitor is naturally directed to Hollywood Cemetery by the lofty pyramidal pile of Richmond granite erected therein to the memory of the Confederate dead. This beautiful cemetery is situated at the western extremity of the city, overlooking the lower rapids of the James River. Here lies President Monroe, under the plainest of iron cenotaphs; and here the great Virginia cavalry officer, Jeb Stuart, with hundreds of his fellow-officers and thousands of Confederate soldiers.

Some three miles from Hollywood, and on the opposite side of the city, is the scarcely less celebrated cemetery of Oakwood, a place of very general resort by people from all parts of the South. For here lie, in one congregated group, nearly eighteen thousand "Boys in Gray," most of whom went down during the seven days' fight before Richmond, in which both General Lee and Stonewall Jackson were engaged against McClellan. The ladies of the Oakwood Association have the management of the cemetery, and also of Hollywood. The graves are all carefully marked, so that a reference to the cemetery records will indicate the precise spot where the remains of each soldier are to be found. The graves marked "Unknown" are comparatively few. On the 10th of May of each year the humblest of these graves receives a floral offering from the hands of the Richmond ladies. The same ceremony is observed at Hollywood, and we look for its early extension to the National Cemetery, where sleep the dead of the Federal army. Indeed, we have reason to believe that this would have been done as early as 1870, had it not been for officious meddling to prevent it. The graves of this cemetery, a very handsome one, are now chiefly decorated by the colored people of Richmond, and the ceremony takes place on the 30th of May.

After the iron industries, the tobacco factories and the flouring-mills constitute the two great material interests of Richmond.

Its tobacco manufactures have been materially increased since the war, and now represent a much larger outlay in active capital than any other single industry of the city. From recent statistics obtained from the Internal Revenue office in Richmond,



VIEW OF JAMES RIVER FROM LIBBY HILL.

embracing the third Congressional district of the state, it appears that the number of tobacco manufacturers doing business therein, and purchasing stamps at the Richmond office, is fifty-seven,—all of which, with the exception of two small establishments, are located in Richmond. They report in operation on their premises, 19 cutting-presses,

OLD STOVE IN STATE CAPITOL.

909 screw presses, 51 hydraulic presses, 13 hand-mills, and a force of 11,049 employés —equal to about one-fifth of the entire population of the city. The number of pounds of manufactured tobacco is roundly stated at 20,000,000, netting an annual revenue to the Federal Government, at the present rate of taxation, of $4,800,000. These manufactures are chiefly plug and twist tobacco, although smoking tobacco, fine-cut, cigars and snuff are manufactured on an extensive scale. The heaviest foreign shipments are to Europe, South America and Australia.

The processes through which tobacco has to go in its cultivation, curing, marketing, warehousing, sampling and sale in the leaf (or before reaching the hands of the manufacturer), are much more numerous than those to which any other American staple is subjected. The crop requires constant nursing and attention from the time it is planted out until cut and cured for the market. It is then consigned to the commission merchant in the city, who designates the warehouse to which it shall be hauled. The principal warehouses are Mayo's, Seabrook's, Anderson's, the Public Warehouse, and the Shockoe Warehouses Nos. 1 and 2. When received at the warehouse it is marked, numbered and listed to the commission merchant who stores it. Each warehouse has its "breaking day," when the staves are knocked off the hogsheads, and the tobacco sampled. Each sample has a tag attached, giving the mark, number and weight of the hogshead, which is given to the commission merchant storing it. These samples are then sent to the Tobacco Exchange, where the lots they represent are offered for sale. The manufacturer or dealer inspects the samples,

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY.

makes his purchase, and takes from the Exchange his "tobacco note," or proper order for the lot purchased, according to mark, number and weight. The operations of the Tobacco Exchange are both heavy and numerous, and the whole business of merchanting, warehousing, sampling and selling is admirably conducted. It is rarely the case that any lot sold ever falls short in either quality or weight. The business is in the hands of gentlemen of intelligence, character and worth; and no branch of trade is anywhere more honorably conducted.

GALLEGO FLOURING-MILLS.

The Gallego flouring-mill was said to be the largest single mill in the world before the war. It was among the first buildings to succumb to the flames in the great fire of 1865, but has since been rebuilt on the old site, and is now turning out as much flour as in its best or palmiest days. The building is two stories higher on Twelfth street than is shown in the accompanying cut, the view of which is taken from the foot of the basin. It is still one of the largest single mills of the world. Its capacity is from fifteen hundred to two thousand barrels a day, and it has the advantage of shipping its flour direct to all parts of the world from its own local dock. Indeed, this is one of the great advantages of the wholly inexhaustible water-power of Richmond. All her manufactures are produced at navigable tide-water. And she has water-power enough running daily to waste in the James River rapids to turn all the cotton spindles of the world, while her net-work of railroads, forming a perfect ganglion or radiating center at her docks, pierces every section of the cotton-growing South. The James River and Kanawha Canal, extending westward two hundred miles, is, it is hoped, destined to connect the Ohio and the Atlantic.

The changes in society at Richmond since the war are hardly as fundamental as one would expect. The visitor will find the stately and well-shaded mansions, in the more aristocratic parts of the city, occupied precisely as they were before the war; while the lanes, back-alleys and rear residences are tenanted by the same colored domestics and their families, with this difference only—the service is now one of hire, not of personal ownership. The technical relation of master and servant still exists, although the negro is manifestly more chary of using the designation of "massa" and "missis" when addressing his employer. In other respects, however, he is quite as deferential as formerly. As a general rule, he is paid wages and charged rent; while, frequently, other colored families than those in service become co-tenants of the same premises, sometimes as many as six and eight families occupying the former

ANGLING IN THE JAMES.

"negro quarters" of a single stately mansion. Pecuniarily considered, the change inures to the benefit of the master rather than the servant, except in a few individual cases, where intelligence, combined with industry and a desire for independent occupation, brings success to the colored man. From a superficial stand-point, it would seem that the master had far less exemption from toil and the servant far more than formerly —with the advantages of thrift in favor of the latter. But the negro is nothing if not imitative; and, as he formerly regarded the white man's "monopoly of idleness" as his chief distinctive merit, so now he looks upon his own release from labor as his paramount claim to superior recognition by his fellows. Before the war, no one ever heard of any "poor colored trash" in the South. That characteristic distinction was entirely monopolized by the white man. "Select colored circles," "upper and lower tencentdom," and other unique class discriminations, are now quite as common among the blacks as whites, —with this difference, perhaps, that the "color line" in aristocracy is more inveterately drawn by the former than the latter. To be one of the "poor colored trash," in outward appearances at least, is to taste the dregs in the cup of social ostracism.

MARKET SCENE—SHELLING PEAS.

The greatest and most beneficent of all the changes that have taken place in the conditions and moral and social surroundings of the negro in Richmond is to be witnessed in the public colored schools of that city, which are supported almost exclusively by the white people, who voluntarily tax themselves many thousand dollars a year for that purpose, and at the same time show an interest, amounting to genuine enthusiasm, in the work they have generously taken in hand. The colored schools are of the same general character, and fall under the same general management, as the white graded schools of the city,—there being primary, intermediate, and high-school instruction imparted to both classes of pupils alike. No city in the United States is doing so much, to-day, for the education

A MARKET-CART FROM THE SUBURBS.

"GOIN' HALVERS."

of the rising colored generation, as the city of Richmond, and the best northern educators, who have visited the public schools there, and examined their practical working, cheerfully accord her people this credit. These schools are modeled after the best classes of graded schools in the North, with some original features we might do well to copy. As an evidence of their harmonious and satisfactory working, it may be stated that the Rev. Mr. Manly, who was sent from Massachusetts, soon after the war, to establish and take charge of a colored normal school in that city, with funds to erect a fine school-building, was at once chosen a member of the local Board of Education, while his excellent school was subsequently placed, on his own recommendation, under the supervision of the board, the city taking upon itself the expense of its management, but retaining Mr. Manly at its head.

There are between thirty-five and forty of these colored grammar and primary schools in Richmond, and the expense of maintaining them is between thirty and forty thousand dollars a year, derived from assessments on the city grand list. The colored pupils show quite as good progress as the whites until reaching about the age of fourteen, when there is a marked difference in favor of the latter; and we believe this accords with the general observation and experience of teachers intrusted with the educational management of the two classes of pupils at the South. Whether this difference results from any innate and permanently fixed conditions of mind in the two races, remains to be seen. Although very many persons in Virginia look upon "colored" education as at best experimental, they are still disposed to give the system a fair trial. The negro is certainly having the best external helps in Richmond, and is apparently availing himself of them with sincere desire for improvement.

No description of Richmond would be adequate without some mention of her three native art-workers, whose reputations have been mainly acquired since the war. Mr. John P. Elder is best known by his portrait of General Robert E. Lee in the Senate Chamber at Richmond, and that of General Stuart for the University of Virginia, and by his, "Battle of the Crater." Of Mr. William L. Sheppard it is hardly necessary to speak to the readers of SCRIBNER, to which his pencil has constantly contributed. He is especially successful in his delineations of negro life, though he has shown great talent in other fields. Mr. Edward P. Valentine, the sculptor, was for some time a pupil of the celebrated Kiss. He has made numerous busts of Confederate celebrities, and has produced several ideal pieces, among which the best known are perhaps "The Penitent Thief," "The Nation's Ward" and "Knowledge is Power."

THE NATION'S WARD. (FROM ORIGINAL BUST BY E. P. VALENTINE.)

THE NOBLEMAN OF THE STEPPE.

BY IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF.

ONCE, on a hot summer day, I returned in my telega * from the chase. Jermolai † was dozing at my side, and was continually nodding with his head. The sleeping dogs were, at every jerk of the wagon, tossed from one side to the other, as if they were dead. The coachman was incessantly driving off the horse-flies from the horses with his switch. White dust was following the telega like a light cloud.

We were driving through underbrush. The road was all the while getting rougher, and the wheel became entangled in the twigs. Jermolai started up and looked about him.

"Eh," he said, "there must be moor-cocks here. Shall we dismount?"

We drew rein and entered a glade. My dog started a covey. I fired, and was about to load my gun again, as I suddenly heard a loud creaking behind me, and a horseman broke out of the underbrush and came riding toward me.

"Ah! permit me to ask you," he said, in a haughty tone, "what right have you to hunt here, my honored sir?"

The stranger spoke with a singular quick abruptness, and through his nose. I looked into his face; never in my life had I seen anything like him. Dear reader, imagine a small, blonde man, with a snub nose and a very long red mustache. A tall Persian cap, the point of which was adorned with crimson-colored cloth, covered his forehead down to the eyebrows. He wore a yellow, threadbare arkalouk,‡ with a cartridge-box of black velvet on the breast, and all the seams were decorated with faded silver braids. A bugle was flung over his shoulder, and a dagger was stuck into his girdle. At the side of his emaciated sorrel, who was puffing and blowing and reeling hither and thither at every step, ran two lean, ill-shapen greyhounds. The stranger's face, his gaze, his voice, his every motion, betrayed bragging fool-hardiness and measureless, indomitable pride; his pale-blue, glassy eyes were wandering about like those of a drunken man; he threw his head back, puffed out his cheeks, snorted, and jerked his body about with an excessive consciousness of his dignity, just like a turkey-cock. He repeated his question.

"I didn't know that it was forbidden to shoot in these woods," I answered.

"Sir, you are standing upon my soil."

"If you desire it, I shall immediately be gone."

"Well—permit me to ask you—have I the honor to speak with a nobleman?"

I mentioned my name.

"In that case, I beg you only to continue your hunt. I am myself a nobleman, and I deem it a happiness to be able to show a favor to an equal in rank. My name is Pantalei Tchertapkanoff."

He bowed, cried out as for an attack, and struck the horse on the neck with his whip; the horse threw back his head, reared, plunged to one side, and stepped on the paw of one of the dogs. The dog gave a piercing howl; Tchertapkanoff, foaming with rage, struck the horse between the ears with his fist, jumped quick as lightning to the earth, inspected the paw of the dog, spat on the wound, then gave the poor beast a kick with his foot in order to stop its whimpering, seized the horse once more by the mane, and put his foot in the stirrup. The horse bit the snaffle, and plunged, with its tail raised, sideways into the underbrush; he made a leap after it on one foot, gained at last his seat in the saddle, swung the whip furiously, gave a blast of his bugle, and galloped away.

Hardly had the unexpected apparition of Tchertapkanoff vanished from my sight, when suddenly and almost noiselessly a fat little man of about forty, sitting on a small black horse, came riding out of the jungle. He drew rein, pulled his green leather cap from his head, and asked me in a fine, soft voice, if I had met a horseman riding a sorrel. I answered that he had just departed.

"In what direction did he please to ride?" continued he in the same tone, still holding his cap in his hand.

"In that direction."

"I thank you respectfully."

He snapped with his whip, struck the flanks of the horse, and trotted slowly away in the direction I had pointed out to him. I sat looking after him until his horny traveling-cap disappeared among the branches. This second stranger bore no resemblance to his predecessor. His compressed face, which was round as a ball, expressed kindliness, modesty, and humility; his large,

* A Russian vehicle. † The author's body servant. ‡ A kind of Russian cloak.

round nose, pierced with blue veins, evinced a sensual temperament; on the front of his head no hair was visible, but further back hung some thin, light-brown tufts. His eyes blinked with a friendly light from little slits in his head; his thick red lips smiled pleasantly. He wore a very threadbare but clean coat, with a standing collar and brass buttons; his trowsers, which were turned up to the knees, revealed his short, thick calves and the yellow tops of his boots.

"Who is that?" I asked Jermolai.

"Who is that? It is Nedopuskin, Tichon Ivanitch. He lives with Tchertapkanoff," replied Jermolai.

"Is he poor?"

"He is not rich; but Tchertapkanoff is as poor as he is—has hardly a red cent."

"Why has he then taken up his abode with him?"

"Well, they are friends. The one cannot live without the other. It is, as the saying goes, 'Where the horse is with his hoof, there is also the craw-fish with his claws.'"

We made our way out of the underbrush; suddenly two hounds rushed past us, and a large hare scudded away through the tall barley. The dogs and the greyhounds were on its trail, and behind the dogs Tchertapkanoff himself came flying. He did not scream or goad them on; he was out of breath and on the point of choking. From his open mouth came now and then a short, inarticulate sound; he was tearing along with wide-open eyes, and struck his unhappy horse with his whip like a madman. The greyhounds were gaining ground; the hare made a halt, turned sharply about, and rushed past Jermolai within a short distance of him.

"There he is!" stammered the half-unconscious hunter, speaking with difficulty, as if his tongue were paralyzed. "Help, com—rade!"

Jermolai fired; the wounded hare made a somersault on the dry, smooth grass, leaped forward, and gave a pitiful scream under the teeth of the approaching dogs. In a moment the greyhounds threw themselves upon him.

Quick as lightning Tchertapkanoff sprang from the saddle, drew his dagger, ran with long strides toward the dogs, and with furious exclamations tore the mangled animal from them; with a terrible grimace he plunged the dagger into its throat, right up to the handle—plunged it in, and then began to yodel in hunter's fashion. Tichon Ivanitch appeared at the edge of the woods.

"Go — go— go— go— go — go!" cried Tchertapkanoff again.

"Go—go—go—go," repeated his companion, quietly.

"One should not go hunting in the summer," I remarked to Tchertapkanoff, pointing to the down-trodden barley field.

"My own field," answered Tchertapkanoff, breathlessly.

After having cut off its paws and thrown them to his dogs, he bound the hare to his saddle.

"According to the rules of the chase, I owe you a load for your gun," he said, turning to Jermolai. "And you, sir," he added, in the same sharp, abrupt manner, "have my gratitude."

He mounted his horse.

"A—allow me a question. I forgot your name."

I gave him my name once more.

"I am happy to have made your acquaintance. If the opportunity should offer itself, I beg you respectfully to pay me a visit. But where is Fomka, Tichon Ivanitch?" he went on with an impatient movement. "Now we have killed a hare without him."

"The horse broke down under him," answered Tichon Ivanitch with a deferential gesture.

"How, broke down? Arbassan broke down? Pshaw! Where is he? Where?"

"Yonder, beyond the woods."

Tchertapkanoff gave his horse a blow on the nose with his whip and galloped off with his bridle trailing. Tichon Ivanitch bowed twice to me—for himself and for his comrade—and trotted into the jungle after him.

Both these gentlemen had aroused my curiosity in the highest degree. What could unite two natures so different in an inseparable friendship? I made inquiries and learned the following:

Pantalei Jeremeitsch had the reputation in the whole neighborhood of being a proud and dangerous man and a quarrelsome fellow of the worst description. He had served for a short time in the army and on account of some unpleasantness had resigned with rather an indefinite rank, which has given rise to the adage: "that a hen is no bird*." He descended from an old family which had once been rich; his forefathers had lived in splendor, according to the fashion of the inhabitants of the steppes, *i. e.*, they received guests both invited and

* An allusion to the Russian proverb: "A woman is no man, a hen is no bird, a subaltern is no officer."

uninvited, made them eat until they were half dead, gave their coachmen almost a barrel of oats for their horses, kept musicians, singers, clowns, dogs, gave their peasants brandy and beer to drink on the great holidays, traveled in the winter to Moscow with their own horses, in old-fashioned carriages of state, and for all that, lived for months together without a cent of money, without sowing and without reaping.

Pantalei Jeremeitsch's father had received his estate in a broken-down condition. In his turn he had lived in a free and easy way, and at his death had left to his only heir, Pantalei, the mortgaged village of Bessonovo with thirty-three male and seventy-six female serfs, and fourteen and one-eighth dessotines* of badly located land in the wilderness of Kolobrod; moreover, no deed of this tract was found among the papers of the deceased. He had, it must be admitted, succeeded in ruining himself in the most singular manner. According to his views, a nobleman ought to have nothing to do with tradesmen, *bourgeois*, and "rascals" of that stripe. In his house he established work-shops for mechanics of all kinds. "That is more proper and much cheaper," he used to say. "Rural economy!"—this destructive notion he did not abandon to the end of his days, and it was really that which wrought his ruin. But then in return he lived in pleasure and satisfied every one of his whims.

Among other things, it occurred to him to have a family carriage built under his own directions, and it was so large that, in spite of the combined efforts of all the horses of the village and their owners, it upset on the first downward slope, and fell to pieces. Jeremei Lukitsch (for that was the name of Pantalei's father) had a monument erected on that spot, and gave himself no further trouble about it. He also took it into his head to build a church, alone (of course), and without the aid of an architect. The burning of the tiles consumed a whole forest; he had a mighty foundation laid, as if he intended to erect a state cathedral, built the walls, and began the vault of the cupola; but the cupola fell down. He made a second attempt; the cupola broke down once more; a third time there was the same result. Then Jeremei Lukitsch grew thoughtful; "there is something wrong about this affair," he thought, "some cursed witchcraft," and he gave an order that all the old women in the village should be flogged. The old women were flogged, but for all that the cupola would not stand.

The peasants were to live on a new principle, all according to his "rural economy." He had their houses built three and three together, so that they formed a triangle, in the midst of which a pole was raised, with a little house for the starlings and a flag. Every day he invented something new; now he made soup out of burs, now he cut off the tails of the horses to adorn the caps of the servants, now he sowed nettles instead of hemp, fed the pigs on mushrooms, etc.

One day he read in the "Moscow Times" an article by the landed proprietor Chriak Chrupiorski on the utility of good morals for the peasantry, and immediately he gave command that all his peasants should learn the article by heart. The peasants obeyed. Their master then asked them if they really understood what they had learned, and the overseer answered for them, "Why shouldn't they understand it?" About the same time, for the sake of order and rural economy, he had all his serfs numbered and the number of each sewed on his collar. Whenever they met their master, every one cried out, "Number so-and-so passes by," and the master answered graciously, "Go, in God's name."

Nevertheless, in spite of all these wise measures and all his rural economy, Jeremei Lukitsch gradually became very much reduced in circumstances; he commenced to mortgage his villages, and soon he was even forced to sell them. The last remnant of his estate, the village with the still unfinished church, was bought by the government. Fortunately, Jeremei Lukitsch was then no more alive,—he would never have survived such a blow; the sale took place two weeks after his death. He had still the good fortune to die in his own house in his own bed, surrounded by his own people, and under the treatment of his own physician; but for his son, the poor Pantalei, nothing was left except the little village of Bessonovo.

When Pantalei heard of his father's illness, he was yet in the military service, and in the midst of the before-mentioned unpleasantness. He was then just eighteen years old. He had from his earliest childhood never lived away from home, and had grown up as a spoiled child, under the guidance of his mother, Wassilissa Wassilievna,—a kind but very obtuse woman. She devoted herself entirely to his edu-

* A Russian measure of land.

cation; Jeremei Lukitsch, absorbed as he was in his rural affairs, had no time to spare for it. Only once he had with his own hands punished the boy, because he had pronounced the letter *r* like *l*; to be sure, his mind had on that day been painfully agitated: his best dog had been killed by the fall of a tree. Wassilissa Wassilievna's care for the education of her son, however, was limited to one single effort,—she had in the sweat of her brow succeeded in securing a tutor for him,—a certain Birkopf, —a retired soldier from Elsasz, in whose presence she continued to tremble like an aspen leaf to the end of her days. "Now," she thought, "if he should resign, then I am lost. What should I then do? Where should I look for another teacher?"

And Birkopf, like the shrewd man that he was, took advantage of his peculiar situation; he drank terribly, and slept from morning till evening. After having completed his "scientific course," Pantalei entered the military service. Wassilissa Wassilievna was then no more alive. She had died of fright, half a year before this important event; she had dreamed that she saw a man clad in white, riding on a bear. Jeremei Lukitsch soon followed his better half.

At the first intelligence of his father's sickness, Pantalei hurried to him with headlong haste, but still came too late. But how great was the astonishment of the dutiful son, when he suddenly saw himself transformed from a rich heir into a poor devil! Few are able to endure such a precipitous collapse. Pantalei became hard and shy of men. From an honest, liberal, and kind-hearted lad, although somewhat spoiled and choleric, he was changed into a haughty and quarrelsome man. He gave up all intercourse with his neighbors; the rich he was afraid of, and the poor he detested; he behaved with an unheard-of boldness toward everybody,—even toward the government officers. "Know that I am a nobleman of the empire," his conduct seemed to say.

Once he had come within a hair of shooting a police officer because he had entered his room with his cap on his head. The authorities, on the other hand, were none too indulgent toward him, and made him feel their power whenever an opportunity presented itself; but for all that they feared him, because he was such a terribly hot-headed fellow. You had hardly opened your mouth before he would threaten you with a duel. At the slightest contradiction he would roll his eyes, and his voice would fail him.

"I—in—— I—I—I—insist—even—if I shall lose my head for it."

As for the rest, he was a man of the purest character, and had never been entangled in any dishonorable affair. To be sure, he visited no one; and still he had, in his fashion, a kind, and even a great soul. He could endure no injustice or oppression even toward strangers. For the rights of his peasants he fought heroically.

"How!" he would say, while he struck his hand furiously against his own head,— "touch my people,—my own people! As sure as my name is Tchertapkanoff, I will —— "

Tichon Ivanitsch could not, like Pantalei, boast of his family; his father descended from a yeoman, and did not become a noble until he had been forty years in the government service.

Nedopuskin, the father, was one of those men whom misfortune pursues with a persistency resembling personal spite. In the course of sixty years, from his birth to his death, the poor fellow struggled with all the varieties of distress, sickness and accidents to which little people are so frequently exposed. He sprawled like a fish upon the ice; he never ate his fill, he never took any rest, and he bowed to everybody; he was restlessly active and harmed no one, worried about every cent that passed through his hands, suffered without fault of his own the injustice of his superiors, and at last died,—God knows where,—in a warehouse or a cellar, without having gained by his labor as much as a bit of bread for his children. Fate hunted him all his life like a hare. He was a good, honest man, but did receive bribes, from ten kopeks to two rubles inclusive.

Nedopuskin had a slender, consumptive wife. His children, fortunately, all died, with the exception of Tichon and a daughter, who was nicknamed "the mercantile lady of fashion." After many comic and tragic adventures, she married a retired government clerk. Nedopuskin succeeded, before his death, in procuring his son Tichon a place as a supernumerary in the Chancery; but immediately after his father's death, Tichon sent in his resignation. The everlasting cares, the depressing struggle with cold and hunger, the whimpering anxiety of his mother, and the desperate efforts of his father,—the coarse oppressions of landlords and merchants,—all this daily and

incessant misery developed in Tichon an indescribable timidity. At the mere sight of his superior he would tremble and shake like an imprisoned bird. He gave up the service.

Nature, in her indifference or caprice, deposits in men the most various faculties and inclinations, without taking even remotely into consideration their position in society, or their circumstances. With the care and love peculiar to her, she made Tichon, the son of a poor official, an affectionate, languid, soft and sensitive creature, who seemed only born for pleasure,—being endowed with an abnormally exquisite taste and smell; she delighted in developing these qualities in him with the greatest care, and then left him to grow up on old sauerkraut and ill-smelling fish. And at last he did grow up, and began, as the saying is, to live. Then the joke commenced in real earnest.

Fate, that had persecuted the elder Nedopuskin so unremittingly, now transferred her attention to the son. She probably found pleasure in it. In her relation to Tichon, however, she changed her tactics; she did not torment him,—she played with him. She never once brought him to the verge of despair,—did not make him feel the ignominious tortures of hunger; but she hunted him through all Russia, from Weliki-Ustjug to Zarevo-Koktschaisk,—from one humiliating and ridiculous situation to another. Now she made him a major-domo of a quarrelsome, malicious lady, who liked to play the benefactress,—now the boarder of a rich and miserly merchant; then she promoted him to chief clerk in the private office of a goggle-eyed gentleman who wore his hair closely cropped, in the English fashion, or to steward or clown of some landed proprietor who had a passion for the chase; —in short, Dame Fate made the poor Tichon drain drop by drop the bitter and poisonous cup of an inferior position. He had, in the course of his existence, enough to endure from the ill-humor and the sleepy and malicious *ennui* of the idle nobility. How often, when he had been the butt of a troop of noble guests, and at last was permitted in God's name to take himself off, did he swear in the solitude of his chamber, burning with shame and with bitter tears of despair, to run away secretly the next day, to seek his fortune in the city, to accept some poor clerkship, or to die of hunger at the wayside! But, in the first place, he lacked strength to carry it out; secondly, his timidity restrained him; and thirdly, what position could he possibly get? Whom should he apply to?

"They will give me no place," the wretched man would whisper, as he tossed about sorrowfully in his bed; "they will give me no place."

And on the following day he would shoulder his burden once more.

His situation was the more distressing because kind Nature had not been pleased to endow him with the smallest possible share of those gifts and talents which are indispensable to a clown. He could not, for instance, dance in a bear-skin traveling coat (turned inside out) until he was tottering; he did not understand how to act the buffoon and to play the amiable in the immediate neighborhood of the ever-whirling whips of frolicsome hunters; when half naked, in a temperature of twenty below zero, he would sometimes catch a cold; his stomach would tolerate neither brandy mixed with ink, nor fine-cut toad-stools and mushrooms sprinkled with vinegar. God knows what would have become of Tichon if it had not in a mirthful mood occurred to his last benefactor—a tenant who had grown rich—to add the following clause to his will: "And to Tichon Nedopuskin I bequeath for eternal and inheritable possession, my estate, Besselendejewka, with all its appurtenances."

A few days later the benefactor had a stroke of apoplexy, in consequence of a too abundant repast on sturgeon soup. Now a great commotion arose. The magistrate came and sealed all movable possessions, all in proper order. The relatives arrived; the will was opened. Nedopuskin was called. The majority of those present knew what Tichon Ivanitch's position had been in the house of his benefactor; he was accordingly overwhelmed with deafening exclamations and mocking congratulations.

"The proprietor! There he is—the new proprietor!" cried the other heirs.

"That is a nice one," broke in a man who had a reputation for wit, "well, I must say —that is really—that is what one might call a—a nice heir." And all burst out laughing.

Nedopuskin could not at all comprehend his good fortune. The will was shown to him; he blushed, pinched his eyes together, raised his hands deprecatingly, and at last burst into loud sobs. The laughter of the company rose into a loud continuous roar. The village of Besselendejewka consisted only of twenty-two serfs; in reality, no one regretted its loss; but why should they let

the chance slip of having some sport? Only one of the heirs—a stately man from St. Petersburg with a Greek nose and the noblest expression, Rostislav Adamitsch Stoppel by name—could not quite reconcile himself to it; he took Nedopuskin aside, and laid his hand patronizingly on his shoulder.

"As far as I can learn," he said in a tone of disdain, "you occupied in the household of the universally revered Feodor Feodorovitsch the position of a buffoon, of a servant, as it were?"

The gentleman from St. Petersburg expressed himself in unendurably precise and correct language. The poor, excited Nedopuskin did not understand what the stranger said; all the others stood by in silence. Only the wit smiled condescendingly. Stoppel rubbed his hands and repeated his question.

Nedopuskin raised his eyes in amazement and opened his mouth. Rostislav blinked poisonously with his eyes. "I congratulate you, sir," he went on, "I congratulate you! To be sure, it is not everybody that would condescend to earn his bread by such a trade. However, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, that is, every one his taste. Isn't that your opinion, too?"

"Tell me," he continued, encouraged by the laughter of the company, "to what special talent are you indebted for this unexpected good fortune? Well, don't be ashamed; speak out frankly; we are all here, so to speak, *en famille*. Isn't it so, gentlemen; we are all here *en famille?*"

The heir, to whom Stoppel accidentally had addressed this question, unfortunately did not understand French, and accordingly confined himself to clearing his throat with an air of approval. Then another heir, a young man with a yellow spot on his forehead, threw in hastily: "*Wui, wui*, of course."

"You probably, can, as it were, walk on your hands with your legs in the air?"

Nedopuskin cast a despairing glance about him. All faces were distorted with scornful laughter—all eyes dilated with cruel pleasure.

"Or perhaps you can crow like a cock?"

A ringing laugh resounded round about, and again suddenly broke off, checked by the expectation of what was to come.

"Or perhaps your nose ——"

"Stop!" a loud, sharp voice suddenly interrupted the tormentor. "Are you not ashamed of yourself to be torturing a poor man?"

All looked about. In the door stood Tchertapkanoff. As a distant relative of the deceased tenant he had received an invitation to this family gathering. During the reading of the will he had, as usual, kept at a proud, contemptuous distance from the rest.

"Stop!" he repeated with a commanding motion of his head.

Mr. Stoppel turned quickly about, and as he saw a poorly clad, insignificant looking man, he inquired half aloud of his neighbor (caution will hurt no one): "Who is that?"

"Tchertapkanoff—a fellow of no account," said the other one in his ear.

Stoppel assumed a haughty mien. "And what right have you to command here?" he said through his nose and winking with his eyes. "What kind of a bird are you, if you will permit me the question?"

Tchertapkanoff flared up like gunpowder when touched by a spark. His rage took away his breath.

"Dz—dz—dz—dz!" he gasped, as if some one were suffocating him, and then thundered away: "Who am I? Who am I? I am Pantalei Tchertapkanoff, of an ancient, noble race, and my great-grandfather served the Czar. And who are you? I a bird? I a bird? Oh! oh! ho!"

Rostislav Adamitsch turned pale, and stepped aside. He had not expected such an explosion of wrath.

Tchertapkanoff rushed forward. Stoppel fell back in great consternation; the guests pressed forward to restrain the excited assailant.

"We will fight! we will fight!" cried the furious Pantalei; "we will fire at each other over a pocket handkerchief, or you shall ask my pardon ——"

"Apologize, apologize," whispered the agitated heirs, who had gathered around Stoppel; "he is just like a madman; he would like to cut your throat."

"Pardon me, pardon me," stammered Stoppel; "I did not know ——"

"And beg *his* pardon too," continued the inexorable Pantalei.

"I beg your pardon too," said Rostislav Adamitsch, turning toward Nedopuskin, who was trembling as if he had the fever.

Tchertapkanoff at last composed himself, seized Tichon Ivanitsch's hand, cast a bold, challenging glance about him, and, as not a single eye was raised to meet his, strode amid the profound silence of the company out of the room, accompanied by the new possessor of the estate Besselendejewka.

From that moment these two never separated. (The village of Besselendejewka

was situated at a distance of eight versts from Bessonovo.) The extravagant gratitude of Nedopuskin soon grew into a passionate admiration. The weak, languid and not entirely blameless Tichon bowed himself in the dust before the fearless and generous Pantalei.

"It is certainly no joke," he often thought to himself, "to talk with the governor, and to look him straight in the face. By heaven, he looks him straight in the face!"

He admired him immoderately and unceasingly with all the strength of his soul; he regarded him as an extraordinarily shrewd and learned man. And, to tell the truth, however deficient Tchertapkanoff's education had been, it might, when compared with that of Tichon, well be called brilliant. Tchertapkanoff, to be sure, read very little Russian, and was poorly versed in French, so poorly, in fact, that one day when a teacher from Switzerland asked him: "*Vous parlez Français, monsieur?*" he answered: "*Je ne* understand," and after a moment's reflection added: "*pas!*" But he knew that once a very witty author by the name of Voltaire had lived, and that Frederic the Great, the king of Prussia, had distinguished himself on the field of honor. Among Russian authors he honored Dershavin and was fond of Marlinsky and named his best dog after his hero, Ammalat-Bek.

Some days after the first meeting of the two friends, I paid a visit to Pantalei Jeremeitsch on his estate Bessonovo. The little house was visible at a distance, surmounting a treeless elevation about half a verst from the village, and stood secluded like a hawk on a mole-hill. The entire possessions of Tchertapkanoff consisted of four weather-beaten houses of different sizes, built of rough timber,—to wit, a dwelling-house, a stable, a carriage-shed and a bath-house. Each building was separate, without connection with the rest; no fence surrounded the whole and no gate was to be seen. My coachman stopped irresolutely at a half decayed well, obstructed with sand. Near the carriage-shed a couple of bristly young dogs were gnawing at a dead horse, probably Arbassan; one of them raised its bloody mouth, barked officiously and then again fell to gnawing the bared ribs. At the side of the horse stood a bare-footed young lad of about seventeen, with a yellow, puffy face and clad in Cossack costume. He was gazing solemnly at the dogs that had been intrusted to his care, and from time to time gave the greediest among them a cut with his whip.

"Is your master at home?" I asked.

"God knows," answered he. "Knock at the door."

I dismounted from the carriage and approached the outer stairs of the house. The dwelling of Tchertapkanoff presented a sorry appearance. The timbers were blackened and had bulged out under the windows; the chimney had fallen down; the corners of the house were decayed and sloping; the small dim-blue window panes looked out with an air of inexpressible melancholy from under the saggy, tattered roof; in the eyes of old beggar women I have sometimes seen just such an expression. I knocked; no one answered. But from behind the door I heard the following sounds sharply pronounced:

"P, Q, R, S—S—now, you fool, you!" a hoarse voice was saying.

"M, N, O, P—oh no, no!"

"Q, R, S—S—S—now then, you fool!"

I knocked once more.

"Come in," cried the same voice. "Who is there?"

I entered a small empty vestibule and saw through the open door Tchertapkanoff himself. He was sitting in a chair arrayed in a greasy Tartar dressing-gown, wide trowsers and a red Phrygian cap on his head. With one hand he was pinching the snout of a young poodle and with the other he held a piece of bread right over its nose.

"Ah!" he said with dignity, without stirring from his seat. "I am rejoiced to see you. Please take a seat. I am giving my attention to Vensor, as you perceive. I am teaching him the alphabet. Tichon Ivanitch," he continued raising his voice, "come in. We have a visitor."

"Presently, presently," answered Tichon Ivanitch from the adjoining room. "Masha, reach me my neck-tie."

Tchertapkanoff addressed himself once more to Vensor, and again placed the bread upon his nose. I looked about in the chamber. With the exception of a worn-out extension table, with thirteen legs of different lengths, and four cane chairs the seats of which had half disappeared, there was no furniture. The ancient whitewash on the walls with its blue, star-shaped frescoing had in many places been rubbed off; between the windows hung a dim, broken mirror in a large mahogany frame. In the corners stood pipe-stems and guns. Thick black spider's webs were suspended from the ceiling.

"M, N, O, P, Q, R," said Tchertapkanoff, slowly, and then shouted out furiously,—"S—S—S, you stupid beast!—S—S—S!"

But the unhappy poodle only twitched with his nose and could never make up his mind to open his mouth; he remained sitting, pulling in his tail anxiously, curling his snout, blinking and turning his eyes with a melancholy air, as if to say: "To be sure, you are my master."

"So eat, then! Eat! S*! Eat!" repeated the indefatigable master, unwilling to abandon his experiment.

"You have frightened him," I remarked.

I arose and returned his greeting.

"Do not allow yourself to be inconvenienced," he stammered. "Do not allow yourself to be inconvenienced."

We resumed our seats. Tchertapkanoff went into the next room.

"Since how long have you been in our much-praised country?" asked Nedopuskin in a soft falsetto voice, coughing modestly and for the sake of propriety holding his fingers before his mouth.

"I have been here two months."

"Indeed, indeed!"

We were both silent.

"DOES IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE HORSE I HAVE GOT?"

"Well, then, let him go to the deuce!"

And he gave the dog a kick. The poor creature rose slowly, let the bread fall from his nose and went, as it were, on tiptoe, and with an expression of deep injury, out into the vestibule. And really to be treated thus, in the presence of a stranger who was calling for the first time!

The door to the adjoining room creaked deferentially and Nedopuskin stepped in, smiling and bowing with great friendliness.

"What a continuous season of fine weather we have been having," Nedopuskin resumed, and looked at me with a grateful countenance, as if the state of the weather depended upon me. "One might perhaps say that the crops are in excellent condition."

I nodded approvingly; and again we were both silent.

"Yesterday, Pantalei Jeremeitsch started two gray hares," remarked Nedopuskin, not without effort, and with the evident desire to animate the conversation. "Yes, two very large gray hares."

"Are Mr. Tchertapkanoff's dogs good?"

* At the letter S (meaning *eat*) the dog was to open its mouth and snap at the bread.

"Extraordinarily good," replied Nedopuskin, joyously. "One might say that they are the best in the whole district." (He drew a little nearer to me.) "You may believe me, Pantalei Jeremeitsch is such an extraordinary man. Whatever he may wish,—whatever may only happen to strike him,—in a trice it is done! I assure you, Pantalei Jeremeitsch ——"

Tchertapkanoff re-entered and Nedopuskin lapsed into silence, winking now and then at me, as if to say: "There, you may convince yourself." We began to talk about the chase.

"Do you wish to see my hunting-dogs?" asked Tchertapkanoff, and then, without awaiting my answer, shouted: "Karp!"

A square-built lad in a nankeen jacket of greenish tint, with a blue collar and livery buttons, made his appearance.

"Tell Fomka to bring Ammalat and Saiga in," said Tchertapkanoff, briefly; "but in proper order, do you understand?"

Karp laughed over his whole countenance, and with an inarticulate murmur left the room. Fomka entered, smooth-combed and stiff, and with boots on his feet, accompanied by his dogs.

I admired, as propriety demanded, the stupid creatures (all hunting-dogs are terribly stupid). Tchertapkanoff spat into Ammalat's nostrils, which did not seem to give that animal the least pleasure. Nedopuskin stroked Ammalat's back. Then we began to chat. Tchertapkanoff gradually grew more amiable, and ceased puffing and bragging; the expression of his face changed completely. He looked at me and then at Nedopuskin.

"Ah!" he cried suddenly. "Why should she be sitting alone in there? Masha, oh, Masha! Come in here!"

Some one was stirring in the adjoining chamber, but no one answered.

"Ma-a-sha," repeated Tchertapkanoff, coaxingly. "Come in! It makes no difference. Don't be afraid."

The door was quietly opened and I saw a woman of about twenty, of tall and slender growth, with a dark gypsy-like face, yellowish-brown eyes and jet-black tresses: her large white teeth glittered behind her red, full lips. She wore a white dress; a blue shawl was fastened with a gold pin at her throat, and half covered her delicate arms. She made two steps forward with the shy helplessness of some wild creature, and then stood still, gazing at the floor.

"Let me introduce to you," said Pantalei Jeremeitsch, "if not my wife—but you may regard her as my wife."

Masha blushed slightly, and smiled with an air of embarrassment. I made a deep bow. She was very pleasing to me. The delicate aquiline nose, the translucent nostrils, the bold cut of the finely penciled eyebrows, the pale, somewhat sunken cheeks—in short, all the features of her face expressed a passionate temperament, willfulness, and recklessness. Two tufts of fine, glittering hair grew down over her full neck under the braided tresses—a mark of race and strength.

She stepped up to the window and sat down. Not wishing to increase her embarrassment, I began to talk to Tchertapkanoff. Masha turned her head slightly and stealthily cast shy, eager glances at me, like those of a frightened child; but in her eyes there was something wild and nimble, like the quivering tongue of a serpent. Nedopuskin took a seat at her side and whispered something in her ear. She smiled again. When she smiled she wrinkled her nose slightly and drew her upper lip up; her countenance at such moments assumed an expression half way between that of a cat and a lioness.

"Ah, you are a 'touch-me-not!'" thought I, while I regarded her lithe form, her somewhat depressed bosom, and her quick, abrupt motions.

"What do you think, Masha?" asked Tchertapkanoff, "have we not something to offer our guest?"

"We have some preserved fruit," she answered.

"Well, let us have it, and a dram besides. Here, Masha!" he cried after her, "bring your guitar, too."

"Why the guitar? I don't wish to sing."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't wish it."

"Oh, stupid stuff! You must wish ——"

"What?" asked Masha, swiftly contracting her brow.

"If we beg you to do it," Tchertapkanoff finished, not without embarrassment.

"Ah, so."

She went out, and soon returned with the preserves and the dram, whereupon she again resumed her seat at the window. A frown was still visible on her forehead; both her eyebrows were drawn upward and then again lowered, like the antennæ of a wasp. (Have you observed, dear reader, what an evil face the wasp has?) "Now," I thought, "a storm is brewing." The conversation refused to flow as before. Nedopuskin was perfectly dumb, and only exhibited a forced

smile. Tchertapkanoff hawked and stared. I was about to take my leave, when Masha suddenly rose, opened the window hastily, put out her head, and cried in a provoked tone to a woman who was just passing, "Aksinia." The woman looked startled, was about to turn, but slipped with her foot and fell heavily upon the earth. Masha threw herself back and laughed heartily. Tchertapkanoff laughed too, and Nedopuskin piped with pleasure. The weight which had oppressed all of us had suddenly been removed; the storm had found an outlet; a flash of lightning had scattered the clouds; the air was clear again.

Half an hour later no one would have recognized us; we chattered and joked like children. Masha had more mischief in her than any of us. Tchertapkanoff almost devoured her with his eyes. Her face was pale, her nostrils dilated; her eyes shone, and again darkened in the same moment. The savage in her was let loose. Nedopuskin hobbled behind her on his small, thick legs, like a drake behind a duck. Even Vensor crept forward from under the bench in the vestibule, remained standing on the threshold, and then began to run about and bark.

Masha ran into the adjoining room, brought her guitar, then sat down quickly, threw her shawl off her shoulders, lifted her head, and sang a gypsy song. Her voice rang clearly, trembled, swelled out, and then died away with the sound of a broken glass bell. One felt, while listening, strangely happy, and still oppressed at heart.

"Ha! only burn and glow!" *

Tchertapkanoff began to dance. Nedopuskin stamped and tramped with his feet. Masha was all motion; she bent like birch-bark in fire; her fine fingers ran nimbly away over the strings of the guitar; her light-brown throat moved slowly under the double row of amber beads. Soon she ceased, as if from exhaustion; but continued now and then half unconsciously to touch the strings; then Tchertapkanoff also stopped his dance, and stood without stirring from the spot, swaying with his shoulders and moving his feet; Nedopuskin wagged with his head like a Chinese porcelain doll. Then, all of a sudden, she struck up once more, raised herself to her full height, and smote her bosom. Tchertapkanoff squatted upon the floor, leaped up to the ceiling, whirled around like a top, crying, "Quicker!"

"Quicker! Quicker! Quicker!" stammered Nedopuskin.

It was late in the evening when I left Bessonovo.

II.

Two years after my visit at the house of Pantalei Jeremeitsch, his misfortunes began. Unpleasantnesses, the failure of his plans, calamities, he had indeed experienced before, but they had affected him but little, and he had lived on gayly and happily as ever. The first misfortune that overtook him touched him where he was most vulnerable: Masha left him.

What prompted her to leave his house, where she seemed so happy, is difficult to tell. Tchertapkanoff adhered to the end of his days to the belief that she had been beguiled into this treachery by a young neighbor, a retired cavalry captain by the name of Jaff, whose whole fascination, according to Pantalei, consisted in his incessant twirling of his mustache, his lavish use of pomatum, and the habit of uttering, from time to time, a significant "h'm!" But it is safer to assume that it was the restless gypsy blood in Masha's veins which impelled her to this step. However that may be, on a beautiful summer evening Masha tied some of her clothing into a small bundle, and sallied forth from Tchertapkanoff's house.

During three days previous to this, she had been sitting, like a wounded fox, curled up in a corner and leaning against the wall. She had not spoken a word to anybody, but her eyes had wandered about restlessly, and her brow had been contracted into something like a frown; now and then she had smiled and moved her hands as if she were wrapping something about herself. She had had moods like that occasionally before, but they had never lasted long; Tchertapkanoff was well aware of this, and he had therefore not allowed either her or himself to be worried. But when, on returning from the dog-kennel, where, according to the report of the keeper, his last two greyhounds had just died, the maid-servant came to meet him, and announced with a quivering voice that Masha Akiefiewna begged to be remembered to him; that she wished him well, but that she could never more return to him; then Tchertapkanoff turned several times about on the same spot, gave vent to a hoarse roar, seized his pistols (to be prepared for emergencies), and rushed off in pursuit of the fugitive.

He overtook her about two versts from his house, at the edge of a birch grove, on the

* The refrain of the gypsy song.

highway to the capital of the district. The sun was hanging low over the horizon, and tinged the trees, the grass, and the earth with its blood-red glow.

"You are going to Jaff—to Jaff!" groaned Tchertapkanoff, as soon as he caught sight of Masha. "To Jaff!" he repeated, flying at her, and reeling at every step.

Masha stood still, turning her face toward him. She had the sun behind her and she looked quite dark, as if carved in dark wood. The white in her eye became glaring, but the eyes themselves—the pupils—assumed a darker color.

She threw her bundle aside, and crossed her arms on her bosom.

"Are you going to Jaff, you miserable creature?" he repeated, making a motion to seize her by the shoulder; but her glance struck him, fear overmastered him, and he remained motionless.

"I am not going to Jaff, Pantalei Jeremeitsch," answered Masha, calmly and gently; "but I cannot live any longer with you."

"How? Live no more with me! Why not? Have I offended you?"

Masha shook her head.

"You have not at all offended me, Pantalei Jeremeitsch, but I feel so melancholy; for the past I thank you; but I cannot remain—no, I cannot!"

Tchertapkanoff was amazed; he slapped his thighs with his hands and moved nearer to her.

"How is that possible? You have lived in my house, lived with me so long and enjoyed happiness and peace all the while, and then suddenly you feel sad. 'Stop,' you say, 'I will leave him;' and you throw a cloth over your head and walk off. All respect has been shown to you, as if you were the lady of the house ——"

"I should never have demanded that," Masha interrupted him.

"How, not demanded it? From a strolling gypsy you have been made the mistress of the house,—and you have had no wish for it? You monster of Ham's race! Is it then possible to believe this? There is some treachery behind it. Treachery!"

Again he flew into a rage.

"I am not thinking of treachery and never have thought of it," said Masha, with her singing distinct intonation. "I have already told you, sadness has come upon me."

"Masha," said Tchertapkanoff, striking his breast with his fist. "Enough of this! You have tormented me long enough,—now let us be friends. By the heavens, only think of what Tichon will say; have at least pity on him!"

"Remember me to Tichon Ivanitsch and tell him ——"

Tchertapkanoff raised both his hands.

"No! no! and again no! You must not go! Your Jaff shall wait for you in vain."

"Mr. Jaff," began Masha——

"Miester Jaff," repeated he mockingly. "What sort of a Jaff is that? He is a rogue, an arrant knave, and he has a face like a monkey's."

For about half an hour Tchertapkanoff kept on quarreling with Masha. Now he stepped close up to her, now he darted back, now he raised his fist as for a blow, now he bowed down low before her, wept and scolded.

"I cannot," Masha kept repeating, "I am sad. Longing will kill me."

Gradually her features assumed an indifferent, almost sleepy expression, so that he was moved to ask whether perhaps she had not been drugged with henbane.

"It is only melancholy," she replied for the tenth time.

"And if I should kill you," he cried suddenly, pulling his revolver from his pocket.

Masha smiled and her face became animated.

"Well," she said, "kill me, if you wish, Pantalei Jeremeitsch; but I cannot return."

"Then you will not return?" and Tchertapkanoff cocked his pistol.

"No, my dove. Never in this life shall I return. I keep my word."

Tchertapkanoff thrust the weapon hastily into her hand and sat down upon the earth.

"Well, then, you may kill me. Without you I will not live. If you don't care for me, then I care for nothing."

Masha stooped down, took up her bundle, laid the pistol upon the greensward, turning the barrels away from Tchertapkanoff and stepped close up to him.

"Alas, my dove, why should you harm yourself? Do you not know us gypsy girls, then? That is our way, our nature. When the yearning for change comes over us, and drives our souls away into distant foreign lands—how then can we remain? Do not forget Masha,—a friend like her you will never find again; and I will not forget you, my darling. But our life together is at an end."

"I love you, Masha," whispered Tchertapkanoff through the fingers of both his hands with which he had covered his face.

"And I have loved you, my friend, Pantalei Jeremeitsch."

"I loved you,—I loved you to madness; and when I think that you will leave me so suddenly in order to roam about in the world, then I cannot but imagine that you would not have done it if it had not been for that miserable wretch."

Masha responded only with a smile.

"And still you have called me unselfish," she said, throwing her arm far back and giving him a slap on the shoulder. He sprang to his feet.

"Accept then at least some money from me; how can you go away without a penny? But rather kill me! I say it deliberately. Kill me at once."

Masha shook her head again. "Kill you? And why are people sent to Siberia, my dove?"

Tchertapkanoff trembled. Only for this reason then, only for fear of the penitentiary! He threw himself down on the grass. Masha stood silent at his side.

"I am sorry for you, Pantalei Jeremeitsch," she said with a sigh. You are a good man,—but I cannot do otherwise. Farewell!"

She turned about and took a few steps forward. Night was already falling, dark shadows were gathering on all sides. Tchertapkanoff arose and seized Masha from behind by both elbows.

"Then you are going, you serpent! Going to Jaff?"

"Farewell!" repeated Masha in a clear, cutting voice; then tore herself from his grasp and went.

Tchertapkanoff stood gazing after her, then ran to the spot where the pistol was lying, seized it, took aim and shot; but before pulling the trigger he gave his hand an upward twist. The ball flew hissing away over Masha's head. She looked back at him over her shoulder and walked on, rocking herself to and fro, as if to tease him.

He covered his face with his hands and ran away. But hardly had he run fifty steps, when suddenly he came to a standstill—stood as if rooted to the earth. A familiar—ah, too familiar voice was sounding through the air. Masha was singing: "Oh, thou my fair and blooming life!" Every note floated softly and plaintively through the still night. Tchertapkanoff listened; the voice sounded far and farther away; now it was hardly audible, now it rang again in the ears of the listener, gently and still passionately.

"She does that to spite me," thought he, but immediately groaned: "Alas, no! She is bidding me farewell for ever." And he burst into tears.

The following day he made his appearance in the dwelling of Mr. Jaff, who, being a genuine man of the world, did not like the life in the country, and therefore had taken up his abode in the capital of the district, in order, as he was wont to say, to be nearer the young ladies. Tchertapkanoff did not find him at home. According to the testimony of his *valet-de-chambre*, he had started for Moscow the day before.

"Exactly," cried Tchertapkanoff furiously. "They had made their arrangements. She has run away with him. But only wait."

In spite of the resistance of the servant he forced his way into the sitting-room of the young captain. Over the sofa hung his portrait in cavalry uniform, painted in oil.

"Ah, are you there, you tailless monkey?" thundered Tchertapkanoff, and he sprang up on the sofa and with his clenched fist struck a large hole in the picture.

"Tell your good-for-nothing master," he said, turning to the servant, "that the nobleman, Tchertapkanoff, in the absence of his own abominable mask has maltreated this counterfeit of it; and if he is minded to demand satisfaction he knows where the nobleman Tchertapkanoff is to be found. If not, I shall look him up myself. I shall know how to find the vile creature, even if he were at the bottom of the sea."

After having given vent to these exclamations, Tchertapkanoff jumped down from the sofa and departed triumphantly. But Captain Jaff did not at all demand satisfaction from him. They never met each other afterward; nor did Tchertapkanoff undertake to go in pursuit of his antagonist, and the result was that no further hostilities took place between them.

From that time on, all traces of Masha were lost. Pantalei began to drink, but had well-nigh again conquered the habit, when his second calamity overtook him; his bosom friend, Tichon Ivanitsch died; already, two years before his death, he had commenced to show signs of weakness; he suffered from asthmatic troubles; he would continually be falling asleep, and, when he waked up, it would take some time before he regained his senses. The district physician was of opinion that it was owing to an apoplectic tendency.

During the three days that preceded Masha's flight, while she was indulging her

melancholy, Nedopuskin was lying ill at home, at Besselendejewka; he had caught a cold. Masha's step had therefore shocked him the more, as it was so unexpected; it affected him even more deeply than it had Tchertapkanoff. But with his usual gentleness and timidity, he only expressed his sorrow by the tenderest sympathy for his friend; but everything within him was bruised and torn.

"She has taken my soul away with her," he whispered to himself, sitting in his favorite sofa with the oil-cloth covering, and mechanically twirling his thumbs. Even after Tchertapkanoff had braced himself up, Nedopuskin could never regain his wonted spirits; he continued to feel "as if all were emptiness within him."

"Only look, here,—within—within here," he said, touching the middle of his breast, a little above the stomach.

Thus the winter approached. With the first frost his asthmatic pain was somewhat relieved; in return, however, he had no longer light apoplectic attacks, but was prostrated by a real stroke in due form. He did not immediately lose his consciousness, but could still recognize Tchertapkanoff, who was crying in a voice of despair:

"How, Ticha!* You too leave me without my consent? Just like Masha!"

"Pa-a-ei Je-e-me-itsch," answered Tichon, with a thick tongue. "I—have—al-ways—ob-eyed you."

That, however, did not prevent him from dying, that same day, without awaiting the arrival of the physician, who, at the sight of the lifeless body, could think of nothing better to do than (with a sorrowful consciousness of the vanity of all earthly things) to order "a dram and a dried herring."

His estate Tichon bequeathed to his "honored friend and magnanimous protector," Pantalei Jeremeitsch Tchertapkanoff; it did not, however, bring the honored benefactor any very great profit, for a little later it was sold at public auction, in order to cover the cost of a monument, a statue, which Tchertapkanoff (he evidently had a vein of his father's in him) had raised over the mortal remains of his friend. He ordered this statue, which was to represent a praying angel, from Moscow; but the agent, who had been recommended to him, made the reflection that in the provinces connoisseurs of art are probably scarce, and accordingly sent him instead of an angel, a Flora who for many years had been the adornment of a wild-growing garden in the neighborhood of Moscow. The goddess was, moreover, in the rococo style, with tiny hands, little locks thrown archly backward, a garland of roses on her nude bosom, and a gracefully twisted body; she was very beautifully modeled, and the agent had got her for nothing. And there, upon Nedopuskin's grave, stands the mythological goddess until the present day, with one foot daintily lifted, gazing with an expression, quite *à la Pompadour*, at the peripatetic calves and sheep,—these inevitable visitors of our rural cemeteries.

* Endearing diminutive form of Tichon.

III.

After the death of his faithful friend, Tchertapkanoff again began to drink, and this time in a much more serious and alarming manner. His affairs continued to go down-hill. Hunting was now out of the question; for his last money was expended, and his last serfs had run away.

He lived in perfect solitude, having no one with whom he could talk, or to whom he could communicate his thoughts. But for all that his pride did not diminish; on the contrary, the worse his condition became, the more assuming, haughty and unapproachable grew his demeanor. At last he became quite shy of men. He had but one comfort and joy—a marvelously beautiful gray saddle-horse of Cossack breed, which he had named Makel-Adel, really a rare animal. He had procured it in the following manner:

One day, as he was riding through a neighboring village, he heard a crowd of peasants screaming and brawling in front of an inn. In the midst of the dense throng, he saw robust fists rising and descending always on the same spot.

"What is going on here?" he asked, in his peculiar commanding tone, addressing an old woman who was standing on the threshold of her cottage.

Leaning in a sort of reverie against the door-post, the old woman gazed in the direction of the inn. A white-headed little boy in a cotton shirt, with a small cross of cypress-wood on his bare breast, was sitting at her feet with widely diverging legs and clenched fists; close by a chicken was picking at a dried crust of black bread.

"God knows, sir," answered the old woman, stooping down and laying her dark wrinkled hand on the boy's head; "our people are about to flog a Jew."

"How? A Jew? What Jew?"

"God knows, sir. A Jew has turned up among us. Where he comes from, who can know that? Wassia, my dear, go to your mother. Sh-h! Sh-h—you impertinent thing!"

She chased away the chicken, while Wassia was clinging to her dress.

"Yes; they are flogging this Jew, sir."

"They are flogging him? Why are they flogging him?"

"I don't know, sir. He has probably deserved it. And why shouldn't they flog him? Didn't he crucify our Savior?"

Tchertapkanoff gave a shout and drove his horse with a cut on the neck right into the midst of the throng. He forced his way through, striking heedlessly right and left with his whip, and panting and crying:

"Lawlessness — presumption — law-lessness. It is the law that—shall punish—the law—the law ——"

Hardly two minutes had passed before the crowd had scattered in all directions; but on the earth before the door of the inn lay a small, haggard, darkish creature, wrapped in a caftan of hemp, torn and disheveled, his eyes sunken, his mouth open —what was that? The numbness of terror or of death itself?

"Why have you killed this Jew?" cried Tchertapkanoff with a voice of thunder, while he whirled his whip threateningly.

The crowd murmured something in reply. One of the peasants was scratching his shoulder, another was holding his hands to his side, a third one to his nose.

"That fellow can cut," some one was heard grumbling in the rear.

"I ask you why you have killed the Jew, you barbarians?" repeated Tchertapkanoff.

But here the prostrate creature sprang dexterously to his feet, slipped behind Pantalei, and clung convulsively to his saddle-girth. The multitude burst into a loud laugh.

"He is alive," was again shouted from the rear; "he has as many lives as a cat."

"Your grace! Save me, protect me," stammered the unhappy Jew, pressing Tchertapkanoff's foot against his bosom; "or they will kill me, your grace, they will kill me."

"Why did they strike you?" asked Tchertapkanoff.

"By heaven! I cannot tell! Their cattle began to die—and then they supposed —that I—by heaven ——"

"Well, we will look into that afterward," Pantalei interrupted him. "Now, keep close to my saddle and come along with me. I," he continued, turning to the people—"I suppose you know me. I am the nobleman, Pantalei Tchertapkanoff, and I live at my estate, Bessonovo. Make complaint against me, if you choose, and against the Jew, too."

"Why make complaint?" said a serious gray-headed peasant, bowing low. He looked quite like a patriarch, and yet had been as active as any in maltreating the Jew. "We know you well, Pantalei Jeremeitsch," he went on. "And we thank your honor for having taught us a lesson."

"Why should we accuse you?" others fell in; "but with that infidel we will close our account some other time. He shall not escape us. We will catch him like a hare in the field."

Pantalei moved his mustache, blew out his breath loudly, and rode slowly home, accompanied by the Jew whom he had saved from his persecutors, just as once before he had saved Tichon Ivanitsch.

Some days later, the only servant who had remained with him announced that there was a horseman at the door who wished to see him. Pantalei went out on the stairs and saw in the midst of the yard the Jew sitting proudly and immovably upon a magnificent Cossack horse. The son of Israel had taken off his cap, which he held under his arm; his feet did not rest in the stirrups, but in the straps to which they were attached; the torn skirts of his caftan hung down on both sides of the saddle. As he caught sight of Tchertapkanoff he smacked with his lips, moved his elbows and dangled his feet. Pantalei did not return his greeting; wrath stirred within him. This scurvy Jew, how did he dare to mount such a glorious animal?

"Hallo, there, you Ethiopian monster!" he cried, "get down immediately, if you don't want me to fetch you down. Down in the dust with you!"

The Jew at once obeyed, fell like a heavy bag from the saddle and approached Pantalei, smiling, and bowing, and holding the reins in his hand.

"What do you want?" asked Tchertapkanoff, with dignity.

"Does it please your grace to take a look at the horse I have got?" said the Jew bowing repeatedly.

"Well, yes—a fine horse. Where did you get it? You have probably stolen it?"

"Not at all, your grace. I am an honest Jew. I have not stolen it; but I have got

it for your grace, that is sure. I have taken pains—taken pains,—but then it is a horse—well, such a horse is not to be found in the whole district of Don. Only look, your grace, what a horse that is! Step nearer, if you please. Ho! ho! turn around! So—now, turn to this side. I will take off his saddle. What is your grace's pleasure?"

"The horse is good," repeated Tchertapkanoff, with assumed calmness and indifference, although his heart was beating loudly in his bosom. He was altogether too great a lover of "horse-flesh," and was a good judge of it.

"Only stroke him, your grace. Stroke him on the neck; he! he! he! Do you see?"

Pantalei with an air of reluctance laid his hand on the horse's neck, stroked it twice, ran his fingers through his mane and then down along the spine to a certain point above the loin, and pressed tightly on this spot after the fashion of connoisseurs.

The horse immediately bent his back, cast a glance aside at Pantalei out of his proud black eyes, gave a snort, and threw his forelegs forward. The Jew laughed and clapped his hands gently.

"He knows his master, your grace. He knows his master."

"Now, don't lie," Pantalei interrupted, angrily. "I have no money to buy him, and presents I don't accept from a Jew, no, not from God himself."

"How should I have the daring to offer you a present?" exclaimed the Jew. "Have pity on me, your grace. I will wait for the money,—I will wait."

Tchertapkanoff reflected.

"How much do you ask?" he murmured at last through his teeth.

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

"What I paid myself. Two hundred rubles in silver."

The horse was worth certainly twice, perhaps three times that amount. Pantalei turned aside and yawned convulsively.

"And the money—when do you want it?" he inquired, contracting his brows, without looking at the Jew.

"Surely, whenever it may please your grace."

Tchertapkanoff threw his head back, but did not look up.

"That is no answer. Speak plainly, thou son of Herod: I am to give you my note—isn't that it?"

"Well, then, we will say in six months. Is that your pleasure?"

Pantalei did not answer. The Jew tried to catch his eye.

"Is that satisfactory? Do you command me to lead the horse into the stable?"

"I have no need of the saddle. Do you hear? Take off the saddle."

"Well; why not? why not? I will take it off presently—presently," stammered the delighted Jew, taking the saddle on his shoulders.

"And the money in six months," continued Tchertapkanoff. "And not two hundred, but two hundred and fifty. Silence, I say! I owe you two hundred and fifty."

He could not gather courage to look up. His pride had never received so painful a shock.

"It is evidently a present," he thought to himself. "It is gratitude which has brought the poor devil here."

He would have liked to embrace this Jew, and afterward to flog him.

"Your grace," began the Jew, smiling and somewhat emboldened, "according to Russian custom, we ought to shake hands ——"

"Have you lost your senses? A miserable Hebrew—and Russian custom! Ah, who is there? Perfishka, take the horse and lead him into the stable. Give him oats. I will soon come myself and look after him. And know, his name is Makel-Adel."

Tchertapkanoff was about to go up the stairs, but turned abruptly about on his heel, ran up to the Jew, and pressed his hand firmly. The latter stooped down and was already puckering up his lips—when Pantalei sprang back, saying half aloud, "Tell no one." And he vanished behind the door.

From that day Makel-Adel was the principal care and the only joy of Tchertapkanoff's life. He came to love him, as he had not even loved Masha, and he clung to him even more closely than he had clung to Nedopuskin. But then the horse too was worthy of it. Fire, flaming fire, and a dignity like that of a boiar! Indefatigable, steadfast, patient as he was, you might turn him wherever you wanted. And to feed him cost hardly anything; when he had nothing better, he ate the earth under his feet. If he paced, then it was as if you were being carried on hands; if he cantered, you were rocked in a cradle, and then hardly a rifle-bullet would have overtaken him; and then he was never out of breath, his lungs seemed inexhaustible. His feet—they were like steel; no one could remember that he had ever stumbled. To clear a ditch or a

hedge, that was a mere trifle to him; and then how intelligent he was! If you called him, he came running with his head raised; if you commanded him to remain standing, and then left him, he would not stir from the spot. When you returned, he would neigh gently, as if to say: "Here I am." Fear he had never known; in the densest darkness, in a driving snow storm, he would find his way; but a stranger he would not suffer to approach him; he would have torn him to pieces with his teeth. And the dogs would not do well to come too near him, or a blow in the head from one of his fore-feet—and there would be a dog less. Makel-Adel was sensitive of his honor; the whip might be used, but only as an ornament. Mercy on us, if it had dared to touch him! But why should I say more? He was no horse, he was a treasure.

When Tchertapkanoff began to describe his Makel-Adel, how eloquent he became! How he petted him, how he cared for him! His skin shone like silver, not like old, but new silver which has a dim luster. If you let your hand glide down over it, it felt like clean velvet. His saddle, caparison, bridle, bit—all his belongings fitted to a hair, were so well polished and in such excellent order, that you would have liked to take a pencil and sketch it all.

Pantalei—what more could he do?—himself braided his favorite's mane, washed it and the tail with beer, and many a time rubbed his hoofs with a black ointment.

When he mounted Makel-Adel to take a ride,—not to the neighbors (for with them he had no intercourse), but over their fields, or past their dwelling-houses,—he always thought: "Admire him at a distance, you fools!" Or if he learned that there was a hunt going on somewhere in the neighborhood,—that some rich gentleman with a large company was riding over the steppe,—then he would hasten to the spot, gambol about with his horse along their line of vision, and never suffer anybody to approach him.

Once a hunter dashed after him with his whole train, but seeing that he could not overtake Pantalei, he shouted after him with all his might, without arresting his speed:

"Hallo, there! Listen! Ask whatever you choose for your horse! A thousand rubles is not too much. I will give my wife for that horse,—and my children! Take all I have!"

Tchertapkanoff suddenly stopped Makel-Adel. The hunter came racing toward him.

"O, my friend," he cried, "say, what will you take?"

"If you were a king," said Pantalei, deliberately (although he had never in his life heard of Shakspere), "and would give me your whole kingdom for my horse, I would not take it."

So saying, he gave a laugh, made Makel-Adel rear, swung him about in the air on his hind-legs like a top, and the sparks flew in his track over stubbled field. And the hunter, who is reported to have been a rich prince, dashed his cap upon the earth, and threw himself with his face upon the cap. It is said that he remained lying thus for half an hour.

IV.

THE months, in the meanwhile, passed, and the time for the payment approached; Tchertapkanoff did not possess fifty rubles, far less two hundred and fifty. What was there to be done? Where should he seek help? Well, he formed his resolution at last.

"If the Jew will have no mercy,—if he will not wait, then I will give him my house and home, mount my horse, and ride away wherever chance may lead me. I will rather die of hunger,—but I cannot part from Makel-Adel."

He was very restless, and even meditative. But here Fate had pity on him, and smiled on him for the first and the last time. A distantly related aunt, whose very name was unknown to him, left him in her will what in his eyes was a very large sum,—two thousand rubles! And he obtained this money just in the right moment,—one day before payment was due. Tchertapkanoff was quite beside himself with joy; he had no thought even for brandy. For from the day when Makel-Adel had come to him, he had never tasted a drop.

He immediately ran into the stable, kissed his friend on his nose above the nostrils, where the horse's skin is quite thin and tender.

"Now, we shall never part, Makel-Adel," he cried, patting him on his neck under the well-combed mane.

Having returned to the house, he counted out two hundred and fifty rubles, and sealed the package. Then he lay down on his back, smoking his pipe and meditating upon how he should spend the rest of the money,—especially what kind of dogs he should buy,—at any rate, some of the genuine Kostroma breed. He even conversed with

Perfishka, whom he promised a new coat with yellow galoons in all the seams: whereupon he went to sleep in the most blissful frame of mind.

He had a bad dream; it seemed to him that he was riding out for a day's hunt,—not upon Makel-Adel, but upon some strange camel-like animal. A fox, white as snow, came running toward him; he was about to whirl his whip and set the dogs on the fox; but instead of the whip, he had only a whisk of linden bast in his hand, and the fox was running before him, mockingly showing him his tongue. He sprang down from his camel, stumbled and fell,—fell right into the hands of a police officer, who ordered him to come to the governor, in whom he recognized Jaff.

Tchertapkanoff woke up. The room was dark; the cock had just crowed the second time. Far away in the distance he heard the neighing of a horse. He raised his head,—he heard once more a faint distant neighing.

"That is Makel-Adel's neighing," he thought. "That is his neighing. But why so far away? Great God! It cannot be!"

A cold shudder ran through him; he leaped out of bed, groped for his clothes, his boots, pulled them on, seized the key to the stable, which he had hidden under his pillow, and rushed out into the yard.

The stable was situated at the extreme corner of the yard, and one of its walls turned out toward the open field. Tchertapkanoff could not at once find the key-hole, for his hands trembled; he did not immediately turn the key,—he stood motionless, holding his breath; no sound came from behind the door.

"Malishka,"* he cried softly. "Maletz."

Deathlike stillness! Pantalei unconsciously pulled at the key,—the door creaked and opened. Then it could not have been closed. He stepped over the threshold, and once more called his horse,—this time with his full name: "Makel-Adel."

But his faithful comrade did not answer; only a mouse crept rustling through the straw. Then Tchertapkanoff rushed into the one of the three stalls which Makel-Adel had occupied. He found the right one, although it was so dark that he could not see an inch before him. Great God! It was empty. Pantalei grew dizzy, as if some one had hit him a blow on the head. He wanted to speak, but could only bring forth a hoarse whisper; he groped with his hands upward and downward, right and left, reeled with tottering knees from the first stall into the second, then into the third, which was filled with hay, ran his head against one wall, then against another, stumbled and rolled head over heels, gathered himself up, and at last ran in great haste through the open door into the yard.

"Stolen! Perfishka,—Perfishka! Stolen!" he cried, in the greatest anguish.

The little Cossack came running in his shirt out of the loft where he slept. Like two intoxicated persons, the master and his only servant ran against each other in the middle of the yard. As if stunned, the one stood turning himself about before the other. The master could not explain what had happened; nor did the servant comprehend what he meant.

"A calamity! A calamity!" stammered Tchertapkanoff.

"A calamity!" repeated the Cossack after him.

"A lantern,—quick! Light a lantern! A light,—a light!" forced itself at last from the master's oppressed bosom.

Perfishka ran into the house. But to find a lantern and to light it was no easy affair (matches were at that time a great rarity in Russia). In the kitchen, the last coals had long ago gone out. Flint and tinder were not at once to be found, and when found would not work. Grinding his teeth, Tchertapkanoff tore the steel from the hands of the terror-stricken Perfishka, and tried himself to strike fire. The sparks showered forth abundantly, and still more abundantly Pantalei's sighs and curses; but the tinder would not ignite, or went out again immediately, in spite of the united efforts of four straining lips and cheeks. At last, at the end of about five minutes, a stump of a tallow dip was made to burn in the broken lantern, and Tchertapkanoff ran, accompanied by Perfishka, to the stable, raised the lantern above his head, and stared around him. Emptiness everywhere!

He rushed about in the yard, looking in all the directions,—the horse was nowhere to be seen!

The fence which surrounded his possessions had long been dilapidated, and in many places leaned toward the earth; at the stable, some feet of it lay flat upon the ground. Perfishka called Tchertapkanoff's attention to this place:

"Master, look here! It was not so yes-

* Endearing diminutives for Makel-Adel.

terday. The posts, too, have been pulled up. Somebody must have pulled them up."

Pantalei rushed to the spot with the lantern, and let its light fall upon the ground.

"Hoof-tracks,—hoof-tracks! Horse-shoes —tracks—fresh tracks!" said he, breathlessly. "This way he has been led,—here! here!"

In the twinkling of an eye, he had swung himself over the fence, and ran away over the field, shouting:

"Makel-Adel! Makel-Adel!"

Perfishka remained standing in amazement at the fence. The bright light of the lantern soon vanished, swallowed up in the gloom of the moonless and starless night. The despairing cries of Tchertapkanoff grew fainter and ever fainter.

The dawn was just appearing as he reentered the house. He hardly looked like a human being; his clothes were plastered with dirt, his face had assumed a wild, terrible expression, and his eyes were dull and dark. With a hoarse whisper he drove Perfishka away, and shut himself up in his chamber. He was on the point of sinking down with weariness; still, he did not go to bed, but sat down on the chair nearest the door, and grasped his head with his hands.

"Stolen! Stolen!"

But how could a thief have succeeded in stealing Makel-Adel from a locked stable,—Makel-Adel who not even in the day-time allowed any stranger to come near him,—and then so silently, so noiselessly? And how was it to be explained that not one of the dogs had barked? To be sure there were only two of them, and they were still young; and hunger and cold forced them to dig themselves down in holes in the ground; but still they might have barked.

"And what shall I do now, without Makel-Adel?" thought Pantalei. "The last joy of my life has been taken from me; all that remains for me now is to die. Buy another horse! I have money enough! But where could I find another like him?"

"Pantalei Jeremeitsch! Pantalei Jeremeitsch!" came in a timid cry from behind the door.

Pantalei sprang to his feet. "Who is there?" he cried back hoarsely.

"It is I—your Cossack, Perfishka."

"What do you want? Have you found him? Has he returned?"

"No, Pantalei Jeremeitsch; but that Jew of whom you bought him ——"

"Well?"

"He is here!"

"Ho–ho–ho–ho!" screamed Tchertapkanoff, and tore the door open. "Drag him in! Drag him in!"

At the sudden sight of the wild and disheveled figure of his "benefactor," the Jew, who was standing behind Perfishka's back, took to his heels. But in two leaps Pantalei had overtaken him and grabbed him by the throat with a tiger-like grip.

"Ah, you have come for your money, have you?" croaked he as if he himself were being murdered instead of murdering another. "You have stolen him in the night, and in the morning you come for the money. Isn't that it?"

"Have mercy, your grace!" groaned the Jew.

"Speak; where is my horse? Where have you taken him? To whom have you sold him? Speak! speak! speak then!"

The Jew could now not even groan; even the terror had departed from his blue countenance. His arms hung listlessly by his side, and his whole body, which the furious Pantalei was shaking violently, swayed forward and backward like a reed.

"I will pay you the money, even to the last farthing," roared Tchertapkanoff, "but I will murder you like a chicken if you don't immediately tell me ——"

"You have already murdered him, master!" remarked Perfishka modestly.

At last Tchertapkanoff came to his senses. He relaxed his grip on the throat of the Jew, who fell with a rattling sound upon the ground. He lifted him up, placed him on a bench and poured a glass of brandy down his throat,—consciousness returned. As soon as he was sufficiently restored he began again to question him.

It became evident that the Jew had no knowledge of the theft of Makel-Adel. And why should he steal a horse, which he had himself procured for the "honored" Pantalei Jeremeitsch? Tchertapkanoff took him to the stable. They both examined the stalls, the cribs, the lock on the door; investigated the hay and the straw, and returned to the yard. Pantalei showed the Jew the hoof-tracks at the fence, and suddenly slapped his thigh.

"Stop!" he cried, "where did you buy the horse?"

"In the Koursk district, at the fair of Sosna."

"Of whom?"

"Of a Cossack."

"Hold on! Was this Cossack old or young?"

"Of middle age."

"And how did he look? He was probably an arrant scoundrel."

"Very likely, your grace."

"And what did he tell you, this scoundrel?—had he owned the horse long?"

"I believe he said so."

"Well, nobody but he is the thief. Judge yourself. Listen, come and stand here before me. What is your name?"

The Jew raised his black eyes to Pantalei with an astonished air.

"What is *my* name?"

"Certainly. What do people call you?"

"Moshel Leiba."

"Now, judge yourself, Leiba, my friend,—you are a shrewd man. By whom would Makel-Adel suffer himself to be led away except by his former master? He has even saddled and bridled him, taken off his blanket,—there it lies in the hay. Every one except his former master, Makel-Adel would have trampled to pieces with his feet! He would have made such a noise that the whole village would have run together. Do you agree with me?"

"Certainly I agree with your grace."

"Therefore first of all this Cossack must be found."

"But how shall we find him, your grace? I have only seen him a single time, and where may he not be now? And what is his name? Ah, alas, alas!" added the Jew mournfully adjusting the locks of his hair.

"Leiba! cried Tchertapkanoff suddenly, "Leiba! Look at me! My mind is gone. I am quite beside myself. I shall kill myself if you don't help me."

"But how can I do that?"

"Come along with me,—we will go in search of the thief together."

"Where shall we go?"

"To the annual fairs—over highways and by-ways, to the horse fairs, to cities and villages and country seats—in fact everywhere. As regards money, you may be at your ease; an inheritance has come to me, brother. I will spend my last farthing, but I will find my friend again, and the knavish Cossack,—he shall not escape us. Wherever he may go there we shall go too; if he hides himself under the earth, then we will go under the earth after him. If he goes to the devil, then we will go to Satan himself."

"No, no! not to Satan ——"

"Leiba!" Tchertapkanoff interrupted him, "Leiba! You are indeed nothing but a Hebrew, and your religion is a heathenish one; but your soul is better than many a Christian soul. Have pity on me! To travel alone is useless; alone I cannot carry out my undertaking. I am a hot-headed fellow, but your head—ah, it is a head of gold! Your race is all made that way; you comprehend everything, without needing to learn it. You are perhaps in doubt, and wonder, 'Where is he to get the money?' Come into my room, and I will show you all my money. Take the gold, take the cross which I bear around my neck; but give me—oh, give me back Makel-Adel!"

Tchertapkanoff stood trembling as with fever, the perspiration flowed down his face, mingled with his tears, and gathered in drops in his mustache. He pressed Leiba's hand; he entreated him; he came near kissing him; he was completely beside himself. The Jew was about to answer; explained that it was impossible for him to be absent, that his business—it was all of no avail. Pantalei would not listen to it. What choice had poor Leiba, then, but to consent?

The following day Tchertapkanoff started from Bessonovo in a peasant wagon, accompanied by Leiba. The Jew looked very disheartened, clung with one hand anxiously to the driver's box, and his whole feeble body was flung hither and thither by the jerking of the wagon; the other hand he held pressed against his bosom, where he had a package of bank-notes wrapped in a newspaper. Tchertapkanoff was sitting firmly like a statue, letting his eyes wander about, and breathing from the depth of his lungs. A dagger was suspended from his girdle.

"Now, you rascal, be on your guard!" he murmured, as they drove out on the highway.

His house he had intrusted to the care of Perfishka and an old cook, a deaf old woman whom he had taken into his house because he pitied her.

"I shall return to you with Makel-Adel," he cried to them as he drove off, "or I shall never return."

"Then you should at all events marry me at once," said Perfishka, with a feeble attempt at wit, giving the old woman a nudge in her side with his elbow. "Anyway, we shall never see the master again, and we shall perish of *ennui*."

A year passed—a whole year, and nothing was heard of Pantalei Jeremeitsch. The old cook died; Perfishka was just preparing to abandon the house and go to the city, where a cousin, who was apprenticed to a wig-maker, had invited him, when suddenly

the rumor spread abroad that the master was on his way home. The deacon of the parish had received a letter from Tchertapkanoff himself, in which he announced his impending arrival at Bessonovo, and begged him to notify his servants, that they might receive him in the proper manner.

These words Perfishka took to mean that he ought to dust a little, although he had no real faith in the credibility of the message. He was, however, soon to be convinced that the deacon had spoken the truth, for a few days later Pantalei Jeremeitsch appeared in his own person in the yard, riding upon Makel-Adel.

Perfishka ran up to his master, seized the stirrup, and offered to help him dismount; but the latter leaped down unaided, cast a triumphant glance about him, and cried loudly:

"I said that I would find Makel-Adel, and I have found him, in spite of fate and my enemies."

Perfishka approached him, and made a motion to kiss his hand; but Tchertapkanoff paid no heed to his servant's devotion. Leading Makel-Adel by the bridle, he went with long strides toward the stable. Perfishka stared fixedly at him, and was frightened. Alas, how he had aged, and how haggard he had grown in the course of this year! And how grave and gloomy his face had grown! And still you would have thought that Pantalei Jeremeitsch must be delighted to have at last reached his goal. He was delighted, too; and still Perfishka was frightened—yes, he felt something like awe. Pantalei led the horse into his former stall, patted him lightly on the back, and said, "There you are at last, at home again. Now, this time, be on your guard!"

The same day he hired a reliable watchman among the inferior peasantry, moved again into his chambers, and continued his former life. And still he did not live quite as before—but of this anon.

The day after his return, Pantalei, for want of a better companion, called Perfishka in, and, without surrendering an inch of his dignity, began to relate to him, in a deep bass, how he had succeeded in finding Makel-Adel. During this recital he sat with his face turned to the window, smoking his long-stemmed pipe, and Perfishka stood on the threshold, with his hands behind him and his eyes reverentially fixed on the back of his master's neck, listening all the while to the story of how, after many futile journeys and efforts, Pantalei had at last come to the annual fair at Romma. He was at that time alone, for the Jew, Leiba, thanks to the weakness of his character, had not stood by him, but had run away. On the fifth day, just as he had made up his mind to depart again, he had sauntered for the last time through the rows of wagons, when all of a sudden, among three other horses, hitched to a *telega*, he beheld Makel-Adel. He had immediately recognized him, and Makel-Adel, too, had known his master; he had neighed, tried to tear himself loose, and had pawed the ground with his hoofs.

"And it was not a Cossack that had him," Tchertapkanoff continued, still in the deepest bass voice, and without turning his head; "but it was a gypsy—a horse-dealer. I, of course, claimed the horse as mine, and wanted to take him by force; but that beast of a gypsy screamed as if I had been murdering him, swore that he had bought it of another gypsy, offered to bring witnesses. Then I spat at him, and paid him his price. May the devil take him! What I chiefly cared for was to get my friend back again, that my soul might have rest. In the district of Karatchej I once, deceived by Leiba's assurances, got hold of a Cossack, whom I took to be the thief, and smashed his face. He turned out to be the son of a priest, and I had to pay him damages—one hundred and fifty rubles. Well, money can be gained in many ways; the thing of importance is that Makel-Adel is again with me. But to you, Perfishka, I give this command: if you should—what God forbid!—see a Cossack here in this vicinity, then run without delay, without saying a word, and bring me my gun. I shall then know what to do with it."

Thus spoke Pantalei to his servant Perfishka; but in his heart he was not so calm as he seemed.

Alas! in the depths of his soul he was not quite convinced that the horse he had brought back with him was really his Makel-Adel.

V.

And now came a season of sore trouble to Pantalei Jeremeitsch. Rest he could endure least of all. To be sure, he had now and then some days of happiness, when the doubts that rose within him seemed senseless. He would then drive away the foolish thought as he would a troublesome fly, and laugh at his own folly. Then again evil days would come, when the importunate thought would begin secretly to gnaw at his heart, like a mouse under the floor, and he would suffer the most unendurable tortures.

On the memorable day when Tchertapkanoff had found Makel-Adel again, he had been conscious of the most blissful sensations; but the very next morning, as he was saddling his friend under the low shed of the inn in which he had spent the night, he felt for the first time a pang shooting through his heart. He shook his head; but the seed of suspicion had fallen into his soul.

During his homeward journey, which lasted about a week, his doubts seldom asserted themselves; but after his return to Bessonovo, the spot where his former indubitable Makel-Adel had lived, they grew stronger and stronger. On the journey he rode mostly in pace, rocking himself in the saddle, gazing lazily about him, smoking his short pipe, and not indulging in reflection. At most he thought, perhaps: "What a Tchertapkanoff undertakes to do, that he carries through;" and then he would chuckle quietly to himself.

After his arrival at home, the aspect of things changed; but of course he kept that to himself, for his pride did not allow him to manifest his uneasiness. He would have torn any man to pieces who had dared even remotely to intimate that the new Makel-Adel was not the genuine one. He accepted congratulations on his "happy discovery" from the few persons whom he met, but he did not invite these congratulations, and he avoided meeting people—a bad sign. He observed Makel-Adel almost uninterruptedly. He would ride out with him to a distant field, and put him to the test; or he would secretly steal into the stable, close the door behind him, plant himself before the horse's head, gaze into his eyes, and ask in a whisper, "Is it you? You yourself—you yourself—you yourself?" Or he would observe him silently and steadily for hours together, and now and then murmur joyously, "Yes, it is he! To be sure, it is he!" Or the doubt would seize him, and he would torment himself anew.

Tchertapkanoff was not so much disturbed by the physical dissimilarities between the old and the new Makel-Adel, for on the whole they were hardly perceptible. The former's mane and tail were perhaps a little thinner, his ears more pointed, his legs shorter, his eyes brighter—but these might have been mere appearances. It was, so to speak, their moral dissimilarities which disturbed him. The old Makel-Adel had different habits; he carried himself in a different manner; he would always look up and neigh quietly, whenever his master entered the stable; but the new one would chew his hay as if nothing had happened, or sleep with drooping head. They had both this in common that they never stirred when their master dismounted; but the former always responded to every call, while the latter remained quietly standing like a piece of wood. The former galloped quite as fast but he leaped higher and farther; the latter went more evenly in pace, but jumped more in trotting, and sometimes struck his front and hind shoes together; with the former, such a thing could never have happened,—never! The latter was always stupidly shaking his ears; the former, on the contrary, if he had once laid his ears back, kept them so steadily, as if on the watch for the slightest signal. If the old Makel-Adel perceived any want of cleanliness about him, he would kick impatiently against the walls of his stall; but the present one did not seem to care if the dirt reached above his knees. If, for instance, you placed the former with his head against the wind, he would at once draw his breath from the depths of his lungs and shake himself, while the latter would only give a snort. To the former, dampness and rain seemed disagreeable, while the latter hardly noticed them. He was of coarser grain, much coarser. Moreover, he was hard-bitted and not as pleasant-tempered as the other. But then the old Makel-Adel was a superb creature—and this one——

Thus reflected Tchertapkanoff with his soul full of bitterness. At times, however, when he made his horse fly at full speed over a newly ploughed field or leap down to the bottom of a washed-out ravine and again climb up the steep slope, then his rapture would stop the beating of his heart and loud shouts of triumph would burst from his throat; for then he knew—knew beyond a doubt—that he had the real Makel-Adel under him and no more the pretender; for what horse in creation could perform such feats except Makel-Adel?

Still he had his share of distress and misery. The long-continued quest for Makel-Adel had cost him a great deal of money. There could be no thought now of dogs of the Kostroma breed, and so he had to ride about in the vicinity alone as before. One morning he met, about five versts from Bessonovo, the same princely hunting party before whose eyes he had once, now eighteen months ago, so proudly gamboled with his horse. Now a curious coincidence occurred. Just as on that former

occasion, a hare came bounding down the hill-side with the dogs on its trail. The whole party started in pursuit and Pantalei with the rest (not joining the hunters, however, but some two hundred yards to the side), exactly as he had done before. A deep chasm, hollowed out by the water, ran obliquely down the declivity, gradually narrowing upward, and checked Tchertapkanoff in his progress. At the point where he would have to clear it, and where a year and a half earlier he actually had cleared it, the gorge was some sixteen feet broad and two fathoms deep. In the anticipation of his triumph, which was to be so wonderfully repeated, Tchertapkanoff gave a shout of victory and whirled his whip. All the hunters came galloping on with their eyes steadily fixed on the daring horseman; his steed shot forward like an arrow; in a moment the chasm opened before him; now the leap—the leap, as before!

But suddenly Makel-Adel reared, whirled about to the left, and galloped up along the ravine, in spite of Pantalei's efforts to force him around to face the chasm. The beast was afraid,—had no confidence in himself. Burning with shame and wrath, and almost weeping, Tchertapkanoff let the reins fall, and drove the horse straight up the slope, away from the hunters, in order to escape as quickly as possible from their sight, lest he should hear how they mocked him.

White with foam and with bloody flanks, Makel-Adel came dashing home, and Pantalei immediately shut himself up in his chamber.

"No, it is not he. That is not my friend. He would rather have broken his neck than betray me."

The last and decisive blow Tchertapkanoff received in the following manner: Riding on Makel-Adel, he was one day picking his way through the back yards of the parsonages which surrounded the church to which Bessonovo belonged. With his fur cap pulled down over his eyes, stooping, and with both hands resting on the pommel, he was riding slowly on. His soul was dark and joyless. Suddenly he heard his name called. He drew rein, raised his head, and beheld his correspondent, the deacon, clad in a yellowish nankeen caftan, and the lower portion of his figure, from the waist, girded with a piece of blue cloth, an old brown three-cornered hat on his brown hair, which was braided into a small cue. The servant of the altar had walked out to inspect his stores of grain. As he caught sight of Pantalei, he held it to be his duty to pay his respects to him, and also to seize the opportunity to ask him a favor. Without such a secondary consideration, priests, as is well known, seldom accost secular individuals.

Tchertapkanoff, however, showed not the slightest concern about the deacon; he hardly returned his greeting, mumbled something between his teeth, and swung his whip.

"What a magnificent horse you have!" the deacon hastened to say. "Such a selection really does you honor. In sooth, you are a man of wonderful shrewdness. A perfect lion,—a perfect lion!"

The deacon was famous for his eloquence, which, however, aroused the envy of his superior, to whom the gift of speech had not been granted; even brandy did not have the power to loose his tongue.

"Your first horse you have been deprived of by some wicked man," continued the deacon, "and without losing your courage, relying upon the Divine Providence, you buy another which is not a whit inferior,—perhaps even better ——"

"What are you talking about?" Tchertapkanoff interrupted him, with a threatening air. "Another horse! It is the same one! It is Makel-Adel,—I have found him again. What nonsense you are talking!"

"Eh,—eh,—eh,—eh!" said the deacon, in a long-drawn-out tone, and toying with his beard, while he regarded Pantalei with his bright, greedy eyes. "How can that be, sir? If my memory serves me right, your horse was stolen last year, two weeks before the feast of the Intercession of the Virgin, and now we have the end of November."

"Well, what then?"

The deacon went on twisting his beard with his fingers.

"It is consequently more than a year since your horse was stolen, and he is now of a silver gray, just as he was then. It seems to me as if he had even grown darker. How is that possible? Gray horses will in a year always grow lighter."

Tchertapkanoff trembled. He felt as if some one had thrust a spear into his heart. And it is a fact,—the gray color always changes. How had it happened that this simple thought had never occurred to him?

"You cursed pigtail, get away from me!" he roared suddenly, rolling his eyes furiously, and he straightway vanished from the sight of the astonished deacon.

Now, all was at an end; yes, surely, all

was at an end,—all was lost,—his last card had been played. All hope at once collapsed at the words "Grow lighter!" Gray horses grow lighter! Yes, gallop,—gallop on, you cursed beast! You cannot run away from this fact. Pantalei dashed homeward, and again shut himself up in his room.

That this miserable animal was not Makel-Adel,—that in fact there was not the slightest resemblance between them,—certainly any man in his senses would have seen at the first glance. That he, Pantalei Jeremeitsch, had been deceived,—nay, that he had purposely and deliberately deceived himself,—all this was now established beyond a doubt. He raced up and down in his chamber, turned upon his heel whenever he came to the wall, every time in the same manner, like a wild beast in a cage. His self-love had been cruelly wounded; but it was not only his sense of personal injury that tormented him. Despair had seized him, his wrath was choking him, thirst for vengeance was burning within him. But vengeance on whom? On the Jew, on Jaff, Masha, the deacon, the thievish Cossack,—on all the neighbors,—on the whole world, or in the end on himself? His reason was clouded. His last card had been played (this simile seemed to please him), and he was once more the most good-for-nothing, the most contemptible of men,—a common laughing-stock,—a fool,—an object of scorn even to a deacon!!! He pondered, and imagined vividly how that abominable pigtail would tell about the gray horse and the stupid gentleman —— O, maddening thought!!

In vain Tchertapkanoff strove to appease himself; in vain he strove to persuade himself that his horse, even if he was not Makel-Adel, was still a very good horse, which could serve him for many years to come. He straightway rejected such a thought as a new insult to that Makel-Adel before whom he already felt so guilty. And in regard to the service that he might still be able to render him—would he then ever condescend to mount him again? On no account! Never! He should be given to a Tartar, who would eat him, or throw him out to be eaten by his dogs,—he was worthy of no better fate. Yes, it was best so!

Tchertapkanoff marched up and down in his chamber for about two hours.

"Perfishka," he called suddenly. "Run quickly to the public-house and bring me half a pitcher of brandy. Do you hear? Half a pitcher,—and quick, so that the brandy may be here on the table within an hour."

The brandy was soon placed on the table and Pantalei Jeremeitsch began to drink. Whoever could have observed him and witnessed the fierce bitterness with which he drained one glass after the other, would certainly have been frightened. The night came; a tallow candle burned dimly on the table. Pantalei was no more marching from one corner to the other. He sat still, with a flushed face, and dull eyes which now he let fall upon the floor, and now again directed steadily toward the dark window. Then he would rise, pour out some brandy, drink it down, resume his seat, and again sit staring at the same spot without stirring. It was as if a resolution was maturing within him which frightened him, and to which he was yet gradually getting accustomed. The same and ever the same thought was drawing steadily and inevitably nearer; the same and ever the same scene pictured itself ever more plainly before him and entered his heart; under the agitating influence of a heavy intoxication, a kind of animal feeling took the place of the former excitement of wrath, and an expression of scorn, which boded no good, appeared about his mouth.

"Now is the time," he said, in a weary, business-like tone. "Now, I have had refreshments enough."

He drank his last glass of brandy, took down his pistol, which was hanging over the bed,—the same pistol with which he had shot at Masha,—and loaded it, put a couple of percussion caps into his pocket, and started for the stable. As he tried to open the stable door, the watchman came running against him.

"It is I. Have you no eyes in your head? Get away, quick!"

The watchman stepped aside.

"Go to sleep," cried Pantalei after him. "There is nothing here worth watching. A precious thing it is you have been watching!"

He entered the stable. Makel-Adel—the false Makel-Adel—was lying down in his stall.

"Get up, you rascal!" he grumbled, giving the horse a kick with his foot.

Then he untied the halter from the crib, pulled off the blanket and threw it on the floor, turned the obedient animal roughly about in the stall and led it out into the yard, and from the yard into the fields, all to the extreme surprise of the watchman, who could not comprehend where his master

was going at this time of night, leading the unsaddled horse by the bridle. Of course, he did not dare ask; he only followed him with his eyes until he disappeared at a bend of the road which led to the neighboring woods.

Tchertapkanoff marched on with long strides, without stopping and without looking back. Makel-Adel (for we will still call him by that name) walked obediently behind him. The night was tolerably clear; Pantalei could distinguish the jagged outline of the forest which lay before him like a dense black patch. Under the influence of the nocturnal cold, the brandy he had drunk would certainly have intoxicated him, if another and stronger intoxication had not taken complete possession of him. His head was heavy; his blood was surging and beating in his neck and in his ears. But he walked on with steady step, and he knew whither he was going.

He had resolved to kill Makel-Adel; he had thought of nothing else during the whole day, and now his resolution was fixed.

He prepared for this act, if not calmly, then at least confidently and irrevocably, like a man who obeys his sense of duty. To him this affair seemed very simple; in destroying the usurper he closed his account with all concerned; he punished himself for his stupidity, justified himself before his real friend, and proved to the whole world (Tchertapkanoff was much concerned about the opinion of the "whole world") that he was not to be trifled with; and then the main object,—he destroyed himself with the usurper, for what had he to live for any more? How he arranged all this in his head, and why it appeared so plain to him, are not so easy to explain, although it may not be wholly impossible. Deeply injured as he was, lonely, without a human soul who stood near him, without money, and, moreover, with his blood fired with brandy, he was in a condition bordering on insanity; and there is no doubt that even in their worst attacks, insane people have in view a certain logic of their own, and even a kind of justice. Tchertapkanoff was at all events fully convinced that he was in the right; he did not hesitate, and only hastened to execute his judgment on the guilty, without, however, knowing exactly to whom he applied this name. To tell the truth, he thought very little of what he was intending to do.

"I must make an end of it—I must make an end of it," he kept murmuring to himself with a dull fierceness.

And the innocent victim followed in a patient trot behind his back; but in Tchertapkanoff's bosom there was no pity.

Not far from the edge of the forest to which he had led the horse, a small ravine was tracing itself, half filled with underbrush. Into this Pantalei descended; Makel-Adel staggered along and came near falling over him.

"Will you crush me, you cursed creature!" he cried, pulling his pistol from his pocket as if in self-defense. What he now felt was no longer anger, but that peculiar feeling which is said to take possession of a man who is about to commit a crime. He was frightened at his own voice; it sounded so weird under the dark, overhanging boughs in the damp gloom of the narrow ravine. Then, as if in answer to his call, a large bird flapped with much noise in the tree-tops above his head. Tchertapkanoff trembled. It was as if he had aroused a witness to his deed in this desert where he had not expected to meet a living creature.

"Go to the devil, then!" he mumbled between his teeth, dropping Makel-Adel's reins and striking him a blow on the shoulder with the handle of the pistol. The horse immediately turned about, climbed out of the ravine and ran away. The clattering of his hoofs was not long audible. A great wind had sprung up and carried the sound away.

Now Pantalei climbed slowly out of the ravine, reached the edge of the woods and took the road homeward. He was dissatisfied with himself. The heaviness which he had felt in his head had now spread through his limbs. He sauntered away, feeling angry, gloomy, discontented and hungry, as if some one had insulted him, by depriving him of his victim. A man who wishes to commit suicide, but has been prevented from accomplishing his act, may have known similar sensations.

Suddenly something touched him gently between the shoulders. He turned around,—Makel-Adel was standing in the middle of the road. He had followed in the track of his master and now touched him with his nose in order to remind him of his presence.

"Ah!" cried Tchertapkanoff, "you have come yourself to get your death. Take it, then!"

In an instant he had pulled forth the pistol, cocked it, leveled the barrel against Makel-Adel's forehead and fired. The poor animal tumbled sideward, reared, ran some ten steps and fell gasping upon the earth,

rolling convulsively on the sod. Pantalei held his hands on his ears and ran away. His knees tottered under him. His intoxication, his anger, his self-satisfaction—all had suddenly vanished. Only a painful sense of shame remained, and the consciousness—the inexorable consciousness—that this was his own end too.

VI.

Six weeks later, Perfishka felt called upon to stop the police inspector, who was just passing by.

"THE POOR ANIMAL TUMBLED SIDEWARD."

"What do you want?" asked the guardian of the peace.

"Sir, come into the house. I think—I am afraid—Pantalei Jeremeitsch is dying."

"How? Dying?" inquired the police inspector.

"Yes, dying. At first he kept drinking brandy every day; but now he has gone to bed and is very sick. I believe he doesn't understand anything any more. He has lost his speech."

The police inspector dismounted from his *telega*.

"Have you called a priest? Has your master confessed? Has he received the sacrament?"

"No."

The police inspector's face darkened.

"And why not, brother? How is, then, that possible? Do you not know that you assume a great responsibility?"

"I asked master both yesterday and the day before if I should bring the priest. 'Silence, you fool,' he answered; 'don't meddle in affairs that don't concern you.' And as I repeated my question to-day, he only twitched with his mustache."

"Did he drink a great deal of brandy?" asked the police inspector.

"An astonishing quantity. Have the goodness, sir, to come into his chamber."

"Well, then, lead the way," murmured the magistrate, and followed Perfishka into the house.

There a singular sight awaited him. In a damp, dark back chamber, on a miserable bed, with a ragged cloak under his head instead of a pillow, and covered with a horse-blanket, lay Tchertapkanoff, no longer pale, but yellowish-green like a corpse. His eyes were sunken, the lids shiny, his nose sharp and

reddish, and his mustache in disorder. He had on his inevitable arkalouk, with the cartridge-box on the breast, and wide blue Cossack trowsers. The Persian cap with the red tassel covered his forehead down to his eyebrows. In one hand Tchertapkanoff held a riding-whip, in the other an embroidered tobacco-pouch, Masha's last gift to him. Upon the table next to the bed stood an empty pitcher; above the head were two water-color drawings, stuck to the wall with darning-needles; one of them represented, as far as one could make out, a stout man with a guitar in his hand,—probably Nedopuskin,—the other, a horseman riding at full speed. The horse resembled those fabulous creatures which children frequently draw on walls and fences, but the dappled skin which had been carefully shaded, the cartridge-box on the rider's breast, the pointed heels of his boots, and the enormous mustache, gave sufficient evidence that the drawing was meant to represent Pantalei Jeremeitsch riding on Makel-Adel.

The astonished police inspector hardly knew what to do. A deathly stillness reigned in the chamber.

"He is already dead," he thought; and then raising his voice he cried: "Pantalei Jeremeitsch! Pantalei Jeremeitsch!"

Then a strange thing happened. Tchertapkanoff slowly opened his eyes; the quenched pupils wandered from right to left, then from left to right, fixed themselves on the guest and seemed to see him; something resembling intelligence gleamed in their dead whiteness; the bluish lips moved, and a hoarse sepulchral voice became audible.

"The nobleman of the old race, Pantalei Tchertapkanoff is dying. Who has the right to hinder him? He owes nobody—asks nothing; leave him in peace—you people, go away!"

He tried to raise his whip with his hand; but in vain. His lips again fell together, his eyes closed, and Tchertapkanoff lay again, rigid as stone on his hard couch.

"Let me know when he dies," whispered the magistrate, as he left the chamber. "I think it is now time to send for the priest. The proprieties must be observed; he must receive the last ointment."

Perfishka sent the same day for the priest, and the next morning gave notice to the police inspector. Pantalei Jeremeitsch had died during the night.

Two persons followed his coffin as he was buried: Perfishka, the Cossack, and Moshel Leiba. The intelligence of his death had somehow reached the Jew, and he did not neglect to pay the last tribute of respect to his benefactor.

THE LAST INDIAN COUNCIL ON THE GENESEE.

THE traveler on the Erie Railway, roused perchance from troubled sleep or the weariness of a long journey, may snatch a minute of rare compensation for either as his train crosses the Genesee River on the high trestle-work bridge at Portage. Two hundred and thirty-four feet directly beneath him and the gigantic web of iron on which he rides runs the river. It has scarcely cleared the base of the bridge, however, when it breaks and tumbles some sixty or seventy feet, in the first of a series of charming falls, to a still deeper deep. Thenceforward it winds through the heart of an oval-shaped valley, shut in on either side by an arc of high and wooded hills. But, following its downward course a little more than half a mile from the bridge, the eye is met by a rising cloud of spray, and easily descries the crest of the precipice from which the Genesee takes its second leap, to find its channel at the bottom of the dark gulf below. Beyond, and on either side of the fallen river, loom the perpendicular walls of the deep and narrow cañon down which it rushes and finally disappears.

It is a sight for the drowsy passenger when, as he crosses, the summer morning has come over the hills and filled this valley. Innumerable lights and shades of the varied verdure, the warm tints of the rocks and the flashing of the falling waters enliven a picture to which its sunken remoteness superadds an almost visionary charm. The two or three cottage roofs that peer from thick nests of foliage far down beside the river, suggest a life blissfully held apart from the world and its ways. Over all an atmosphere of thinnest mist, smitten to whiteness by the sunlight, wavers and shines like a translucent sea. The valley, indeed, is a region of lapsing streams and delicate rising

mists, and never a gleam of sunshine visits it, but it deserves its name of Glen Iris.

From the west end of the bridge the descent into the glen is made by the aid of flights of rustic steps and a steep path through thick woods of beech, maple and hemlock, leading to the margin of the stream. Half-way down, and crossed by a foot-bridge, a little brook, christened by the valley folk De-ge-wa-nus,—an Indian name of note along the Genesee,—dashes headlong from the mysterious green darkness of the upper forest, and commits suicide at the cliff of the river's bank. On the way, too, fine views are afforded of the upper fall of the Genesee, which has hewn its way backward through the rock almost to the foundations of the great bridge. As we emerge from the wood the river grows quiet again among its stones, and the valley widens into tranquil pasture lands. Looking across to the easterly side of the river, the line of the Genesee Valley Canal is seen, drawn tightly around the contour of the hills and half-way toward their summit. The ugly gash cut to form this highland water-way long since became a chronic sore on the body politic of the state of New York, by which its treasury has been depleted to a wasteful extent. The prospect that the canal is soon to be abandoned and allowed to heal itself green again, should be welcome alike to lovers of nature and of honest politics.

Ascending the slope toward the farther end of the valley, we come in sight of the second or middle fall, a full, rounded shoulder and flounced skirt of rock, over which the water is flung in a single broad shawl of snow-white lace, more exquisite of pattern than ever artist of Brussels or Valenciennes dared to dream. On a green table-land almost directly above this fall is the dwelling of the valley's good genius,—a rustic paradise embowered in foliage of tree and vine, and islanded in wavy spaces of softest lawn. Here art has aided nature to plant a true "garden of tranquil delights." Each group of trees becomes the cunning frame of an enchanting picture or beautiful vignette. The hills, sentineled at their summits by lofty pines, are walls which shut the world out, while across the upper and sole visible approach to the glen, the bridge stretches like a vast portal reared by Titans. It is the Happy Valley of fable realized, and the lulling sound of the near cataract gives fitting voice to its perfect seclusion and repose.

GLEN IRIS, FROM THE COUNCIL-HOUSE GROUNDS.

On a high plateau near the northern end of the valley, and commanding from the edge of a thick grove of young pine a full view of its picturesque inclosure stands an ancient council-house of the Seneca tribe of Indians. Dating as it does from a period when the Iroquois Confederacy still flourished, and the Senecas were in prosperous possession of the Genesee country, this building is doubtless the oldest of its class in the state, and perhaps is the sole remaining architectural relic of the once famous League of the Six Nations. Within its log walls, moreover, on the first of October, 1872, delegates assembled from two of the nations of the extinct confederacy and lit once more, on the Genesee, the fire of an Indian council. Such an event had not taken place in this region for more than half a century;

DE-GE-WA-NUS WATERFALL.

nor is it probable that its like will occur again. The circumstances gave to the meeting an interest so unique that perhaps the readers of SCRIBNER will not regret if some account of it, and of the edifice in which it was held, find a place in these pages,—thence, it may be, to pass into the slender and almost completed volume of Indian history. But first a few words introductory, for the benefit of those to whom that volume is unfamiliar.

At the date of the advent of Europeans on this continent, the Five Nations,* then composing the League of the Iroquois, had attained a development which in many respects distinctly differentiates them from the rest of their race. It is not too much to say that they presented the spectacle of a people slowly but surely progressing toward a kind of civilization. They had anticipated our motto, "*E pluribus unum*," and applied it in the formation of a federal government after a fashion of simple but sagacious statesmanship which might have suggested useful ideas to Jefferson. The Romans of their hemisphere, they understood not only the art of conquest, but also that of colonization and of assimilating to themselves the nations they conquered. Their policy aimed at universal sovereignty, and ultimately would at least have divided with the Aztecs the dominion of the continent. Already they had carried their arms as far south as Florida; nations north of the St. Lawrence acknowledged their sway, and their war-parties were met by the Spanish explorers west of the Mississippi. Although their hereditary residence was in New York, between the Hudson and the Niagara rivers, they granted or sold territory in what is now the states of Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. As the allies of the English in the protracted struggle against the French,—if in no other connection,—the Iroquois are certain of historic remembrance. For a century and a half they waged this war,—now invading Canada, and anon descending like a tornado on the French of Louisiana. To the young colony of New York they were a constant shield against destruction. Their valor and fidelity turned the scale, at last, in the long and often uncertain contest, and the continent speaks English to-day, and not French, because the Iroquois elected to champion the cause of the former.

They have been called the Romans of the New World, but something of the Anglo-Saxon character as well is strikingly mirrored in the Iroquois. Their federal system of government, albeit a pure oligarchy, ingeniously guarded against the concentration and aggressions of power. It recognized the principle of local self-government. Its paramount aim was to develop individualism in its subjects, and to preserve personal liberty. Even to woman, among the Iroquois, a potential voice was allowed in the affairs of government, and her rights were well defined and jealously guarded. Nothing less than a peaceful and harmonious union of the tribes of the continent was the objective point of the federal policy, and the confederation itself is perhaps without a parallel, in the fact that it secured to its people more than three centuries of uninterrupted domestic unity and peace.

The practice of agriculture had also begun to modify the life of the aboriginal hunters of New York. In 1687, the Marquis de Nonville invaded their country, and re-

* The Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas were the five nations who originally composed the "Ho-de-no-sawn-e," or "Long House" of the League. The Tuscaroras, a tribe of refugees from the South, were subsequently adopted into the confederacy.

ported that he had destroyed, in their four principal villages, more than a million bushels of corn. A century later, the American general, Sullivan, performed in the valley of the Genesee a similar feat. In the midst of their fields they built their villages, some of which contained more than a hundred houses. Three sister divinities of their religion were the spirits of the maize, the bean and the squash. A fancy far superior to that of the average of savage peoples stamped their unwritten legends and mythology. They had even a rude astronomy, and had mapped the heavens, giving names to the principal constellations. Among them, also, the art of eloquence was cultivated as assiduously as that of arms. The *parliament* was an indigenous growth in the depths of the New York forests. Of the annual councils of the sachems, Governor Clinton wrote, that "in eloquence, in dignity, and in all the characteristics of personal policy, they surpassed an assemblage of feudal barons, and were perhaps not far inferior to the great Amphyctionic Council of Greece."*

Of the nations of the League, the most numerous, enterprising, and chivalrous were the Senecas. They sat at the "western door" of the "Long House" of the confederacy, and were its keepers, as the Mohawks on the Hudson were wardens of the east. Their canoes, anticipating the commerce of the great lakes, found haven in what was to become the port of Buffalo. Their villages dotted the banks of the Genesee River for a distance of nearly a hundred miles. Two centuries ago, this latter region had become their favorite and most populous place of settlement. It was the earthly paradise of the Seneca; its fertile fields and wild or lovely landscapes are wedded to the memory of his best deeds and days. A hundred melodious and poetic names, of which some mutilated syllables still remain, testify that its varied scenes had power to inspire his fancy and touch his heart. *Jenishëu*—"the Beautiful Valley"—was the suggestive appellation it bore in his geography. In the home it gave him, culminated his prosperity and happiness; and though more than half a century has elapsed since he was driven from its shelter, he and his children have not ceased to yearn for the lost Eden of their people. It was with such a sentiment in their hearts, and amidst such associations, that the Senecas—some of whom had left the banks of the Genesee in early childhood—gathered back from distant reservations to the Last Council in the Valley. And surely it is that valley's most beautiful region which opened before them, and on which hereafter the Seneca ghost may look regretfully down, from the threshold of the Old Council-House in Glen Iris.

MONA-SHA-SHA, OR MIDDLE FALLS OF THE UPPER GENESEE.†

* A curious work by the Jesuit Père Lafitau, published in Paris, 1724, is entitled "Mœurs des Sauvages Ameriquains, Comparées aux Mœurs des Premier Temps." The Iroquois furnish the good father a large share of the parallels he establishes between our aborigines and the ancient Greeks and Romans.

† A well-preserved Indian legend attaches to this fall, of an Indian who in some way became the victim of witchcraft and "the evil eye," so that he became estranged from his wife, whom he had previously loved with great tenderness. The latter, maddened by her husband's inexplicable ill-treatment, threw herself, with her child, over the falls, leaving to it her quite musical name of *Mona-sha-sha*.

The story of the venerable building is easily told. Its original site was in the Seneca village of Caneadea, about eighteen miles from its present location. When the first white settlers came in, at the beginning of the present century, it was already an antiquity,—its erection doubtless antedating our Revolutionary war. Situated on the southwestern frontier of the Seneca territory proper, Caneadea was the convenient rendezvous of the warlike expeditions which ravaged Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the council-house was the frequent scene of their preliminary deliberations, as well as of the festivities attendant upon their victorious return. The war party of Senecas who concerted at Buffalo the famous massacre of Wyoming are believed by some to have made this their point of departure, and to have returned to the same spot with their bloody spoils. A little volume published in Western New York thirty years ago, and which recounts the life and adventures of Major Moses Van Campen, a Revolutionary hero, connects the council-house in question with a characteristic incident.

In the spring of 1782, Van Campen, then a young officer in the Continental army, was captured on the upper waters of the Susquehanna, by a party of Iroquois in command of a British lieutenant. Narrowly escaping the usual death of prisoners by torture, he and several of his soldiers were led by forced marches through the forest to Caneadea. Their arrival was the occasion of a savage jubilee, and the amiable villagers straightway demanded for themselves the customary privilege of causing the captives, in Iroquois fashion, to run the gauntlet. The course selected was about forty rods in length, and the council-house, as was usual on such occasions, was designated as the goal and place of refuge of the runners. Close behind them and on each side of their path crowded the population of the village, young and old and of both sexes, armed with cudgels and long whips, the warriors alone remaining dignified spectators of the scene. The signal was given, and the indomitable Van Campen darted off first, as nimble as a deer. The armed mob closed quickly upon him, and his case would have been desperate but for a bold *coup* to which he had resort. Directly in his track stood two stout young squaws, waiting their chance to strike the captive. Squarely at them, as if shot from a catapult, he threw himself, and with such effect that both were pitched headlong, and described several somersaults on their way to the ground. The absurd spectacle was too much alike for Indian dignity and ferocity, and amidst yells of uncontrollable laughter on the part of the crowd, the captives made their way easily to the council-house.

Another mention in the scant chronicles of the frontier contributes still further to render Caneadea classic. It was the place where Mary Jemison, "the White Woman of the Genesee,"—a name famous in the early annals of Western New York,—halted for a day to rest in her weary pilgrimage to the Genesee country. Mary was the daughter of an Irish or Scotch emigrant, who, about the middle of the last century, settled at Marsh Creek, in Pennsylvania. In 1754, when about twelve years of age, the girl was captured by a party of Shawnees, and, amidst circumstances of frightful hardship, dragged away to the central wilds of Ohio. There she was adopted into a Seneca family by two women, sisters, who at the time were mourning for a warrior brother slain in battle, and who made of the pretty little white captive a sort of memento of their own grief, calling her De-ge-wa-nus—"two wailing voices." Some have thought, however, that the name describes rather the lamentation of the little maid, as uttered sometimes in her own quickly forgotten tongue, and anon in that of her savage captors. At any rate, it is that name which afterward became renowned in early New York history, and which the crystal stream already spoken of, with its own "two voices"—one of the forest and another of the rock—preserves and commemorates.

Four years afterward her Seneca friends journeyed back to the land of their people on the Genesee, poor Mary Jemison trudging the whole wild way with them, a baby on her back. But, from the day of her arrival, heart-sick and travel-worn, at Caneadea, she rapidly became a prominent figure in the story of the Genesee region. Married to one of the most famous and blood-thirsty of the Seneca chiefs, she accepted her situation unreservedly, and even refused, like another Ruth, when the days of peace came and her release was offered, to leave the rough people of her adoption. The story of her life, as gathered from her own lips and long ago published, is an epic of womanly endurance that well deserves to be saved from forgetfulness, to the undying glory of her sex. The burden of toil and trouble she bore would have broken down the strongest man. Her every-day familiarity with deeds of violence and blood might

well have hardened the tenderest heart. Yet, through all, her loving woman's nature lived on unquenchable. The great influence which, in spite of her sex, she eventually obtained over her nation, was constantly wielded on behalf of the weak and the needy, whether Indian or pale-face. Her house on the Genesee, built and maintained by the labor of her own hands, was a place of asylum, a home of help and hospitality in

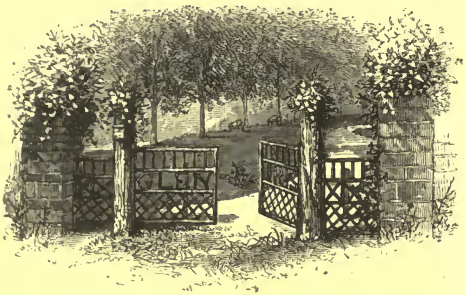
LOWER FALLS OF THE UPPER GENESEE.

the wilderness, for forty years. Such worldly wisdom and thrift, too, were hers, that undoubtedly, had her life extended a generation nearer to the present, she would have re-issued into civilization one of the richest rural land-owners in the state.

I have spoken of the deep and winding cañon into which the Genesee rushes, below Glen Iris and the middle fall. Following its onward course, the tourist makes his way cautiously along the dizzy brink of the westerly wall of the gulf. Higher and higher, as he progresses, towers the perpendicular rampart on which he treads, until, soon, it is from a sheer height of about four hundred feet that he leans, shuddering, to descry the river in its rocky inferno, and hearken to its voice softened by distance to a rustling whisper. About a mile from the middle fall the gulf partially relaxes its hold on the brawling prisoner, and the visitor may make his way down a steep and thickly wooded bank to what are called the Lower Falls of the Genesee. Here, in the midst of a wilderness still virgin and primeval, the waters shoot furiously down a narrow rock-hewn flume, their descent being nearly a hundred feet, and the width of the torrent at some points scarcely more than the compass of a good running jump. From the somber chasm in which the cataract terminates, the cañon once more draws the river and repeats on a still more magnificent scale the scenery at which I have hinted above. A walk of four or five miles down the river from the lower fall, and along the westerly battlement of the cañon, brings us to a sudden opening and retrocession of the rocky walls, and here, a fertile expanse of bottom land extending from the river to the hills, are the Gardow Flats, the ancient home of the White Woman. Nearly eighteen thousand acres of this and the scarcely less rich soil of the plateau above it, were hers, the free gift of the Seneca nation to their once helpless girl captive. But the value of such an estate was not so evident in Mary's day as it would be now, and after her Indian friends had left "the beautiful valley" to go on the reservations, she yielded to the ceaseless importunities of her white neighbors, and sold her possessions to them for a song. Sadly and reluctantly she quitted her home on the Genesee, for which, it is said, she never ceased to yearn, and went to the Buffalo reservation. There, in 1833, at the goodly age of ninety-one, she died and was buried.

About the year 1820 the Senecas abandoned the Genesee country, and the old council-house at Caneadea, which for more than fifty years had echoed the voices of the great Seneca orators, and in which so often had resounded the cry of the captive and the alternate clamor of Indian festivity and war, was left to the ownership of the white man. A utilitarian view was that which he took of the venerable relic, and for many years its walls of well-hewn logs afforded comfortable housing to the family of the farmer on whose land it stood. At

last it was abandoned as a place of human habitation, and decay had begun to work havoc in its stout structure when its deliverance from premature ruin was effected by Mr. William P. Letchworth, of Glen Iris. With almost religious care the building was



GLEN IRIS GATE-WAY.

taken down and its entire material conveyed to its actual site. There the timbers, duly marked, were re-erected in precisely their ancient order, and the edifice, carefully and exactly restored to its original condition, may easily survive another century. It is about fifty feet long by twenty wide, in accordance with the favorite design of the Iroquois, who saw in the form of their hall of council a symbol of the "long house," or territory, stretching from the Hudson to the Niagara, occupied by their confederacy. The same model was also at times adopted in the slighter structures used as dwellings and built of poles and bark, the great length of which frequently permitted five or six families to lodge, separated by partitions, under a single roof. The walls of the Glen Iris edifice, formed of pine logs, smoothly hewn and neatly dovetailed at the corners, are carried up to the height of twelve or thirteen feet, without windows, the only openings in the original building having been two doors, opening to west and east respectively, and two smoke-vents near the center of the roof. The roof-covering is of split "shakes," secured by transverse poles, which again are fastened at each end by twisted withes.

There is good reason to presume that some of the early Protestant missionaries, of whom one of the most devoted, the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, visited the Senecas in 1765, may have declared their message in the old council-house at Caneadea, and the figure of a Latin cross, neatly carved on one of its logs, gives ground for the bolder supposition that long previous it had been visited by the Jesuits. Some Indian carvings, suggesting the idea of a rude kind of picture-writing, are also visible on the walls.

The Indians who met around the council-fire at Glen Iris were nineteen in number, exclusive of several women, the greater portion being bearers of names eminent in Indian and frontier history. Some of them had come painted and plumed for the occasion, and nearly all wore the ancient garb and bore the weapons and ornaments of their better days. Besides the Senecas from the Cattaraugus and Alleghany reservations, a distinguished representative of the Mohawks was present in the person of Colonel Simcoe Kerr, a grandson of the famous Joseph Brant, the great war-captain of the Iroquois, on the side of the British, during the struggle of the Revolution. Colonel Kerr was the son of Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of the chief, while his father, Colonel Walter Butler Kerr, was a grandson of Sir William Johnson, the famous commander of colonial memory. With him to the council on the Genesee came also his full sister, Mrs. Kate Osborn. A young man of splendid physique, and withal an educated gentleman, Colonel Kerr, until his death, February 7, 1875, was the principal chief of the Mohawks, as well as the recognized head, or president, of all the Indians in Canada.

The illustrious Seneca chief, Red Jacket,

INDIAN COUNCIL-HOUSE AT GLEN IRIS.

was represented at the council by a full-blooded Indian grandson, enjoying the alliterative cognomen of John Jacket. A grandson of the great Cornplanter, and bearing his name, was also present,—an elderly man,

on whose rugged face time seems to have written in wrinkles the story of the vicissitudes of his race. Scarcely less conspicuous in the assemblage was Thomas Jemison, an old man of almost gigantic stature, and of venerable physiognomy, in whom it was difficult to realize a son of the babe carried by the "White Woman," in her weary tramp of six hundred miles from Ohio to the Genesee. Among the other Senecas who may be mentioned were Nicholson H. Parker, William and Jesse Tallchief, William Blacksnake, James Shongo, and George Jones. The first named is a brother of the well-known General Ely S. Parker, who was a member of General Grant's staff during the late war. Like his brother, Mr. Parker has received an English education, enabling him to act as interpreter for his people of the Cattaraugus reservation. The Tallchiefs are grandsons of an amiable sachem of the same name who figured largely in the early history of the Genesee country. Blacksnake is a grandson of old "Governor Blacksnake," a well-known chief who died a few years ago, upward of a century old, on the Alleghany reservation. The father of James Shongo, known as "Colonel Shongo," is reputed to have been the leader of the Senecas in the memorable expedition to Wyoming. He was a man of herculean size and strength, and stories are still told of his fierce and terrible aspect and more than stentorian voice. George Jones deserves mention from the fact that his grandfather, an old sachem named "Tommy Jemmy," or "Long Horn," was executioner in what is doubtless the last authenticated case of the capital punishment of witchcraft in this country. The execution took place at Buffalo Creek, May 2, 1821, and so outraged the sense of the whites that the sachem was seized and arraigned for murder. His defense was undertaken by Red Jacket, who mercilessly satirized the court for its incredulity on the subject of witchcraft. "Go to Salem!" thundered the orator, "and look at the records of your own government. Your black-coats declared this doctrine from the pulpit; your judges pronounced it from the bench, and sanctioned it with the formalities of

THE COUNCIL.—MEETING OF CORNPLANTER AND COL. KERR.

law, and now you would punish our unfortunate brother for adhering to the faith of his fathers and of yours!" He also emphatically denied that the white authorities had jurisdiction over Indian affairs, and in the court of last resort to which he carried the case, his point was sustained, and Tommy Jemmy was triumphantly acquitted.

The smoke of the emblematic fire, lit by one of the Indians, curled up from the earthen floor of the council-house and rose, a blue pillar, in the motionless October air. The red men sat around it silent, looking at the consuming embers, while through the open door sounded from time to time the light rustle of the falling leaf. Then uprose Noh-sahl, and said in the Seneca language:

Brothers: The fire is lighted. The council has convened, and is now ready to hear what you have to say.

The first speaker was Nicholson H. Parker [Gai-wah-go-way], who pronounced in the uncouth, but not unmusical syllables of his native tongue, and with frequent evidences of deep emotion, what he himself has translated as follows:

Brothers: I will first say a few words. We have come as representatives of the Seneca nation to participate in the ceremonies of the day. In this ancient council-house, before its removal to this spot, our fathers, sachems and chiefs, often met to deliberate on matters of moment to our people in the village of Ga-o-yah-de-o [Caneadea]. We are here to rake over the ashes on its hearth, that we may find perchance a single spark with which to rekindle the fire, and cause the smoke again to rise above this roof, as in days that are past. The smoke is curling upward, and the memories of the past are enwreathed with it.

Brothers: When the confederacy of the Iroquois was formed, a smoke was raised which ascended so high that all the nations saw it and trembled. This league was formed, it may be, long before the kingdom of Great Britain had any political existence.

Our fathers of the Ho-de-no-sawn-e [Long House] were once a powerful nation. They lorded it over a vast territory, comprising the whole of the state of New York. Their power was felt from the Hudson to the banks of the Mississippi, and from the great basins of sweet water in the north to the bitter waters of the Mexican Gulf. We have wasted away to a remnant of what we once were. But, though feeble in numbers, the Iroquois are represented here. We have delegates from the Mohawks, who were the keepers of the eastern door of the long house, and of the Senecas, who were the guardians of the western door. When the big guns of General Sullivan were heard in this valley, we were one people. But the tribes of the Iroquois are scattered, and will soon be seen no more.

Brothers: We are holding council, perhaps for the last time, in Jenishëu. This beautiful territory was once our own. The bones of our fathers are strewn thickly under its sod. But all this land has gone from their grasp for ever. The fate and the sorrows of my people should force a sigh from the stoutest heart.

Brothers: We came here to perform a ceremony, but I cannot make it such. My heart says that this is not a play or a pageant. It is a solemn reality to me, and not a mockery of days that are past and can never return. *Neh-hoh*—this is all.

Thomas Jemison [Sho-son-do-wan], the grandson of the White Captive, spoke next. His is a thoroughly Indian heart; but the drop or two of alien blood that trickled into it so strangely out of far-away generations of canny, land-loving Scotch, visibly tinges some of the words of his Indian speech. He said:

Brothers: I am an old man, and well remember when our people lived in this valley. I was born in a wigwam on the banks of this river. I well remember my grandmother, "The White Woman," of whom you have all heard. I remember when our people were rich in lands and respected by the whites. Our fathers knew not the value of these lands, and parted with them for a trifle. The craft of the white man prevailed over their ignorance and simplicity. We have lost a rich inheritance; but it is vain to regret the past. Let us make the most of what little is left to us.

The last speaker spoke of the former power of our people. They used to live in long bark houses, divided into different compartments, and giving shelter often to five or six families. These families were frequently connected by ties of blood. When the confederacy was formed, which the French called the Iroquois and the English the Five Nations, our New York Indians called themselves Ho-de-no-sawn-e, or People of the Long House. It was the duty of the Mohawks to guard the eastern door against the approach of enemies, and the Senecas were to guard the west. The principal sachem of the Senecas is entitled Don-e-ho-ga-wa, the door-keeper. Between these two nations sat the Oneidas, Onondagas and Cayugas, making the Five Nations. After their expulsion from North Carolina, our brothers, the Tuscaroras, knocked at the door of the Long House and we gave them shelter. We adopted them as one of our own family and thenceforward were known as the Six Nations.

I regret that our fathers should have given away their country, acre by acre, and left us in our present state; but they did it in their ignorance. They knew not the value of the soil, and little imagined that the white people would cover the land as thickly as the trees from ocean to ocean.

Brothers: these are painful thoughts. It is painful to think that in the course of two generations there will not be an Iroquois of unmixed blood within the bounds of our state; that our race is doomed, and that our language and history will soon perish from the thoughts of men. But it is the will of the Great Spirit, and doubtless it is well.

Such is now the unvarying burden of Seneca eloquence. It is the voice of a moribund nation in the agonies of dissolution; but with all its faculties alive and stung to a bitter consciousness of its state and fate. Let no one imagine that the death of a nation may be painless. To the last member that survives, the dying body politic bequeathes its concentrated capacity to feel and suffer. The tragedy of Poland, at which the whole world has wept, is not more real than that which has its secret scene in the heart of the Seneca Indian to-day.

I pass over other of the orations to give the substance of that of old Cornplanter [Ho-way-no-ah]. Delivered with much evident feeling, it was the most characteristic of all, and it embodies an incident of unique significance and interest. It will be remembered that, during our Revolutionary war, the Mohawks, who with other nations of the league had been the powerful allies of Great Britain, emigrated to Canada and thenceforth remained under the British protection. The Senecas, on the other hand, although also faithful throughout the struggle to England, their ancient ally against the French, at its close cheerfully transferred their allegiance to the government at Washington. Thus, at the breaking out of the war of 1812, the two principal nations of the Iroquois found themselves on opposing sides. For a short time the Senecas maintained an uneasy neutrality, but ere long the Mohawks were formally declared enemies and outcasts from the ancient confederacy, and the two kindred peoples subsequently met each other more than once on the field of battle.

This status of fraternal estrangement had not been forgotten by the representatives of either people, when they met, after sixty years of separation, at Glen Iris. Indeed their meeting, such as incidentally took place previous to the council, had been of the stiffest and coldest character, the bearing of the Mohawk chief being especially haughty and reserved. He had consented to attend, it afterward transpired, only at the earnest solicitation of his sister, and in deference to certain other than Indian social influences of the occasion. As it was, he was the last of the Indians to enter the council-house, and took his seat in their circle with ill-concealed reluctance. So stood the ancient feud of Seneca and Mohawk till old Cornplanter rose and spoke as follows:

Brothers: I will also say a few words. In olden times, on occasions of this kind, after lighting the council-fire, our fathers would first congratulate each other on their safe arrival and their escape from all the perils of the journey from their widely separated homes to the scene of the council. In the *Ga-no-nyok* (speech of welcome) the orator would wipe the sweat from the brows of the guests and pluck the thorns from their moccasins. Next, and most important, thanks would be offered to the Great Spirit for their preservation and safety. Imitating the example of our fathers, while we felicitate ourselves on our safe arrival here and our presence on this happy occasion, we, too, give thanks to the Good Spirit who has kept us until this moment.

Brothers: It is true, as has been said by the speakers who preceded me, that our fathers formed and established a mighty nation. The confederacy of the Iroquois was a power felt in the remotest regions of this continent before the advent of the pale-face, and long after the pale men came and began to grow numerous and powerful, the friendship of the Iroquois was courted as Dutch and English and French struggled for supremacy. Our fathers were warriors, and were not idle spectators of the contest. They poured out their blood like water for the English, and the French were driven from this great island. Our fathers loved their nation and were proud of its renown. But both have passed away forever. Follow the sun in its course from the Hudson to the Niagara, and you will see the pale men thick as leaves in the wood, but only here and there a solitary Iroquois.

Brothers: When the war of the Revolution was ended, our Great Father, General Washington, said that he would forget that we had been enemies, and would allow us to repossess the country we had so long called our own. Our brothers the Mohawks chose, however, to cast their lot with the British, and followed the flag of that people to the Grand River, in Canada, where they have ever since sat under its folds. Our ancient confederacy was broken by this divided allegiance. In the last war with England the Mohawks met us as foes on the war-path. For seventy-five years their place has been vacant at our council-fires. They left us when we were strong, a nation of warriors, and they left us in anger.

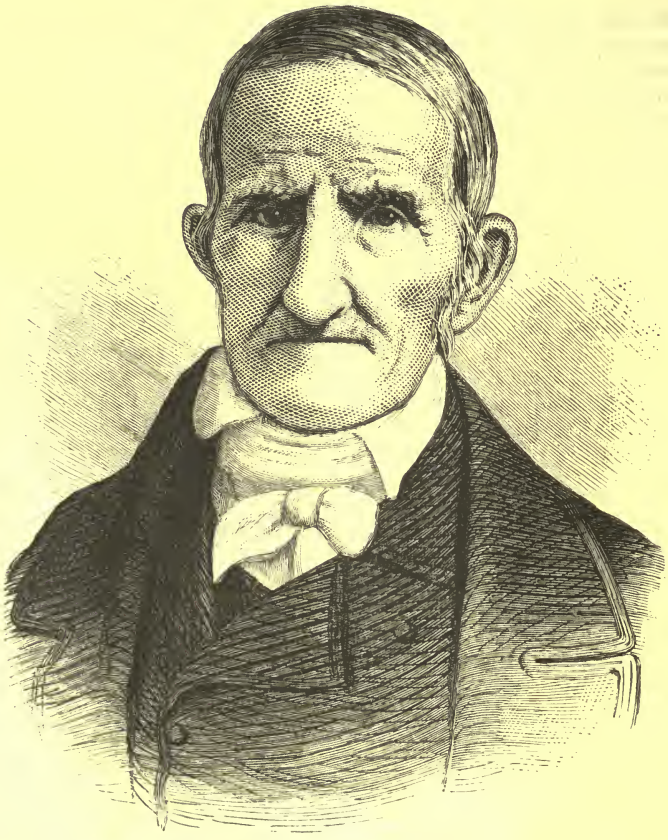
Brothers: We are now poor and weak. There are none who fear us or court our influence. We are reduced to a handful, and have scarce a place to spread our blankets in the vast territory owned by our fathers. But in our poverty and desolation our long-estranged brothers, the Mohawks, have come back to us. The vacant seats are filled again,

although the council-fire of our nation is little more than a heap of ashes. Let us stir its dying embers, that by their light we may see the faces of our brothers once more.

Brothers: My heart is gladdened by seeing a grandson of that great chief Thay-en-dan-ega-ga-onh* (Captain Brant) at our council-fire. His grandfather

"I am happy to be in council with you, my brother," said Cornplanter, in conclusion, addressing the Mohawk, "and may the remembrance of this day never fade from our minds and the minds of our descendants."

So it arrived that, in the latter days of



MAJOR MOSES VAN CAMPEN, AT THE AGE OF 90.

often met our fathers in council when the Six Nations were one people and were happy and strong.

In grateful remembrance of that nation and that great warrior, and in token of buried enmity, I will extend my hand to our Mohawk brother. May he feel that he is our brother, and that we are brethren.

With these words, and with tears streaming down his red cheeks, the speaker clasped the extended hand of Colonel Kerr, the Mohawk chief, and shook it warmly, while a murmur of emotion and assent passed around the circle, from mouth to mouth.

their race, the long-estranged compatriots met again in friendship. By the dying light of the last council-fire on the Genesee, the brothers "saw each other's faces once more," and there was atonement.

A few words more, and the council was closed. Silence fell again, but the strange sounds of the Indian speech lingered in ear and memory. It was as if the solitude of the world-old forests had for a time become vocal.

The Seneca tongue is so copious in vowel sounds that not even the peculiar guttural and nasal character of its utterance can render it wholly unmusical. The voices of its speakers have also an unusually wide range, varying their pitch more suddenly and by

* The Indian name of Brant is Thayendanega. The final syllables, *ga-onh*, are added by the Iroquois to the name of a deceased chief or warrior. They signify departed or passed away.

greater intervals than is permissible in English oratory. It should be noticed also that, from beginning to end, an oration in Seneca is delivered with open lips, for the language, in common with the other dialects of the Iroquois, has no labials. The fact, perhaps, may point its remote origin in, or kinship with, the speech of some people accustomed to disable the lips by loading them with cumbrous ornaments. And even this crude guess may surely suggest the importance of securing, before it shall be too late, some written record of this and all other of the still existing Indian tongues. Who shall say what precious facts a comparative study of these languages might not yield to science, or what secrets of the mysterious past of our continent the philologist might not thereby uncover to history?

A few of the ubiquitous race of the pale-face gathered through the fallen leaves to listen to the voices of the Seneca councilors, and after the latter had ended and smoked a silent pipe of peace, the former came together in brief council after their fashion. An ex-president of the federation that has superseded that of the Iroquois, the late Millard Fillmore, was appropriately chosen chairman, and William C. Bryant, secretary of the Historical Society of Buffalo, was made secretary of the conventicle. The latter gentleman, thoroughly versed in Indian lore, recalled to his white hearers some of the memories on which the Seneca orators had already dwelt, and to similar purpose W. H. C. Hosmer, well known as the bard of the Genesee valley and its Indian legends, read a poem. Then Mr. Letchworth rehearsed briefly the story of the old council-house and its restoration, and, lastly, Mr. Orlando Allen, one of the early settlers of Buffalo, opened a budget of interesting personal reminiscences touching the prominent characters, both Indian and white, of our border annals. How narrow is the interval which divides the present from that rough and troublous past, was almost startlingly brought to mind when Mr. Allen, turning at the beginning of his address to the Indian portion of his auditory, delivered to them a fluent speech in their own tongue. The speaker seemed scarcely to have passed the prime of life, and yet the frontier village of his youth, in the every-day traffic of which he learned the Seneca speech, is now the third city of the Empire State—the eleventh of the Union.*

Thus, in fine, the scattered children of the Ho-de-no-sawn-e came back to look once more at the homes of their fathers in the Beautiful Valley. Almost two generations before, they had gone out, a people still numerous and strong, from what had been the scene of their happiest history. It seemed but a phantom of the old nation that came back to revisit its ancient haunts and bid them a last farewell. But around the ancient council-house, at least, the memory of the exiles will be kept green. The dust of Mary Jemison, borne back from the neglected grave near Buffalo by loving hands of descendants and friends, now rests in the soil of the valley she loved so well, and the white stone of her tomb, reared but a few paces from the council-house, with it will form an enduring monument of the early history of the Genesee country. Some trees, also, brought from her former grave and set around the old building, will cast upon the place a memorial shade. One, planted by the granddaughter of Brant, the Mohawk, stands guard at the eastern door; another, planted by the descendant of Red Jacket, keeps watch at the door of the west. In the branches of a third, set in the soil by the hands of her grandson, the wind, perhaps, will sometimes seem to whisper the name of the White Captive of the Senecas.

AFTER THE COUNCIL.

THE fire sinks low, the drifting smoke
Dies softly in the autumn haze,
And silent are the tongues that spoke
The speech of other days.
Gone, too, the dusky ghosts whose feet
But now yon listening thicket stirred;
Unscared within its covert meet
The squirrel and the bird.

The story of the past is told,
But thou, O Valley, sweet and lone!
Glen of the Rainbow! thou shalt hold
Its romance as thine own.
Thoughts of thine ancient forest prime
Shall sometimes haunt thy summer dreams,
And shape to low poetic rhyme,
The music of thy streams.

When Indian Summer flings her cloak
Of brooding azure on the woods,
The pathos of a vanished folk
Shall tinge thy solitudes.
The blue smoke of their fires once more
Far o'er the hills shall seem to rise,
And sunset's golden clouds restore
The red man's paradise.

* Mr. Allen, as well as ex-President Fillmore and Colonel Kerr, has since died. The same is true of the beautiful, amiable and accomplished Mrs. Osborn, Brant's granddaughter.

Strange sounds of a forgotten tongue
Shall cling to many a crag and cave,
In wash of falling waters sung,
Or murmur of the wave.
And oft in midmost hush of night,
Shrill o'er the deep-mouthed cataract's roar,
Shall ring the war-cry from the height
That woke the wilds of yore.

Sweet Vale, more peaceful bend thy skies,
Thy airs are fraught with rarer balm:
A people's busy tumult lies
Hushed in thy sylvan calm.

O sweet thy peace! while fancy frames
Soft idyls of thy dwellers fled,—
They loved thee, called thee gentle names,
In the long summers dead.

Quenched is the fire; the drifting smoke
Has vanished in the autumn haze;
Gone, too, O Vale, the simple folk
Who loved thee in old days.
But, for their sakes—their lives serene—
Their loves, perchance as sweet as ours—
O, be thy woods for aye more green,
And fairer bloom thy flowers!

MEASURES.

I HAVE a dainty cup of glass;
It is not graven by a line;
Its beauty is its fragileness;
A baby's hand might crush it fine.

I gave a man to drink from it,
One day, a draught of water cold.
He took it like a woman's hand,
In reverent loving lingering hold.

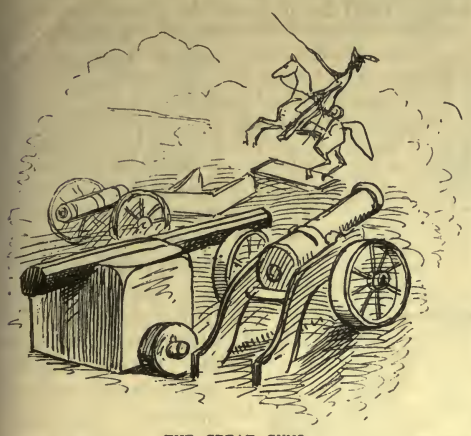
He held it up in keen delight,
Gazed on its texture rare and fine;
"Such glass as this," he rapturous said,
"Gives water all the grace of wine."

Another day, another man
Sat eating, drinking at my board:
Into the dainty peerless glass,
A peerless wine for him I poured.

He drank it at a swallow down:
With smothered wrath I well-nigh burst:
Nor wine nor glass were aught to him,
So that he quenched his boorish thirst.

"Ah me!" I said, "to him that hath,
All things on earth their tribute bring;
From him that hath not, earth takes back,
And leaves him beggared, though a king."

THE BATTLE OF BUNKERLOO.



THE GREAT GUNS.

CHAPTER I.

THE battle of Bunkerloo was fought one beautiful Saturday afternoon in April, some years ago. It was fought Saturday because there was no school on that day, and in the afternoon rather than the morning because the sister of one of the commanders-in-chief was taking her music lesson in the morning, and the hostilities which were then begun had to be postponed in deference to the indignation of her professor, who jumped from his chair six inches at every shot. He insisted upon the conclusion of an armistice. Besides, the naval preparations were not altogether completed, so that the delay perhaps was just as well. These preparations consisted mainly in sinking a large-sized tin foot-bath to the level of the surface of the garden-plot, where the engagement was to take place. Upon this the navies of the two high contending powers were set afloat and cleared for action.

The site was eminently adapted for military maneuvers. It was a level plain some six feet by twelve in extent. One boundary was closed by a heavy wood—a box border, in fact—which separated it from the walk. To the right a flight of stairs led to a piazza at the level of the parlor windows; to the left were the stone steps leading down to the low kitchen area. The fourth side was closed by the kitchen area itself, from which the movements could be conducted with great facility without stooping, while the kitchen range was close at hand, in which to heat the pokers with which it was the practice of the artillerymen on both sides to touch off their guns. The earth was warm and dry, and was about to be spaded up to receive a row of hyacinths, roses, and geraniums, which had been kept in pots in the house all winter.

This battle was not an isolated event, but the culmination of a series of movements which had been in progress since Christmas. At that time, by a coincidence, both Generalissimo Bell and Commander-in-Chief Jones had been re-enforced by a box each of lead soldiers, provided with cannon, which went off by a spring, and shot peas. They lived in the same block, and the war was carried on sometimes at the house of one, sometimes at the other's. Finally this sport became monotonous, the soldiers being only knocked down without injury, and remaining ready to be set up again as good as ever.

The idea then occurred to Master Bell, to inaugurate a grand out-of-door battle with real powder and shot. To make it the more exciting, their boats of various kinds were to be contributed to the havoc. The fleet of the Jones boy was superior in numbers, tonnage, and weight of metal. He had a full-rigged ship, which was drawn by his father at a church fair, and a frigate, several gunboats and miscellaneous cruisers whittled out by himself. Master Bell had only a single schooner, but this was commanded, in his fancy, by Captain Kidd and Lord Nelson by turns. It delighted him to imagine her a long, low, black, rakish-looking craft, buccaneering on the Spanish main.

Lord Nelson, or Captain Kidd, as the case might be, was a jack-knife-sculptured figure with a tarpaulin hat, a telescope, and a huge cutlass.

On the other hand, Bell's army was much the more formidable. He could throw into the field a box and a half of lead infantry, half a box of cavalry, a heavy squad of wooden grenadiers, a tolerably complete Noah's ark of animals, and a host of empty thread and silk spools, which did duty in his fancy for an uprising of volunteers, in a grand national movement. The Jones boy's regulars, aside from a single box, were a dilapidated lot of veterans who had once been English, French, Turks, and Russians, in a series representing the Crimean war. To partially equalize things, a portion of

Bell's volunteers were allowed to desert to the enemy under a thickset, disreputable-looking figure, whom Master Bell dubbed Benedict Arnold, and gibbeted mentally upon a scaffold of undying infamy.

OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

It was stipulated as an offset that only two of Jones's ships were to be brought into action, and Bell's flag-ship was to be allowed to steady herself with an anchor on each side, so that the recoil of her own guns might not blow her out of the water, of which there was imminent danger.

Two square forts of dirt were thrown up, about five feet apart, the guns mounted on each side, the men posted behind them, and the action was commenced in a very rude and irregular manner. General Bell's artillery consisted of two guns, one brass and one cast-iron, carrying a number 8 buck-shot; another cast-iron one of large size, throwing tacks and small pebbles; and a home-made lead gun, which kicked farther than it carried, and was in danger of exploding at every discharge. Besides he had an old musket-barrel sawn off half-way from the muzzle, which could shoot a marble through an inch board. But this was voted against the rules of war. If Bell's father had known he had such a formidable engine of destruction, he would have relieved him of it very suddenly. Apart from the musket, General Jones had a good deal the same sort of an outfit. He had also an old pistol-barrel mounted on a block, which he had lately secured at a bargain from a boy.

This account of the battle of Bunkerloo may be relied on as accurate. It is prepared from the accounts of eye-witnesses, the statements of the commanders themselves, and a personal inspection of the battle-field soon after the cessation of the carnage.

CHAPTER II.

Upstairs in the parlor there were a couple of neutral powers who, before the action was over, found themselves actively engaged—yes, that is the word—also. These were Sophy, a young lady of twenty, the sister of Commanding-General Master Bell, before referred to, and a friend of hers, Captain Bradford. It was even thought that the captain was more than a friend,—that he was a lover. To tell the exact truth, that is just what he was,—though she was sure she had never given him the slightest encouragement. He had a way of looking at you with a caressing devotion, which was odious; and, besides, people might notice it; and he always did just what you wanted him to, which was tire-

some and stupid. She was a rather wayward young lady, and although she rarely formulated just what she did want, she chose to imagine, in the case of the captain, that she would rather have him contradict her sometimes, and be in several respects different from what he was.

He was not at all like the young men of the set. He had been in the war, and came out a brevet-colonel of volunteers; now he was in the regular army, and passed most of his time on the plains, whatever that was. She did not know what he did in the army,—most likely something very commonplace; he never said anything about it. It could not be anything like the soldiers you read about. He was straight and stalwart, and good-looking enough, and well connected, and knew enough, probably, but—his waltzing—well, you never saw such waltzing! He hopped altogether too much. No, decidedly there were reasons,—and, besides, none of the other girls in her set were married yet, and then he was over thirty, and besides—and then —— Secretly, she did not exactly know, if he asked her, whether she should refuse or not, and this is what occasioned her alarm at the captain's afternoon visit. She had heard some report of his intending to go away soon. He was often at the house in the evening, but an afternoon call from him was a very unusual circumstance. Everybody was provokingly out, taking advantage of the beautiful weather.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Miss Sophy had just returned from a walk, and was glancing at the general effect of herself in the parlor mirror, preparatory to going upstairs to take off her things, when the bell rang, and the captain was ushered in.

She gave him her hand, and then flounced down upon the piano-stool.

LORD NELSON.

"You were just going out," said he. "I must not think of detaining you."

"No, I am in no hurry,—that is, I have just come in. Please sit down."

The captain had passed a pleasant furlough of three months at his home near hers, and had hoped that it would be longer; but now he was going away. He had been summoned to join his command for active operations against the predatory bands of the plains. His purpose this afternoon was to say good-bye, and if—oh! if there was a favorable opportunity, to declare his passionate love, to tell her how her dear image pervaded his heart and his whole existence,—how it mattered not what became of him in this approaching campaign, unless he might have some assurance from her that she would think of him,—that she might at some time return his regard.

It was a suspicion of something of this kind that made her nervous, and made her take refuge behind an additional brusqueness of manner.

He received all her rebuffs with the greatest patience. He cherished a secret misgiving that there was something fabulous and absurd in a weather-beaten, steady-going fellow like him paying court

ALL ARMS OF THE SERVICE.

to this volatile young lady,—the perfection of elegance. She was in every way his opposite, and ten years his junior. But while he was saying to himself that she was no match for him of course, her waywardness and indifference charmed him more than manifestations of regard would have done.

She swung a little this way and that upon the piano-stool, poking the carpet with her parasol. He sat near, with his hat and stick in his hand.

"If you will excuse me," she said, "I will keep my hat on. We have to fix our hair in a certain way,—the weather is so languid,—I believe I have what they call spring fever. I have taken only a short walk, and yet I am almost dead."

"It becomes you to be almost dead."

"How often have I told you that I do not wish to be complimented?"

"Yes, yes, it is true; but for the moment the temptation was too great to resist."

Presently, by way of leading up to the business in hand, he began:

"You have read some account of the bad business on the plains, I suppose,—the Canby massacre and so on?"

"What plains? No,—I never pay any attention to such things. I hardly ever read the papers. As to the plains, I don't know the least thing about them."

"Don't you ever like to think sometimes, you know, what a perfectly immense country it is, and what it will be when it is all settled up out there?"

"I do not like to think."

"What do you like to do?"

"Oh! a great many things. I had rather talk."

"That is a preference which suits me very well, for I do not. Will you not please gratify it a little?"

"I do not feel like it now. But why do *you* not like to talk? That is so strange!"

"Is it? Well, it always seems to me that what I know, I know, and I can add nothing to it by repeating it. I had rather hear somebody's else talk, because that is novel, at least, if not improving. But I am glad that everybody does not share my view, for we should have a melancholy world if they did."

"Who was the second usher at the Battledore wedding yesterday,—that dark, fine-looking fellow?" she asked, changing lightly to another topic. "Do you happen to know? I think I have seen you with him. A visitor here, I suppose?"

"No, he has lately come here to live. He is a cousin of the Battledores and of the same name, and a sugar broker. Is it not a sweet business?"

She made no answer.

"I asked you if you did not think it was a sweet business" he submitted, deferentially.

"Well, I heard you, but you do not suppose I am going to be amused at a witticism like that."

"Oh," said the captain reflectively, "perhaps you could think of something on that subject that was better."

"If I couldn't I should want to—to——"

"Sell out?" suggested the captain.

"Yes, sell out."

A pause ensued.

"Well, that is about it, that is what I am going to do—sell out. I am going away," said the captain with a depressed air. "That is what I came to tell you about."

"Where?"

"Out on the plains. Our company is ordered there at once to hunt up the Modocs. But pardon! you do not wish to talk about the plains."

"I do not mind talking about them, if you are going there. Do you expect to be scalped?"

"Should you care?"

"I do not see what that has to do with it."

"That has everything——"

"Why of course I should," she interrupted hurriedly. "How you would look! Has the war actually begun?"

There were two sharp reports from the yard below followed immediately by a third.

Sophy started.

"Yes," said the captain, "I should judge the war had begun."

"Those dreadful boys!" said Sophy. "It has been so nice and quiet in the house all the afternoon. Now we shall have no peace."

"Jump back in the door, Jonesey, when I fire, or you'll get hit!" resounded from below in the martial soprano tones of Commander-in-chief Bell.

"That is what you must do when you arrive among the Modocs," said she, "get behind something so they can't hit you."

"That would be my own idea exactly, but unfortunately there are so few doorways—or anything else, so far as I know. But seriously, Miss Sophy, if you will let me speak to you, I have sometimes felt that it made—that is—little difference what

happened out there unless you—cared about it."

Her cheek flushed. To hide it she swung half about on the piano-stool and threw one hand with a jangle upon the keys.

"What a silly speech!" she said over her shoulder. "What difference could it make about what I cared?"

"Oh, it would make every difference and all the difference." He took very tenderly the hand that dangled the parasol at her side. "I came to-day to say good-bye, but there was something more I wished to say, dear Miss Sophy——"

"There, it is coming," she thought; "what shall I do?"

There was another report. She started up, pulling away her hand, and, as if she had not heard what he said, exclaimed: "Those dreadful boys! I really must see what mischief they are at."

The captain followed with a discomfited air her light springing walk to the French sash opening on the piazza, from the steps of which the field of operations could be surveyed.

"Repulsed!" one commander was crying, "you must fall back. No, no! you cannot pick up men once knocked down."

"Everything is fair in love and war," replied the other; "besides some of these were kicked over by my own cannon."

"A good motto, and worth noting just now," reflected the Captain. No ingenious stratagem occurred to him, but he took courage to await events and make, if possible, another trial.

"Come and see our fight, Captain," called Master Bell, as the couple emerged, "Come and show us."

"I cannot let you ruin your toys so, Jack," called Sophy sharply.

"It wont hurt 'em," said Jack, relying upon her ignorance of the practical operation of powder and shot to support him. "Come on, Captain! Don't let her stop you; she's always spoiling our fun."

"I have a weakness for it, even on a scale like that," said the captain, deprecatingly, "Shall we take a look at their forts a moment?"

Not to give color to the assertion of being a spoiler of sport she graciously assented. Holding her pretty skirts in her hand she tripped down with him a little way but then paused and said:

"If you will allow me, this will give me an opportunity to go up and take off my hat."

"Why certainly," said the captain, and looked after her lithe and charming figure as it disappeared, with a sigh.

CHAPTER III.

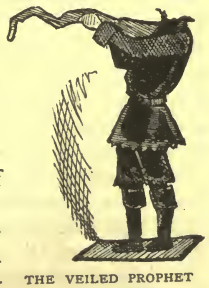
"WHAT nations are these?" inquired the captain good-humoredly, going down to the boys.

"Rebels and Union," replied the bright-faced commander on the other side, hurrying up with his pockets full of fuses, like an urchin Guy Fawkes. "Mine is Union and his is Rebels."

"No they aint," said Master Bell. "At least, it don't make no difference what his are. Mine are a good many different kinds."

The Jones boy was of a practical turn of mind and little invention, and his fancy could no further go. But the Bell boy was a famous reader. His head was full of notable personages and events. His troops were mentally conscripted from all the exciting fields of history and romance, and heroes of the most miscellaneous complexion marshaled them on. Thus the spectacle was seen of the Old Guard and the last of the Abencerrages, the light brigade of Balaklava and Marion's men marching shoulder to shoulder, and Napoleon, Ivanhoe, Kossuth, Roderick Dhu, the Duke of Marlborough, Ethan Allen, General Sheridan, and the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan at their head, against a simple post of boys in blue of the present time. The confidence of the Jones boy in the face of fearful odds like these was something sublime. He announced his intention to give them the liveliest old tussle that ever was heard of.

The Old Guard was a tall, stately body of veterans, showing profuse marks of their long service. Their uniform was a red coat, yellow buttons, white pipe-clayed belts and cross-bands, and white trowsers. Each was mounted upon a round pedestal. They had been knocking about the house from time immemorial. Contrary to tradition, the Napoleon who put himself at their head was a tall, splendid grenadier, chosen for the exceptional freshness of the paint on his uniform. He was such as Napoleon ought to have been rather than what he actually was.



THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan was a dark and mysterious figure, apparently capa-

ble of the most desperate deeds. It had originally been a lead Robinson Crusoe, but served in the early part of this action as Ethan Allen, until its head was shot off, when the present designation was adopted as a happy inspiration.

"What do you call this battle?" said the captain.

"Battle of Bunker Hill," said Jones.

"No, Waterloo," said Jack.

"Suppose you make it Bunkerloo," said the captain, "that splits the difference."

"We want to have it like a real battle," said Jack, "so one side can tell whether it is beat. I guess we aint doing it right. The shots don't knock over things enough. They stick in the dirt."

"Make the earthworks lighter," said the captain. "Then, after you have bombarded awhile, let one side sally forth and charge the position of the other."

"But the men can't move. How can we?"

"Put them forward so far at a time. Say the distance between you is a mile, as it was between our men on Cemetery Ridge and the Confederates on Seminary Ridge, at Gettysburg. Suppose it takes about twenty minutes to get over that ground, and it takes you about a minute each to load and fire one of your guns. Divide the space up into twenty parts, and let the charging column be advanced one space between each broadside. You can imagine they have run that far. They must drag their artillery along with them, and fire at the enemy's position as they go. Then, if they are all knocked down, the enemy can follow them up and attack their works, where a reserve must be left; but if some of them climb into the enemy's fort, it is captured."

The captain took a case-knife and began to show them how to construct their redoubts with his own hand. "This is the way it was at Gettysburg," said he, gossiping as he worked. "Here was Round Top, at the extreme left of our line, and here was Little Round Top. They nearly got us here. The ground was low between—you see. Sickles went out to the line of the Chambersburg road—here—where it was high again, to protect this part. It was a mistake. Longstreet flanked us—so. The fighting was mostly in a peach-orchard and corn-field. How many do you suppose were lost in that peach-orchard?"

"A hundred thousand," said Master Jack.

"Not quite so bad as that," said the captain smiling, "but at least five thousand, off and on, in the various encounters there."

"I would not eat any peaches out of *that* orchard, would you, Captain?"

Meanwhile, Miss Sophy was upstairs before her dressing-glass, holding up both arms arranging the coils of her dry brown hair, which had little sparkles in it like gold dust. She was saying to herself, "Would you, or wouldn't you?" She looked at the hand he had taken in his, with a whimsical interest. The plains? Most likely one would have to go and live there under a hay-stack like a gypsy or a tramp. No, decidedly he would not do.

* * * * * * *

"But the worst," continued the captain, still shaping away at the earth-works, "was the grand attack on our center the last day. I know something about that. I happened to be in the middle of it."

"What general was you under?"

"General Webb. It was Pickett's division of Virginia and North Carolina troops that came up the hill to charge us. I remember, with all my other feelings at the time, a thrill of admiration although they were our enemies. It made one proud of American courage. The cannonading was as if the world was coming to an end. We had eighty guns and they one hundred and forty-five, roaring together for two hours. All at once they stopped. Then we knew what was coming. Fifteen thousand men came up in a column against a front where we could station only about six thousand to meet them."

"Yes, but why didn't you rush out on both sides and get around them."

"You are a strategist, my boy, but you see there was an attack at the same time all along our line, to distract attention and prevent re-enforcements being sent. Nobody knew at what minute a column might move against his own position. That is where an attacking party has something of an advantage."

"Could you see their faces?" inquired the boy.

"Yes, some of them, in spite of the smoke. They had a set, terrible expression which seemed to mold the most unlike features into a resemblance. They all looked alike. They came up under our fire till they were within two or three hundred yards. Then the North Carolina troops could not stand it any longer. They broke and fled, and we captured two thousand men and fifteen flags. But Pickett's Virginians were older soldiers and better stuff.

They rushed straight up to the top in our teeth. It was their faces that we saw."

"Where were you, Captain?"

"Behind a stone wall, about breast high, on the ridge. Up they came and over it. But our boys were as plucky as they, and besides we had reserves. The fire we poured into them was insufferably cruel. All of a sudden the foremost of them dropped and threw up their hands in token of surrender. That was the end of it, and that night Lee was in full retreat. It was the high-water mark of the rebellion. After that the tide ebbed away to nothing at all."

"Oh, that was splendid!" cried the boy with glistening eyes. "That's what I want to do. Oh I *hope* there will be another war when I grow up. Don't you s'pose there will be, Captain, don't you?"

"I hope not, my boy. It is a bull-dog business at the best. There will certainly be better work for that bright little head of yours to do."

Above on the veranda Sophy had listened to this story with as bated breath and shining eyes as the boys below. She had paused in surprise, as she was coming down, at the unusual animation of his voice, and had even caught a glimpse from the railing of the straightening of his form and the flush in his cheek as he stood case-knife in hand over the miniature earth-works. This was the man she had thought commonplace; this brave and modest soldier who never said a word about the great deeds in which he had helped. Who of her perfumed, waltzing acquaintances, would dare to encounter such deadly perils. One might lean with confidence upon an arm like that and be secure, plains or no plains.

Thus the cannonading of Gettysburg had weakened this once hostile position to the point of capitulation. The gallant captain, if he but knew it, more fortunate than the gallant Pickett, had stormed straight into the citadel of this tender and charming enemy. Like Desdemona, she loved him for the dangers he had passed. But a woman must not be too easily won.

Looking up presently the captain saw her regarding him from the steps. It was with furtive admiration in her eyes; but that he did not detect. A little abashed at having been discovered taking so lively an interest in these small matters, he abandoned the movements to the regularly constituted commanders and went and joined her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE field of Bunkerloo now presented a most animated and martial appearance. It bristled with men and guns drawn up for the conflict, while the ships of both sides floated gallantly on the impromptu ocean, covering their respective armies. General Jones's troops were drawn up inside his fortifications, a large reserve being posted near some real tents which his armament contained, at a considerable distance in the rear.

General Bell's force, which was to make the attack, was disposed as follows: A complete line of silk-spools, two deep, drawn up across the plain; behind them, on the right, a division of lead infantry in two brigades; in the center, the wooden grenadiers; on the left, lead and wooden grenadiers of different heights. The cavalry was on both wings, and a large body of spools was massed in reserve along the wooden curb of the area, close to the fort. In the intervals of the troops was placed the artillery, after it had delivered two or three rousing volleys from the ramparts. General Bell had not yet selected the point on which he would make the assault. Following the captain's narrative he proposed to make a demonstration in force along the whole front.

As long as the troops on both sides were numerous, the fun was fast and furious. The first few discharges were especially fatal. Swaths were mowed through the Bell boy's elegant dress parade before he had advanced a step. A marble from the old pistol-barrel cleaned out about half his reserve of spools at a crack. On the other hand, he found a way of elevating his pieces and firing them with light charges. The contents dropped down on the thick ranks inside of Jones's fort, and raked them from stem to gudgeon. After the hosts were a little thinned out, it became more a matter of scientific firing. It was stipulated that no piece should be fired when the men behind it were knocked over and had not been replaced, and that they could not be replaced till the other side had had another shot. Also, if a gun was knocked over, it was to be considered dismounted, and not to be further used.

Every step was contested. The advancing forces reached the middle of the plain fearfully decimated. Ivanhoe had fallen. Judas Maccabeus, with one leg gone and his sword twisted inanely into his own face, presented a pitiable spectacle.

The line was re-formed in more open order.

The pistol-barrel dismounted a gun. The fire of the rest was then concentrated on this formidable engine with the happy result of crumbling the rampart about it, and putting an end to the rain of miscellaneous hardware it had been pouring upon the advancing force. The breach offered a most favorable point for assault. A column was formed, with a body christened the light brigade in the advance as a forlorn hope. There was an historical anachronism in the fact that they were not cavalry but infantry, and the most miscellaneous infantry at that. They were the survivors of corps which had pretty much gone to pieces. Each figure in the battle of Bunkerloo was counted as a hundred, to make it more imposing. The light brigade consisted of only six figures instead of six hundred.

JUDAS MACCABEUS.

Following the light brigade came a choice column of Highlanders, whose bearing was most courageous and imposing.

This forming in the face of the enemy was extremely perilous. Before it was over, Kossuth had his horse shot under him. The Cid was carried away bodily, and only discovered the next day in the ash-barrel. The lead cavalry, taken in flank, looked like the breaking up of a hard winter. Horses and men were contorted on the ground as if with an aggravated colic. It showed a culpable ignorance on the part of Commander Bell to bring this cavalry into action at all. This is an arm of the service which must be used according to its own peculiar conditions. Still the light brigade buckled to their work in a style worthy of their traditions; they saved the day. They rushed on to the breach, where, there being no guns that could play directly upon them, the thing was in their own hands. Up and over it they went into the very heart of the enemy's works, dragging their field-piece with them. The camp and the reserves were at their mercy. A wild cry of victory, in the mind's ear of their generalissimo, Bell, rent the air.

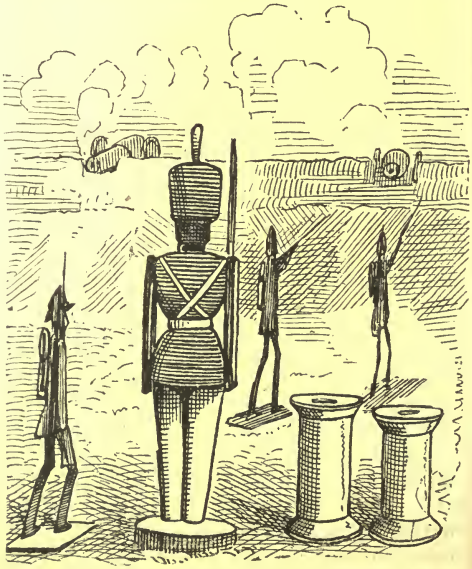
But all was not yet lost. Jonesey did not give it up. This heroic commander availed himself of a last desperate resource. He fired a train. It communicated with a mine prepared by him during some temporary absence of his opponent in the kitchen, and blew the gallant six hundred to smithereens, and the fort with them. The flying débris wrought terrible havoc among the assailants. The plain was one vast scene of carnage.

Then the naval warfare began. Master Bell, hot for vengeance, poured a broadside into the enemy's flag-ship, cutting her sails full of holes and sending a file of lead marines to the bottom to rise no more. A return fire split the bowsprit of Lord Nelson's ship, cut three or four stays and allowed the foremast to assume a natural tendency it had to wabble sideways. Both sides mounted their land artillery to bear upon the shipping. Everything hung in shreds and tatters. Everything movable was shot away. Lord Nelson, however, was still glued to his deck as Admiral Farragut was lashed to the shrouds of the Hartford at the fiery passage to Mobile. Then Jonesey lay alongside the pirate ship and boarded her.

But here again was a startling and dramatic scene even more fatal than the blowing up of the fort. Master Bell had prepared a terrible retaliation. He put all the powder he had left in the hold of his schooner, fastened down the hatches and touched off the whole by means of a lighted fire-cracker.

"The boy,—oh, where was he?" The explosion blew the deck out of her, drowned the boarding party and created a tidal wave that stood the enemy's shipping on their beam ends and then drove them ashore.

Miss Sophy was pulling to pieces some buds of the swelling grape-vine opened out



CHARGE OF THE GALLANT SIX HUNDRED.

by the warm spring sun, when the captain went back to her on the stairs.

"Why don't you ever tell me some of those things?" she had asked him, without looking up.

Later on, his hand had happened to be

CHARGE OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

close by hers on the railing and by accident again had touched it. The soft contact gave him an electric thrill.

"Dear Miss Sophy," said he, "oh, I love you! Will you not make me happy? I will devote my whole life to you. I am going away. I——"

"You must not talk to me like that," said she with a show of indignation, drawing away her hand. "Here where everybody can see—the idea!"

"But you would not listen to me before when there were no witnesses. I tried to speak to you."

She moved languidly up the steps and threw herself into a willow chair on the veranda with an air as if she supposed it was hopeless to think of escaping this importunity. They talked for a time then, while the battle was going on below, of indifferent topics. It puzzled him that she did not seem to be offended and did not go away. All at once she inquired, without looking at him:

"Are you not afraid in those horrid battles?"

"Of course I am, but what are you going to do about it. One is put there and he can't get away. Besides one does not exactly expect to live forever."

"Men running up at you with such hideous faces and yells—ugh!" She shrugged her slender and drooping shoulders with a little shiver at the conception.

"Oh, but do not let us talk about that," he said. "If you would but let me speak. Can we not discuss it a little—that can do no harm, can it? Now, your mamma and papa both are on my side ——"

"Oh, dreadful!" she exclaimed, starting as if she found herself surrounded; "have you spoken to them? But," settling back, "they know nothing about such things—nothing."

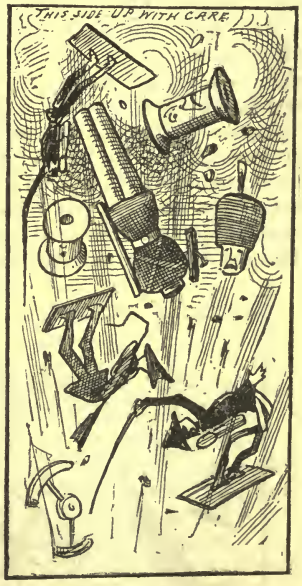
The captain feared he had committed a grave imprudence.

"That is—I mean ——" he began.

"No, I say, you must not talk to me so," she said, and stood up.

He was in despair.

That was the moment of the marine explosion. It had consequences above far beyond anything its author could have dreamed of below. A square yard of plastering fell from the ceiling of the veranda. It must have been for some time in a defective condition, and was jarred to its fall by the report. It fell about the lovers with a deafening crash and enveloped them in a cloud of white dust like smoke. Both were staggered. The captain was the first to recover. He saw Sophy leaning against the wall deathly pale, with one hand on her heart. She murmured, "My head!" and seemed about to faint. Her beautiful hair was full of the débris, and her shoulders covered with dust. He brushed it away as



THE MINE EXPLODES.

well as he could with his handkerchief and supported her in.

"Oh, what is it? Oh, I *hope* you are not hurt," he cried, and kissed her hands as he

sprinkled cold water upon them and upon her face.

She opened her eyes presently in a dazed way, and then smiled at him. "I thought we were both killed," she said. "It seemed as if a weight of tons fell upon my head; but my braids saved me. I am not hurt, only frightened."

He was holding her hand now without resistance. Perhaps she was not conscious of it.

"Oh, if you had been!" he said. "If I should lose you—if I am to lose you, what shall I do?"

It was very pleasant, and she listened to him with her eyes shut.

"I do not understand women," he went on, with a simple frankness. "It is very clumsy for me to express myself so, but—they say—it is a kind of proverb—that sometimes when they mean yes they say no, in order not to appear—but oh, I hope no such fatal conventionalism, if there is the slightest hope, will let me go away heart-broken. I could *never* think you were easily won. I cannot tell you how I adore you,—how I could never think myself in the slightest degree worthy of you."

"What an absurd idea!" she said, opening her eyes; "who could have told you such things about women?" But then she closed them again, and said softly, "No, I will not dissimulate longer. I am glad this happened. I—liked you all the while."

An earthquake shock passed unnoticed during the classic battle of Trasimene. So the eager combatants below the veranda were unaware of the crash and its momentous consequences above. No traces of it, except the broken plaster, were visible when Master Bell ran up for a moment to inform the captain what a beautiful success the engagement had been.

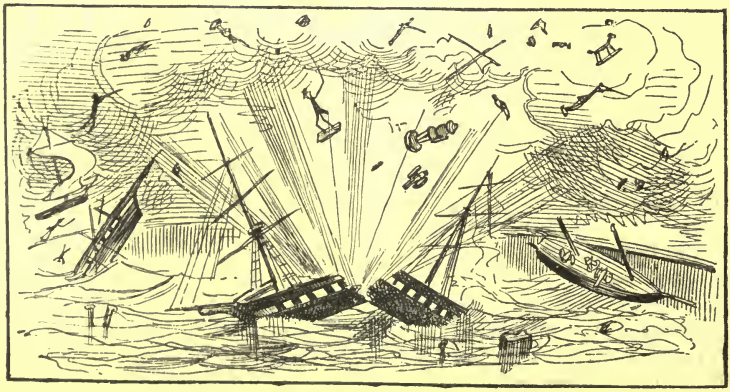
"I wish you would stay with us all the time," said he, seizing the captain's large hand in both his; "I wish you was my brother."

"He wishes I was his brother," said the captain to Sophy.

"Run away, Jack, do," said she. "You are a perfect sight. And I hope you see what you have done here."

Dismayed at the unexpected development, and oppressed with misgivings as to the consequences at head-quarters, he ran away nevertheless to put some finishing touches to the battle of Bunkerloo. More formidable neutral powers were now rapidly concentrating about the belligerents, and the most active intervention was imminent. One of these was Sister Hallie, a neutral power of ten, who came in from dancing-school, made a survey for a moment with her fingers in her ears, and hurried off to convey an account to her mamma. The cook, who had taken advantage of the general exodus on the summer-like afternoon to pay a visit to a friend of hers a few doors down the block, returned, and held up her hands in holy horror at the state of the kitchen. Jonesey came skirmishing in at this unfortunate moment, and she captured him and would perhaps have consigned him to the bastile of the furnace-room, but General Bell charged to the rescue, and after a brilliant hand-to-hand conflict effected his deliverance.

Master Jones desired the privilege of shooting off the old musket-barrel above referred to, in which the ramrod used for loading it had somehow become entangled. He pointed it at a dahlia in a pine box. The box was split open and the dahlia thrown



THE SUPREMACY OF THE SEAS.

into the air. The piece in its recoil narrowly escaped transfixing Master Jones, and knocked a brick out of the door-jamb. At the same moment, Master Bell, in his interest in the shot, inadvertently laid his hand down on the wrong end of a hot poker.

It was with the lamenting and lively stamping around of this accomplished commander that the battle of Bunkerloo came to an end.

THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

THE familiar truth that the ocean waters cover about three-fourths of our globe has come to possess no more significance to us than does many another fact learned at that stage of our lives when all things were alike indifferent or alike wonderful. It is difficult to realize that the arena where the dramas of human history have been enacted bears so small a proportion to that lying in the darkness and frigidity of the sea depths. We spin our threads of thought, of purpose, of business, across the surface of the great waters, forgetting or ignoring the marvelous life beneath.

For many centuries, while fact was as yet determined mainly by inference, the vast areas of sea-bottom were supposed to be utterly devoid of life. The darkness, the intense cold, the enormous pressure from the mass of superincumbent water, the supposed absence, at these great depths, of the life-sustaining gases, —all these were conditions fatal to the lowest forms of terrestrial life known; and local observations of the sea-bottom under peculiar circumstances seemed to favor the idea that no organic life was possible at great oceanic depths. Of late years, however, since theory has learned to wait upon fact, the ocean's bed has been found to be teeming with animal life.

The conditions of deep sea life are complex and difficult; hence the forms peculiar to it, though almost boundless in extent, are limited in variety. It is an ascertained fact that creatures of low and indefinite organization readily adapt themselves to a diversity of external conditions. Although they survive changes of surrounding circumstances which would be fatal to more highly organized beings, they are at the same time susceptible of greater modifications, and show a wider departure from the primitive type, as a consequence of this change of conditions. The specimens obtained from tropical sea depths are often found to be only more specialized forms of types existing in colder waters. The elevation of the sea-bottom has such a powerful influence in determining the particular form of certain groups that the depth from which they were dredged may be accurately predicated by the peculiarities of the individual forms.

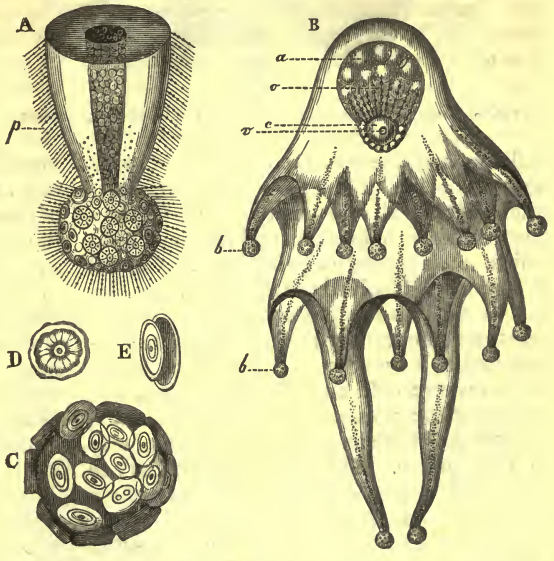


FIG. 1.

B, Myxobrachia plutens; A, End of process very much magnified, showing arrangement of coccoliths and coccospheres; C, coccosphere; D and E, coccoliths—D being discolith, and E, cyatholith. [After Haeckel.]

The mystery of deep sea life lies in the fact that here are multitudes of representatives of the animal world which, in virtue of their animality, are incapable of nourishing themselves upon inorganic matter, yet which are living miles below the limit at which vegetable life ceases. Some of the organisms found in deep sea soundings are undoubtedly of a vegetable nature; but these are surface-living diatoms, or other forms, which sink when they die. This animal life at the sea-bottom is capable of appropriating as

food the organic matter held dissolved in the ocean water, as well as the inorganic substances necessary for the formation of its skeleton and the gases required for respiration. For life at the bottom of the sea is essentially like all other animal life; it requires food to eat, air to breathe, and minerals from which to elaborate its frame-work. Careful experiment has solved the difficulty: the surface-living nutriment descends after death; slowly and laboriously the life-sustaining oxygen makes its way from the surface to the depths where cold and darkness reign, and as slowly the poisonous carbonic acid—the result alike of life and death—makes its way to the surface. Thus, just such life as *can* exist under the difficult conditions there present, *does* exist in enormous extent.

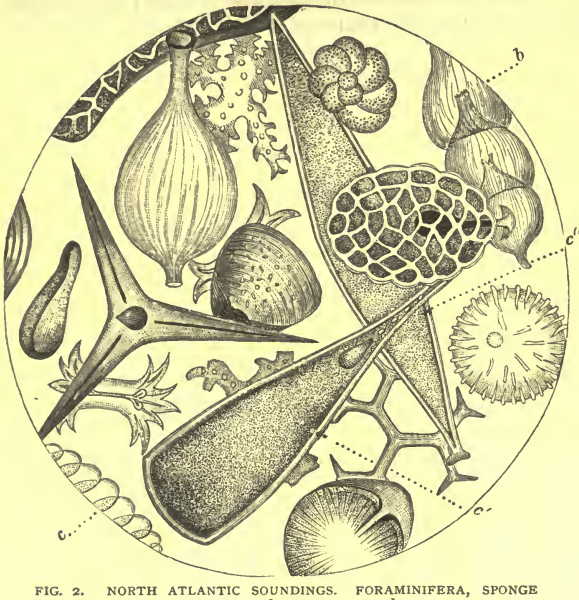


FIG. 2. NORTH ATLANTIC SOUNDINGS. FORAMINIFERA, SPONGE SPICULES. [FROM NATURE.]

In the soundings from the "Cyclops" in 1867, the "globigerina mud," or "Atlantic ooze," was found everywhere. This deposit, which is slowly and constantly forming at the sea-bottom, is really a continuation, under our very eyes, of the "chalk,"—that geological formation which re-appears at different eras, but is most strikingly exemplified in the cretaceous. The cliffs of Dover and the Atlantic ooze are alike composed of myriads of minute shells, or their broken fragments, which are almost identical in form. So very minute are these shells that it would take 1,000,000,000 of certain kinds to occupy one cubic inch of space. The surface layer of the Atlantic ooze is composed of the shells of living animals, while those below are dead. Mingled with this accumulation of microscopic shells is a transparent, jelly-like substance, which imparts a slight viscosity to the mud. This substance Huxley considered to be simple shell-less moner,—the humblest member of the lowest family in the animal kingdom. Under the microscope, when pressed between two glass slides, it was seen to form itself into an irregular net-work, which moved, and inclosed within itself foreign bodies.

From observations made upon specimens which were not fresh, Huxley seems to have been misled in his delineation of *Bathybius*. The German naturalists—the most devout of evolutionists—hailed with delight this discovery of what might prove to be the *Urschleim*, or a sort of primordial protoplasm possessing an infinite capacity for improvement in every possible direction. Later investigations have thrown much doubt upon this determination of Huxley's, till he himself would seem to be extremely doubtful of its correctness. This vast gelatinous sheet of protein compound, which apparently covers the ocean's bed, is probably a result of death as well as of life. Many of the constituents of the jelly-like mass have been traced to widely different sources. But the first observations are still correct; the inferences alone have been at fault. The jelly has been studied especially by Haeckel, and the origin of the calcareous bodies imbedded in it was discovered by him. These coccoliths [Fig. 1, D, E], as may be seen, are of two shapes. The discoliths are oval, slightly concave disks. Within the interior portion is a cloud-like patch around a central corpuscle [D]. The other form [E] is that of a round or oval shirt-stud,—the two disks of unequal size, being united by a tiny column. Here and there in the bathybius a singular body has been observed, consisting of a sphere of denser protoplasm, around which are arranged, with almost perfect regularity, coccoliths of the shirt-stud form. It has been questioned whether these last do not bear the same relation to the spheres as that of the silicious spicules of radiolarians to their sarcode, or whether they may not possibly be the indigestible residue of some foreign organism from which the nutriment has been extracted by the central globe.

The celebrated German naturalist, Ernst Haeckel, has given much attention to the study of bathybius, apart from the coccoliths and coccospheres, which are generally, though not always, found associated with it. He tells us that the jelly is made up of separate jelly-like particles, or "cytods," which send out false feet (pseudopodia), very much as do the *Amœbæ* so fully described in Art. VII. He considers Huxley's idea that it is a "jelly-like matrix," a mistake, and regards the investing jelly as a result of death, rather than as living protoplasm. Experiments show that the jelly is not stained with carmine, while the inclosed cytods are,—which is the test by which living matter is distinguished from dead. The origin of the coccoliths and coccospheres remained still involved in doubt until 1867, when Haeckel discovered, floating on the surface of the sea, a new radiolarian, *Myxobrachia plutens*, containing, imbedded in portions of its sarcode, concretions identical with those mentioned above. Sixteen processes, depending in three rows [Fig. 1, B, *b*], terminated in globes composed of these doubtful coccoliths and coccospheres. One of these processes, very much enlarged [Fig. 1, A], shows the arrangement of the calcareous bodies. From these observations, it seems probable that these curious forms are the spicules of this radiolarian, though their presence in such quantities and over so vast an extent is difficult to reconcile with the apparent rarity of the radiolarian. A curious fact in this connection is that starch—one of the most striking characteristics of vegetable cells, and generally supposed to be peculiar to them—is found in such quantities in the cells of myxobrachia that it composes about half the creature's bulk.

Deep sea organisms are of the very simplest kind; their digestive apparatus is of the most primitive description; their circulatory system in the last degree rudimentary; they have no nervous or muscular system, and no distinct reproductive organs. The sarcode composing their bodies is nothing more than animal protoplasm, not differentiated into cell wall and cell contents; they are without nucleus or contractile vesicle; have no endosarc and ectosarc, and are thus lower in structure than the amœbæ. Nevertheless, in most of these forms, the sarcode has the power of forming upon its surface a hard envelope or shell. These are composed of various substances,—chitine, silica, and carbonate of lime.

Figs. 2, 3 and 4 represent characteristic forms taken indiscriminately from specimens of North Atlantic soundings. They illustrate the organisms covering the bottom of the sea, and are mostly calcareous shells of *Foraminifera*, the siliceous investments of *Polycystina*, spicules of sponges and shells of radiolaria. The star-shaped, branching forms are spicules; most of the others are foraminifera — the polycystina being more fully shown in Fig. 7. Some idea of the abundance of this life may be gained from the fact that a single cast, to a depth of nearly three miles in a perpendicular line, has been rewarded by specimens of each of the five invertebrate sub-kingdoms.

In the foraminifera, a single primordial cell is the primitive form of every variety. The shelly case, which the particle of indifferentiated jelly forms by excretion about itself, cannot be enlarged by interstitial growth; for the increase in size of the animal new provision must therefore be made. In the single-chambered forms, where there is but one orifice, the small size of the aperture forbids the enlargement of the shell by any addition of chambers; but in the other forms the sarcode outgrows the investing shell, and

FIG. 3. NORTH ATLANTIC SOUNDINGS. FORAMINIFERA.

g, Globigerina bulloides; *s*, spiroloculina; *a*, textularia; *c*, siliceous cast of foraminifera. [From nature.]

projects. Possessing all the essential powers of the first cell, this projecting part excretes in its turn the shell substance, and so forms a second chamber. This process of *budding*—called in animal life "gemmation"—is continued; the second chamber gives rise to a third, and so on. The form of the composite animal is determined by the direction in which the gemmation proceeds. When the line of growth is straight, the result is some such form as *Nodosaria* [Fig. 2, *b*]; when it is a flattened spiral, we have *Truncatalina* [Fig. 3, *t*]. A third form—*Textularia*—proceeds in a double series of segments arranged on each side of a longitudinal axis [Fig. 3, *a*]. In some forms—where the orifice is so large that there is no constriction between the chambers—a spiral coil, either flat or conical, is the result—*Spirolina*. [Fig. 2, *c*.]

By far the greater proportion of the sediment dredged up from the Atlantic basin—in some cases forming ninety-nine per cent. of the whole—consists of the shells, whole or broken, of one kind of foraminifera, the *Globigerina bulloides*. It is from this preponderance that the "globigerina mud" derives its name. This form is many-chambered, each chamber being, nevertheless, capable, when separated, of carrying on an independent existence. It is mostly found associated with the presence of the Gulf Stream, or its offshoots. This association is in no measure due either to temperature or to drifting, the habitat of the creature being too far below the surface to be affected by these agencies. The explanation of its presence lies in the fact that a vast quantity of nutriment in solution is borne by this great oceanic current from the Gulf of Mexico and from the "sargasso field,"—that elevated meadow-land of the Atlantic bottom.

FIG. 4.

C, Cornuspira; *g*, globigerina; *r*, rotalia; *t*, textularia. [From nature.]

The globigerina shell is vitreous; the first cell is nearly globular in form with a large orifice; a series of globular chambers—only flattened at their planes of junction—is developed along a turbinoid or conical spiral. All the segments are visible from above, but from beneath, only the last four chambers can be seen, arranged symmetrically around a deep central depression, into which all the chambers open, though these have no direct communication with one another. During life, each chamber is occupied by a reddish-yellow particle of sarcode; these send out pseudopodia from the common mouth, as well as through a multitude of tiny orifices with which the shell is perforated.

The protoplasm of which the living occupants of the foraminiferal shells are composed is perfectly homogeneous; no difference of parts or organs can be detected. One portion of the animal jelly seems equally capable with another of performing any one of the essential functions of life. As it can anywhere improvise limbs for seizing its prey, or a stomach for its digestion, so can it from any part, give origin to new and independent beings, which either remain united to the parent stock, like a branch to its stem, or separate from it, as is seen in the increase by division of the lower vegetable types.

Very few observations have been made upon any mode of reproduction in these minute creatures other than that which may be called vegetation. Some living specimens of *Miliola*—to which *s*, Fig. 3 belongs—have however been kept under inspection: after remaining adherent to the glass vessel for some days, these were observed to become invested with a brownish, slimy matter, which greatly obscured the form of the shell. After a while, sharply defined granules were discernible in the slime,

which finally became separated and proved to be young miliolæ. When the parent shell was broken up, it was found that almost the entire sarcode body had been transformed into the broods of young—other observations are found to confirm this singular fact.

The protoplasmic body of the foraminifera, in its living state, is more or less colored, its tint being sometimes a rich crimson, and again a yellowish-brown. In certain single-celled forms, the color seems uniformly diffused through the whole sarcode mass; while, in the many-chambered cells, it always appears deepest in the oldest portions. As Schultze was able to increase the intensity of this color, or to eliminate it entirely, by regulating the food administered, and as the sarcode shows chemical reactions identical with those of diatoms, it seems probable that the color of the foraminifera is determined by the nature and amount of nutriment.

As has already been mentioned, the foraminiferal shells differ, one species from another, in form, color, and construction. In this respect they may be classified into three groups — as porcelaneous, arenaceous, and vitreous. *Cornuspira* [Fig. 4, *c*, *c*] is a specimen of the variety first named. These shells are white, opaque, free from perforation, and apparently structureless; seen by reflected light, they present a smooth, white surface, like porcelain. By transmitted light through their sections, however, a deep brown or amber color, or occasionally a rich crimson, replaces the opaque white. The surface being often deeply pitted or ridged, the effect produced is that of perforation, which, however, never occurs in this group. Hence, the protoplasmic extensions from these shells can be made only through the mouth, or opening to the last segment, and all nutriment must enter by that avenue.

Certain forms of the porcelaneous shells present a surface "rough-cast" with grains of sand, or bits of foreign substance imbedded in the calcareous mass of the shell proper. This, however, seems not to be essential, but in some sense accidental. Certain vitreous shells show a similar incrustation. There is, nevertheless, a group of foraminifera, the investment of which is entirely composed of grains of sand or spicules of sponges, held together by some organic cement, the whole forming an impervious suit of armor. Many of these arenaceous "tests"—as they are called, in contradistinction to a true, excreted shell—are almost identical in form with the integuments of the porcelaneous and vitreous types. Fig. 6

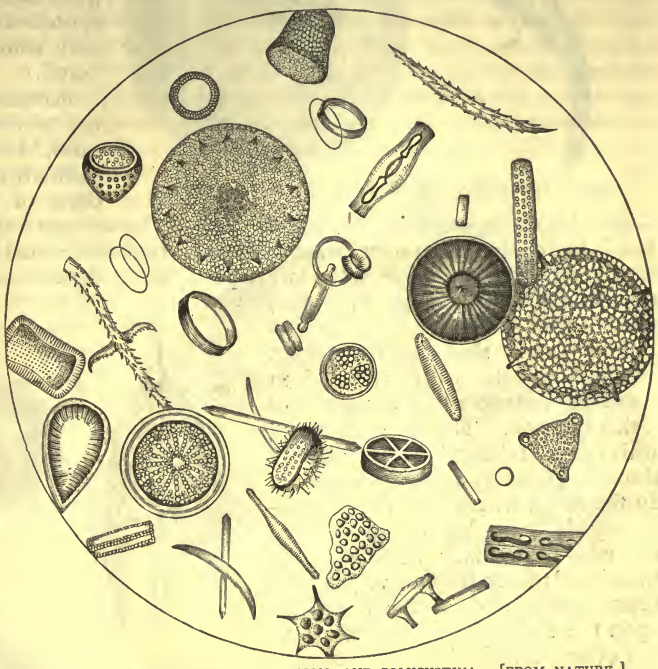


FIG. 5. COMMON FORMS OF DIATOMS AND POLYCYSTINA. [FROM NATURE.]

represents several forms of these tests: *a* is a series of spheres arranged along a straight or slightly curved line, like a nodosaria. The test is formed of coarse sand grains, firmly held together by a cement consisting mainly of phosphate of iron, and forming a strong, unyielding chamber. Any of the substances forming the sea-bottom, which will serve the purpose, are thus cemented into a test—sand grains, sponge spicules, or minute shells. *B. pilulina jeffreysii*, has a flexible test of a perfectly defined form, composed of sponge spicules felted together and strengthened with fine grains of sand; no trace of any cementing substance can be detected. An orifice, curved gently in the form of an S, and with lips projecting slightly, is always left in the felted structure. *C. proteonina* is made up of any materials at hand

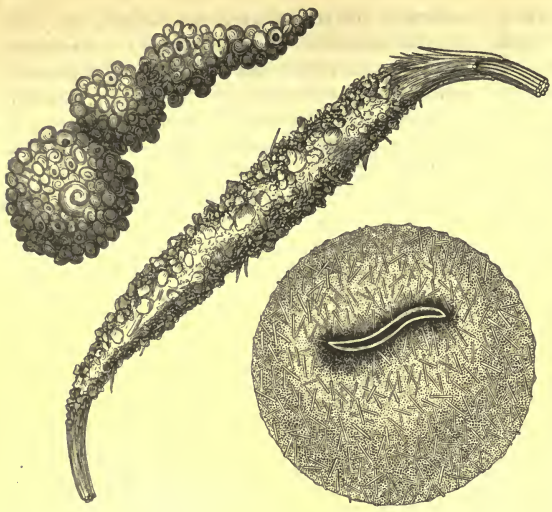


FIG. 6. ARENACEOUS FORAMINIFERA. [AFTER CARPENTER.]

—spicules, shells, or sand. Around the proboscis-like openings the spicules are arranged with great regularity, while in the larger part the frame is a lattice-work of spicules, filled in with sand.

The vitreous shells are transparent and without color usually; though in some rare instances they are found of a rich crimson. They are perforated with minute tubes, which pass directly through, generally without branching. In the forms where these are comparatively large—$\frac{1}{3000}$ of an inch in diameter—they may be easily distinguished; when they are very minute their presence confers an opacity upon the shell like that of snow or any other pulverized transparent substance, and due to the same cause—the partial reflection of light from innumerable surfaces. Through these apertures the creature within extends its thousand protoplasmic arms in search of prey.

This group of minute radiolarians, the foraminifera, is correctly classified, not by the mode of its growth nor by its final result,—which determines the adult form,—but by the substance of the shell, its perforation and certain correlative peculiarities. In the composite shells of the various forms, the sarcode is continuous throughout; those of the porcelaneous group have the connecting band or "stolon" comparatively large, as the nutriment taken in by the first chamber must be thus conveyed through the series; in the perforated vitreous shells, where no such necessity exists, the connection is by a mere thread. In the former group, the successive chambers are divided by a single partition; in the latter, the partition is double, and between these double walls is inclosed an additional calcareous deposit forming a supplemental skeleton penetrated by a system of canals.

Some of the single-celled forms are unique and graceful; those like tiny glass flasks [Fig. 2, *c*, *c'*, *c''*] are lagena; *b*, nodosaria, in the same figure, though very similar in form, is many-chambered.

Microscopic examination of the geological formation known as the "green sand," which occurs in several periods, shows that it is composed of internal casts of certain foraminiferal shells. The sarcode has been replaced by some ferruginous silicate which has solidified; the more destructible calcareous shell often dis-

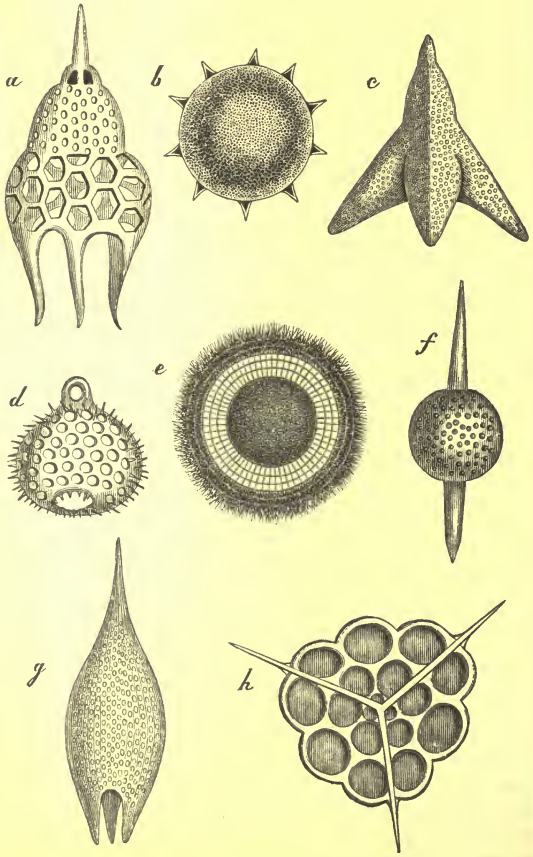


FIG. 7. POLYCYSTINA. [FROM NATURE.]

appears leaving a perfect model in silica of the sarcode body. [Fig. 3, *c.*] This process is perpetually going on in the sea depths; many of the casts found in our day are of modern types, while the very earliest evidence of life upon the earth comes to us in the shape of such an internal cast of an ancient foraminifera which existed before the days of the pterodactyls and the saurians. This mighty representative of the microscopic living forms now known, though itself microscopic when each separate chamber is considered, had the power of indefinite extension, and grew to the size of a massive coral. The serpentine limestones of the Laurentian formation in Canada are the product of the gigantic *Eozoön*, spreading itself over immense areas of ancient sea-bottom. And so perfect is the cast of the *Eozoön canadense* that every minute perforation of the shell—$\frac{1}{10,000}$ of an inch in diameter—is represented by a bristle of serpentine standing upright upon its surface.

Another common form in the deep sea bed is that of the polycystina; its range of habitat seems almost as extensive as that of the foraminifera, though, because of its extreme minuteness, it more frequently escapes observation. Its shells are of silica; glassy structures of the most delicate and graceful shapes, and beautifully reticulated; the sarcode, which is of an olive brown color, in many varieties does not fill the shell, but occupies only the upper part of the vault, and is divided into four lobes. Through the interstices in the shell the structureless protoplasm sends out numerous pseudopodia—the polycystina, like the foraminifera, being radiolarians. They are often called "Barbadoes shells" from the island of that name in the vicinity of which they are found in large numbers; but they abound in other and remote waters—specimens having been encountered in the North Sea, in the Adriatic, in the Mediterranean, and other seas.

Between the forms already mentioned and the sponges there is a curious group which seems in some sense a connecting link. In life, these can hardly be considered as dwellers in the sea depths, yet by the deposit of their indestructible spicules, they contribute to the formations which are continually going on there. Of this type is the myxobrachia—the form first figured—though the *Thallasicollæ* or "sea-jellies," illustrate it more distinctively still. The spicules which confine in one mass the delicate and fragile sarcode of which their bodies are composed would seem to ally them with the sponge on the one hand, notwithstanding other peculiarities of structure analogous with those of the lower organisms already discussed. One of the most curious and beautiful of these sea-jellies is seen in Fig. 8 —*Sphœrozoum ovodinaire.* The sphere is composite; the interior part being an aggregation of roundish bodies resembling cells, with a membranous wall and nucleus to each; and around each of these is disposed a number of minute vesicles of a yellowish-green color. Some sort of a solid skeleton protects each of the intermediate forms. The acanthometrina as well as the thallasicollæ have either a perforated sphere

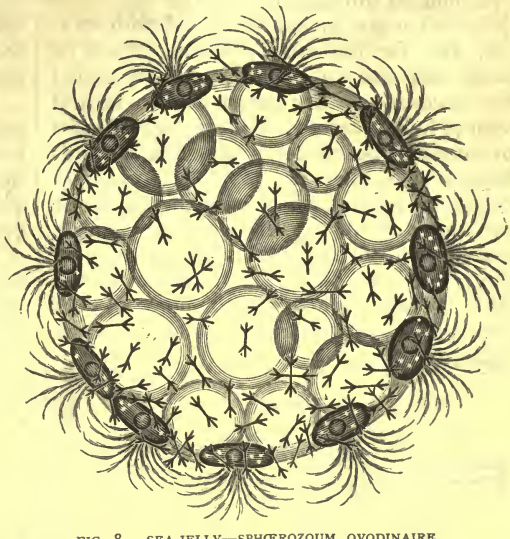


FIG. 8. SEA-JELLY—SPHŒROZOUM OVODINAIRE. [AFTER CARPENTER.]

as in certain polycystina, or a system of separate spicules, or an internal skeleton. A layer of denser protoplasm invests the whole mass, and sends out pseudopodia, either radially or in a net-work, for the capture of food.

Of the spoils brought to us by the trawl and the dredge from these lower deeps, by far the most wonderful and beautiful are the new forms of sponges. But it is still to the microscope that we owe any knowledge of their true nature, or even the determination of the organic kingdom which they represent. The skeleton of a living sponge is a fibrous net-work, strengthened by spicules of inorganic matter,—carbonate of lime, keratose or silica. The sarcode flesh which clothes this skeleton is determined by the

glass to be an aggregation of minute animals resembling amœbæ, each provided with one or more long lashes (cilia), like that of a protococcus. These creatures begin their existence as solitary amœbæ; it is only when they have come to lead a complex social life, through the multiplication of individuals, that anything like sponge structure appears: the first indication of which is the presence of spicules. These, as their name implies, are spines of siliceous or calcareous substance, which are diffused through the jelly-like mass, as hair is mixed with mortar, and for the same purpose. Each of these has also an interior cavity occupied by sarcode,—as our bones have a central vein of living marrow. The aggregated mass of amœbæ is penetrated by a system of canals beginning on the surface as small pores, and constantly uniting, until they terminate in one or more large vents; through these canals a constant stream of water is kept flowing by the perfectly timed rhythmic motion of the ciliæ. This current enters the pores all over the surface, and passes out at the osculum or vent; during its passage, every atom of nutriment held in solution by the water, the oxygen it has retained, and such mineral substance as may serve the needs of the sponge, are appropriated for its life, growth, and reproduction.

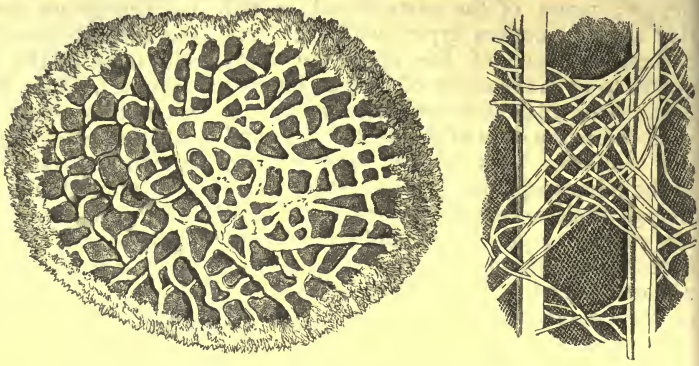


FIG. 10. LID AND SQUARE MESHED NET OF EUPLECTELLA ASPERGILLUM. [AFTER RICHARD OWEN.]

The mineral matter of which the familiar sponge of commerce forms its skeleton is keratose; far more curious and beautiful, however, are those of the calcareous and siliceous types. It would be impossible, even if it were desirable, within the limits of the present article, to describe adequately the several varieties of these delicately beautiful structures; they have, however, been fully discussed in a paper especially devoted to them which appeared in the November number of SCRIBNER for 1875. It is only within the last ten years that anything definite has been ascertained of these forms, although as early as 1835 some specimens had already come under the observation of European naturalists. It was for a long time uncertain whether these were natural products, or ingenious works of human contrivance; and later still, much controversy attended their classification within the domain of nature; for the reason—common enough—that the disputants persisted in regarding the subject upside down!

In structure, no less than in form, this group exhibits marked differences. In some varieties, the spicules are separate, and serve merely to bind the sarcode together into a mass, as in Fig. 9, D; in others, they are netted or meshed, forming a continuous skeleton. This weaving of the delicate glassy fabric is both wonderful and beautiful; nor does the wonder de-

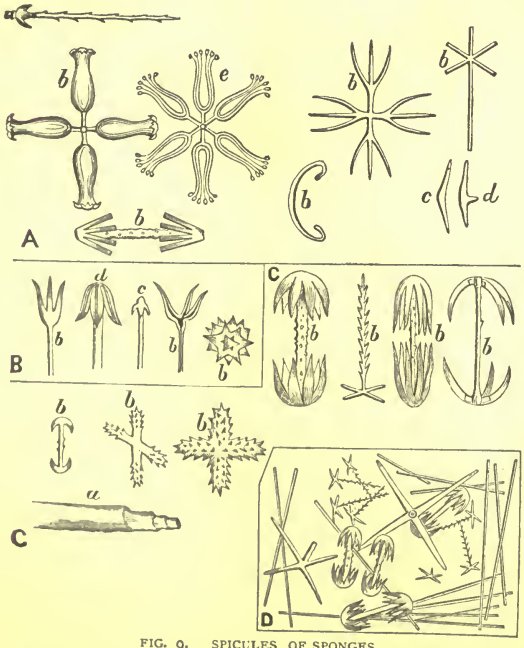


FIG. 9. SPICULES OF SPONGES.
A, Euplectella; C, Hyalonema; D, Hyalonema *in situ*. [From nature and various other sources.]

crease when it is remembered that each thread consists of concentric layer upon layer of alternate silica and protoplasm,—as many as forty of each sometimes composing a single thread. Of these structures, the *Euplectella*—well named "beautiful weaver"—excels in the delicacy of its texture and the purity of its lustrous hues; the fabric seems as if it might have been spun and woven by the daintiest and most dexterous of fairy fingers,—the finest lace, the filmiest spun-glass are coarse in comparison. The texture exhibits a regular web and woof, of which a single mesh magnified, as in Fig. 10, *a*, will give a better idea than could be conveyed in many words.

The curious reticulated patterns found in "the chalk"—which for so many years had served to mystify the geologists—have finally found interpretation through this life of the bottom brine. Among the shells of the foraminifera and of the polycystina, which the deep-sea dredgings of late years have summoned from their dark abode, have appeared many delicate glassy sponges,—living witnesses whose testimony has forever settled the hitherto vexed question of the *ventriculites* of "the chalk." [Fig. 11.]

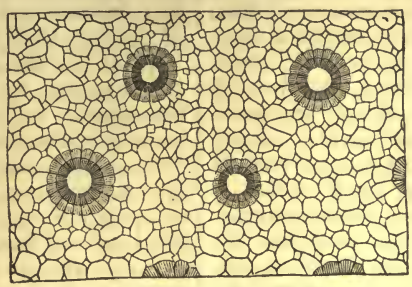


FIG. 11. VENTRICULITES OF THE CHALK.

FOREST QUIET.

(IN THE SOUTH.)

So DEEP this sylvan silence, strange and sweet,
Its dryad-guardian, virginal Peace, can hear
The pulses of her own pure bosom beat;

And her low voice echoed by elfin rills,
And far-off forest fountains, sparkling clear
'Mid haunted hollows of the hoary hills;

No breeze, nor wraith of any breeze that blows,
Stirs the charmed calm; not even yon gossamer-chain,
Dew-born, and swung 'twixt violet and wild rose,

Thrills to the airy elements' subtlest breath;
Such marvelous stillness almost broods like pain
O'er the hushed sense, holding dim hints of death!

What shadows of sound survive, the waves far sigh,
Drowsed cricket's chirp, or mock-bird's croon in sleep,
But touch this sacred, soft tranquility

To yet diviner quiet; the fair land
Breathes like an infant lulled from deep to deep
Of dreamless rest, on some wave-whispering strand!

PLATE LOCKS AND PAISLEY SHAWLS.

EXAMPLES of successful co-operation at Leeds, Glasgow and Rochdale have been already given in this magazine. Even more remarkable instances may be yet examined, but one fact must be noticed in connection with them all. These prosperous societies are nearly all distributive, and the societies that have been abandoned have been mainly productive. So marked is this that the line that divides distributive and productive co-operation, is also the dividing line between success and failure, profit and loss.

The difference between these two is radical. In one, the members seek to make a profit on the goods which they buy of the general producer, and sell to themselves. This profit they divide among themselves, and thus cheapen the cost of the goods. The ultimate result of this is that the individual member, without increasing his income or wages, increases his savings, and thus makes his life-effort pay. In a productive co-operative society the members unite to create something that may be sold at a profit to the general public. This profit they divide among themselves, giving each man according to the capital and labor he contributes.

A manufacture implies capital; there must be money to buy the raw material, to provide a work-shop where the material may be treated, to procure tools and to pay the wages. If all the people employed in making the goods in any particular manufacture were independently rich, they might do without wages and take all their pay in the form of profits. As working-people commonly cannot do this, they must be paid wages, whereby they may live during the time the goods are being made and sold. Moreover, the money spent on raw material and in erecting the manufacturing plant should earn interest. Interest must be paid and wages must be paid, and when this has been done all that is left after the goods have been sold represents the net gain or profit. In ordinary business, when the capitalist supplies all the money and the workers contribute nothing beyond the paid labor of their hands or brains, all this profit very properly goes to the capitalist. Now, the co-operator claims to change all this by bringing the capital himself and thus uniting the capitalist and laborer in one. If he can do this it is fair and right that he should have all the profits, interest, wages, everything.

Just here arises a new and most peculiar phase of this subject. The distributive co-operator appears and says:

"Gentlemen, I will provide the capital wherewith to buy the raw material and maintain the plant; I will pay you good wages and I will buy all your goods and you may divide the profits with me. If I lend you the money you must pay interest thereon, and as I provide a market, a share of the dividends is rightfully mine."

What has the shirt-maker, the tailor and baker to say to that? Is the productive co-operator willing to share his coupons with his brother the distributive co-operator? The question may be best answered by a brief examination of some of the productive co-operative societies now in operation in England and Scotland. Having done this, we may examine still another phase of this question, see how the throstle spinner and the weaver have combined to erect mills, in which they may work, and have created great joint-stock corporations in which they have a vote and a share in the dividends and liability.

PLATE LOCKS.

WOLVERHAMPTON, Stafford County, gives its mind to manufactures and profits. Among the things it sets its heart and hand upon are locks,—locks and keys. Some of these it calls "plate locks,"—of iron, with mighty keys and intricate wards, burglar-proof and admirable for barn doors. Wolverhampton is apparently indifferent to machinery, and nearly all the labor it expends upon its countless varieties of locks is performed by hand. The result is that the place is populous with workers—locksmiths and others. These have worked for years for such wages as they could get. Whatever these wages may have been it is plain that not all were satisfied with them, and a few years ago seven plate lock makers holding between them just £13 in money, formed a society and began business on their own account. The first result that followed was the combination of the Wolverhampton firms in that line against them. The idea of fair play, of "living and letting live" is not strong in the English manufacturer and for many months a bitter commer-

cial quarrel raged between these workmen and their late employers. The history of this affair in the plate lock trade has been often recounted. On the one side a number of wealthy firms, on the other a feeble little society of lock-smiths, a handful of men, striving to make the labor of their hands more fruitful. For many weeks the society sold its goods at a loss, till at last the quality of the locks became known; more of their fellows joined and the ruinous competition came to an end. The little shop on Stafford street has now grown to three; the little company of seven has increased to seventy-five, and in place of a few dozen locks sold at a loss, the society's sales now reach £300 a week, while the capital has grown from £13 to £16,000.

This association is known as the Wolverhampton and Breedwood Industrial and Provident Plate Lock Manufacturing Society, and its three shops, though small, are crowded to inconvenience with workmen. In personal aspect they differ but little from the average British workman, except that they have apparently a greater pride in their work, a greater persistence in endeavor, and more fidelity and enthusiasm.

The society holds its capital in one-pound shares, and offers every facility to its members to obtain them, even allowing payments of threepence a week and allowing earnings when divided to be placed to the credit of new shares. All the shares are entitled to such interest as the society can afford to pay, but not exceeding five per cent. per annum. After paying the working expenses, cost of maintaining the plant, wages, interest on share and loan capital and a percentage to the contingent fund, all the surplus—the net profits of the business—is divided between the capital and labor. In other words, the profits become a bonus on capital and labor, two-thirds being given to capital and one-third to labor, each member receiving in proportion to his shares and wages.

DIVIDING THE SURPLUS.

Among the larger and more successful productive co-operative societies in England, the Rochdale Co-operative Manufacturing Society and the Hebden Bridge Fustian Manufacturing Co-operative Society, illustrate the best methods employed. The first society has two large cotton-spinning mills at Rochdale, near the "Equitable Pioneers." The fifty-third quarterly report of this society, dated June 24th, 1876, states that it has a share capital of £66,430, held in £5 shares, and a loan capital of £67,321. Its sales for the quarter amounted to £37,592 8s. 5d., and enabled it, after paying interest on its loan capital, to divide £2,657 as a dividend on its paid-up shares.

The society was formed by a number of working-people who hoped to find work and wages in the mills, and to save for themselves the interest and profits that commonly went to the capitalist. Their plan was to pay interest on the capital and then to divide all the surplus between the share-holders and workers. This plan was finally abandoned and the profits are now divided among the share-holders only. When the society shared its profits with its spinners and other workers, it had a very superior class of work-people in its mills. When it refused to share its earning with its workers, it is reported that the character of its labor fell from first-class to fourth-class. That this step should have been taken, that its share-holders, being working men and women themselves, should try to get all the profits, shows that they were both selfish and prosperous. They had saved enough to call themselves capitalists in a small way and they began to look at things from that stand-point.

The Hebden Bridge Fustian Manufacturing Co-operative Society at Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire, pursues quite a different plan. Its half-yearly report dated January 11th, 1876, states that its business for the six months amounted to £9,814 8s. 2½d. and that it had a disposable balance of £508 2s. 1½d. This it divides as follows: dividend on shares, at 7½ per cent. per annum, £324 18s. 3d.; dividend on members' purchases at the rate of 6d. in the pound, £129 4s.; dividend on non-members' purchases at the rate of 3d. in the pound, £24 4s. 9d.; dividend on labor at the rate of 6d. in the pound, £39 18s. 6d.; balance to reserve fund, £61 16s. 7½d.

This society is one of the most prosperous productive societies in England, and has assets, in the form of land, buildings, machinery, stock in trade and shares in other societies, to the value of over £16,000. The most striking feature of the society is its peculiar method of dividing its earnings. It first pays interest on its loans, then it contributes to the depreciation of the plant (2½ per cent. on buildings and 7½ per cent. on boilers, engine, gearing and machinery), and the balance it divides between its share-holders, its members who may pur-

chase its goods, and its work-people. It gives the lender interest, a dividend to the share-holder, a bonus to the worker, another bonus to the purchaser, and even a small bonus to the general buying public. It seems as if the mutual idea could no farther go. Everybody has a share in the profits. Indeed, it is quite possible that many persons, men and women, at Hebden Bridge may work in the mill, have a share and a vote in the society, place their savings in its care and purchase its fustians, and thus win wages, dividend, interest, bonus on purchases and bonus on wages and sustain but a light portion of its limited liability. Surely, this pays better than shirts at a penny and button-holes at fourpence a dozen.

PAISLEY SHAWLS.

PLAIDS and tartans, shawls and shirtings, have made the region round the ancient town of Paisley famous. The mere name, Paisley shawl, is comforting, as the real fabric is warm in color and material and attractive in design,—a very good thing to have and to wear. Moreover, it has another charm: it is hand-made,—on a loom, of course; not, however, in a dusty mill, but in some quiet Scottish home where all the day long its shuttle flies from hand to hand weaving a true and honest web,—literally made by hand. The weavers of Paisley conduct their business upon a peculiar system. The dealer, or capitalist, supplies the raw material and the weaver takes it home and produces the fabric on his loom. When the goods are finished he takes them to the dealer and gets the pay for the work. The dealer then sells the finished goods for what he can get, and contents himself with such profits as the market will afford. It is easy to see that in such a system as this it is quite possible for the weavers to compete with each other in their efforts to get the work. It cannot be said that the Paisley weavers have done this to any ruinous extent; but it is plain that they have not been wholly satisfied with the position of their labor market. Were it otherwise, they would not have founded and brought to a secure and prosperous position such a complicated experiment in co-operation as the "Paisley Co-operative Manufacturing Society."

This society is designed to take the place of the master or dealer who gives out the work. It seeks to unite the worker, the dealer and the purchaser, and to divide the results of their transactions equally among all three. The society's office and warerooms, located at No. 114 Causeyside street, Paisley, consist of a small, low-browed store, piled high with woolens, and a number of store-rooms for the yarns. Of the character of the goods nothing need be said, as they are precisely the same as may be seen at the warerooms of the private dealers in the town,—the regular line of fabrics known as "Paisley shawls and plaids." The place seems to the visitor to be comparatively quiet, as if trade were dull; but the store is really only a wholesale warehouse, where the goods are kept till sent away. The real purchasers are scattered far and wide through Scotland and England, and are nearly all members of distributive co-operative societies like those at Rochdale and Leeds, already described.

This society, like many another, had its day of small things. In 1862 it had two members, and between them they contrived to make and sell one web of woolen cloth. To-day, the society has a business of £6,000 a year, and employs from 35 to 60 workers, according to the season. The system on which the society is conducted is very simple. It buys the yarns, dyed in colors to suit its needs, and gives to its weavers the weft and warp and the pattern of the shawls, shirtings, scarfs or other goods it hopes to sell. When the fabrics are finished, the working member brings them to the society and gets his pay in cash. An account is kept of all the work done, that in the final settlement next dividend-day, the worker may have a share in the profits in the form of a bonus on his wages. The goods are sold by the society as in any distributive co-operative association, and the resulting dividends are shared by the purchaser, society and worker.

This society is composed of individuals and other societies, including, in all, forty-two English and Scotch associations. These societies and people hold between them 4,448 paid-up transferable shares, valued at one pound each. Besides this, they hold the society's bonds for loans to the extent of £2,791, and this, with one private loan of £1,235, makes the capital of the society. Each member, whether a society or an individual, worker or purchaser, has one vote, and one vote only, in the election of the committee that governs the association. The twenty-seventh half-yearly report and balance-sheet, dated December 22, 1875, is an interesting document. Beginning:

"GENTLEMEN,—We beg to lay before you the results of your business for the half year ending 22d December, 1875. The sales for that period amount

to £4,672. The balance profit, £326 19s. 10d., will allow of the usual interest on share and loan capital, and a bonus of 6d. per £ on share capital, purchases and wages."

The report goes on to speak of the purchase of the Causeyside property, and congratulates the society on its ability to make prompt payment on the investment. The twenty-eighth half-yearly report is not quite so flattering, as the trade had fallen off and some of the capital had been withdrawn; but new members had joined, and doubtless by this time the twenty-ninth report has been issued and shows the society as prosperous as ever.

Now, has this society benefited the Paisley weaver? Does he get any better return for his labor? Is the supply of work better? The society undoubtedly gives all the work it can to its own people, and though it may not pay better wages, it gives a bonus on the earnings. The direct benefit comes from the bonus; the indirect benefit is the interest on the shares and loans, the ease with which the worker may gain shares and the bonus on capital. On the other hand, the purchaser, the distributive co-operative at Batley, Dumbarton, Glasgow, Leeds, and many another English city and Scottish village, gets his plaids and shirtings at cheaper rates. Some English woman or Scottish lassie wants a Paisley shawl. She may buy one at any drapery store, but she remembers her society and makes her purchase where she owns interest-earning shares, and where she can get a bonus on the transaction. Her society, being a member of the Paisley society, gets a bonus on its purchase, and interest, and another bonus on its shares. Thus it happens that the weaver and buyer ultimately share the profits between them.

These associations of working-people, these lock-smiths at Wolverhampton, the Rochdale spinners, and the weavers of Hebden Bridge and Paisley, illustrate the aims of the more advanced co-operators. But they do more,—they show how unwilling some of the people interested in this movement are to conform to these views. Both Hebden Bridge and Rochdale have given up, or propose to give up, the idea of paying a bonus on wages. The co-operator says this is not right, and he points to Wolverhampton and Paisley as evidence that his ideas are not visionary. To understand this matter more fully, we must take a wider view of the subject.

The co-operative societies of Great Britain are obliged to make, at stated times, a return to the registrars of friendly societies, of all their affairs. The last of these returns that has been printed is for the year 1874, and this report states that there were at that time 748 co-operative societies in England, 216 in Scotland, 26 in Wales, and 5 in Ireland, that made full returns, and 200 more that failed to send in reports. Of the 748 societies in England only 146 can be called productive, and even of these the larger part are really distributive societies that also carry on some kind of manufacture. Of these 146 societies, 54 make boots, shoes, clogs and pattens, 30 call themselves tailors, 15 have flour-mills, 26 are bakers, and 2 attend to millinery. The remaining societies give their attention to cotton spinning, elastic web weaving, farming, chair-making, brewing, gun-making, furniture, cigars, boat-building, nail-making, fustian-cutting, stone-quarrying, mason work and fabrics, and each represents the only society in that line of business in the county. The shoe and tailoring shops, bakeries and flour-mills, appear to be all more or less connected with distributive societies;—in other words they are owned by the purchasers of the goods, and it is fair to suppose they are managed in their interest. If there are dividends, it is more than likely that the purchasing members demand the lion's share. It is impossible to say absolutely what each society does; but it is certain that some of the richest and most prosperous societies do not allow their working members a bonus on their wages. They will pay interest and dividends on his shares if he happens to own any; but this is the limit of their liberality. The Manchester and Salford Equitable—a society that has 15 stores, and an income of over £230,000 a year—generously pays a bonus on its wage account. Its sixty-seventh quarterly report, dated March 27th, 1876, declares that it will divide £64 19s. as a bonus on wages, £152 17s. 11d. as a bonus to non-members (who contribute nothing except their trade), £64 19s. to educational purposes, and £2,034 3s. 4d. as a bonus on its members' purchases,—a dividend of one shilling and eightpence in the pound. On the other hand the Co-operative Wholesale Society in the same city divided in the quarter ending April 8, 1876, £5,655 19s. 6d. among its purchasers, and refused to give a penny to its employés.

In all these societies each member has one vote, without regard to the number of his shares, the amount of his purchases, or

wages. As the purchasers far outnumber the workers, it is highly probable that they outvote them, and the buying majority declines to consider the wants or rights of the working minority. What, then, have the shirt-maker, the button-hole sewer, the mechanic and the laborer gained? They have obtained a good deal of work at fair wages, and, in some instances, as at Wolverhampton, Paisley, and in a few other societies, like the United Baking Society at Glasgow, a share in the profits. Still, co-operation has really benefited the laborer more as a buyer than as a worker. At the co-operative store he can clothe and feed himself and little ones cheaper and better than elsewhere. He has the free use of the society's books and papers, he shares in that two and a half per cent. for education, and he is taught thrift, economy and forethought at its meetings. The society has enabled him to become a capitalist, and he has learned to take juster and wiser views on the questions of labor and capital.

With all this remains the fact that productive co-operation has seen more failures than successes. There is no official return of the manufacturing societies that have failed and been closed up. These failures have been so numerous that they have led to the impression that all productive co-operation must necessarily fail, and that success is exceptional. In the opinion of the English leaders of this movement this need not be so. To use their own words: "All failures in co-operation have resulted from causes outside of co-operation." The chief causes of the failure of productive co-operation was want of capital and want of skill, and this is the key to the whole matter. The want of capital springs from limited earnings and the feeble desire to save exhibited by working-people. The want of skill springs from ignorance. The distributive co-operator has abundant capital and sufficient skill to make his work pay, but his capital is turned over quickly and his skill is not of a very high order. Will the skill and capital for productive co-operation ever be forthcoming?

To answer this we may turn to quite another phase of the capital and labor question, and examine the efforts of another class of people, working in a different way.

A JOINT-STOCK TOWN.

The natural stockholder is a conservative person. He knows nothing of bonuses on wages, allocations of profits, bonuses on purchases, co-operation, and the like. He has an eye single to dividends. As for votes, his shares are votes, and the more stock he has the better, for thus may he cultivate dividends. Now, suppose the workingman should become a stockholder—not a co-operator, but simply a share-holder in a joint-stock limited liability company. Imagine a cotton-mill with a capital of £50,000, held in 10,000 shares at £5 each, and all held by the spinners in the mills, coachmen, carmen, mechanics, and other working-people. Suppose each man and woman had one vote in the election of the directors, without regard to his or her stock, would these people be able to manage the business, and how much would their stock be worth?

Here is such a company, known as the "Central Mill Company, limited," of Oldham, Lancashire, having a share capital of £25,000 and a loan capital of £36,407 and assets to the value of £63,297 2s. 1½d. The twentieth quarterly report of this company says:

> "The result of the quarter's working gives a disposable of £1,626 17s. 5½d., which we propose to dispose of as follows, viz: Pay a dividend of 3s. 3d., per share, amounting to £1,625, and carry a balance of £1 17s. 5½d. to next quarter's account, which we hope will be found satisfactory.

The directors had invited the honorable stockholders, spinners, laborers, shirt-makers, clerks and others to meet in Temperance Hall, Horsedge street, Oldham, to hear the above interesting statement, and to say that some of their humble servants, the directors, would accept office and such rewards as the honorable stockholders might be graciously pleased to give them.

Twenty years ago there was organized in Oldham, a joint-stock company with a capital of £75,000 in fifteen thousand £5 shares. For a long time this mill was the only one in which people in moderate circumstances could have an interest. To-day, the share lists in the Oldham daily papers give the names of nearly seventy such companies in Oldham district, and fifty more in the neighborhood. These companies hold their shares at five pounds each, and a few have one and two pound shares. Besides these, there are thirty companies with shares valued at ten pounds, and the closer corporations with shares at twenty-five pounds and upward.

The aspect of Oldham is peculiar. Like Rochdale, it seems to be exclusively occupied by people in very moderate circum-

stances. The houses are low, two-story brick buildings, of a dull and uniform character, as if designed for economy and snug living. There are very few costly residences, and the only structures of any size or pretensions to elegance are the enormous cotton-mills scattered through the town. These mills are uniformly strong, durable and substantial. The engines and machinery employed in them are of the latest and most approved designs, and the whole atmosphere of the town, houses and mills together, suggests labor and business.

Oldham is a joint-stock town, a community of share-holders. That they are a prosperous people needs no showing. There are the mills, vast and costly structures erected by the £5 share-holder. There are the Oldham newspapers, with whole columns devoted to the poor man's share market. Moreover, these companies are generally managed by men of exceptional ability, and behind these directors and managers are the share-holders taking a real and lively interest in their affairs. They are many of them spinners and workers in the mills, and familiar with the details of the business from daily experience. If the engine is wasteful of steam, if the boilers devour coal needlessly, if the spindles make less thread for a ton of coal burned than they should, if the prices paid for oil, coal and materials are too high, if the manager is obtuse to the merits of new machinery, straightway they begin to catechise the directors vigorously. At times, there are stormy quarterly meetings, at which the £5 share-holder speaks his mind and instructs the directors concerning their duty.

A brief glance at the general plan on which these companies are founded may be interesting. The shares in such companies are generally valued at 5 or 10 pounds, and they may be obtained by small payments, a shilling to two at a time, as the money may be called in. Failure to pay the installments subjects the holder to some expense, and a total refusal to pay destroys the share and the previous payments are forfeited to the company. All the paid-up shares earn interest, and may be transferred at will. The share-holders assemble at regular and frequent meetings to consider the affairs of the company and to listen to the quarterly reports and balance-sheets. Each stockholder has one vote, and one vote only at these meetings, and he cannot vote by proxy. The directors practically govern the business of the company; but they must report all their doings in the minutest detail to the stockholders, and they, on their part, appoint from among themselves two or more auditors to examine the accounts each quarter. If the share-holders approve of the work, they may give the directors such remuneration as they think best, and this pay is divided among the directors in accordance with their attendance at the directors' meetings. This attendance is printed in full in the reports, so that every stockholder is informed as to the fidelity of his officers. In addition to the share capital, all these companies take loans of any amount, however small, subject to call (or after notice), and pay interest thereon at certain fixed and rather low rates. Thus they become savings banks for their work-people and share-holders, while the additional capital enables them to do with less share capital, and, as the loans only earn interest, the resulting profits go to the shares in the form of dividends.

Here the shirt-maker, the spinner and weaver, the clerk and the laborer have found their opportunity, and have solved, in part, the question of their work and wages. These Oldham spinners have had the courage to save their money, and the ability to select boards of directors and mill managers equal to any in England. Moreover, their mills are as secure as any such in the hands of private parties. The vast loan capital held by the companies is an exceptional advantage, and they are less subject to a "run" than the ordinary savings bank. The workers in the mills and the stockholders are the holders of the loans, and they are not likely to ruin their own property by a foolish panic. They have climbed out of the depths of poverty, and they cling to their shillings with a tenacity and conservative obstinacy which the more wealthy capitalist rarely shows. They well know that every shilling of the loans will be paid before the shares get a penny. The mill and the shares are the security; the lenders are themselves the borrowers. This is not co-operation, but it is one solution of the labor question. The Oldham spinner has become a capitalist. He has climbed a step higher in the scale; he has learned, first, economy, then courage, and finally skill. His wages may be no better than before; but he has earned other wages,—interest and dividends.

ANECDOTES OF GILBERT STUART.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

STUART had by nature an irritable temperament, which many circumstances were calculated to make still more irritable. The constant interruption to which he was subjected became exasperating. I presume this is always the accompaniment of distinction; but, in his case, it was peculiarly irritating. I think it is a peculiar trait in our people that they have such an objection to solitude that if any one wishes to be alone he becomes a universal wonderment.

While he was engaged with his whole soul in portraying the character of some remarkable person, his door would be besieged by persons who must see him, and, frequently, for the most trifling purpose. At times he would be so disturbed as not to feel like going into his painting-room again for the whole day. He was pursued, among others, by young aspirants for artistic fame, who brought drawings or paintings which he was expected to admire as a matter of course. Whenever any of these juvenile performances were criticised, the young artist would leave him, with the consolation that Stuart was envious of his great genius.* He would on such occasions inquire of the person whether painting was pursued through taste or necessity? If it was the latter, he advised the youth by all means to avoid art. The life of an artist, he declared one of trial and disappointment. If he saw anything like a real love of art, and a willingness to go through the toil attendant on the required study, he would insist that no man could be a fine artist who had not a general education. If any young man apparently not in very good circumstances came to him for instruction, it never failed to depress Stuart greatly, as his own early struggles were thus recalled.

I am happy to say that benevolence was one of Stuart's predominating qualities. Anything like adverse fortune or neglected merit was sure to find a place in his regard. It was a standing rule of the house, if such or such persons came, they were not to leave without receiving some hospitality. A musician, a poor dusty trumpeter whose merits had never been acknowledged by the public, though he possessed wonderful skill and taste, —one of those persons who had been elbowed aside in the great race of humanity,—used to call on Stuart. He would give him a good dinner, and then talk upon musical subjects with him for hours afterward. It was a great enjoyment to the poor man, who was made happier by feeling that his genius was appreciated, and also that a comfortable addition would be made to his pocket-book. There was also an old Revolutionary officer, a gentleman who had witnessed sad reverses, and who was ever a welcome guest at Stuart's table, and who never left the house without his purse being in a more prosperous condition. My sister Agnes, then a little child, said to my mother: "Why does my father always pay Major J—— for dining here?"

At one period he could not command sufficient time to obtain any refreshment from ten o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, to which time he was obliged to postpone his dinner-hour. This could not last, and, finally, he would only receive some favorite friend, after having been occupied in painting all the morning. This, of course, made him enemies. Feeling weary of all this, he concluded that he would take a residence in the country for the summer, to finish a picture quietly and have some repose; but there my mother had the greatest difficulty in obtaining servants. At length, some one recommended a very clever person who had lived in a camp, and was man-of-all-work. One day, on going to the window, I saw a carriage approaching the house; I only had time enough to tell my father, and ask if he could receive any one. He answered: "It is impossible—I cannot leave my picture." I then told the man not to let those people in. I said this in rather an excited manner, as I heard them coming up the steps. I saw him disappear, and in a moment return, armed with a long cat-stick. The knocking at the door now commenced. At this, Thomas flourished the stick over his head in the most Donnybrook and defiant manner. His extraordinary action so astonished me, and, as I suppose,

* This puts me in mind of a couple of wood-sawyers who went up to his painting-room to be paid for their work. He would not be disturbed, which provoked them exceedingly. Coming downstairs, one nudged the other and said: "Lord, he's only afeared we shall steal his trade!" My sister heard this remark as she descended the stairs behind them.

produced such a variety of expressions on my face, that the poor fellow became yet more determined. "Never mind, Miss, they sha'n't get in." The knocking commenced again and was answered by another flourish of the cat-stick, the fellow returning the knock from within, and shouting at the top of his voice, "D—n you, you sha'n't get in."

I put on the most impressive manner and insisted upon his leaving the door, when I opened it to a group of astonished friends, who, after my explanation, enjoyed a most hearty laugh.

I cannot say that I ever heard Stuart speak much upon the subject of religion, but he never treated it with anything but solemnity. I am sorry to say that he seldom or ever could go to church; the fatigue of the week made Sunday literally a day of rest. Besides, he had the idea that people could pray without going to church. I may add that he rarely painted on that day,—not more than once or twice that I can recollect, and then it was for some person about to start for Europe on urgent business. I remember he found me, one rainy Sunday, trying to amuse myself by painting, and he said, in a very angry manner, "I shall not allow this;" and then, feeling that he had spoken rather sharply, he said pleasantly, "Don't you know, boy, that people who have been hanged always commenced their wickedness by breaking the Sabbath?" "Boy" was my pet name with him.

One fine summer morning, seeing the family preparing to go to church, he said, to the astonishment of everybody, "Well, I think I will go." My mother was delighted, and said, "Oh, do go! You know Doctor Gardner is a great favorite of yours, and I dare say he will be glad to see you there." My sister Anne mentioned afterward that when he was in church he stood leaning over the pew when everybody else was sitting, took snuff, and was very much at his ease; yet he paid great attention to the sermon. At the close of the service the Doctor came down the aisle, shook hands, and told him how delighted he was to see him, etc. But on his way home he said, "Well, I do not think I shall go to church again." My sister said, "Why?" "Oh," said he, "I do not like the idea of a man getting up in a box and having all the conversation to himself." One can very readily understand his wanting to put in a word or two, now and then.

The rumor, which prevailed at one time, that Stuart was unkind to his nephew, Stuart Newton, is utterly without foundation, and I am happy to say that Newton had the justice to contradict it the last time he was in this country. That my father was frequently out of temper, is too true; but any reasonable person could make some apology for a man harassed as he was with the vanity and caprice of the public, as all artists have been and ever will be. As Newton almost lived at our house, I conclude he must have witnessed some of these outbursts, which, however, he found it convenient not to notice, as it would have interfered with the advantages he was enjoying.

When Newton returned to this country I thought him a most interesting person. He came to see me, and I must say he did not appear as if he had been very ill treated by his uncle. Colonel Aspinwall, for many years United States consul at London, knew him well, and said he was very much sought for by distinguished people, and that among his varied talents was his ability to relate a story in the most captivating manner. He told one to Walter Scott, which delighted him exceedingly. Washington Irving afterward related the same story in the presence of Scott, who said to some one, "Oh, but he could not tell it as Newton did." He afterward painted a portrait of Sir Walter which was considered very fine. There are many fine pictures from his pencil in the private galleries in England, for which fabulous prices were given. Lord Liverpool has a particularly fine one of "Catalani singing for the Prince of Spain."

The portrait of Daniel Webster, though superbly painted, did not give universal satisfaction; yet it had all the depth of expression for which Webster was so remarkable, without that exaggeration which it is astonishing to find so acceptable to the public.* Mr. Webster was a constant visitor of my father. I saw him almost daily. I met him, at a later date, in Philadelphia, after he had had a very severe fall, and I was painfully struck with the change in his appearance. His whole countenance was altered. Suffering had given him a wild, distressed expression, and his complexion, though naturally dark, had taken a yellow and cadaverous hue. This is the impression the public had of his face, the year previous to his death.

With the regard to the picture my father

* See Major Webster's oration on the fourth of July.

painted of him, I will give a copy of a note I received from Mrs. Davis, wife of Mr. Isaac P. Davis, who, I presume everybody is aware, was a very intimate friend of Mr. Webster. Also a note from Mrs. Paige:

My Dear Jane,—I cheerfully comply with your request about Mr. Webster's portrait. It hung in our parlor several years. One day, while visiting us, he stood for some time before the picture, and made a low bow to it, saying, "I am willing that shall go down to posterity." When he sat to your father, he had just returned from Washington, looking very pale and thin, and far from well. Mr. Dutton used to say it reminded him of Vandyke's portraits he had seen in England.

Sincerely yours,

18 Chancy St. Susan Davis.
Boston.

Dear Miss Stuart,—I send the portrait of Mr. Webster recently arrived from Marshfield. I regret I cannot accompany it myself to your rooms, but I have now been confined to the house for two weeks by illness which still prevents my going out. Regarding the portrait, Mr. Paige desired me to say, with his regards, that "he would like the copy as near in all respects as possible to the original."

Monday, Yours with regard,
62 Summer St. Harriet Story Paige.
March 17th.

Mr. Paige was brother-in-law of Mr. Webster. It is evident that he thought the portrait a good likeness. Stuart once painted a head of a friend to whom he was very much attached, and who had recently died. But the panel upon which it was painted began to split through the middle. My father tried to find some one who could join it without injury, but all declined it as an impossibility. One person who happened to see it, however, declared with great confidence that he was sure he could do the work satisfactorily. He took the panel away, and in time it was returned joined in the neatest and firmest manner; but lo and behold, the man had shaved the picture down until all the features met! The nostrils came together, also the corners of the mouth, entirely leaving out the bridge of the nose. When things are written with care for the press and then are cut down to suit the publishers, I am always reminded of this occurrence, for the latter process produces an uncomfortable vacancy, and brings to a very sudden termination circumstances that require explanation.

My father had not much confidence in detecting the character of a man by the expression of his face, although I have heard that Colonel Burr introduced Talleyrand to him, and finding he did not hear the name distinctly, called upon Stuart again and inquired what he thought of that gentleman. Stuart answered, "Excuse me, Colonel, but God does not write a legible hand if he is not a bad man." Colonel Burr is said to have spoken of the circumstance frequently, but I cannot answer for this anecdote. I know whenever my father was called upon to give his opinion upon the subject, he would relate some absurd circumstance to refute the idea. One of his stories was that of a gentleman of finished manners, who came to Boston, and, after having been received with great hospitality by some of the best families in the city, borrowed money to a large amount, and then left the country, forgetting to return it. He also sat to my father, and left the picture on his hands. Some gentlemen, hearing of this, came to see the portrait. My father told them they must look for it, as he could not leave his painting. Among a number of unfinished pictures, they picked one out as the portrait of the swindler. After expatiating on the wonderful science of physiognomy and expressing astonishment that any person with ordinary powers of observation should have been so deceived,—that there was villain written in every line of that face,—one of them wound up by saying: "I do not think I could have been so deceived." My father could contain himself no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter. His visitors were astonished. When he could articulate a word, he said:

"Do you know whom you have been abusing in this way? Why, the Reverend Mr. T——, the Unitarian clergyman of C——, one of the most Christian gentlemen that ever lived."

"Now, Stuart, what in the d—l did you let us make such a confounded mistake for? it wasn't fair."

"Oh," said Stuart, "I only wanted to see to what extent your remarkable knowledge of physiognomy would lead you."

There never was a man more alive to a sense of the ridiculous. He once took it into his head that he must have a cow. I suppose he associated the animal with country life, which was a passion with him. One day, Molly, finding the gate open, strayed away to see something of the world, when a valuable servant, called "Old Dobbin," who had unfortunately a very bad temper, was told to go in pursuit of her. After tramping all day, at length he found the cow, and drove her home into the barn, so violently, that she was compelled to go up the stairs. The next morning, to the

astonishment of my father and everybody else, there was Molly lowing out of the upper window! This was just the kind of thing to divert Stuart. Everybody was brought to see the poor creature. Poor old Dobbin was excessively mortified, and wanted to have some men hired to get her down; but no, there she was kept for weeks, for the diversion of everybody. At length my mother coaxed her husband to have the cow taken out, which was done by moving a load of hay under the window.

Some of the anecdotes of Stuart have been fearfully exaggerated, making him appear most undignified. No one who had ever known his quiet manner would impute such conduct to him. But that he was ironical to excess is too true.

Walking one day with a gentleman in Newport, and coming upon a most deplorable hovel, he quietly observed, "That is the house I was born in," not supposing that the man could believe it. He said this, however, with such a serious countenance, that it was impossible to convince the gentleman afterward that he was born in Narragansett.

I confess he was really boyish in this respect; nothing delighted him more than teasing my mother, whenever he could find an opportunity for doing so. She was a remarkably intelligent and cultivated woman, though a matter-of-fact person, and this sort of quizzing was carried too far. Stuart took the greatest pleasure in teasing her, by telling her the most extraordinary stories, with such a serious countenance that it was impossible to know if it was really the case or not. I would sometimes undertake this kind of quizzing,—whether it was an inheritance or an acquirement I know not,—but it would vex my dear mother exceedingly. She would request me to stop it, and say, "I have been annoyed enough with your father's nonsense in this way; besides, it is very bad taste." As I worshiped my mother, I tried to break myself of the habit.

That my father, from indulging in such nonsense, should be accused of falsehood, his character injured, and his veracity questioned, was cruel and senseless.

My mother, being very much dissatisfied with the portraits painted of Stuart, implored him to sit to Miss Goodrich, the miniature artist; and, as she was a great favorite of his, she would frequently invite her to the house, hoping he could be induced to sit to her. One afternoon he said, "Goode, I intend to let you paint me." She seemed to be quite overcome at the idea, as she worshiped his genius. She then came prepared, when he gave her every advantage, considering how much he disliked what he called "having his effigy made."* This miniature is now in the possession of the Goodrich family, in Worcester, Mass. It is the most life-like of anything ever painted of him in this country, although the expression is a little exaggerated. The portrait of him at the Atheneum in Boston was considered a positive caricature by his family and his intimate friends; his niece did not recognize it. His face, far from handsome at that period, was full of energy and power. This portrait, so stupid to the last degree, I should think would put to flight the theory of physiognomy, that the features are an indication of the character.

It is curious that he should have transmitted to posterity the portraits of the distinguished men of his day, giving each great man his peculiar attributes, and that his own portrait should pass down to posterity utterly devoid of intellectual expression—in fact, the representation of a driveler.

Dr. Gibbes, of South Carolina, one of his great admirers, purchased a copy of this picture for his gallery, and thought he would give his friend Mr. Frazier a great surprise; but, to his astonishment, the gentleman in question could not imagine for whom it could be intended, and when informed, declared he never should have dreamt of such a thing, although he said he knew Stuart well. The doctor was very much disappointed, and brought the picture to me at Newport, to know if I could do anything with it. I said, "Yes; with your permission, I will put it in the fire." He laughingly consented, and I did so with intense satisfaction. I then painted one for him from memory, but unfortunately he died before I could send it to him.

A Mr. Brower came from New York to request Stuart to have a plaster cast for a bust, as he was very anxious to make a collection of the remarkable persons of the time. My father was very desirous of having a taste for sculpture introduced, and thinking this was some approach to it, he consented. This head was a cast made over his face, and was a most living and beautiful thing. He wrote a note, which was published, saying he had "consented, to induce more important men to do the same."

* The person who painted this portrait has since become a fine artist.

This bust is in possession of the Brower family, who would do well to bring it out. There is a medal cast from this head for a prize for the "Art Union." One of these is in the possession of the Numismatic Society in Boston. While staying at a hotel in New York, at the time of the drawing of the "Art Union," two young men, who sat next to me at the dinner-table, entered into the following dialogue:

"Well," said one, "what did you get?"

"I did not draw one devilish thing worth having, but a medal of that old Stuart. I shall throw it out of the window."

He did not foresee that the highest prices would one day be given for these medals.

It was only a few days previous to his death, that he was requested to paint a head of himself, for the Academy at Florence; but, as usual, he did not even answer the letter; he seemed perfectly insensible to compliments of every kind, and particularly during the latter part of his life. Persons would sometimes flatter him extravagantly, and he would answer in the most dry manner; flatterers, in fact, never failed to elicit an ironical or absurd answer. After some very fine compliment, he would say, "Yes, but is it not too bad to think, after all, I should have been taken for the devil?" He would then relate the following anecdote with great gusto.

His friends frequently sent him masulapatam snuff, put up in a common glass bottle, the contents of which it was impossible to extract, without running the risk of breaking the glass among the snuff; to avoid this, he thought of the plan of dipping candle-wick in spirits of wine, and tying it around the neck of the bottle; then he would set it on fire with a candle, which took off the neck and all the upper part of the bottle, without a particle of glass mingling with the snuff. The servant man was sent out to the kitchen for all the implements necessary to this performance; but a servant woman who had been suspected of taking some spoons, becoming conscience-stricken, got it into her head that he had some dealings with his Satanic majesty, and intended raising him to discover the missing property. She therefore made some excuse to go into the parlor, as it chanced just as the blue flames were ascending in the most fearful manner around the bottle. She turned pale as death, and with her teeth chattering, cried out,—"I know what you are about; I am as good as anybody; I go to meeting; I—I—read the Bible, and I aint a bit afeard of Satan;" then, bursting into a paroxysm of tears, she rushed upstairs, packed up her goods and chattels, and was off that evening. But she took care to put a pile of spoons on a top shelf in the kitchen, where she was sure they would be found. My father stood for some moments in dumb amazement; but when he recovered himself, said: "Why, what in the d—l is the matter with the woman?" Then he became convulsed with laughter, and for weeks, could not think of the incident without bursting into peals of merriment.

The following anecdotes have been sent me by a man distinguished in the plastic art:

Among the American artists who really achieved success in the early part of this century, and whose works will live, was Gilbert Stuart, a painter of glorious portraits that could be hung in any gallery, and be sure to attract the admiration of the connoisseur.

Endowed by nature with an extraordinary feeling for color, and an eye so sensitive to form as to enable him, at once, to seize the contours of his sitters, he was enabled to do justice to the character of age or the beauty of youth.

It is true that, in general, he aimed only at the intrinsic, being content when he had embodied the individual as expressed in the features, and giving only enough attention to the details of hair, dress and accessories, to fit them to accompany the countenance, into which he threw such wonderful life; but some of his portraits are so studied, even in the accessories, as to show that, if he chose to work *con amore*, he could handle the driest details with perfect success. Had he been employed by royalty or the nobility, with adequate remuneration, it is probable that all that is sketchy would have disappeared from his canvas; but, in those days America was not sufficiently wealthy to support excellent artists. There were then few painters here, and no portrait painter who could approach him in ability. He used to say, in his dry way, "Sir, there are few artists in America now, but fifty years hence you will not be able to kick a dog-kennel but out will start a portrait painter."

As I remember a few anecdotes of this remarkable man, I will try to relate some of them.

When a boy, he went to school in Newport, R. I.; where he, together with a com-

panion of the name of Channing, getting into a scrape in consequence of the tale-telling of an old shoe-maker of the place, they both vowed vengeance, and adopted the following mode of carrying it out: They provided themselves with an old gun, a syringe and some blood from a butcher. They gave the gun a liberal charge of powder, and filled the syringe with blood, so mixed with hot water, as to be about blood warm.

These preparations were made in the evening of a summer's day, and thus prepared, they crept to the open window where the shoe-maker was at work, and while one fired the gun, the other at the same instant squirted the watered blood upon the bald head of the unsuspecting victim. Startled by the explosion within five feet of him, and feeling the moisture trickling down his neck, he raised his hand to his head, and seeing blood, rolled over among his lasts and lap-stones, calling out that he was murdered. His wife ran in, and with some assistance got him into bed, where he was washed, in order to find the wound, but as no wound could be found, and as in a short time he felt as comfortable as ever, he suspected the trick and immediately ran to the school, to inform against his enemies. As Stuart and Channing were found in bed *with their shoes on*, they were held responsible and suffered the application of birch that was customary in those days. Years after, when Stuart returned from England, he found the old man still alive, and at work. He went into the shop, and asked if he remembered him, "No," said the shoe-maker, "I don't know as ever I seen you afore." "My name is Stuart, don't you remember the boy Stuart?" "Oh yes," said the old man with a non-committal grunt; "wall, if you're as good a man as you were a bad boy, you're a devilish clever fellow."

On the completion of Governor ——'s portrait, two of his relatives, Messrs. S. and P., called to see it. They were quite ignorant of art, and men of ordinary caliber, but felt bound to be critical, so, after the first approbation that so fine a portrait obliged them to express, first one and then the other asked a number of foolish questions, and made remarks showing the most complete ignorance of the first principles of drawing. "Is not the nose a *little* one-sided?" "Yes, but you see the portrait is taken in three-quarter view, and it is, as with the governor, less seen on this side than on the other." "Isn't one eye a little larger than the other?" "Yes, it should be on account of the perspective." "I don't remember to have seen those white spots on the governor's eyes," alluding to the high lights. Stuart began to fume, walking rapidly up and down the room. The parties had no sooner left than his choler broke forth: "Confound those S.'s and P.'s, they've married and intermarried so often, that, if you were to scrape together the brains of the whole family and throw them into a cock-sparrow's eye, it wouldn't make him wink."

Stuart's paintings being like a mosaic of tints, had great purity and brilliance, but required distance to allow the juxtaposed colors to blend; accordingly it annoyed him to see people examine them too near. "Well, sir, does it *smell* good?" said he, to some one who examined his painting, as if it were a miniature.

Ruggles, an old cabinet-maker, of Boston, told me that he used to make Stuart's panels for him. They were made of mahogany, and as Stuart complained that he missed the rough surface of canvas that was favorable to the sparkle of his color, Ruggles invented the way of producing that sort of surface by cutting teeth in the plane-iron and dragging it backward, that proving the best way of indenting without tearing the wood. Ruggles said that at the time he used to work for Stuart, his shop was in Winter street, on the ground floor, and, one day, sitting at his shop door, he saw Stuart coming down the street, in earnest conversation with a gentleman. Stuart came into the shop followed by his friend, and, said Ruggles, "I saw that the gentleman was urging him to tell him something that he was unwilling to trust him with." Stuart said: "Mr. Ruggles! have you got a piece of chalk?" I gave him a piece; he then turned to the other and said: "I know a secret; *that* stands for me," and he made a mark thus, 1. "Now, you are my good friend and would like to know my secret; you are a man of honor, and if I tell you it will do no harm, and, at any rate, it will gratify you as a mark of my confidence, so I tell you," and, making another mark, 1, "that stands for you, so there are two that know it. But you are a married man, and, as your wife is a discreet woman, and you never have any secrets between you, some day when you are alone together, and have nothing to talk about, you tell her you know something curious, but are afraid she will speak of it. She will be indignant at not being trusted,

insists that she *ought* to know; promises she *never* will whisper it to any one, and perhaps cries a little, so you tell her, and *that* stands for her;" he made another mark, 1. "Now, how many people know it?" "Three," said his friend. "There are one hundred and eleven that know it,—111," said Stuart.

THE NETHER SIDE OF LIFE INSURANCE.

THE revelations made since the merely expository article on life insurance was written for the March number of this magazine uncover the worst cases of betrayal of corporate trust ever known in this country. It is now time that all unsound companies be judiciously but firmly removed from the field, that all the facts be exposed, and that the business be purged of whatever incompetence or dishonesty remains in it. True friendship for life insurance can neither conceal nor spare the abominations in its practice, and public opinion must exercise a salutary discipline. Starting where the March article left off, and assuming the reader's acquaintance with it, the writer, without retracting or qualifying anything said therein, therefore proceeds to briefly perform the supplementary duty of criticism.

The largest number of life insurance companies existing in the state of New York at one time was 41. Of the 10 ante-war companies, all but 1 survive; of the 6 started during the war, 2 survive; of the 33 started since the war began, 7 survive; of the 27 started since the war closed, 5 survive. The following concisely shows the movement:

Number started in	Number now surviving.	Number started in	Number now surviving.
1842... 1..	1	1864....3..	2
1845....1..	1	1865 ...2..	1
1850....2..	2	1866....5..None	
1853....1..	1	1867....2..None	
1859....2..	1	1868....8..	3
1860....3..	3	1869....7..None	
1862....2..None		1870 ...2..None	
1863 .. 1. None		1875....1..	1

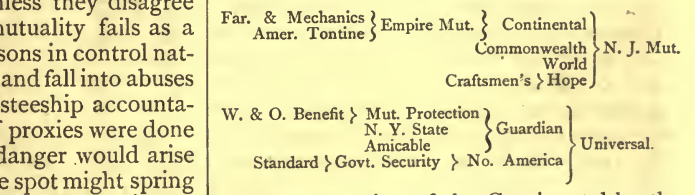
The retirements were: 1 in 1870, 3 in 1871, 6 in 1872, 4 in 1873, 4 in 1874, 4 in 1875, 2 in 1876, 2 in 1877; this table both clearly illustrates the value of age, and proves the solvency of the strongest companies. Of all but two or three of the twenty-seven which have disappeared, the worst to be said is that they were unnecessary and their management incompetent; but the revelations as to these exceptions make a story of deceit, fraud and perjury painful to contemplate. The case of the Continental, as revealed since its collapse, is in summary this: Insolvency, induced probably by bad although well-intended management, had existed for two years, and had been concealed by a course of falsifying accounts, dummy checks and other fictitious items being returned under oath as cash; several of the agents were employed to depreciate the company's credit throughout the South and West and buy up the policies on the sharpest terms; this work was performed in the most cold-blooded manner, some of the victims being in their last sickness at the time; the assets were divided up, and, to avoid state interference, an apparently collusive receiver was put in charge, who allowed the deposed officers free access to the vault, one of them visiting it on a *Sunday*, and removing what papers he wanted. The case of the Security and the New Jersey Mutual is scarcely better, and when the liquidation is completed there will probably be nothing left for the cash policy-holders, while the holders of note policies will receive back their notes, the note system having worked well for them, by saving them the amount of the notes. The presidents of the Continental and New Jersey hid themselves, and have remained in concealment; two officers of the Security were indicted and gave bail; but the indictments have slumbered, and nobody has been tried, nor has a dollar been recovered.

The worst vices are: original misrepresentation by agents, extravagance in salaries and other expenditures, autocracy in control, "freezing out" of policy-holders, fraudulent amalgamations. Of the first, it is enough to say that misrepresentations—not always intentionally such—are natural when the seller virtually makes the bargain, the buyer neither understanding the transaction nor trying particularly to understand it; the remedy, obviously, is for the latter to assert his own personality and cease to be a passive subject for the agent's manipulation.

Autocracy in control is not easy to change. It is an immorality that $50,100 stock should

absolutely control $31,000,000 of assets belonging to another set of persons than the stockholders, and the law which permits the policy-holders to be without power to vote for directors seems condemned by the very fact. But although in law and theory the companies without stockholders are governed by trustees elected by the members, at the last annual election in the Mutual and the New York companies, 100 and 50 votes were cast respectively, out of a membership of 90,000 and 45,000. In 1871 there was an attempted opposition ticket for the Mutual board, but nearly 10,000 proxies were used by the officers, and are still held. How far the possession of these proxies prevents attempts to effect a change, can only be conjectured; but the slender interest taken in elections is easily accounted for in this way: the members are scattered, unacquainted, and without organizers; they are not aware of the abuses which may exist, or of any way of removing them; in the absence of any visible reason for changing the management, they give themselves no thought about it, and hardly know that an election is to be held, except when asked for proxies through the agents with whom they insured, which they readily give. Elections thus become purely formal, and the small number of persons concerned in the management practically hold life tenures, unless they disagree among themselves; the mutuality fails as a working force, and the persons in control naturally magnify themselves, and fall into abuses which a closer sense of trusteeship accountability might avoid. But if proxies were done away altogether, another danger would arise —a few incursionists on the spot might spring a surprise upon a formal meeting where only one member out of nine hundred is present. To guard against the calamity of a sudden dispossession for the worse, proxies seem indispensable; but their abuse grows naturally from their use, and the best remedy would be a law prohibiting the use of proxies more than three months old. This would compel the proxy intrenchment to be built anew annually; it would tend to remind trustees and officers of their moral accountability, and might induce the members to take more notice of what is done and who do it.

There is little gain from really voluntary lapses and surrenders, because, the retiring members being generally the best class of lives, the average vitality of the membership is lowered by the process, so that the severe terms exacted on retirement may be perfectly just, although a source of continual dissatisfaction. Really strong companies, therefore, do not seek the termination of policies; but "freezing out" is the easiest way of restoring an impaired one, or of building a private fortune out of it. A company which absorbs an insolvent one takes two sorts of financial poison,—a positive deficiency, and an inferior average line of risks, which is likely to be further lowered in vitality by the withdrawal of the best of them. "Freezing" shakes off most readily those most desirable to retain, and the managers of absorbing companies, if they act intelligently, must therefore intend one of three courses: to make a voluntary offering of enough new capital to provide for the case; or to carry out the "freezing" process successfully, despite the difficulties of making it permanently successful; or to go on in the natural course toward the inevitable bankruptcy, stepping out of the way themselves before the final crash. The financial laws of the case exhibit only these alternatives, and, as the first course has never been followed, the unpleasant conclusion is that the last is intended, in conjunction with the second. No better field could be found for fraud and recklessness, and it is impossible to doubt that both have been used. The following schedule presents to the eye the most notable successive amalgamations:



The absorption of the Continental by the New Jersey Mutual was undertaken gradually instead of in bulk, and the latter soon after attempted to transfer itself to the National Capitol; this proceeding was resisted and defeated by the state of New Jersey, and the consequent litigation is still unfinished at the time of writing (April 27). The case of the Universal is especially notable, that company now containing the remains of eight others. Several years ago it absorbed the Guardian and North America, and the triple organization was kept up in a single office, with three sets of salaries, until a state receiver was appointed in March last, in policy-holders' suits still pending. This proceeding illustrates the defects of the law and the sleepiness of the state officials; for, if the plea of the Universal officers is true that they saved the two companies from

a receivership and did the best thing possible for the members, dispossessing them now is not for the interest of those members; on the other hand, if the plaintiff policy-holders charge truly that these officers have been freezing out the insured and fraudulently dividing the assets among themselves, it is a needless hardship to now subject the remaining fragment to the expenses of a receivership, and the state action is too tardy to do any good. The narrative of the Universal's handling of these companies, as given by its manager to the legislative committee, is a financial puzzle, and until it is made clear and the company's course and position are in some way exhibited in a better light, those not now insured in it will act wisely in avoiding it altogether.

It is not desirable to forbid the combination of two companies, but the need of regulating such combination is imperative. For reasons already stated, the progress in amalgamations is almost invariably from bad to worse; and that a few persons, perverting a clause in the law intended for a quite different case, are permitted to meet in a back office and bargain away, on secret and private terms in which they provide for themselves first, the property and interests of many thousand persons who are not only not consulted but know nothing of it until the assets have been handed over, is a wrong too flagrant to be tolerated. The law, while too facile for getting companies into existence, is defective in respect to getting them out; and as the combination of minus quantities produces a minus quantity, the way to deal with amalgamations between companies when one or both is insolvent is to prevent it. The state should take charge of the withdrawal, appointing a receiver, upon ample public notice, under salary, and closely restricted as to expenditure, publicly associated with the state officials, with power to re-insure the risks as far as practicable, or to receive renewal premiums and continue the business until it closes in the natural way. The strong companies, which cannot and will not introduce weakness into their own finances by ordinary re-insuring, could afford to take the policies after scaling them down; the risks which chose to withdraw voluntarily could be allowed to do so, taking little or no surrender value with them; working expenses could be reduced to the minimum; policy-holders, being brought into communication with the state officials, would learn the case at its best and worst, and the wreckers of various sorts would find their occupation gone. This plan is not free from practical difficulties, yet it is founded upon a correct principle in recognizing the fact of insolvency and proposing a *pro rata* re-insurance; properly carried out, it would be the best possible for the interests of members, whenever insolvency is not prevented, as a competent performance of state supervision might prevent it. But assuredly the state is now in a half-way position which it cannot decently retain. It must protect policy-holders to some practical purpose, or else abandon the pretense of protection and cease deluding them by a supervision which fails as soon as tested. Something must be done, and the first step should be the punishment of the persons who have robbed and ruined their respective companies.

Salaries have always been reported in the lump, but as reported especially to the legislature, the principal ones are as follows:

	President.	Vice-President.	Sec'y.
Equitable	$37,500	$22,000	$16,500
Mutual	30,000	18,000	8,000
New York	25,000*	25,000*	None.
United States	15,000	None.	3,500
Knickerbocker	15,000	None.	6,000
Washington	10,000	9,000	7,000
Germania	11,867	10,600	7,000
Universal	9,000	20,967	14,234
Globe	12,500	.....	12,500
Manhattan	15,887	8,355	8,355
Brooklyn	7,000	.....	6,000
Metropolitan	6,000	6,000	5,000
Home	10,000	.....	8,000
Homœopathic	2,500	5,000	3,300
Provident	6,550	2,875	3,500

While it is true that the highest order of executive ability cannot be bought cheaply and that any other would be dear at any price, some of these salaries are too high, especially as the payment of a percentage on receipts has been allowed in some cases; for example, the recipient of the largest salary above-named admits having drawn $301,288 "extra compensation" during the eight years ending with 1874, although stating that his fixed salary was only $7,500 annually during that time. There is no justification for these commission payments; for if they act at all upon the growth of business, they force that growth unduly; and the taking of commissions on fire insurance specially procured on property mortgaged, or on expenditures, is still less defensible, although it has probably been practiced more or less. If legislation should, however, attempt to define officers' salaries and the

* With a "bonus" of 25 per cent. added.

limit should be unsatisfactory, evasion would follow; there does not, therefore, seem to be any more positive remedy than the raising of the standard of official morality and a greater watchfulness by policy-holders.

The case of the Equitable has been prominent, and well illustrates the tendencies toward abuses of power. Its extraordinary growth in 17 years has been openly attained by such extraordinary forcing, and its building operations have given it such notoriety, that it has been peculiarly discussed, and in January the managers invited an examination by a committee of outside business men, whose report, together with that of the Insurance Department, has been published as the answer to all complaints. The methods of inquiry seem to have been sufficiently rigorous, and there is no reason for questioning the conclusions. Both investigations find—what few had doubted—that the company has been managed with great ability and is perfectly strong, but do little to break the force of previous criticism upon three features of the management: the building operations; the extravagance of expenditures; and the entanglement with other corporations. The New York building has cost $4,159,526; the Boston one, $1,170,202. The former is a superb structure, worth examining as an example of what lavish expenditure can produce; but although the president urges that the $100,000 of ornamentation has greatly contributed to the success of the building as an investment,—a net rental income of 5¼ per cent. being claimed for it,—and also holds that the advertisement derived from the building has greatly aided the company's growth, the value of that advertisement and the propriety of the expenditure may still be judged differently by those whose money has been used for it without consulting their wishes. The Equitable policy-holders, it may be said, have legally no right of voting in its elections, the stock governing exclusively. The Boston building is to be considered without reference to its success as an investment, and the same may be said of the Mutual buildings in Boston and Philadelphia. The law permits a company to own such real estate as is actually necessary for its immediate accommodation, or, for a specified time, such as it takes on foreclosure. To sanction the erection of these buildings, the law must be stretched until the restrictive intent is nullified, for only agency business is done in Boston and Philadelphia, and if buildings can lawfully be erected in those cities they can be in every town where a company has an agency.

As to the second point of criticism, the Equitable controls the Mercantile Trust Co., owning about three-fourths of its stock; this investment is not prohibited by law, but is plainly improper, however good intrinsically. The third charge, extravagance, is met only by citing the customs of the business. The inquiring committee of nine, headed by an ex-governor and eminent merchant, and including four presidents of city banks and one banker, say of these three points:

> The committee are not to be understood as approving of this large expenditure in buildings; for these, in our opinion, would have been quite appropriate and judicious, if less elaborate, less expensive, and less ornamental. Corporations of this character and magnitude may very properly construct buildings for their own use, and may lease such parts thereof as are not required by them; but the actual requirements of the corporation itself should, at all times, be the main object in view in such constructions.
>
> As a matter of principle, it is not believed to be wise for institutions of the character of the Equitable Society, in order to obtain a suitable rent-roll, to secure valuable tenants, or for any other purpose, to be in any way connected with any other corporation, however valuable the stock of such corporation may be; the proper management of so large an enterprise as the Equitable Life Assurance Society being, in the general sense of the community, of itself quite sufficient for one corporation.
>
> We are left no alternative but to suggest that, in our opinion, the compensation for services made to its chief officers has been excessive, and objectionable in principle, inasmuch as a part of such compensation has been based on a percentage of the Society's surplus. Salaries of executive officers of corporations of the character of the Equitable Life Assurance Society should of necessity be regulated, in a great degree, by the value of the services rendered. Such salaries, however, should be reasonable in amount and at all times fixed and definite.

All else in the report is commendatory, and criticism could hardly be more mild. Yet to this criticism by these representative business men, constituted by himself a committee and invited to make "an exhaustive examination without reserve or limit," the president, after following them with footnotes through the published report, replies thus, the italics being his own:

> As a rule, the committee's conclusions are identical with the Society's conclusions, and in the few instances where there are criticisms they are not upon the integrity, skill or condition of the Society, but upon matters in which a difference of judgment may reasonably exist among intelligent men. Upon such matters the opinion of our directors as experts in the business, having given years of thought to these matters *and having made the Equitable what it is*, may safely be adopted.

Considering the slight check from the law and from public attention, the demoralizing influences since 1860, and the extraordinary temptations in the care of millions of property not to be in demand for years to come, even the worst cases of fraud are a natural product; but not the less should they be punished and the business fenced with every legal and moral safeguard. The injury from this mass of fraud has been wrought and is irremediable,—leaving only the question whether the suffering inflicted upon individuals shall be improved to the general good of the community by provoking reform of the worst vice of the times,—mismanagement of trusts. Let it be distinctly understood that the vices in the large companies mentioned herein are not the routine and essence of the business, but its excrescences and incidental abuses; yet they are morally and financially poisonous, and every word of this article is intended to arouse and direct public opinion to sensibility and judicious action. "My spurs and another man's horse," says a proverb, "make a quick gait." It is time the other man began to look after his horse and not trust laws, which cannot help those who lift not a finger for themselves. The conclusion is—and for this conclusion this entire article is written—that public opinion must become intelligent, must concentrate, and must assert itself. Managers of companies are extremely sensitive to public opinion when they are made aware of it, and naturally indifferent when they are not. If a clerk takes a dollar from the drawer, we call it by one name only; if a president takes thousands as a "bonus" upon an ample salary, the act is none the less morally a theft, because unnamed and because trustees permit it and no law exists to punish it. Now, if the public object to officers having a royal time of enjoyment with trust funds,—to an unstinted expenditure on surroundings,—to a family sojourn in foreign capitals during successive summers by a president and vice-president whose salaries run on the same, and who, on returning, estimate their expenses at $2,000 and take that from the policy-holders' money as the cost of a business trip,—if the public who are insured and are solicited to be insured object to these things, it is time they said so. Let them write and say what they think; let them expressly decline to take out policies, on the ground of thus objecting; let them call and speak in person. It is unnecessary for them to be awed by the unaccustomed magnificence of the buildings, for all this, we are frequently assured, belongs to the members, and they have rights on the premises which their money has bought. A general, emphatic, definite, and persistent expression of this sort would remind managers of their real position as trustees, which they have considerably forgotten, and would be a more wholesome corrective than anything else. But decidedly a corrective must be found, or pleas on behalf of the widow and orphan will become ironical and be met by the inquiry, *Whose?* For the departure of life insurance practice from soundness, the credulous, unthinking, indiscriminating public are equally blamable with the agents and officers; and as the practice is reformed or not, life insurance will do its legitimate and possible good work, or will take rank as the most vast and extraordinary of all financial delusions.

LIFE.

Ah, this mystery, so rife
With mysteries, this Life!
    Who can know it?—
    Prophet nor poet,
    Nor prince nor peasant.
    This terrible Present:
Of all that has been, sum and history;
Of all that shall be, source and prophecy;
This living Past, present Futurity;
    This Was, and Is, and Shall be so—
    We may not know.
We?—we are but men.
    Alone
God sitteth, on his throne.
    Amen!

THE BRATTLEBORO' METHOD.

In the solution of the knotty problem which the control of the liquor traffic presents to society, help from any quarter is welcome. If, too, instead of deductions drawn by *a priori* reasoning from well-settled principles,—which, to be sure, are valuable,—aid comes in the more tangible form of results derived from actual trial, faithfully carried on by competent experimenters and honestly reported, it is doubly welcome. It is this sort of aid which is now offered for our consideration, and which though comparatively insignificant in quantity is of a character to make it exceedingly helpful to us in determining the proper method of dealing with the sale of intoxicating liquors.

In the germ here presented we hope there may be found the "promise and potency" of a complete plan for the social handling of the temperance question.

Brattleboro's method—for it is of this beautiful Vermont village that we write—is the very practical one of attempting no more than can be accomplished. The authorities of the village do not aim at making it a temperance village specially. They say that with the temperance question as such, they as officers, have nothing to do,—any more, for instance than they have with religion or education. They claim, however that so far as the habit of intemperance interferes with the good order of their village they have a great deal to do with it. It is their business, they hold, to preserve order, and when "drink" disturbs order, they will disturb "drink." So far, then, there is a warfare between the village authorities and the liquor-sellers; but the former maintain that the board of bailiffs is not a temperance society; they therefore decline to use the extreme power of the law, believing that in this way they obtain better results than in any other. The facts seem to bear them out in their course, for they have made the bustling village of Brattleboro' the quietest village in all New England. Their method of securing this result is as follows:

Under the law every case of drunkenness is capable of producing four distinct prosecutions,—one against the drunken man and three against the seller. The three against the seller are—first, a prosecution for the act of selling the liquor; second, one for the keeping it with intent to sell; and, third, one for the search and seizure and confiscation of liquor if found. It is the last two prosecutions which the Brattleboro' authorities decline to bring, but which are brought everywhere else where the enforcement of the law is attempted.

To detail a particular case, that the practical working of this plan may be more clearly seen: A. is found in the streets intoxicated, and because of such intoxication a disturber of the peace. He is arrested and sent to the lock-up. When sober enough to be examined, he is brought before a magistrate and fined five dollars and costs. In default of payment, he is committed to the county jail, and stands committed until the fine is paid. During his examination, he is compelled, under the law, to disclose where he obtained his liquor. (The law is imperative on this point; the magistrate must inquire and the accused must tell where he procured it.) The liquor-seller is then arrested, and if the offense is proved, he is fined ten dollars and costs. It frequently happens where the case is an aggravated one, that more than one offense is charged against the seller in the same prosecution. In such a case the fine may be for several offenses—ten dollars for each—according to the rulings of the magistrate and the pleasure of the prosecuting officers. At these trials for the sale of liquor—and here is another feature of the Brattleboro' plan—one or more of the village bailiffs are present, not as prosecuting officers, but in the interest of law and order. No statute compels their attendance, no custom even; but a sense of the responsibilities of their position incites them to see to it, that the law is effectually put in force, so far as it is necessary to preserve the peace. Public opinion requires this of them. The offender, too, is more sensibly confronted with the majesty of the law in the presence of an official of this character than he is by a constable, grand juror, or village policeman. The effect of such attendance by the bailiffs is very marked. Here the prosecution ends: the two further cases in which the seller may be involved are not brought, and he knows that they will not be. Consequently, he pays his fine and keeps on selling as before, but he is very careful to whom he sells. He keeps an orderly house, well knowing that if he is caught again the

penalty will be heavier. Furthermore, he is well aware that what has been done to him has not been done out of any spirit of revenge, nor from what he is very likely to look upon as a spirit of fanaticism. It has not been done by the temperance people, as such, at all; in fact, the very persons who perhaps have been most active in punishing him have not unfrequently, it may be, hob-nobbed with him at his own bar. So he knows very well that what has been done has been done by society, represented by the officers of the body politic of which he is a member; and that public opinion has compelled these officers to do it for the preservation of that society. He takes a common-sense view of the case, and while he feels that he has been severely dealt with, he knows that he has not been unjustly dealt with. The logic of the whole proceeding is very clear to his mind. He therefore submits with a good grace, and tries to do better in the future.

It is altogether likely that were the sentiment of the community in favor of the full prosecution of the law so as to drive him out of business entirely, he would be equally philosophical and submit to the inevitable just as gracefully; but so long as he knows it is not, he wars against the extreme penalties. Herein consists the gist of the Brattleboro' plan. It works up to the requirements of public sentiment and there it stops. It can only go farther by the demand of public sentiment for an advance. It is such a nicely adjusted system too, that it can follow just as fast as public sentiment leads. The friends of temperance have the matter entirely in their own hands under such a system. They have only to educate the public up to total prohibition, and under the Brattleboro' system this final result is accomplished. It only falls short of total prohibition, because such prohibition is not demanded by the community. That being the case, the liquor-seller, when he finds the prohibitionists going beyond the demands of public sentiment,—or what he believes it to be, which amounts to the same thing with him,—and bringing against him the two remaining prosecutions which are possible under the law, is in a totally different frame of mind from that of the seller convicted under the Brattleboro' plan. He considers these men his natural enemies, and also the enemies of society itself; and, therefore, when they begin a warfare upon him, all his combativeness is aroused. He resorts to all the methods known to the law to thwart his persecutors—for such he deems them. He hides his liquors from them, plays tricks on them with colored water and ill-smelling and ill-tasting liquids, gets them into traps, where they fall into cellar-ways and pitfalls; has a dozen different aliases under which he carries on his illegal traffic, so that the writs in the case are, ten to one, made out against the wrong party; and if actually caught at last in the meshes of the law, cuts its manifold Gordian knots by deliberate lying and downright perjury. In such an event, he and his cloud of witnesses will lie the case through to the end, as unconcernedly as they would take a cigar. They think it no sin to use any means to circumvent such hypocrites and public enemies as they conceive the prohibitionists to be. "Fight the devil with fire" is their motto, and they act up to it. They invent opprobrious epithets for their opponents, calling them "ramrods," "radicals," and other derisive names to bring them into disrepute among the people. It never occurs to them that the temperance people are often actuated by the very highest motives in trying to put down the sale of liquors. It is not the least argument against the whole system of prohibition—and one on which all good citizens should deeply ponder—that it furnishes such opportunities for deception and lying and perjury, and that the opportunities are so largely improved. There are some things worse than intemperance and these are among them. A police court where the causes are constantly won by persistent perjury and systematic fraud is an institution more demoralizing to a community than an open bar. The remedy here is clearly worse than the disease. This state of things the Brattleboro' method avoids.

Another marked feature of the plan is the adherence to the well-known principle that it is easier to execute the provisions of a prohibitory liquor law through the regular officers of the law than through any special officers designated for that purpose. In some places in the state, special constables (who, however, serve processes in other cases) are appointed to serve processes in liquor cases, and always with a bad effect. Brattleboro' resorts to no outside aid, but depends upon its own regular officers to enforce all its laws. Nor is it essential that these officers be temperance men. They know their duty as the soldier knows his, and they do it whether they approve the object or not. It is "theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die"—at the next

election. The execution of the prohibitory law in Brattleboro' is practically in the hands of the board of bailiffs of the village. This body is to the village what the aldermen and common council are to a city, the selectmen of a New England town. They are not, as their name might seem to imply, simply police officers—indeed are not police officers at all, but have a corps of policemen under them for the general police duties of the village. In most incorporated villages in Vermont this body is called the board of trustees. Under the state laws, any board of trustees, the selectmen of any town, or the municipal authorities of any city, can exercise the same authority in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors that is exercised by the board of bailiffs of Brattleboro'. The system, therefore, can be extended throughout the state wherever public sentiment demands its introduction. It is capable, too, of a much wider application. Its main features are susceptible of imitation in all states where prohibitory laws or "local option" laws prevail, and had they been in extensive use in Massachusetts for a few years previous to the repeal of the prohibitory law there, it is safe to say it could not have been removed from the statute book.

In the state of Vermont the governing body of any city, town or village ordinarily pays no attention to the execution of the liquor laws, and their enforcement, if enforced at all, falls into the hands of the temperance men so called, who, whatever the excellence of their private character, have never been distinguished, as a class, for administrative ability. These men are by no means ignored in this work in Brattleboro'; a large share of them fall in with it, though it must be added that very many oppose it. These latter maintain that it does not go far enough, and that in going just so far as it does and stopping where it does, it virtually licenses the sale of intoxicating drinks contrary to the intent of the statue, and to the great detriment of the temperance cause. On the other hand the board of bailiffs say, "We decline to arraign the seller for keeping liquor with intent to sell, and have him fined for such offense, nor shall we seize his liquors and destroy them. This we have a right to do, it is true, and if we deemed it necessary to the quiet of the village we should undoubtedly do it. You, gentlemen, however, have the same right to carry on this prosecution that we have; you are not debarred from further action because we decline it; you can go on with this work where we leave off if you choose. We think we are warranted by public opinion in stopping where we do; if you think you can go further with it, you are welcome to proceed; we shall not hinder you, and, more than this, you can use all the evidence we have obtained thus far; we shall make no attempt to influence witnesses, or to obstruct you in any manner in your further prosecution of this work." Thus the matter stands at present.

Brattleboro' had been through with that experience of New England communities in attempting the suppression of the liquor traffic common to most villages and large towns where prohibition is adopted as the policy of the law. Its temperance people had tried the usual methods of liquor-seizures, of arrests for keeping liquors with intent to sell, and of a general warfare against the traffic, and with the usual result. The sale was diminished for a time—it always is during these sporadic attempts to suppress the sale. The hopes of the temperance people are consequently elated; the rigor of the prosecution is relaxed; the old ways are gradually resumed; and by and by matters resume their wonted condition. In such a state of things, the sale of liquor is practically free: there is no restraint upon it whatever; everybody who cares to sell it, sells it, keeping an eye out, however, for a possible "raid,"—for in the deepest calm the liquor-seller knows there may be a storm brewing. He knows that in selling liquor at all he is a law-breaker, and that at any time he may be called to account. This makes him cautious in the display of his goods; but he keeps them on hand, nevertheless, and in sufficient quantities for his thirsty customers. It is this sort of an experience which has been chiefly instrumental in leading Brattleboro' to adopt the new method of stopping the indiscriminate sale usual in towns where the enforcement of the law is intermittent.

The writer's individual experience in attempting to enforce the Vermont prohibitory law is in point here, as illustrating what takes place always when public opinion is not equal to its execution. It occurred in a little country town on the top of the Green Mountain range, where he lived many years. Here, though the general sentiment was against the law, a few were in favor of it, and the representatives in the legislature generally (for political reasons, doubtless) voted to keep it on the statute-book. But, though public opinion was strongly against it, occa-

sional attempts were made to execute it. Yet there has never been a fine paid by a liquor-seller in that town, though the law has been in existence more than a quarter of a century, and the town has never in that time been without at least half-a-dozen places where liquor was sold openly. It is commonly said by the advocates of prohibition that a few determined men in any town can insure the enforcement of the law; but in this town the few determined men could not be found. After repeated failures to put a stop to liquor-selling by a resort to the law, all attempts at enforcement were abandoned until an event happened which awakened the people to the evils of the free and unrestrained sale of liquor. A farmer from a neighboring town came up the mountain with his team for a load of lumber. He loaded himself up so heavily at the numerous establishments on the way up and while there, that he was unable successfully to guide his horses with his double load on the way down. The consequence was that he rolled off his wagon, and the wagon rolled down the mountain, over him and over his horses, scattering the lumber in all directions, and ending in a general wreck. The farmer was picked up for dead, but it was soon found that he was not killed, though he was seriously injured. But the disaster and its cause were the town talk for many days. There was a storm of indignation against the liquor-sellers—a "fire along the whole line." The writer had seen many such scenes, though none so exciting, and he waited quietly for some one to move in the matter. And the people did move; a complaint, numerously signed, was made out and presented to a grand juror—the proper official—asking him to prosecute. He declined or neglected to do so, and it was at once decided to go to the state's attorney, also a proper official and of a higher grade. Now here came in the peculiar phase of things which is always more or less apparent under the old method of executing the law where public opinion is against it. The excitement began to subside; the liquor-sellers began to put in a plea of extenuating circumstances—some stoutly denying any sale, and others admitting a drink or two; but all were so very innocent of all intent of wrong-doing, and so sincerely regretful at what had occurred, that the prosecutors began to waver. It was their neighbors and friends whom they were about to make criminals before the law, and for doing only in a greater degree that which they had often done in a less in their own behalf—for many of the prosecutors were drinking-men themselves. The law makes it the privilege of every citizen to become a prosecutor—a meddler, as it is considered in many communities, and so in this. Each man, therefore, said to himself finally, "It is not my business, any more than it is that of any one else, to complain of Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith for selling this farmer liquor. I shall only make enemies of these men, and do no good anyway. They will sell again if we do fine them now; it will not stop them; I will have nothing further to do with it." So the prosecution was abandoned, and the writer was left alone. Under the Brattleboro' method, however, the case is different. The officers of the law take up the matter, and press it to a conclusion. They fine the drunken man for getting drunk—a proceeding we had not thought of—and then fine the sellers, and stop there, and the community bears them out in it.

It should not be inferred that in all the back towns of Vermont the attempts to enforce the liquor laws are as abortive as the one described. In many of the smaller towns no liquor is sold at all, and public sentiment will not permit any selling; the law is strictly enforced. At least it is so stated by the prohibitionists and they are probably correct, though the writer cannot from personal experience vouch for the truth of any such statements. We frequently have statements from Vermont that the law is generally enforced here, and clergymen and judges and governors are occasionally invoked to prove the diminution of crime in consequence of such enforcement. It should be remembered that these classes of persons do not come in social and business contact with that element of society which contains criminals and drunkards to so great an extent as the rest of us, and their testimony—of course given with the best of motives—must be weighed accordingly.

Another feature of the Brattleboro' plan is the closing of all the saloons and hotel bars on Sundays and on any other occasion when in the judgment of the village authorities they should be closed. At the Soldiers' Reunion held here in the summer of 1875, the places where liquors were kept for sale were closed at six o'clock every evening, by order of the board of bailiffs. There was no exception to this rule, no seller daring to defy this authority which he well knew was the authority of public opinion. It is not to be supposed, however, that there was, on that account, a total cessation of liquor-

drinking during those evenings of soldierly reunion.

But there was no such wholesale rum-drinking at Brattleboro' as the writer was a witness of on another occasion of like character, and for this the Brattleboro' method should have credit. On the occasion alluded to, one liquor-seller stated that during one evening from 6 o'clock P.M. till about 2 A.M. his sales amounted to over three hundred dollars, and in that time he sold only six gallons of liquors; the rest was water, to the sale of which on temperance grounds there could have been no objection.

The device of the good people of Gothenburg in Sweden for the restriction of the liquor traffic is worthy of notice here. Full details of it will be found in the "London Quarterly Review" for October, 1875. It seems that the evils of the indiscriminate sale of intoxicating liquors were felt there to such a degree that the better class of citizens took up the matter with a determination to stop such sale. They accordingly formed a company, consisting of the wealthiest and worthiest of the town, for the purpose of controlling the sale of liquors. This company, under the laws of Sweden—which must be peculiar to allow such a transaction—purchased all the liquors needed for consumption in the town. They allowed none but their own employés or persons authorized by the company to sell liquor, and all the liquors sold must be procured of the company. A further condition—the most important and singular proceeding in the whole movement—they allowed no person selling liquor to profit by the sale. This is the key to the entire procedure: they take away from the seller his greatest incentive to sell. All he can hope to profit by the sale is from the increased trade in other branches of the business. An hotel-keeper who is allowed to dispense liquors in Gothenburg expects by this to draw custom to his house, although he can make no profit on the liquors his customers may drink while they are his guests. The effect of this management was found to be good; the number of drinking-places was largely reduced, which is always a gain to the cause of temperance,—so the "Quarterly" holds,—whether brought about by license or prohibition, by the Gothenburg, or (it may be added) by the Brattleboro' method. In the case of a reduction by the usual attempts at prohibition it may be questioned whether this gain is not at least partially offset by the substitution of stronger drinks for ale and beer and cider, which latter are rendered hazardous to keep by their greater bulk. It is a fact that the sales of these lighter beverages diminish where the prohibitionists are active. In Brattleboro' they are freely sold, though the sellers are careful to avoid causing drunkenness by their sale, and for obvious reasons.

Another gain, the "Quarterly" asserts, is effected by the Gothenburg method, and the same is true of the Brattleboro' method—the character of the liquor-sellers is improved; or, to put it differently, the worst sort of venders quit the business. Under the Gothenburg method they are not supplied with liquors by the company, and under the Brattleboro' method the determined character of the movement prevents their continuation in the business. A groggery of the lowest class, with its constant brawls and fights, does not now exist in Brattleboro'. The strict prohibitionist will of course not admit this to be a gain; he looks upon all liquor-selling alike, and will admit of no degrees in its criminality. In fact, if anything, he thinks the "respectable rum-seller" a little worse than the other kind, on account of the higher position in the social scale which the former holds; but the civilized world generally will agree with the "Quarterly" that there is a real gain to society when, from any cause, the lowest class of liquor-sellers are forced to close their shops.

THE MORMON THEOCRACY.

WHITE Americans have but one native religion, and that one is the sole apparent exception to the American rule of universal toleration. In this branch of manufacture we have reversed our policy of protection; for while foreign heresies by the score have been naturalized, the only church born in the country, with American prophets and apostles, home-made miracles and revelation in the Yankee dialect, has passed through what its own historians call "ten general persecutions." In the forty-seven years

since Joseph Smith translated the "Golden Bible" into what he called English, the church he founded has been engaged in no less than three regular wars with states or with the nation, and in minor conflicts almost innumerable, during which and the forced marches attendant on them, more than a thousand persons have lost their lives. Equally strange is the fact that this, the only native American church, has lost every trace of Americanism and become an essentially foreign theocracy—drawing its entire strength from the peasantry of the Old World. If we include neighborhood wars, local raids and extraordinary mobs, the Mormons as a body have been in open conflict with government or people no less than thirteen times; and that these were no make-believe fights may be judged from the fact that in one massacre in Missouri eighteen Mormons were killed and as many wounded, while in another, in Utah, a hundred and thirty-one Gentiles were murdered!

Of this anomaly two explanations are offered: one that the Americans are not really a tolerant people, and that what is called toleration is only such toward our common Protestantism, or more common Christianity; the other that something peculiar to Mormonism takes it out of the sphere of religion and necessarily brings it into conflict with a republican people and their institutions. Not a few have made haste to assume that polygamy is the sole cause of trouble. But the record excludes that idea; the Mormons had more trouble with the world before they adopted polygamy than since. Undisputed facts show that the beginning of polygamy in the Mormon church was by accident rather than design, to relieve a few men of their social embarrassments; that the church soon after repudiated it and denied it for nine years, and in 1872 formally proposed to Congress to abandon it forever on condition that Utah should be admitted as a state. Polygamy will do for a scape-goat, but the trouble is far more radical than that: the same results would soon overtake the Methodist or any other church, if it should concentrate its forces in one state, every man voting, whether as citizen or juror, at the command of the bishop. Here is a suggestive record: the Latter-day Saints have settled in twelve different places in the United States, and have invariably become embroiled with their neighbors unless the latter abandoned the vicinity *en masse*. In New York, while the church was yet confined to two families, they kept three townships in an uproar with quarrels and lawsuits, and sixty neighbors of the Prophet united in a deposition that they would not believe him or any of his party on oath. The second settlement was in Ohio, where the church had thirty lawsuits with one man, and issued $40,000 in paper money which it never redeemed; and after a general free fight, the leading men fled to Missouri, pursued two hundred miles by the sheriff. In their first settlement in Missouri,—Jackson County,—they came into conflict with the older settlers and were driven out after several had been killed on both sides. In Clay County they abode one year, when the people unanimously "requested" them to move, and they did so,—this time without a fight. Settling in the upper counties they lived at peace until numerous enough to come into contact with their neighbors, when a general war ensued and they were driven from the state into Illinois. There they had three years of peace, then three years of irregular war, ending with their expulsion at the point of the bayonet. A faction under James Strang settled in Wisconsin, had trouble with the people and located on Beaver Island in Lake Michigan; there they came into conflict with the lumbermen, and Strang was killed and his people scattered. Another detachment settled in San Bernardino, California, and after numerous difficulties abandoned the place and went to Salt Lake. Meanwhile the main body had settled in Utah, where, as soon as they became strong enough, they drove out the federal judges and went to war with the United States. A colony settled in Carson Valley, Nevada, then part of Utah, about the time it was settled from California. In two years open war broke out; the hostile armies, under the facetious title of "civil posses," encamped over against each other for ten days, without coming to battle. This conflict was finally settled by the withdrawal of the Saints from the country. Meanwhile a colony sent to Lemhi, Idaho, became embroiled with their neighbors and were obliged to leave, and another on Green River (now in Wyoming), after a battle with the old mountaineers there settled, drove the latter out and enjoyed possession until Johnston's army came. The record presents a uniform course: first a general fight and then an exodus of the weaker party unless supported by outside aid. Now the Mormons vehemently declare that they

were invariably in the right, and their enemies always and everywhere a set of conscienceless villains; and of course it is within the realm of the possible that they are right. But there is a Hoosier proverb which I think may be appropriately recalled: "When a man moves seven times and quarrels with the neighbors every time, he takes the worst neighbor with him every move."

The true source of all these troubles, and the genesis of the present conflict in Utah, are easily found by tracing the prominent points in Mormon history. There it will be seen how a peculiar system of diplomacy first brought them into conflict with their neighbors, then made that conflict the means of uniting them all the more solidly against the Gentile world; how, starting out with the mild precepts of Christ and the doctrine of non-resistance, they gradually abandoned these as they gained in numbers and organization, and took up the old Hebrew doctrine of a temporal kingdom, and earthly glory and triumph over their enemies. For five years after its origin the organization was known as the "Church of Christ," then the name of "Latter-day Saints" was adopted and the doctrine of a temporal kingdom vaguely taught. With this soon came in the long train of Hebraic similes: the Church was in bondage in Egypt,—it was in the wilderness of Zin,—it was to overthrow the Amalekites (Missourians) and repeat all the wonderful achievements in the fruitful annals of Israel. But some grew disaffected, and the Gentile world was contumacious; and this in turn legalized all the bloody devices of the chosen people, and at the end of a quarter of a century of conflict made Mormonism the terrible thing it was in 1856 and '7.

The difficulties of the Saints in New York, Ohio and Missouri gave them a peculiar reputation in America, and practically put an end to native Mormonism. After the year 1840, it ceased to be an American church; only the leading men and a small minority of the laity were natives; the main body was foreign born. This was a necessity for perfecting the new scheme, the so-called "Kingdom of God," for such a despotism could not have been organized with an American laity. After the expulsion from Illinois, numerous dissenting parties settled in the Mississippi valley, and now some thirty thousand Mormons, under the name of "Josephites," are scattered throughout Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, having indefinitely postponed the "earthly reign of the Saints," and consequently living in peace with their neighbors. But the main body under Brigham Young inherited all the quarrels and hatreds of the original church. They shook off the dust of their feet as a testimony against those who had rejected the gospel by the murder of the prophet, and declared they would go into the wilderness and set up the kingdom of God unpolluted by any contaminating effect of Gentile traditions and laws. There was an element of the sublime in this project, which was inaugurated by an exodus without parallel since the Israelites left Egypt. The year and a half of hardships, between Nauvoo and Salt Lake, weeded out the weak and disaffected, and made the Mormons, in 1848, the most united community in the world. Of the twenty-five thousand that left Illinois, not more than half ever reached Utah; but, of that half, every man was a devotee, whether from religious, ambitious, or criminal motives. Out of this union and devotion, under the manipulation of a few, more knavish than fanatical, grew that fearful condition which culminated from 1856 to 1863 in the "blood-atonement" era.

During these seven years it is known that more than two hundred persons inimical to the priesthood came to violent deaths, of whom a hundred and thirty-one perished at Mountain Meadows. It is not easy to portray the peculiar state of society which then existed in Utah, and out of which all these crimes grew as naturally as noisome weeds from a rank and uncultivated soil. Given a religion of ceremony and sensuality, untempered by mercy or love, the ethical element weak, a period of excitement, and an ignorant people constantly agitated by knavish leaders, and a reign of crime and terror is the natural result. It seems to have been due to a sort of epidemic insanity; and were I counsel for the Mormons now on trial, I should be tempted to plead that the whole population of Utah were really mad and irresponsible for much of that time. The mania had begun two years before in an inordinate ambition consequent on the plans of the leaders to establish a vast mountain empire. Seven years had they been isolated from the nation. The administrations of Fillmore and Pierce had either given them free course, or just opposition enough to irritate without hindering. It was then declared by the prophet, in full tabernacle, that the Lord had given all the

mountains and valleys to the Saints, from British America to Mexico, and from Kansas to California; and the willing were called upon a "mission" to go up and possess it. One colony composed exclusively of young men was sent four hundred miles northward to establish a post at Lemhi, in northern Idaho. They were to preëmpt all the fertile land in the valley, and were specially instructed to marry Indian women as extensively as possible, and to form close alliances with the savages. Another large and well-equipped force, including both families and soldiers, went eight hundred miles in the opposite direction, and set up the southern outpost at San Bernardino, California. They took up the entire valley of the Santa Ana, and flourished greatly for a few years. Seventy families went westward and took possession of the most fertile valleys opening eastward from the Sierras. All that is now Nevada was organized as Carson County, Utah, under the civil and ecclesiastical rule of the notorious apostle, general and judge, Orson Hyde. At one time the Saints owned the richest portion of that state, and they still claim that the legal title to much of it was never parted with. Other outposts were established on Green River, at Laramie Forks, near South Pass, and far in the interior, among the Indians. Soon after they made application to the British Minister at Washington for leave to make a settlement on the Saskatchewan; but it was not favorably received. President and historian George A. Smith charges that the refusal was due to the malice of their enemies at Washington, but I can find no proof of this.

The boundaries of "Zion" were defined to be a strip eight hundred miles wide and of the length of the nation. Here was to be the new people on the mountains, as seen in the vision of Isaiah; here was the little stone cut without hands, to grow and roll forth till it overturned all the kingdoms of the earth; here the young Saints were to grow up "free as gods in mountain air;" here a hardy race, uniting both the Nephite and Lamanite (Indian) seed of Israel, was to multiply with a rapidity unknown to the barren Gentile, and hot with zeal and glowing in this hope the young missionaries went forth gladly, singing the "Battle Hymn" of the Mormon Theocracy.

Disasters followed soon, and before many years all these colonies were called home to defend the "center stake;" but while the enthusiasm was at its height it produced the second stage of madness, ending in the hand-cart tragedy. When the word of the prophet went forth setting the boundaries of "Zion," it was also announced that immigration must be hastened. Great Britain still contained 25,000 Saints; Scandinavia, Switzerland and the eastern states as many more; "Zion" had enlarged her boundaries, and all must come as soon as possible. Previous to 1856 the Mormon emigrants had outfitted on the border with teams, and traveled to Utah in tolerable comfort. But this entailed expense and some loss of time, and it was decided that henceforth they should walk and trundle hand-carts loaded with their baggage!

The emigrants that year numbered two thousand. They were organized into companies of five hundred each, a captain to each hundred and a commander to each company; there were five large tents and a ten-ox team and wagon to each hundred, and a small detail of guides and hunters for the whole company. It was estimated that each hundred would contain twenty-five able-bodied men and as many women; these were to push the hand-carts, loaded with seventeen pounds of clothing and bedding for each person, and with such children as were too young to walk. The wagons were to haul provisions and all who should fall sick. From Iowa City, where they outfitted, it was thirteen hundred miles to Salt Lake Valley, which distance would require fifteen weeks' traveling.

The first division of five hundred left Iowa City early in July, and being largely composed of young and strong men, reached Salt Lake Valley just as the first snow of the season was glittering on the peaks of the Wasatch. Delays and dissensions among the leaders detained the next five hundred till the 10th of August; and the people of Iowa besought them in vain to give up the rash scheme and remain in that state till spring. Soon after crossing the Missouri they became alarmed at the constant representations of returning plainsmen, and a grand council was called. In that council were but three men who had ever visited Utah. One of these said, "Remain here till spring;" but the other two, both elders, rebuked him for his unbelief, and prophesied in the name of Israel's God that not a flake of snow should fall upon them: "They would hear of storms to the right and to the left, but a baby could eat all the snow they would see." Strong in the faith, they started from the Missouri the third

week in August: a hundred and twenty strong men, three hundred women and children old enough to walk, and seventy babies, to be carried on their mothers' backs or hauled on the carts, starting to traverse eleven hundred miles of mountain and desert, in the closing months of the season! Did those two elders believe their own prophesies? It seems incredible that men would deliberately lie in the name of the Almighty, when a few weeks were so liable to prove the utter falsity of their predictions. Their cattle strayed or died of overwork; their provisions ran low, and winter overtook them still five hundred miles from the valley. Day after day the train struggled on in silence and sorrow, and every morning saw from three to fifteen of their number cold in death. A few starved outright; more died of disease engendered by want, and quite a number fell exhausted by the way and were frozen to death or torn to pieces by the wolves. Still they struggled on, by day pierced by the keen winds of the plains, or happily sheltered a little by the mountain pines; by night shivering and moaning in a miserable sleep, cheered only by the sighing of the pines or the long-drawn and melancholy howl of the coyote. Many were badly maimed. At last an expedition from the valley reached and brought them in, after they had lost one hundred and twenty of their number.

Another company of six hundred started from the Missouri the very last of August. The first storm struck them at Laramie; they struggled on a week or two longer, then, exhausted, sat down in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, to await help or die. The relief expedition sent by Brigham reached them after one-fourth of their number had perished. The other company was fortunately prevailed upon to remain in Iowa. Counting those who died soon after reaching the valley, the total loss is set down at three hundred killed outright,—starved, frozen, or torn by the wolves,—and two hundred more maimed in various degrees, from the loss of a finger, toe, or eye, to the loss of one or both limbs. The survivors seem to have been sent as soon as possible to the most remote settlements, and only those who have renounced Mormonism ever venture to talk about the tragic history.

While the hand-cart companies were still on the plains, began that singular movement known in Mormon annals as the "Reformation." Strange to say, it began in a personal quarrel between Jedediah M. Grant, next in rank to Brigham Young, and a Saint to whom he had loaned a mule! At the next meeting he proceeded to abuse his personal enemy, and then all the bishops, for laziness and inattention to duty, and started home missionaries to preach a reformation. The arrival of the surviving sufferers from the plains added to the general madness. Prayers had been put up in all the assemblies of the Saints in Utah, that the storms of winter might be stayed; but instead, it is the testimony of all mountaineers that the autumn snows of 1856 came on earlier and with greater violence than for many years before or since. "Surely," said fanaticism, "God is angry with this people, or His promise to temper the winds would have held good." Nearly all the old members of the Church confessed to various sins, and were re-baptized, and Grant caught the disease of which he afterward died, by standing all day in the icy water to baptize them.

The missionaries — generally the most ignorant men in the country—would shout: "Wake up!" "Repent!" "Be baptized!" "Pay your tithing!" and threaten the recusant with the vengeance of God and the Church. A "family catechism" was prepared, so utterly indecent in character that Brigham has since had every copy destroyed. Armed with this document, the missionaries catechised husband and wife, in the presence of their children, as to all the minutiæ of private life. A fearful state of morals was revealed, and many of the sermons then preached were so indecent that, as far as possible, they have been suppressed.

Meanwhile, Grant was ranging the territory, breathing out threats against dissenters, and Orson Hyde followed, teaching the same in figures of speech. Hebraic precedents were abundant—Phineas, who killed his brother and the Midianitish woman; Jael, who slew the oppressor; the king who massacred idolaters, and the priest who hewed the transgressor to pieces before the Lord. In all the sermons of that period, one will not find twenty quotations from the New Testament; but every page is red with the bloody maxims of the old Mosaic code.

All this time the Saints went on marrying and giving in marriage. Old men traded daughters about as coolly as they traded cows. Every eligible woman in the territory was taken, and several men who were "counseled" to marry were compelled to select girls of twelve and fourteen years, with agreement to be "sealed" to them as soon as the latter were old enough.

The madness next turned to rebellion. The federal officials were driven out; the United States army advanced, and the territory was soon in a state of war. Of course, in this state of the public mind, crimes became frequent. Apostates attempting to fly from the territory were waylaid and killed, as in the case of the Parrishes at Springville, and several others. In the winter of 1857–'58 were killed the entire Aikin party of six men, and many others. In the September previous was perpetrated the Mountain Meadow massacre, the fearful details of which have recently been brought out during the trial of John D. Lee. The army entered, and the federal courts were re-established; but the madness of fanaticism had not spent itself, and a vast array of crimes are recorded in 1858 and 1859. Five persons were murdered in Salt Lake City during one session of the court. Drown and Arnold were shot while forming a spiritualistic circle. Brewer and Johnston were shot dead on Main street by an assassin in an alley on the opposite side of the street. The last massacre of note was that of the Morrisite leaders after their surrender, in June, 1862.

Of course this condition could not last. The madness of fanaticism wore itself out. Dazed and bewildered, men slowly emerged from the state of excitement, and sought to bury the past in oblivion. The total loss during that era of fanaticism is summed up from the records thus: Died in the handcart expedition, 300; killed at Mountain Meadows, 131; other murders and maimings, 150,—a dead loss of nearly 600, when Utah contained less than 50,000 people. That these murders were committed, neither Saint nor Gentile denies. The only question is, Who is guilty, and what shall be done? The evidence has been collected with vast labor and expense, and the grand juries in those districts are passing upon it.

Such, in brief, were the results of the only attempt in this country and century to establish a temporal theocracy. That polygamy was but an incident, and not the main factor, seems to me evident. Indeed, it is every way probable that without polygamy Mormonism would have been a far greater evil than it has been with it, for its strength would have been greater, and the national government more indifferent. It is plain matter of history that, from the date of the avowal of polygamy, the church has steadily lost ground, taking the world at large. Mormonism reached its maximum in 1850, when it had (according to the church statistics) about 200,000 adherents, only one-fourth of them in the United States. Excluding children under ten years of age, it now has less than half that number. When polygamy was first acknowledged as Mormon doctrine, in August, 1852, Great Britain contained 35,000 Saints, and the Continent nearly as many more. About one-third of these have since settled in Utah; the remainder have apostatized; and all the world, outside of Utah, contains less than 20,000 Mormons. Besides, to attribute these evils to polygamy alone is to assign a cause entirely inadequate. At the outside, Utah does not contain more than 3,000 male polygamists, with, perhaps, 10,000 women. Not more than one-fourth or one-fifth of the adult male Mormons are polygamists, nor is it possible that any greater proportion should be. A community of polygamists is an impossibility, the numbers of the sexes being too nearly equal; it is, like slaveholding, necessarily the prerogative of a select aristocracy; and for every man who takes two wives some other man must go without one.

By the census of 1870 Utah contained 2,056 more males than females; and the excess of males has at least doubled since. There is polygamy in New York City as well as in Utah. But the New York polygamist does not parade his sin as a virtue, and claim by divine appointment the right to be mayor of the city, judge, legislator and executive.

The trouble in Utah is with the theocracy—the subordination of the state to the church; and the determination of the Saints, wherever they have settled, to subject all the machinery of courts and laws to the will of their religious leaders, has inevitably brought on war soon or late. It would have had the same result in Utah had not Congress come to the rescue, giving complete jurisdiction to the United States district courts, and an absolute veto to the governor. With these two supports the non-Mormon minority has been able to hold its own; and if Congress could be persuaded to grant the territory a free, unmarked ballot, many desirable reforms might be consummated. There are people so ignorant of American character as to advise the minority in Utah to submit quietly to the church rule and not attempt to organize a political party; and occasionally a federal official goes to the territory with an impression that he can reconcile the two factions, and, as expressed by Governor Axtell, "be on good terms with all the

people." It might have been possible for a good governor to reconcile the free state men and border ruffians in the territory of Kansas, for both parties held to a belief in republican government, and had many other points in common; but it is not possible for any man to reconcile the two parties in Utah. They have no common ground whatever. Either the Mormon theory of government is true in all particulars, in which case the federal officials are usurpers and the Gentiles intruders and rebels against the "Kingdom of God;" or it is false in every particular, and must be totally subverted. It is impossible that a divinely inspired priesthood, claiming civil rule and authority in all things, and a class of citizens who maintain the paramount authority of a man-made constitution, can coalesce. If the Saints are right, they will eventually drive us all out of Utah, just as their great exemplars, the Israelites, did the Canaanites, and set up the "Kingdom of God" in its purity; if we are right, we will eventually break in pieces every vestige of the temporal rule of the priesthood, reduce the institution from a government to a church, and establish a republic in Utah like that in Colorado.

There seems to be on the part of many, a fear, and of a few, perhaps, a hope, that whenever the contest in Utah assumes a rather active phase there will be resistance and war, with destruction or confiscation. But the hopes and fears are alike groundless. There will be neither fight nor flight,—neither rebellion nor desolation. At least five thousand adult male Mormons would resist any such policy. The children of the original converts will never allow such destruction. Twice as many men could be raised in Salt Lake City to-day to defend property as Brigham could raise to destroy it. The old Mormons know this as well as we do. They know, too, that they cannot make a sudden exodus in this country, as they did in Illinois and Iowa. The command of Brigham would only take the old and middle-aged, and those without property or provisions to last them six months. They will continue for the next five years to do as for the past five—resist at each successive point, in the courts and at the polls; and when obliged to, yield gracefully and fall back to the next point, making a great bluster at times and spreading their sorrows in the newspapers. A few leaders who have committed atrocious crimes may seek safety in flight, but the mass of the people are anchored to the soil, and could only leave by slow degrees, as fast as they could sell their property for cash. There will not be a house burned or a tree felled on account of the present prosecutions, though every murderer of the "blood-atonement" era should be caught and hanged. The guilty do not exceed two hundred in number; and their punishment or banishment would liberalize the rest.

Social revolution will proceed in Utah as it has for the last ten years; and the general government need do no more than secure a free election law, and a jury system that will enable the courts to bring murderers to justice. Conversions are nearly balanced by desertions from the church. Old Mormons die and young ones grow up unbelievers; and the system moderates to a mild Protestantism. Punish the murderers, and a slow and peaceful death will end the religion of Joseph Smith.

To T. B. A.

It is not only that your poesy shows
Exquisite elegance and daintiest care,
But through its melody, as a grace more rare,
The protean soul of Nature moves and glows.
Now gayly, like some radiant brook, it flows,
Now with a violet's fragrance perfumes air,
And now its tropic luxury seems to wear
The balmy crimson of an opening rose!

I think that if your kindlier fate had been
To have lived when lover-minstrels were not mute,
You might have sung, reclined at languorous ease,
Amid some tapestried chamber's gold and green,
To some fair damosel, on some ribboned lute,
Such delicate and delicious songs as these!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Future of American Politics.

To those who oppose the President's Southern policy, and to those who do not oppose it, but who are hesitating in their opinion, there should be said, by all who have the privilege of an editorial pen, a few plain words relating to the past. General Grant, at the head of the Republican party, had the South on his hands for eight years. He had a policy during all this period, and the privilege of pursuing and perfecting it. He appointed his own agents wherever that was his prerogative, favored his friends, and, in the last resort of difficulty, fell back repeatedly upon the military power of the United States. What he could not accomplish by political machinery and personal and official influence, he undertook to accomplish by force.

So much, we suppose, will be admitted. At the date of this writing, it is not forty-eight hours since the federal soldiery which held the Packard government in power in Louisiana, marched to its barracks, in the interest of a peaceful revolution, wrought by the policy of President Hayes. It is hardly a week since, in South Carolina, a similar scene was enacted. In those two states Grantism was holding over, and all was disturbance, uncertainty, and bitter feeling. In short, up to the very end of General Grant's administration, backed by the Republican party, there was such failure in the process of reconstruction and the adjustment of political differences, that nothing but the soldiery of the United States could keep the people from tearing each other's eyes out. If there was not a reign of terror through large districts of the South; if there were not murders by the thousand and bulldozing by the acre; if there were not Rifle-Clubs, and Ku-Klux-Klans, and White Leagues, and multiplied and multiform organizations of wrong-doing and oppression, then the people have been grossly misinformed by General Grant's friends, for the plea for his policy has been based upon these facts—real or fabricated.

And now the people are called upon to decide whether, on the whole, matters were growing any better under General Grant's policy—whether, in the light of experience, there was any way through and by means of that policy, into peace. Were not things growing worse rather than better? The history of several of the states—notably Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina—has been a history of the most shocking incompetency in government, and the grossest corruption and abuse of power; and when President Hayes took the reins, he found in two of these states all political affairs blocked by the claims of rival governors and legislatures, with United States troops keeping the peace on behalf of a government which it was certain the people did not want, and probable that they did not elect.

It was time for a change, was it not? Was not the trial of the old policy sufficiently long? Could General Grant, who was thoroughly honest and well-meaning in this policy, or could the party which elected him, legitimately complain that there had not been time to win the fruits of his schemes and measures? We think not, and it really seems as if whatever had been done toward reconstruction had been done in spite of the policy pursued by the federal government.

We have said this that the people may understand what the opposition to President Hayes means, whenever and in whatever form it may come. They have made up their minds that President Hayes is an honest man. They see that up to this time he has shown himself to be a very wise man. He has chosen his counselors wisely and well. There is not a demagogue in the cabinet. He is a gentleman himself, and he has surrounded himself with gentlemen. He has made it impossible to intrigue for a second term of office for himself. He can have but one motive in all he does—that of ministering to the public good. Every step that he has taken thus far has tended to accomplish his object. Where there was discord, there is peace. Where there was violence, there is good-will. Where there was despair, there is hope. We believe that there has been a more decided return of loyal feeling in the South toward the national government since President Hayes was inaugurated, than had been realized during the previous twelve years.

This means a great deal to a certain class of petty politicians, who are sure to be carried by it out of power. The men who have lived on Southern outrages must die. The men who are more interested in keeping up party lines than in restoring the national peace and prosperity, must die. The men who can only secure political power by making a trade of politics—who are interested chiefly in maintaining the old doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils—must die, because President Hayes is practically at work for civil service reform. So, whenever and however the onset upon President Hayes may come, it will not be hard to find out what motives are responsible for it. It will not be a strange thing, or a thing unanticipated, to see men of both the great political parties joining hands, on various pretexts, for the preservation in American politics of the spoils doctrine. That doctrine has lain at the basis of our politics so long, and has been the life-blood of such masses of demagogism, that it is not likely to be relinquished without a struggle.

Now, on behalf of the people of the Union, who do the voting and have no political ambitions, we would like to speak a single word of warning to the marplots and the irreconcilables who oppose President Hayes. We are simply anxious that justice shall be done in this country, and that peace and prosperity may follow as consequences. General Grant and his friends have had eight years in which to accomplish the work of pacifying the South, *and have failed.* President Hayes has announced and inaugurated another policy, which promises success; *and*

we propose to stand by him until he has had a fair chance. He is only to have half the time that was given to General Grant, and he needs the popular support which we propose to give him. Meantime, we propose to fight and politically kill every man of you who tries to throw difficulties in his way. We have no faith in your motives, we have lost all confidence in your wisdom, we do not believe in your candor and disinterestedness; we regard you as void of patriotism.

The people are tired of discord. They intend that the policy of the new administration shall have a fair chance. They want peace. They want a reform in the civil service, for they feel that mercenary politics have been a curse and a disgrace to them. They are, at least, not ready to join in any crusade against the policy of the President, until it has had a fair chance to work out its results. Any politician, therefore, in any position, who undertakes a factious opposition to this policy in its initiatory stage, they will regard as a public enemy, on whom they will not hesitate to wreak their revenge. It will be a good plan for all the demagogues to take a low seat for the present, and keep their mouths shut, if they have any hope of a political life in the years to come.

The New Temperance Movement.

THERE seems to be a revival of the popular interest in the temperance question, not only in this country, but in England. Indeed, it seems to us that the peculiar phase which the revival presents in this country is born of the English facts. The terrible state of things in that country among the poor, which has given rise to such noble efforts for temperance by Cardinal Manning, has roused, at last, the ecclesiastics of the English church, and it is becoming quite respectable now in England to work for temperance. That makes it respectable here, of course, and it is really very encouraging to see wine-bibbing clergymen and church members trying, in a moderate way, to counteract the legitimate effects of their own pernicious example. It is a trifle irritating to listen to their disclaimers of sympathy with the "extremists," who have made temperance a hissing and a by-word among respectable people. It is a bit rasping to the original Adam in an old-fashioned teetotaler, who has denied himself that he might save his fellows, to be told that he is looked upon by the people of the new departure as a fanatic; but he understands exactly what that means, and should forgive it and forget it.

It is a comfort and encouragement to know that the results of intemperance have become so well appreciated that "men of moderate views" cannot keep on with their wine-drinking without doing something against their consciences. It is even amusing to see them hold to their wine-glasses with one hand, while they gesture furiously with the other about the abuses of the excise law, and stand upon their rights as freemen, gentlemen, and Christians, with one foot, while the other is lively in kicking the illegal rum-seller.

But we would not make fun of them, for, however much they may be blinded as to their own position and the position of those whose principles and policy they have derided for so many years, they are to be congratulated that they have awakened to the fact that something must be done, and that they have a duty to discharge in the matter. Nay, we are willing to go farther than this, if they prove themselves to be in earnest. We will follow their lead, knowing, of course, where an earnestly pursued purpose will conduct them. All the earnest workers for temperance land in a common conclusion; and the total abstainer may be sure that if these men are in earnest they will soon be in his company. There is no help for it, as he has thoroughly learned by experience and observation.

Now we wish to give a word of counsel to our old-fashioned temperance reformers and temperance people. If by your retiring from the field, or by your following the lead of the new talkers and workers, you can induce or compel them to commit themselves to any positive measures of reform, although these measures may be moderate, by all means give place to them and help them. Do not oppose them, on any account. If they can help you to legislation that is even a step toward that which is best, accept that help gladly. If they wish to try experiments in the line of remedy and reform, don't stand in their way, as they have always been standing in yours. Do anything and everything that will help to commit them to a line of life and policy in the direction of reform. Trust to time and experience for those changes of opinion which will insure progress toward the end that is inevitable.

However much the new friends of temperance in this country and England may vary with the old line of temperance workers in principles, policy, and purpose, they have made a most gratifying advance from their old position. We believe that many of the English clergy have become total abstainers, and this is the best that could be desired. All that these men can do in their own country and in this to make temperance fashionable, will be a help. The only wonder is that a national church, supported by a people poisoned all through with alcohol, so that their principal cities are hells of vice and disease, should have remained indifferent and inactive so long. We are quite content to have them and their sympathizers in this country moderate in their beginnings, so long as they begin. They will learn the nature and necessities of their task as they proceed.

The Pauper Poison.

THERE is not a more humiliating characteristic of human nature than its aptitude for pauperism. It is alike discouraging and disgusting. It is now publicly declared, by responsible professional men, that the majority of those who receive medicines at the free dispensaries in this city are able to pay for them, and pretend to be poor simply to avoid paying for them. It is also declared that between thirty and thirty-five per cent. of our population are receiving medical attendance gratuitously. Instances are detailed in which genteelly dressed men and women,

and persons known to be possessed of considerable real estate, have begged for medicine.

Now this is only an indication of the presence of a moral poison, distributed throughout the whole American people. It may not be as prevalent here as it is abroad; but it must be remembered that it has not had so long a time to work. They are all manifestations of the pauper poison, however—these multiform attempts that are made to get something for nothing. The old "dead-head system" on the railroads, not entirely done away with now, was only a branch of pauperism, and it is astonishing to see how many people there are to-day who are willing to part with self-respect in order to get a free pass on a railroad or a steamboat. To enjoy a ride, the expense of which comes out of somebody else, is, to the ordinary human soul, exceeding sweet. If the willing and rejoicing dead-head is to be found plentifully scattered through good society, it must not be wondered at that among the humbler classes his equivalent is met with at every turn. This whole matter of "tipping" waiters, and of waiters expecting to be "tipped," is a very marked manifestation of the poison of pauperism. A man steps into a restaurant to purchase and consume a meal. He finds a waiter at his side whose business it is to wait upon him. It was for this service that he was hired by the proprietor, and he is paid for it what his labor is worth. At any rate, his service is reckoned into the bill of the customer, and when that bill is paid, the customer's obligations are all discharged. Nevertheless, there stands the expectant waiter, who hopes to be twice paid for his work, or, rather, hopes to receive something for nothing. The whole army of waiters have become, in their souls, beggars. Their little arts of extra attentiveness are the arts of beggary, and nothing else. Their practical and obtrusive pauperism is a nuisance to the community, as well as a curse to them. Manhood goes out as the fee, unearned, comes in. Manhood stays out of one whose expectation is always hankering for a tip.

We have said that the waiter is paid for his service by his employer, but this is not always so. The proprietor himself is often a pauper. He tries to get something for nothing. He charges full prices for his food, and cheats the waiter out of his wages, that he may compel him to collect them of his customers. He not only practices the arts of the pauper himself, but he actually forces his waiters into practical pauperism.

The spoils doctrine, as it has been held and practiced in party politics for the last thirty years, is a pauper doctrine. It has grown out of the almost universal wish to get a living, or to get rich, at the public expense. To get a chance at the public money, men have been willing to sell their independence, to do the dirty work of ambitious politicians, and to become morally debased to an utterly hopeless extent. Men have hung to corporations in the same way, and they cannot yet be shaken off from them. To get something for nothing—to get something for less than it is worth—to get something without paying for it its equivalent in good, honest work, especially if it could be taken from the government or a corporation—this has been the shameful greed of the age, and it is only pauperism. It comes from the genuine poison. It is a direct and legitimate development of the moral scrofula which taints the blood of the country.

The signs of the poison are everywhere. They are notably wherever there is a spirit of speculation. Wall street is the very paradise of pauperism—its paradise or its hell, it matters little which. Wherever there is a man who is getting something for nothing—receiving it, not as a dire necessity, but gladly and as a matter of policy—there is a pauper. There are multitudes of churches that insist that their ministers shall be paupers. They never establish a thorough business relation between themselves and their teachers, but it is a gift by whatsoever the latter may be benefited. Unhappily, there are too many ministers who accept the position gladly. Of course there is a vital distinction between the gifts that flow toward a public teacher as manifestations of the popular affection, and gifts that are doled out to him because it is thought that he needs them. The first can be received with honor; but the second cannot be received, in any case where the money has been honestly earned, without the disgrace of the recipient and the moral damage of the donor. But it happens that multitudes of ministers are actually trained for pauperism. In a certain notable theological school, which now contains one hundred and ten students, there are ninety young men who are receiving aid. What method is it possible to pursue with these men so sure to destroy their independence and manliness as this? How easy it will be for these men, having once accepted alms and lived on that which has cost them nothing, to go on in that course, and how horrible it is to have more than half of the clergy trained up to a love of dependence rather than to a hatred of it! We have the poison of pauperism here at the very fountain-head of what we regard as the highest and best influences.

We have no doubt that these representations will seem overwrought to those who have not accustomed themselves to examining and thinking upon the subject, but they are not overwrought. The subtlety of this pauper poison enables it to enter ten thousand forms of life, and to hide itself behind innumerable disguises. Wherever there is a man who desires to get something without rendering its equivalent in money or work—a man, we mean, who has the equivalent to render—there is a pauper. It matters nothing that he wears good clothes, or occupies a good position. The poison is in his soul, eating out—if it has not already eaten out—his manhood.

THE OLD CABINET.

THE melancholy which we feel in the spring is perhaps communicated from Nature herself. The return of life and consciousness to the earth appears to be accompanied by such tremors and sharp pains as are felt by a man reviving from a swoon.

THERE is a picture in the permanent collection of the Philadelphia Academy which the visitor is likely to overlook, on account of its immense size and its consequent superficial resemblance to the acres of Wests and Wittkamps which surround it. In Washington Allston's "Dead Man Restored to Life by touching the Bones of the Prophet Elisha," the principal figure is the work of a master. This figure, in composition of lines, and in color-technique, is well worth the study of all in this country who aspire to be artists, while in grandeur and subtlety of design and expression it cannot fail to impress every attentive beholder.

IT is worth while now and then to have what is called the truth told you about yourself. There are times when such truth-telling is of great and immediate service. But I have noticed that persons who plume themselves upon speaking the truth to their neighbors are persons who really have no special devotion to truth, but who have, on the other hand, a passion for making people uncomfortable. They do not love their neighbors; they hate them, or are indifferent to them. With them so-called truth-telling is merely a form of self-indulgence.

How would it do, the next time the village truth-teller comes around, for you to tell the truth to him?

"Kind friend, I thank thee for telling me that my daughter's manners are rude, and that my uncle, the parson, should be spoken to about his method of public prayer, and that my Sunday-best-go-to-meeting stove-pipe hat is two seasons behind the times; but let me reciprocate thy kindness by informing thee that thou art a selfish old gossip, without enough brains to perceive the whole truth about any situation, but only a silly half-truth, or a miserable distorted-truth, which, from the best of motives, I advise thee to keep to thyself."

WE doubt if ever before in the history of New York so many persons gathered together to look at a procession consisting of nothing but advertising wagons, as on the morning of the late Carnival. Two things were thereby demonstrated; first, that we overworked and overworried Americans are, after all, quite ready to be amused, if some one will only consent to amuse us,—we being altogether too tired to undertake that labor ourselves; and second, that we are an exceedingly amiable people, and perhaps, as Barnum says, really do like to be humbugged.

One phase of the morning's procession suggests certain æsthetic considerations. Are all subjects capable of romantic or picturesque or heroic treatment, or must the line be drawn somewhere? If it must be drawn somewhere, is it to be drawn this side or the other side of lager-beer?

Whatever emotions may be aroused in a Fatherlander's mind by the sight of a large woman, with bare neck and vivid and many-colored dress, seated or rather wabbled about on a chair perched on top of a lager-beer wagon,—however such a sight may move the soul of a German, we fear it will be a great while before it will afford anything but amusement to the ordinary American mind. Nor is King Gambrinus himself—resplendent in tinsel and false beard, and with that gigantic mug of cotton on his right knee—a much more imposing sight. Jolly John Barleycorn has never been asked to visit in person the country whose language is the same as his own; his colonial subjects know well that the old Britisher would make a sorry figure on Broadway. His German cousin should profit by the example.

But perhaps the cause of Gambrinus has come to languish so alarmingly in this city that it is necessary every now and then to rouse the people by allegorical appeals, such as our "great brewers" bountifully provide on every available occasion.

"THERE is a lot of conscientious work in that," said a friend of mine the other day, calling attention to a picture in which ferns and other plants had been elaborately painted in a manner that is called correct, but which in fact is incorrect, for it is not the way that objects look in nature. You may draw as elaborately as you please, in your painting, if you are able to keep your work from looking finicky. But the picture to which he pointed was a good example of so-called "conscientiousness." It had a dead, superficial look, not unlike that of "spatter-work."

Once, doubtless, to call a work of art "conscientious" was to praise it. There are cases still when the word not only applies, but carries a legitimate compliment. Nowadays, however, if you hear a picture or a poem praised for its conscientiousness, you may be pretty sure that it is dull.

Writers and authors should remember that the public have nothing to do with their methods or their workmanship. Conscientiousness relates to workmanship. We should not be particularly called upon to notice, not even to admire, that. A man deserves no great credit for doing his work conscientiously. Not only every Englishman, but every man, is expected "to do his duty." Tell me a work of art is conscientiously done, and I suspect that it is stupid. Tell me that it is good, and I am satisfied.

Besides, the public is easily deceived about this matter of conscientiousness, both in literary and in plastic art. A piece of writing which impresses one with the author's learning and labor is very apt not to be

as "able a production" as the reader thinks. And in the matter of painting it is notorious that the public constantly makes the mistake of believing that attention to certain petty detail consumes more time and thought than attention to other, and more important, things.

STAGE-STRUCK young men and women are well-understood incidents of modern society. They are impressible young people who have acquired a fondness for the theater, and perhaps cherish a belief that they resemble some popular actor. Nowadays it is Booth whose style is most affected. You may have seen several young men who, it might be said, look more like Booth than he does himself, especially since he has been wearing his hair shorter. Or perhaps the stage-maniac is the product of private theatricals, or of the declamation class, or of the debating society. These amiable youths sometimes hire a hall or a provincial theater, and come out as Hamlet, for one night only. Sometimes they go on the regular stage in a subordinate capacity, and soon become disillusionized, as it is called.

The stage-struck youth is more easily cured of his folly than the youth who is, as you may say, stage-struck for literature or for painting. I wonder whether leading actors are not more frank with amateur aspirants for theatrical honors than leading authors are with amateur aspirants for literary honors. This may partly arise from the fact that so many notable mistakes have been made in the case of budding authors. Nobody wants to go down to history as the man who told young Longfellow he would never make a poet. Young people, who desire to be "literary," are moreover easily deceived as to their abilities by the ease with which a certain sort of notoriety may be obtained. In the case of young painters, the fact that a boy is called an "artist" the moment he takes a brush in his hand, is itself enough to turn one's head.

The youth stage-struck or paint-struck or pen-struck is sometimes a ridiculous, sometimes a pathetic, sometimes a tragic object; he is generally amiable, always interesting, and occasionally it transpires that he is in the first phases of a genuine artistic career. As before remarked, the imitative Booth is apt to find his level before a great while. The youth who has taken up painting merely because he thinks it would be a fine thing to paint, either puts it aside early, or makes a painful failure later on, or persists till he acquires dexterity enough to paint bad and popular pictures. The youth who has taken up literature merely because he thinks it would be a fine thing to be a writer, either goes at something else, or becomes a drudge or a conscious failure; or he makes himself after a while an object neither of pity nor of interest; wins a cheap notoriety by getting his pieces printed where little or nothing is paid for them; assails editors of periodicals with bewailings and importunities; but as a writer, no matter how much dexterity he may acquire, or how many pieces he may give away or worry into print, he never gets beyond imitation and emptiness. "Why do you not help me? Have you no sympathy with struggling merit? Remember that you yourself, O great and mighty editor, were once at the foot of the ladder!" It is hard to reply to such an appeal, "My dear fellow, if you were even sincere, though without ability, I would do not one thing to wound you. But you have been at this business now for years; you have not shown one particle of talent; your literature is all echo; your ambition is for notoriety, not for recognition. I would cut off my right hand rather than be unjust to you; if I should help you up the ladder I *should* be unjust to you, for every step in the direction you desire to go is a false step; and the position you really wish to attain is a false position."

A FEW days after the above allusion to spring was written, the *chef* of the *Cuisine Classique* across the street came up out of his basement in his white hat, and stood leaning against the iron fence of the area-way. In the middle of May a midsummer madness seized the town. The *chef* is the mercury of our thermometer. His ascent is a sign of warm weather. The plants and bushes in the garden also climbed up with great rapidity. A city garden between brick walls and in a paved court gets a good deal of heat from the sun, and loses none of it. When I came up to the house at lunch-time the scarlet-flowering running beans, from Alfred Bridgeman, planted in boxes, seemed to have grown several inches since morning. The round bed in the middle of the barber's garden, next door, flamed out in tulips of gorgeous colors, almost as instantaneously as a monster fire-work wheel—and almost as quickly as that it burned itself out. While the show lasted, little groups stopped in front of the high iron gate and looked in. Once I saw three children there, and one of these children held a baby up to see the pretty sight—never suspecting what a pretty sight they themselves made with their faces pressed against the diamond lattice.

The barber, by the way, besides being a good barber, which is a praiseworthy thing in itself, is, without knowing it, a benefactor to his race. Would that you and I could be as sure of doing as much good in our day and generation as that man. I will not lay any stress upon the fact that he comes in through a gate between his garden and mine, and takes care of my flowers as well as his own. That is certainly a good deed. But, besides, it is designedly an open fence between the two yards, and through this fence not only I, but all New York, can see right into that back yard of his, which is one of the prettiest little places in this great dusty, noisy, badly architectured and miserably governed city.

Hanging flat against one of his walls are two small awnings, about three feet long each. You will not find out what they are for unless you happen to pass at the right time of day. Then you will see a cage under each red, white, and blue awning, in one cage a mino bird, and in the other a toucan. If you say "Mino," the dark-feathered creature will repeat its name after you with great distinctness and complacence. If you go to the barber's desk with

your counter, you may hear, while waiting for your change, an old man's heavy, satirical laugh. It is the mino bird that laughs that way. The toucan has a beak as long as its body; it makes no sound, except on Sunday, and then its confidential friends hear it croak like a frog. But its compensation is the exquisite coloring of its plumage and of its gigantic beak. No one who has read the "Descent of Man," can look upon the toucan without lively interest, for that extraordinary beak is one of the toughest nuts that Darwin cracks, or tries to crack. The instrument is not, it would appear, particularly well adapted for procuring food. "It is not at all incredible," says the great naturalist, "that toucans may owe the enormous size of their beaks to sexual selection, for the sake of displaying the diversified and vivid stripes of color with which these organs are ornamented." "Of one species," says an author quoted in "The Descent," "the colors of the beak are doubtless in the finest and most brilliant state during the time of pairing." At night, the barber will tell you, this queer and lonely bird twists its beak around till it rests on its back, lifts up its tail, and goes to sleep without one thought of the man who has made it famous.

I was sitting in one of the chairs in the shop when I heard some one whistle a pretty little waltz. "That is the bull-finch," said the young German who was shaving me. There are two trained bull-finches in the shop; and lately the barber has bought a trained canary, which sings most tenderly and entrancingly an air from some opera I have never heard. The canary was taught by an old man on Eleventh street, who did not darken the room for that purpose, but simply turned out this air from a small hand-organ, fifteen or sixteen times a day, for ten months, till, little by little, the bird got it by heart. His new master has had another small organ set to the same tune and now and then plays it "for remembrance." But the bird gives the tune with much more delicacy and feeling than the organ, although sometimes it stops in the middle and has to be coaxed on by its master, who cocks his head first on one side and then on the other, and chirrups like a canary.

A YOUNG American artist who knew Jean-François Millet well, picked up the June number of SCRIBNER and came upon the portrait of Tourguéneff, accompanying Mr. Boyesen's essay. "How much this man looks like Millet," he said. "There is a difference in the way the beard is worn, but otherwise the resemblance is striking." He afterward turned to "The Old Cabinet" and noticed for the first time what was said there about the correspondence between the art of these two men. A curious coincidence, if nothing else. Those who visit the Philadelphia Academy this year should not fail to see Millet's "Shepherd."

Love and Death.

I.

"Now, who can take from us what we have known—
We that have looked into each other's eyes?
Though lowering night should blacken all the skies,
The day is ours, and what the day has shown.
What we have seen and been, hath this not grown
Part of our very selves? We, made love-wise,
What power shall slay our steadfast memories,
And who shall take from us what is our own?"

So when a shade of the last parting fell,
This thought gave peace, as one deep comfort hath,
Who, thirsting, drinks cool waters from a well.
But, sudden, I saw that spirit without breath,
That body bodiless, that invisible
Maker of visible woe; I looked on Death!

II.

We know not where they tarry who have died.
The gate wherein they entered is made fast:
No living mortal hath seen one who passed
Hither, from out that darkness deep and wide.
We build on Faith; and some less bold have cried,
"Behold the butterfly!—the seed that's cast!"
Vain hopes that fall like flowers before the blast!
What man can look on Death unterrified?

Who love can never die! They are a part
Of all that lives beneath the summer sky;
With the world's living soul their souls are one:
Nor shall they in wide nature be undone
And lost in the general life. Each separate heart
Shall live, and find its own, and never die.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Public Squares and Public Spaces.

As a rule, the open spaces in a country village are open to no other criticism than that of neglect; but the exceptions are not rare, when an attempt at improvement has resulted in a sort of cemetery look that gives anything but a cheerful, pleasure-ground aspect.

There is not much danger that persons who are enthusiastic for the improvement of the town in which they live, will err on the side of too great simplicity. The public squares and parks of large and wealthy cities are regulated and maintained at great cost and under skillful and artistic management, and they cannot fail to strike country visitors as being in all ways desirable. So indeed they are. They

are a chief element of the city's beauty, and from an æsthetic point of view their influence is the best to which its people are subjected. But their beauty and their æsthetic influence are both the result of a well-directed expenditure of large sums of money. It is quite natural that an enriched manufacturer or merchant, proud of his native village, should be ambitious to perpetuate the memory of his benefaction by providing for some corresponding decoration of its public green, and that he should attempt to reproduce there, on the smaller scale proportionate to the circumstances, the sort of magnificence that he has seen in the city park. If left to his own sweet will, —as he often is if he is willing to spend money for the public benefit,—he will, unless he is a rich man of the rarer sort, succeed only in producing a conspicuous imitation. A park railing of artistically worked wrought-iron will be represented by a cast-iron substitute of much more elaborate device, and he will probably pile on here and there an amount of cheap ornamentation, which at the first glance will have a certain imposing effect. In the matter of planting there may be an amount and variety of foreign shrubbery and sub-tropical plants, which under proper care would be of great value and beauty, but which, with the neglect to which they are doomed in their village home, are quite certain to abort. In fact, we may expect to see what indeed we may now see in a painful degree in many of our smaller towns, a halting attempt at the outside show of the city park, which an absence of those elements of artistic selection and appropriateness to the conditions which are to prevail, develop as time goes on into an ignominious failure. The trouble is that in all expenditures of this sort we are apt to begin at the wrong end. In the making of a park, every step that is taken, whether the park be large or small, it is a costly one, and if taken in their reverse order every step is a wasted one. The chief reason why the final decoration of a city park is so satisfactory is that it is only the crowning work of many processes which have had the best and most careful attention from the outset. The wrought-iron grille, the architectural fountain, the bronze statue, the delicate trees and shrubbery, and the smoothly finished walks and drives depend for their success upon a vast amount of costly fundamental work, and a provision for constant skillful care which have cost a deal of money, and which look to a large permanent outlay. The elaborate fence must stand on no unstable foundation; the fountain must be only the ornamental central point of artistic and well-kept lawns and approaches. The statue must stand amid appropriate surroundings, and all but the simpler native vegetation must have its suitable soil and be insured its needed protection and care at all seasons. The degree to which these more ornamental features may be given to the village green with any hope of satisfaction will depend almost entirely upon the thoroughness with which it has been prepared to receive them, and could the enthusiastic members of the association be brought face to face with the cost that is needed for quite hidden fundamental work in order to prepare their green for the more elaborate artistic decoration, they would be deterred at the outset from attempting anything so ambitious. Could they know the cost of the mere work of grading and subsoil cultivation, underdraining, manuring, laying the deep foundations for foot-paths, and securing that perfect growth of grass without which all park-like decoration is robbed of half its value, they would set their faces resolutely against all propositions on the part of public-spirited citizens to veneer their unprepared grounds with misplaced exterior adornment.

If money enough can be provided to do the work thoroughly well from its very foundation, then, of course, nothing more is needed than that its direction be placed in accomplished hands; but, unless this is fully assured, if, as is nearly always the case, economy is the first thing to be considered, then the rule of action is fully stated in two words, *simplicity* and *thoroughness*. Avoid all fantastic ornamentation and all decoration of every sort, that would be appropriate only to work of a more complete and substantial character. Let whatever is done be done in the most thorough way. If the ability is only enough to secure good grass, then do everything that is necessary to furnish the best conditions for the growth of grass, make suitable provision for its care, and attempt nothing further. Good lawn-like grass surfaces, crossed only by foot-worn pathways over the turf, will be more beautiful and more satisfactory than will poor grass, and cheaply made and ill-kept walks. If something more than securing the best grass is possible, then let the next expenditure be in the direction of paths, applying to the construction of these the principles set forth in what has hitherto been said about sidewalks. In the case of level walks, with imperfect means of drainage, it is often desirable to secure the better foundation that is given by filling in the foundations of the walk to the depth of a foot or more with small stone. Whatever may be the natural character of the soil, unless always well drained by a porous subsoil, the first step toward establishing a good lawn is to secure perfect underdrainage. Establish a good outlet at a depth of three and a half or four feet below the surface at the lowest point of the area to be drained, and then, selecting the necessary lines for main drains, lay out parallel lines (thirty feet apart at a depth of three and a half feet, or forty feet apart at a depth of four feet) to include the whole area, and on these lines lay well constructed drains of small open-jointed tiles. Cover these tiles with the most compact earth that has been excavated, and after filling to a depth of one foot, tramp or ram this earth tightly. Then fill the rest of the trench, heaping over the lines any excess of material that may need the settling effect of heavy rains, to work it into place. The next step is to reverse or thoroughly mix the whole soil, to a depth of at least fifteen inches. This work can be completely done only with the aid of hand-shoveling, but the use of the plow will greatly facilitate it. Its purpose is to make such an admixture of the organic matter of the surface soil with the more compact material of the subsoil, as will make it sufficiently porous and fertile for the easy penetration of roots.

It is best that this work should be done in autumn and, if the land is level, that the freshly raised subsoil should be left exposed in its rough and lumpy condition—without harrowing—to the frosts of winter. If washing is to be apprehended, then sow the ground thickly with rye, harrowing in the seed only roughly. If the seeds are sown early enough the growth will be sufficient to protect the surface from washing. During the winter let the whole surface be heavily covered with stable manure,—the more heavily the better, as there is no limit to the amount of coarse manure that may with advantage be used for the establishment of permanent grass. In the spring, as soon as the ground is dry enough to work easily, plow in the manure, with as shallow furrows as will suffice to cover the most of it; then harrow repeatedly, bringing the surface to as true a grade as possible, and sow it heavily with a mixture of Rhode Island Bent Grass, Kentucky Blue Grass, and White Clover. As soon as the seed is well sprouted, showing green over the whole ground, roll the area repeatedly and thoroughly until it is as smooth and hard as it is possible to make it. As soon as the grass has attained the height of three inches, let it be cut with a lawn mower, and let the cutting be repeated at least weekly throughout the growing season, and as often as necessary until the end of autumn.

If paths are to be made, it will simplify matters to make them after the grass has become well established; supposing only a good surface footway of ashes or concrete to be needed; for the small amount of excavation necessary under either of these systems may be scattered over the grass spaces without injury. But if the more thorough system is adopted of underlaying the walk with a foot or more of stones, then the work, except the final dressing of gravel or ashes, should be done in the autumn, or, in any case, before the final preparation of the soil for seeding.

Concerning trees and ornamental shrubbery for parks and open spaces, it is not possible to give detailed directions here, beyond recommending, as in the case of roadside plantations, that, unless the work is to remain permanently in the charge of an experienced gardener, with the necessary appliances for the care and protection of the more delicate specimens, the arrangement and the selection should be confined to the more hardy and vigorous trees and shrubs which experience has shown to be adapted to the climate and soil of the locality.

For roadsides, and largely in parks and village greens, the world offers no tree that can compare in dignity and grace with the broad spreading American elm, though for the sake of variety and for the sake of an earlier effect, the list may of course be considerably extended.

GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

House and Home Building.

IN building the best class of New York City houses, or even the second class, the housekeeper's wants are considered with an insight and a minuteness of detail which are not to be found, perhaps, anywhere else. Our grandmothers, famous housewives as they were, compared to their degenerate daughters, would be amazed at the appliances for the physical comfort and convenience, not only of master and mistress, but of cook and butler, in these splendid and honestly built mansions. But there are thousands of dwellings which spring up like mushrooms every year in this and other cities, as splendid outwardly, but by no means as honestly built. They are imitated in every provincial town and village; the uncomfortable and showy type of house is considered in fact "the style" by imitative people. We could name whole towns not two hours from New York, composed of flamboyant pasteboard villas, gorgeously decorated without, and consisting within of a magnificent hall, drawing and dining rooms and show chambers, while kitchen, pantries and cellars are small, dark, and thrust, as far as may be, out of sight and existence altogether. Now, it is inconsiderate enough for the New York house-owner and his wife, who do not visit their kitchens or cellars twice a year, to make them uninhabitable, but for people to follow their example who are compelled to do their own work half of the time is a subservience to fashion only possible to a certain class of Americans. If any one be in doubt of our meaning let him enter one of the "elegant and commodious mansions" built in blocks in New York and Philadelphia and offered at once for sale. It is useless to hope for reform in houses built frequently *en masse* by contract; but practical housekeepers here or in villages in the far West who build their own houses may not despise a few practical suggestions.

First, let your cellars be large, well ventilated and lined with stone or cemented above the level of the ground. The breath of life in furnace-heated houses depends literally on the air of the cellar, unless there be a flue for fresh air extending from the furnace out-of-doors (never the case in cheap, showy houses). The air of the whole house is sucked through this narrow and often unclean apartment, the care of which is usually intrusted to ignorant servants. We have spoken in a previous number of the malaria engendered by massing quantities of vegetables in the cellars as is the practice in farm-houses during the winter. The lining of stone or cement not only prevents dampness but is absolutely necessary in streets though which the sewers pass, as a protection from rats. Terriers, ferrets, traps or poison are feeble defenses against the legions which swarm in nightly from a neighboring culvert. Next to the cellars comes the kitchen, which should be large, airy and sunny. To take no higher ground, conveniences in this department are a politic investment which pays a full interest of capital, especially to the housekeeper who does not live in a large city. Stationary tubs, closets beneath the dressers for flour, dry groceries, spices, etc. will be likely to tempt into her household a better class of servants, and when she is forced to turn cook and baker herself, will take half the burden from her weary hands. An addition to comfort much neglected by builders is the lighting of stair-ways,

closets, pantries. We have in our mind's eye a modest little house, in a closely built neighborhood of dark dwellings, which gives you a sunny, cheerful welcome in every corner: a result produced not only by windows wherever a window is practicable, but by a sky-light of plate glass which sends down sunshine through three floors of closets, halls and pantries. A mistake made also, which resolves itself into a question of humanity, is the placing the servants' chambers on the top of the house, be that three or seven stories above the kitchen. Passing along a city street at night one cannot look up at the dim lights burning in these far skyey attics without a groan of compassion for the wearied wretches dragging themselves to their beds up yonder after the day's hard labor.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"The American." *

THOSE who have faith in the growth of literature according to seed and soil, have long cherished the hope—deferred from season to season—that the "great"-ness which characterizes so many American things would soon develop itself in fiction. A great American novel has seemed to many a confident and hopeful patriot to be heralded with the incoming of each new writer. Mr. James early showed qualities which justified the turning of expectant gaze in his direction. The "Passionate Pilgrim," "A Modern Madonna," and "The Last of the Valerii," showed some qualities which might well grow to greatness. It is true that in "Madame De Mauves" and in "Roderick Hudson," expectation received a warning; but Mr. James had given such unmistakable evidence of originality and delicacy, and of skillful *technique*, that when the first chapters of "The American" made their appearance we were justified in looking for a novel thoroughly American in character and sufficiently good to satisfy our national literary longing. It was evident that the movement of the story was to be on foreign soil,—where its author is so much at home,—and that but one of its important characters was to be of our own people, but this one character was so thoroughly of the best typical American sort as to afford a safe basis for the highest hopes that might be built upon it. Big, rich, frank, simple-hearted, straightforward, and triumphantly successful, he satisfied us entirely by his genuine and hearty manliness, and he seemed to carry in his very blood a genius for success in any direction toward which his modest strength might be turned.

Though deficient in cultivation, and though possessed of no artificial advantages that might not be readily traced to a manly character, and to the sort of career to which such a character naturally turns in our most active haunts of business, he had a breezy and wholesome confidence in himself, and a kindliness toward all his fellows which made him a thoroughly engaging hero. Up to the time of Valentin's death, we had gained such faith in his stability and in his straightforward determination to attempt only what was right, and to follow up his attempt to crowning success, that it would have seemed the most natural thing in the world for him not only to marry Madame de Cintré, but to become the guiding head of the whole house of Bellegarde, gaining a controlling respect within the circle of the *haute noblesse* of which that house was a center.

The process by which Mr. James created in the minds of his readers an ideal so different from that which he himself had conceived, is not easy to explain, unless by the suggestion that he set forth external evidences which had fallen uncomprehended under his notice, and which meant far more to us than they did to him. Traits in which he found only material for artistic delineation, indicate to those who really know the type of American to whom they belong, a nobility and heroism which it seems never to have been his good fortune to detect. Certain it is that while in drawing this character he furnishes food for admiring contemplation, he was himself quite ignorant of its significance.

For many chapters after the fatal duel there is nothing in the movement of the story to disturb our faith in its hero. He followed the clue that Valentin had given him, and came into full possession of the tragic secret of the Bellegardes. Madame de Cintré quailing before her fiendish mother, and her stone-hearted older brother, cowered away into her Carmelite novitiate. A strong, clean-souled, upright, and resolute American, whose inmost life she had stirred with an admiring and satisfying love, held the power to overcome their stern will, and to bring her back to such happiness as, under their hard heel, she never could have known. Up to this point Mr. James had the full sympathy of his readers. Thenceforth, save for a waning hope that at the last moment he might still not betray our trust, the successive steps of the story grow more and more disheartening, and we finally close the volume, conscious victims of misplaced confidence.

Briefly stated, Newman, by a carefully studied and minutely defined chain of events, which had begun with the sacrifice of a happy and engaging young life, and the later links of which had been forged, one by one, with the best skill of Mr. James's hammer, had been armed with the means for vigorous battle. In the Parc Monceau the very moment of his victory was at hand. Then, with one dull, slow, cold look, the Marquis de Bellegarde measured his enemy's strength and found that it was only weakness. He brushed Newman almost unheeded

* The American. By Henry James, Jr. J. R. Osgood & Co.

from his path, and Madame de Cintré, in default of the manly help that Newman alone could give her, sank into the sad, lonely, life-doomed "Sœur Véronique."

The only purpose of Valentin's life or death, so far as the conduct of the story goes, was to develop the character of that extremely objectionable and repulsive young person, Mademoiselle Nioche. And later, while our hearts are sad over the sufferings of the real heroine, and before hope is quite dead, that the hero may yet feel one throb of masculine vigor, we have thrust upon us an unmeaning and offensive delineation of this girl. Save in the post-script of Mrs. Tristram's letter, we have no word of Madame de Cintré, but there is page after page of Nioche. Newman, on the very morrow of his defeat, goes mooning off to England, where he passes three months in purposeless and listless wandering. There and in America, and again in Paris, he proves himself to be, as Mr. James expresses it, "a hopeless, helpless loafer, useful to no one, and detestable to himself."

In palliation of the conspicuous failure of this attempt at novel-writing, reviewers have been profuse in praise of Mr. James's excellent "style,"—a style where delicate and skillful diction are seconded by that trick of suggestive "under-statement" toward which modern fashion so greatly tends. With occasional awkward lapses, Mr. James's style is very good indeed, and a good style is essential to a good novel; so is good dress essential to the completeness of a well mannered and charming person. But the most easy and graceful writing, unsustained by a living subject, hangs tame and unsatisfying, like fine raiment on a clothes-horse. It may be suggested that Mr. James aimed at some other ending of his story than the conventional marriage. To this we answer that a marriage with Madame de Cintré need not have ended the story; it might have been used only as a means for placing Newman in a position to show the value of his rare good qualities. Also, a marriage was by no means necessary to the success of the story. Madame de Cintré might have taken the black veil and Newman's career might have ended in sadness and desolation. But it was an imperative condition that he should have *tried* to marry the woman he loved, and if he must fail, that his failure should be in no wise weak and spiritless. Any man with the force of character needed to make the manufacture of wash-tubs a stepping stone to a great fortune, whether he were an American or not, would have had that in him which would have driven him even to a desperate effort to reclaim a promised wife, whose selfish relations were stealing her away from him, and whom they were dooming to a life of hard seclusion.

It is the best compliment we can pay to Mr. James's writing to say that he gave us such a living interest in his hero, that we are made angry by his own failure to comprehend the character he had created. Can it be that we owe such a fiasco in some degree to the fact that the author has been unconsciously twisted out of his own individuality by the strong influence of Tourguéneff's example? Tourguéneff, however, would justify so miserable an ending; he is remorseless, but he does not shock nor disappoint.

John Burroughs's "Birds and Poets."*

MR. BURROUGHS has earned for himself the right to a predisposition in his favor on the part of every one who has read "Wake Robin" and "Winter Sunshine." The genial and appreciative study of nature which appears in those volumes will be found again, in most, if not in all of the essays collected together under the title: "Birds and Poets." But the last word means that there is something more here than the out-of-doors literature we have hitherto got from this thoughtful writer; it means that from his favorite objects of contemplation and subjects of discourse, he ventures over to the men who have had kindred tastes with him and have interpreted nature in ways differing from his own in various degrees. Emerson is one of these, and his name will be found very often in Mr. Burroughs's pages; Thoreau is another; but the one who seems to afford him the most enthusiasm, but from whom he does not by any means receive the most real inspiration, is Walt Whitman. He says a good word for the old Long Islander in his preface, quotes largely in the first essay a very beautiful passage from one of his peculiar pieces, mentions him pointedly in his "Essays on Emerson," writes two short papers called "Before Genius" and "Before Beauty," to prepare our minds for the expression of his warm admiration of him, and finishes his pretty book with a strong plea for his genius in an article called "The Flight of the Eagle."

Truly, Walt Whitman has a friend at wholesale and retail in Mr. Burroughs,—a friend any one may reasonably envy him. In order to give stronger colors to Whitman, he has to define pretty clearly the limitations, such as they are, of Emerson, and while we admire the clearness, thoughtfulness, and justice of his criticisms, we are more concerned with admiring Mr. Burroughs's championship of Whitman than Whitman himself. Not that the passages he gives are not beautiful; not that Whitman has not written in his peculiar impassioned prose some fine things, and in real versified poetry some of the best war lyrics we possess; but we cannot bring ourselves to admire him as a whole in the generous way of Mr. Burroughs. He even accounts him an extraordinarily scientific poet, and gives us to understand that in the future his deep views of science will be appreciated. But if we were asked which American writer had a mind remotest from the scientific, we should mention Whitman. He uses many mechanical and scientific terms, but they are not used with knowledge—their very use is in some sort a guarantee that his mind is not scientific. But even though we are not convinced that "before Darwin or Spencer, he (Whitman) proclaimed the doctrine of evolution," it does not detract from Mr.

* Birds and Poets, with Other Papers. By John Burroughs, author of "Wake Robin" and "Winter Sunshine." New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Burroughs's merit or the singular enjoyment one gets from his writings. Mr. Burroughs is so charming a companion that one is quite willing to have a difference of opinion with him. It is much as if while walking with him in the fields where he detected the words *Spring-o'-the-year* in the note of the meadow-lark, you should find therein an entirely different phrase and fall into an amicable controversy on that subject. So with a discussion as to poets. For, to quote from his second page:

"The very idea of a bird is a symbol and a suggestion to the poet. A bird seems to be at the top of the scale, so vehement and intense is his life—large-brained, large-lunged, hot, ecstatic, his frame charged with buoyancy and his heart with song. The beautiful vagabonds, endowed with every grace, masters of all climes, and knowing no bounds,—how many aspirations are realized in their free holiday-lives, and how many suggestions to the poet in their flight and song!"

In respect to Mr. Burroughs's style, one feels that it approaches if it does not entirely reach the sphere of what is vaguely enough called literature. At least you feel through it the literary character of the man, or, in other words, the man who has enough to say, and can say his say with enough art to warrant that his book be called a literary production; that, considering the vast horde of distinctly non-literary books, means much. It is also fair to call him a literary critic of a very high and delicate order.

Mr. Aldrich's "Flower and Thorn."*

MR. ALDRICH'S title can lay no claim to originality, for it was manifestly taken from Richter's "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces;" but then originality is not one of Mr. Aldrich's characteristics. It is a pretty title, which suffices for his purposes, and if it is not exactly descriptive of the contents of his volume, no great harm is done. If his poems are poems, we care not by what names he calls them; a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. But are they poems? We are inclined to think they are, and are the best that he has written. They show his limitations, but they also show that he knows his limitations as well as, if not better than, any of the younger American poets. He has his ambitions, no doubt, but he never suffers them to mislead him as to his capacities, which he has carefully measured. He confines himself to doing what he can do, and do well. Others might make more out of some of his themes than he has done, but we are not concerned with the possibilities of others, but with his actualities as here set forth. He is not remarkable for originality,—who is, indeed, in this period of general poetic culture?—but he has his own way of writing, which is something, and his manner never need be mistaken for the manner of another. He belongs to a class of poets which appears in the intervals between creative epochs, and which is represented by Carew, Suckling, Waller, and Herrick in the age of Charles the First; by Cowley, Sedley, Davenant, and others in the Restoration; and, later, by Spencer, Peacock, Praed, Thackeray, Lockyer, and Dobson in England; and here, by Holmes, Saxe, and Stedman.

We cannot all rise to the height of the great arguments of epics or tragedies,—there are seasons in which those who can weary of them; but we can all be touched by lyrics, whether they are grave or gay, and most of us prefer them, we believe, to that large utterance of the early gods. Creative periods are distinguished by imagination, which is an exhaustible element; non-creative periods are distinguished by fancy, which is apparently inexhaustible. We have had no imaginative work that is worth speaking of since Shakspere and Milton exhausted worlds and then imagined new; but of fanciful work there has been no lack, and it was never so abundant as at present. The difference between our fanciful verse and the fanciful verse of our ancestors is, that theirs played round the head but came not near the heart, while ours frequently touches the heart, and to its finer issues. Pathos in humor—the art of blending smiles and tears—was unknown to the early writers of *vers de société*, with the exception perhaps of Herrick. It may almost be said to have been discovered by Praed, who was certainly the first English poet to practice it successfully, and who still reigns supreme over the border lands of the comic and the pathetic. There is a small domain herein which still awaits a ruler, but Mr. Aldrich has not yet shown that he is able to enter it and to possess it. He has the lighter qualities of sovereignty, but is wanting in steadiness and sincerity. He lacks depth and feeling. We speak of him as a poet, of course, and not as a person, for of his personality we know nothing. It is not our business as critics to read between the lines, but to read the lines as they are. What we mean by saying that he lacks feeling is apparent, we think, in "An Untimely Thought." The situation of this little poem is as follows: A husband is at home, and his wife is making ready to go to a party. He describes himself as waiting at the foot of the stairs while she gives the last touch to her robe, or the rose in her hair, and as replying gallantly when she asks him if he likes her dress, and likes her. He thinks of the two boys in the crib upstairs, which are not theirs, for she has not been his wife six years, but is just a sweet young bride in her bloom; and as the carriage rolls down the dark street, he speculates on his death, and concludes with his opening lines:

> "But * * * I wonder what day of the week,
> I wonder what month of the year."

This is pretty writing, but surely it is not genuine emotion, for if the thought of death came to any husband under such circumstances, it would come with more force, more distinctness, more terror. He would not wonder on what day of the week he might die, or on what month of the year,—for days and months would be nothing to him in the shock of a sudden contemplation of death,—but he would wonder what would become of his wife and children. He would see them—he could not fail to see them—beside his death-bed and coffin; his imagination

* Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Flower and Thorn. Later Poems. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

would show him his wife wringing her hands, and his children in tears; he could conjure up ghastly images

> "Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
> And breathless darkness, and the narrow house."

This, or something like it, expressed or hinted, should have been the conclusion of "An Untimely Thought," and, poetically reached, it need not have jarred upon the half light, half serious thought which is its chief *motif*. The pathetic is a rarer gift than Mr. Aldrich seems to suppose, and when it is lacking, it cannot be successfully simulated. No art can supply that unique touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. "Spring in New England" is an evidence of this. It is a cleverly considered, patriotic poem, abounding in picturesque allusions, and graceful turns of thought; but it is devoid of genuine feeling. It is art-work, not heart-work. "Miantonoma," an Indian legend concerning the origin of the pond-lily, is clearly rendered. We wish that Mr. Aldrich had considered it worth his while to relate it in rhymed verse, for we have no liking for unrhymed measures, and we do not believe that they will ever take a permanent root in the language. Milton failed to transplant them in "Samson Agonistes," and in his famous Horatian paraphrase, "What slender youth bedewed with liquid odors." Collins failed in his incomparable "Ode to Evening," and Matthew Arnold, in his "Youth of Nature" and "Youth of Man." Mr. Aldrich is happy in narration. Given a good story, he can tell it as well as any of his contemporaries, and rather better than most of them. He knows how to lead up from point to point; how to reveal, and how to conceal; and he knows, generally, when he has said enough. His manner, which is his own, is sparkling and entertaining, and he has nothing to learn, except perhaps a little more earnestness.

We have not left ourselves room in which to criticise his sonnets, which are carefully finished, nor his "Quatrains," which are pretty. We admire his courage in printing such topics as the last,—we might say his temerity, in that it subjects him to a comparison with Goethe and Landor. If we have any advice to give him, it is that he should sedulously cultivate his poetic powers, which are noticeable for grace and elegance, and which determine his vocation as a writer of *vers de société*. If he is desirous of wearing more enduring laurels than this insures him, he must obey the command of Sidney's muse: "Fool, said my muse to me, look in thy heart and write."

Mr. Froude's "Short Studies." *

It is not very often that one finds in a book of current literature so much of entertainment and instruction as in this volume of essays by Mr. Froude. The longest paper and the leading one is an account of the famous Abbey of St. Alban's.† There is an essay on the "Revival of Romanism." There is also a most interesting discussion of the "Uses of a Landed Gentry." Mr. Froude's frank treatment of this question will be particularly pleasing to Americans who are too much accustomed to hearing such subjects discussed in flattering conformity to their own theories of society. Other papers are upon "Party Politics," "Lucian," "Last Days of the Roman Republic," "Divus Cæsar," etc.

There is in all Mr. Froude's writing a characteristic impetuosity of mind,—we might call it an agreeable wildness. This trait sometimes disposes us to distrust his opinions, and indeed his writing often appears extravagant. Yet it is to this warmth, or rather we should say this impulsiveness, of style that his books owe their fascination. The paper called "Sea Studies" opens with a description of ocean travel in the tropics, which we doubt if any of our historians but Mr. Froude would have been able to write. He tells us that there is nothing like a sea voyage, with its enforced separation from the modern world we live in, to cheat men into the belief that age is an illusion, and that the freshness of life has not gone with youth. He is not speaking of the trip of ten days across the inclement Atlantic. It is rather to the delicious latitudes of the trades he refers, with only light airs upon the surface of its waves of sapphire blue, and with the flying-fish springing like foam under the bows. He says: "Above our head is the arch of the sky; around us the ocean rolling free and fresh as it rolled a million years ago, and our spirits catch a contagion from the elements. Our step on the boards recovers its buoyancy, we are rocked to rest at night by a movement which soothes us into a gentle sleep of childhood, and we wake with a certainty that we are beyond the reach of the postman. We are shut off as in a Catholic retreat from the worries and anxieties of the world. No 'Times' upon the breakfast-table calls our thoughts to the last news from Paris or St. Petersburgh, or the vehemently expressed nothings of last night's debate in parliament." The "Sea Studies" which occupied this voyage were the tragedies of Euripides.

The voyage in which the author found such pleasure, was taken in order to acquaint himself with the scenery and society of South Africa, and to get some idea of the true state of the English colonies which have been set up there. During his sojourn, Mr. Froude kept a diary, and this, or parts of it, under the title of "Leaves from a South African Journal," makes the last chapter in the book. The Journal of course does not pretend to contain a well-thought-out judgment of the institutions of the colonies; it is rather an easy and pleasant description of his impressions as they arose freshly in his mind.

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* Short Studies on Great Subjects. Third Series. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

† First published in Scribner's Monthly, with a view of the Abbey: see numbers for November, December, and January, 1873.

"Questions Awakened by the Bible."*

THIS book is a curiosity in theology. It comes from Princeton, the stronghold of rigorous Calvinism. It is by a Presbyterian minister who had hitherto maintained his "good and regular standing," in spite of a very sharp attack on Dr. Hodge's system of doctrine. The author still remains an intense believer in most of the distinguishing tenets of Calvinistic orthodoxy, and even holds to a sort of "divine right" in Presbyterian church government. But with equally vigorous conviction he maintains in this volume three propositions: first, that the soul is not immortal, but remains after death in complete suspension of conscious existence until the far-distant resurrection; secondly, that Christ, like every other man, inherited the guilt of Adam; thirdly, that God is not a trinity, but in the most unqualified sense one and single; and that Christ was not merely the "second person" in the Godhead, but the whole Godhead; "Father" "Son" and "Spirit" being only different names for one undivided Deity. These propositions are maintained by Mr. Miller solely with Scriptural arguments; and to his mind are entirely consistent with the orthodox doctrines of the fall, the participation of the race in Adam's sin, redemption by a divine atonement, justification, the final judgment, and so on.

The book is marked by much vigor of thought; by an admirably direct, condensed and glowing style; and by the freshness and sincerity of a mind really at work for itself. Its singularity lies in the intimate and unconscious blending of old and new ideas. It is like a geologic "fault," where strata thousands of years apart are thrown side by side. Mr. Miller's *method* is that of the old traditional theology: his *conclusions* are a mixture of what to the younger mind of our time seems like ancient fossils, with startling novelties. His method consists in the acceptance of the entire Scriptures as absolute and sole authority, and a close textual interpretation guided by the metaphysical spirit. Of the strong side-lights thrown by modern scientific and historical study upon religious thought, there is here hardly a gleam. There is indeed a curious isolation from all modern speculative thought. Having occasion, for instance, to renounce with abhorrence any tendency to the Unitarianism which undeifies Jesus, he refers with respect and regret to certain distinguished Arians, but he does not seem to have heard of any later than Isaac Watts: Channing, Martineau, and the whole modern school of Unitarians seem to be unknown to him. He most heartily renounces "reason" as having any authority in religious belief except as an interpreter of Scripture. In a word, he works with the time-honored tools of the schoolmen and Calvin and the Westminster divines and Dr. Hodge.

Not only so, but he most cordially adheres to those points in traditional Calvinism which are farthest removed from the average religious belief of to-day. Of the involvement of the race in Adam's sin, for instance, he, so to speak, can hardly get enough: he believes both in the "real" and the "federal" connection. And he evidently holds certain orthodox doctrines, at least, as of most vital relation to the soul's welfare: thus he says (Part III. p. 12): "I attribute full Deity to Christ; My gospel, therefore"—observe the *therefore*—"my gospel, therefore, is safe: my redemption, perfect." But on the two or three points discussed in this book he has launched into the directest opposition to orthodox theology, though without falling into such forms of heresy as have recently won name and standing. We have not space to indicate his lines of argument, and can only repeat that they show much vigorous thinking, and in their suggestiveness should have value even for such as reject the conclusions. As to the conclusions, again, we may say, comparing them not with the theories of theologians, but with the religious sentiment of the church at large: the first proposition—of a total intermission of life between death and a distant future judgment—is so remote from all ordinary ways of thought that it seems to have little chance to maintain itself. The second proposition, as to the inheritance of Adam's guilt by Christ, is a new shoot from a withered bough: the whole doctrine of "original sin," to which it belongs, however respected by theologians, has small place at present in the working beliefs of Evangelical churches, among which there is a growing disposition to deal with personal sinfulness as a fact, irrespective of "transgression in Adam" or "federal headship." But in his third thesis, that while Christ was in the fullest sense God, there yet is revealed no real threefold division in the Deity itself,—we believe Mr. Miller puts in formal statement what exists as a strong and apparently growing sentiment in American orthodox churches. The tendency among them seems at present to be to worship Christ as God; to address the Deity at one time as Christ, at another time as Father, or as Divine Spirit, or as Creator, or as Ruler; yet to think always of God as one, though contemplated under different names and aspects. We of course make no attempt here to pronounce upon the intrinsic truth of the matter; we only note the disposition as a somewhat conspicuous fact in the Evangelical churches; and we think that in justifying this tendency on Scriptural grounds, Mr. Miller will prove a welcome interpreter to many.

Apart from the intellectual aspect of its discussions, the book has a peculiar moral interest. For the author, by its publication, puts himself at once in imminent danger of being dealt with as a heretic: indeed, he has already been suspended from the ministry by his Presbytery and has appealed to the Synod. This is no light matter to a man of middle age, who not only is bound by the love of a life-time to his church, but regards that church as a kind of divine institution, and is indeed in very close sympathy with

* Questions Awakened by the Bible. I. Are Souls Immortal? II. Was Christ in Adam? III. Is God a Trinity? By Rev. John Miller, Princeton, N. J. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1877.

its distinctive spirit. In the preface to his third part, which is a very interesting disclosure of the inner life of a thinker, and is very manly and modest in its tone, he describes the steps by which he has reached his conclusions, and the considerations of loyalty to the truth which have led him to incur the risk of this avowal. As to what course his Church will take toward him, it must be said that there are reasonable arguments for both sides. The Westminster Confession is the avowed standard of faith of the Presbyterian Church. But by a common consent, won slowly, yet now as well established as the "common law" in our courts, a large latitude is given in the enforcement of this standard. To that latitude there are limits, but those limits are extremely uncertain and constantly shifting.

Mr. Miller urges very justly that many of his brethren who will condemn his peculiar views are themselves less sound than he on other statements of the Confession. Every such case as his brings up the fact that the Confession is subscribed to by every one in more or less of a Pickwickian sense. Just how far the Pickwickian quality in the subscription may be allowed to go has to be determined anew each time according to the temper of the judges. The truth is, the whole system of subscription is a scandal to Christian honesty. It is a disgrace to any Church—and in this matter the Presbyterian is no worse than most of the others—to require its ministers to formally assent to an elaborate creed some part of which every one of them in his heart disbelieves. It is not now a question of sound theology; it is a question of personal honesty. The Westminster Confession may every word of it be true, if you please; none the less it is a shame to religion to ask men who do not believe it to say they do believe it. In effect, the Church does not require or expect a genuine belief in all her articles from her ministers; she exacts only a pretense of belief, understood by every one to be more or less a sham. If the great Presbyterian Church of America were bravely to renounce the time-honored lie, it would be the best day in her history. While the present system stands, with its admitted uncertainties and duplicities and pitfalls for Christian conscience, it must be a question for the judges in every ecclesiastical case like Mr. Miller's, just what degree of manfully avowed dissent from a confession of which nobody believes the whole disqualifies a man for the ministry which owns Christ as its master? In other words, how far does Presbyterian stand for Calvinism, and how far for Christianity? We have no advice to offer Mr. Miller's judges. It is not our business to pronounce on his theology. But we may thank him, in the name of religion and the community, for an example of courageous honesty. And we believe the most brilliant and profound theological speculation to be at present of less consequence to the Church than such sincerity of thought and speech.

NOTE.—In our April notice of the translations of "Fridthof's Saga," by T. A. E., and M. A. L. Holcomb, it should have been said that vowel alliterations are *seldom* unknown to the poets of the Sagas.

New English Books.

LONDON, May 4.

THE past month has been singularly barren of any books of first-rate importance and attraction. Now that the Eastern war is upon us, it is accepted as an excuse for short-comings of every description. Fortunately, it rages at a distance, and though there is a strong and active party represented in the public press by the aristocratic "Pall Mall Gazette" and the popular "Daily Telegraph," who would willingly embroil the nation with Russia, it is to be hoped that the common sense of the great majority of the people will be sufficiently powerful to preserve the peaceful relations now existing between the great European powers. The crisis naturally causes a demand for information on Oriental subjects. Probably the first book on the war of any authority will be written by Mr. MacGahan, whose "Campaigning on the Oxus" had so much success last year. Mr. MacGahan is now with the Russian army, in the interest of the "Daily News," and seems to have succeeded to the honors formerly belonging to Mr. Wm. H. Russell as a model special war correspondent, not to be affrighted by fire, flood, or famine. It is possible that Mr. Eugene Schuyler may co-operate with Mr. MacGahan in his book. The association of ideas has made Captain Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva" one of the successes of the season, though it has little relation to the present phase of affairs. It is now in the ninth edition, and the captain will follow up his good fortune by a new book, to be brought out early in the autumn, more nearly connected with the present scene of conflict—"On Horseback in Asia Minor: Five Months among Turks, Christians, Circassians, and Devil-Worshipers." Captain Burnaby has just returned from this last expedition, and is now one of the lions of the day. He is a cavalry officer in the brilliant regiment of Life Guards, and of course considerably over six feet high, and has certainly exhibited more endurance, energy, and vigor than that style of man is usually credited with possessing. For those who desire a knowledge of the series of events that have led to the present position of affairs in the East, there is no better manual than the book just reproduced in a commodious form, "History of the Ottoman Turks from the beginning of their Empire to the present Time," by Sir Edward Creasy, in one volume, 12mo. The author was well known as Professor of History in the London University College, for many years before his appointment to the chief-justiceship of Ceylon, and subsequent knighthood; his masterly sketch of the "Decisive Battles of the World" has taken its place in all historical collections. Books on Mohammedism and its effects as a religion also appear to attract notice. One of the last is "Christianity and Islam: the Bible and the Koran," by the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens—though the class of students who read the future in the prophetic Scriptures is almost silent; even Dr. Cumming has not yet given his version of the course and tendency of current events. "The Eastern Question," by Rev. M. MacColl, is a valuable resumé of the leading

facts in the present state of the Christian provinces of Turkey.

The other books of the month are too miscellaneous in their character to admit of classification; a few of the leading ones may be mentioned as they occur to mind. Like many other distinguished men, Sir James Scarlett, the most uniformly successful advocate that ever practiced at the English bar, commenced an "Autobiography," and, like the great majority of those who do the same thing, he failed to carry it on very far. The portion he completed is published and supplemented by his son, P. C. Scarlett (a diplomatist) who has added selections from his correspondence and speeches. Scarlett, as Lord Abinger and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, hardly retained the credit he enjoyed as a barrister who moved both judge and juries at his will with extraordinary power, partly owing, no doubt, to his happy, genial face and manner while addressing the court, always to be remembered by those who have seen him. Lawyers have the credit of making pleasant biographies, and Lord Abinger's life should be no exception to this rule. The biography of the "English opium-eater," Thomas De Quincey, is on the eve of appearing. This, of course, will come before the American public in a New York edition, as De Quincey, both in his personal and literary relations, has always excited much sympathy and interest in the United States, where his writings were collected and republished many years before they met with the like homage in England and Scotland. Mrs. Kingsley's life of her late husband ("Letters and Memoirs of Charles Kingsley"), though a book of large size and high price, is now in the fifth edition, and it may surprise some to hear that the number sought by the public, in a given time after its issue, considerably exceeds the sale of Lord Macaulay's life in the corresponding period.

For students of what is called *advanced* theology, there is "The Religion of Israel: a Manual," translated from the Dutch of J. Knappert of Leiden, by R. A. Armstrong, B. A. In a small compass it gives a resumé of the conclusions arrived at by Professor Kuenen in his great work, "The Religion of Israel," a book too scholastic in its form and method for general circulation. Professor Kuenen's results are radically based on the dates assigned to the books of the Hebrew Scriptures, as determined by the leading Hebrew philologists of Germany and Holland. Unfortunately, England is so lamentably weak in this branch of learning (in spite of all her rich university endowments, etc.) that there is scarcely any one to controvert them, and we all, like Dean Stanley, are glad to lean upon Ewald and his school up to a certain point; it seems difficult to the unlearned to know where their guidance is to be suddenly cast off. "The Resurrection: an Essay in three Chapters," by R. W. Macan, is published by the trustees of a theological fund. It puts forth claims to a considerable degree of metaphysical acumen, and deals with "the fact, its significance, evidence, and explanation." The third and concluding volume of "Supernatural Religion: an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation," will appear next week. The original work, though now seldom spoken of, has sold to the extent of six editions, and the new volume will probably bring it again into notice. It examines exhaustively the acts of the apostles, the evidence of St. Paul for miracles, and the evidence for the resurrection and the ascension. The *incognito* of the author has been well preserved, and is yet unbroken. Mr. Grosart has added to his numerous services for old English literature by the production of the first complete edition of "The Poems of Sir Philip Sidney," in three handsome volumes. The editor's well-known habits of research among contemporary literature has done something to extend this collection of the writings of one "dear to the Muses," though the hope of any original matter was destroyed by a fatal fire among the Sidney papers at Wilton House, where they all perished, with one curious exception—the original of the verses to Queen Elizabeth, and they were preserved with a unique relic—a tress of the Virgin Queen's hair, folded within a volume of the "Arcadia." Mr. Grosart does not scruple to call this cherished lock *red*, though no doubt it assumed a different hue in the poems of the Elizabethan era. In modern belles-lettres there is a collection of "The Historical Dramas of Tom Taylor," the most successful writer for the stage of to-day, whose serious works, included in this volume for the first time in an authorized edition, such as "'Twixt Axe and Crown," "Anne Boleyn," "Clancarty," etc., have pretensions to something more than mere transitory popularity, and "The Poems, Humorous and Pathetic, of Tom Hood, edited with a Memoir by his Sister," one volume, 12mo. The younger Hood had individual merits of his own, though he was overshadowed by the greater name of his father. Like him, a life of intellectual labor was prematurely concluded by an early death. Though the fine arts are the chief mission of South Kensington, yet science has an important place in its teachings, and the "Hand-books" on "Food," on "Scientific Apparatus and their Uses," "Reports of Science Conferences," and "Economic Entomology" have been followed by another of general interest and value, on "Animal Products: their Preparation, Commercial Uses, and Value," by P. Simmonds. It commences with the wool-bearing animals and their uses to man, and then goes through the bovine, the deer and antelope tribe, the fur-producing mammalia, the thick-skinned animals, as swine, aquatic mammals, the whale, and oil-supplying races, etc., etc., noticing under each the value of the animal, either as food or as the source of important or costly trade-products, playing a material part in the intercourse of the civilized life of communities. A profusion of illustrations adds to the utility as well as to the appearance of the book. "The Physical Basis of Mind," with illustrations, by George H. Lewes, relates to philosophy of a higher kind. It forms the second volume of the writer's "Problems of Life and Mind," and, as its title implies, strives to connect material phenomena with the manifestations of intellectual processes. In historical literature the continuation of Mr. J. A. Symonds' great work on "The Renaissance in Italy" stands alone. The newly published

portion comprises two volumes, not numbered consecutively, but each complete in itself: one, "The Revival of Learning," the other, "The Fine Arts." The enduring attractions of Italy are shown in a book on a comparatively new branch of the subject, "The Tiber and its Tributaries: their Natural History and Classical Associations," with maps and illustrations, by S. A. Smith, and "The Roman Forum: a Topographical Study," also with maps, plans, and illustrations, by F. M. Nichols, of Wadham College, Oxford. An elegant little volume connected with ancient art must not be forgotten—"The Mythology of Greece and Rome, with Special Reference to its Use in Art," from the German of O. Seemann, edited by B. H. Bianchi. It treats an old subject in a new light, bringing out its various relations to artistic culture, both of ancient and modern times. The great picture sale of the collection formed by Baron Albert Grant must have been an occasion of woe to many other gentlemen who have been large purchasers of paintings at the prices current within the last four or five years. It consisted entirely of modern works of the English school. The fall between the cost and the sum realized is calculated as at least one-third, as pictures said to have stood the owner in £150,000 produced but little over £100,000. The purchaser had evidently been guided in its selection by the popularity of the artists and their subjects, and the result did not show any attempt at appreciation of a higher tone. A complete contrast to this collection is shown in the contents of a new artistic enterprise, the Grosvenor Gallery, due to the liberality of an amateur and patron of the arts, Sir Coutts Lindsay, who has expended about $700,000 in the execution of a favorite project. The gentleman, who is himself an artist of great accomplishments, combines the aristocratic blood of the Earls of Crawford with the plebeian wealth of the Coutts and Trotters, —great bankers, contractors, commissioners, etc., etc.,—and so is able to indulge his tastes to any extent. The school of art he patronizes has succeeded to the old pre-Raphaelite one, and though, like that, founded on the practice of the early Florentine and Venetian painters, draws its inspiration from the *classical* manifestations of their art, while the pre-Raphaelites leaned altogether to their *devotional* aspect. The pictures exhibited are all sent by invitation from the proprietor, and form an interesting collection of works by artists rarely seen at ordinary exhibitions, as E. Burne Jones, Spencer Stanhope, James Whistler, Sir Coutts Lindsay himself, etc., etc.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Gaseous Fuel.

THE use of wood or coal in stoves and ranges for domestic purposes is essentially wasteful and expensive. Taking anthracite, as used in our cities, for cooking, the cost to the consumer includes the cost of the coal at the pit's mouth, the transportation, commissions on sales, storing in the house, the labor of putting on the fire, and the expense of removing the ash and waste. If the full thermal value of coal could be utilized in a cooking or heating stove these items would not be worth considering. When it is considered that an ordinary grate gives only 3 per cent. of the heating capacity of the coal consumed in it, the matter assumes another aspect and it may well be doubted if coal is the best domestic fuel.

Moreover, coal and wood as fuels are not sufficiently under control to be economical. To boil sufficient water to make a liter of tea often demands a bundle of wood and ten kilos of anthracite, because a less quantity of coal cannot be made to burn; and yet this amount of fuel has sufficient heating capacity, if fully developed and rightly applied, to raise over eight hundred kilos of water from 60° Fahr. to the boiling point, or 212° Fahr. The waste of domestic labor in building and tending fires and removing the ashes; the waste of the fuel for hours after the work demanded of it is done; the waste of other materials, carpets and furniture, and the injury to health by reason of the dust and the excessive heat of the stove in warm weather can only be roughly estimated. Every householder knows how grievous the burden. The cost of coal is, next to rent, the largest expense in domestic life; the cost of stoves and ranges is the largest single item in the expense of furnishing a house. It is a conventional form of expression to say that coal burns. Practically, it does not burn, it merely supplies gas and the gas alone gives the flame, light and heat. In starting a coal fire, paper or other light material is burned (or its gas), and this heat compels the kindling wood to give up its gas, that escapes in singing jets, and this burning gas forces the coal to give up its gas in turn and this burning coal-gas makes our fire. The process of breaking the gas out of the coal proceeds through each lump from the outside toward the interior, and the stony and useless matter that forms the bulk of the coal and that makes the ashes resists the process and absorbs and wastes the heat of the burning gas. Besides this, the gas is accompanied by other non-burning gases and these rob the flame of its heat, check the combustion and carry away unburned up the chimney much of the valuable gas.

These facts are well known. It has long been admitted that a stove is a most imperfect gas retort, or gas-making machine; but the abundance of coal and its apparently low price have made it the universal fuel. The abundance of coal is questionable. Its cheapness is only apparent and not real, and the question now raised is whether coal is either scientifically or commercially the best fuel. The question involves matters of the widest interest both in trade, manufactures and domestic life, and it is the most

important question in the immediate future. Coal has been tried and has been found wanting. It is not a cheap fuel, and a cheap fuel is one essential factor in our civilization. The fuel of the future is gas, cheap, non-luminous, heating gas, delivered in pipes at every shop and house.

Common illuminating or street gas is already extensively used as a domestic fuel during the warm weather and many families use it all the time. There is a steady and constantly increasing demand for gas-stoves, and, either in their present form or in some improved shape, they are the type of the future cooking stove. The gas-stove gives the full intensity of its flame at the instant it is lighted; its flame intensity is uniform all the time, and the moment the work required of it is over, it may be extinguished. There is no waste of the heat before or after the actual work needed is accomplished; there is no dust or solid waste after the fire is out, and the light and invisible products of combustion are readily removed. Gaseous fuel requires only a match to give its full heating power; it is cleanly, safe and does no harm to carpets or furniture. It saves all the cost and labor of handling a crude and rough material; it may be concentrated upon any desired spot, and by means of flexible pipes the stove in which it is used may be moved from place to place.

The advantages of a gas fuel are recognized in all our cities, as the general use of gas-stoves testifies, and it requires no further discussion. The important question in this matter is the quality, character, and price of this form of fuel. It must be cheap, it must have a high heating capacity, and it need not be luminous. Of the different methods of making gas employed in this country, the most common is the retort system. Gas-works are a disagreeable adjunct of all our towns, and the process by the retort system is familiar and needs no special mention. The gas now used for fuel is almost wholly from this class of works. Among the other methods of making gas that promise more in the way of a really cheap and high-class heating gas, is one that produces a water-gas. The manufacture of gas from steam, and thus indirectly from water, has been under experiment for a great many years, and only within a short time has it been possible to make a water-gas upon a commercial scale. The plant needed to manufacture this gas differs widely from the huge structures used in making gas by the retort system, and with the exception of the purifying apparatus and the gas-holder, only requires a few small constructions of insignificant proportions. The first of these is called a generator, and it resembles in appearance a small cupola furnace, or stack. It is built of brick, hollow within and is of a circular shape, and covered on the outside with wrought-iron. This generator has a charging-door, or trap, at the top (on the level of the second floor of the building), a grate at the bottom, and inlet pipes below it for an air-blast. Near the top is also an outlet pipe for the escape of the products of combustion. Near this generator is another brick stack, perhaps twice as high and of proportionate size, and lined on the inside with fire-brick. There is an open-work brick arch near the bottom, and above this the interior is entirely filled with loose fire-brick thrown in roughly, so as to be full of spaces and openings throughout the entire mass. Below the arch is an air-chamber, and above the mass of loose brick is a tall smoke-stack, or chimney, with a damper for closing it tight when it is necessary. Just below the top is an outlet with a large pipe for leading away the gas. A pipe extends from the top of the generator to the air space under the arch in this regenerator, or superheater as it is called, and opposite to this pipe is an inlet for another air-blast.

When the apparatus is to be used for making gas, the generator is filled about half full of anthracite coal through the charging-door, and this is fired in any convenient manner and the blast is applied. The blast quickly drives the fire up to a high temperature, and the products of combustion pass out through the pipe at the top and thence down to the bottom of the superheater, and then rise through the mass of loose fire-brick and escape at the top. The outlet for the gas is kept closed, and in a few moments after the fire is started, the second air-blast is turned into the base of the superheater and fire is here applied, and the whole mass of the superheater is instantly filled with flame.

By the time the coal is at a red heat, the brickwork of the superheater is at a white heat. At this point, when the loose brick-work is intensely hot, the smoke-stack is closed and the gas outlet is opened. At the same moment small jets of superheated steam (or a common dry steam) are turned directly into the mass of hot coals just above the grate-bars. The steam is decomposed and in a new form rises through the fire, goes over into the superheater and rises through the mass of white-hot bricks, and appears at the outlet in the form of a water-gas. From the outlet the hot gas passes to the washer, scrubber, and other purifying appliances, such as are used in ordinary gas plants, and finally reaches the holder. In a short time the influx of steam checks the fire, and the process comes to an end. The steam is shut off, more coal is charged on the fire, the air blasts are started, and the whole process begins again. In a few moments the fire is in condition to resume its work, and the gas-making goes on as before. To make the gas continuously, two sets of apparatus are used, and while one is making gas, the other is being fired up. By this arrangement, one man can make gas at the rate of 945 meters (3,000 feet) in thirty minutes, and with only an expenditure of about fifty or sixty kilos of coal for the productions of over 4,000 meters (15,000 feet) of gas. By the addition of simple machinery, whereby hydrocarbons may be added to the water-gas during its manufacture, the same apparatus produces an illuminating gas of excellent quality.

None of the gas-works now in operation in this country and using this or similiar processes make a simple, non-luminous, heating gas. It is only necessary to leave out the hydrocarbons, to give up this enrichment for the sake of light and the apparatus will

give the required gaseous fuel. It cannot be expected that gas plants for making a heating gas will be immediately erected, for the demand is yet to be developed. It certainly will be developed in time, for gaseous fuel presents so many advantages over the present system of domestic heating and cooking, that this water-gas in some form is evidently to be the fuel of the future. The companies now making luminous water-gas will in time, no doubt, find it to their advantage to lay two mains and to manufacture both luminous and heating gases, and to sell the non-luminous gas at a low rate that will make it commercially available. It is reported that such a gas can be sold at a profit at from 50 cents to $1 per 315 meters (1,000 feet), and if this can be done, gas will ultimately replace coal as a domestic fuel.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

IN THE PARK.

THE following clever parody has been going the rounds of New York City for some time. We do not know where it originated. It is called

Identity.

IF you could be, as I think you are,
Some other person, as others are,
I should not muse, as I gaze to-night,
Seeking that distant red-rayed star:
Another were less bright.

For when two mingle their beams for aye,
How thought will dartle and then grow dim:
—You see how my star shoots out a ray,
Now strong and brilliant—now faint and slim,
As stars oft have a way.

Well—one star less—were a somewhat more;
But what that more is I cannot tell;
When they shoot, these stars, from the azure shore—
(You note where yon crimson traitor fell)
Is their light forever o'er?

And you, if you could (as I think you might),
Be another person, as others be,
Would your present being, with all its light,
Go out?—be utterly lost for me?—
What is?—and what is right?

A Difference.

"WHAT will you give me for this dog-skin, sir?"
"My boy!" the man replied,—"was your dog fat?"
"*Yes sir!*" "So very fat?" "Indeed he were!
If ever dog were fleshy,—he were that."
"Well, then, my son! I'm sorry—for the fur
Of such fat dogs is valueless." Thereat
The boy exclaimed,—"Now that I do recall
That dog,—he wan't so blamed fat after all!"

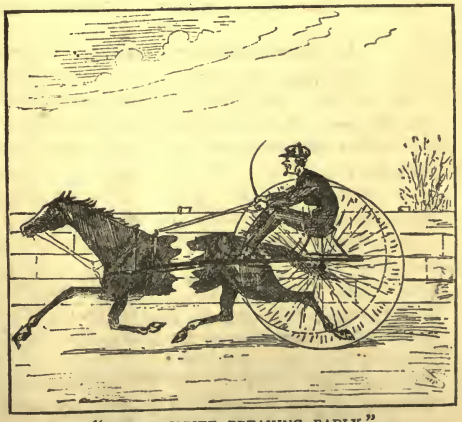
D. S. FOSTER.

The Whispered Secret.

A SERVIAN SONG.

Two fond lovers in the meadows meeting
Kiss each other, kiss on kiss repeating;
And, while thinking no third party knows it,
Lo! the meadows near at hand disclose it;
To the white flocks and the grazing cattle
They repeat the tale with busy prattle;
Then the flocks, who heard it with precision,
Print it plainly on the shepherd's vision;
He repeats it to a gay wayfarer
Who in turn becomes the soft tale-bearer;
To a sailor on the sea he takes it;
He into a tuneful song then makes it:
To his ship he sings it in all quarters,
And the ship confides it to the waters;
While the waters, worse than any other,
Rush in speed to tell the maiden's mother.
Then the maiden, all the case discerning,
Thus exclaims, with wrathful blushes burning:
"Meadows! Oh that Spring had not arrayed you,—
Flocks! may cruel dogs and wolves invade you!—
Shepherd! thee may Moslem anger vanquish!—
Wanderer! may you walk in constant anguish!—
Sailor! soon may ocean's billows wreathe you!—
Ship! may fire unquenchable insheathe you!—
And thou—to tell a mother of her daughter—
Sink deep in earth, O tattling, treacherous water!"

JOEL BENTON.



"THE FAVORITE BREAKING BADLY."

Crow-which?

A CABIN'S side,
At eventide:
The traveler seeking shelter there:—
"Keep you all night?
Sartin, Jedge, 'light,
Sech as we hev we share.

"Jones are our name."
"Squire Jones?" "The same.
You 'quainted much this way?
Sal, fetch a chair;
You Bill out thar,
Give that yer hoss some hay."

Of rooms but two
Has Jones, and few
His household goods, and poor,—
Two chairs, one bed—
His guests instead
Have "shakedowns" on the floor.

Yet here, forsooth,
This man uncouth
Has pictures twenty-three!
Cheap prints and small
Save one, are all—
A chromo that, of Lee.

The traveler says,
With wondering gaze:
"You're fond of fine arts, Squire?"
"Pictur's? Oh, Sal,
My eldest gal,
Hez a hankerin' for them thar."

"That chromo's fine;
If it were mine
I'd deem myself quite rich,
As doubtless you,
My friend, now do—"
"Beg parding, Jedge, crow-which?"

"Chro-*mo*, that one—
The South's true son;
Of course you hold that dear."
"Crow-*mo!*" says he,
"That's old Bob Lee,—
I fit under him four year!"

A. S. MILLER.

Mr. Sprechelheimer's Mistake.

"I dells you, now, vot happen voss
In mine shop hier, last veek.
Ve voss all vorkin, hants and poss,
A shafin men reit kveek.

"Und dann, vun noder man in-coom,
Und set a-vaitin hier;
Dann say, a-lookin' rount der room:
'*Ussistnock nicktolp feer.*'

"I say, not hearin' him reit glear:
'Sir, vot you voss say, blease.'
He say: '*Ussistnock nicktolp feer.*'
Und dann he rup his knees.

"I dries to make dot lankvich owt
So hart oss I can dry;
I doorns dem kveer vorts all apowt;
Dinks: 'How iss dot py high?'

A QUOTATION FROM "KING LEAR."

"So dann, insite mineself, I say:
'*Dies muss französisch sein.*'
Und dann I dinks, too, reit avay:
'*Gut! Hier ist Friedrich Klein.*'

"Der Friedrich iss vun Elsass man,
Und can French vorts goot say.
'Fritz, iss deess French?' I ask him dann.
—Dot man shvear, reit avay!

"He say he voss talk py der rule
(Blain English, now, he shpeak);
He dolt me I voss vun Dutch fool;
Dann owt-vent, pooty kveek.

"Now all dot day I dinks mit me:
'Vot make dot man git mat?
Und vot for lankvich can dot be?'
And dann I feels reit bat.

"Fritz say dem vorts dey voss not French;
Und dann I dinks some more.
I sits down py der Bier-house pench
Und looks down mit der floor.

"Und, all off vunce, I ondershtan
Vot dot man mean to say!
He voss a Cherman-learnin' man,
Shoost gittin' in der vay!

"Und vot he say oss blain oss day
To me did dann abbear;
To show his Cherman off, he say:
'*Es ist noch nicht halb vier.*'

"Now, after deess, if manss coom hier
Und talk dot vay mit me,
I shoost make owt it iss all glear,
Und dey vill nefer see.

"I say, reit off: '*Mein lieber Herr,*
Sie sprechen gut und klar!
Your Cherman iss teep-top, I shvear!
Mein Gott! 's ist wunderbar!'"

W. W. CRANE.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

OF

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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NORTH AMERICAN GROUSE.

A FAMILY GATHERING.

WHERE is the hill-side climber whose heart has not leaped at the burst of the ruffed grouse?

Autumn leaves are golden; the woodland carpet is sodden, and damp with dew and frost; the dank odors of decay and the aromatic balsam bring reveries to the mind; the patch of sunshine through the opening glade warms the body; a listless thought of some by-gone face is fixing your eye; your hand lingers on the polished trunk of the white-birch tree by which you are steadying yourself to swing over the lichened bowlder that bars your way, when whir, whir, whir–r, whir–r–r, whir–r–r–r from your very feet bursts out the cock-bird. The bright leaves fly in spangles, the sharp twigs crackle, and the leafy boughs spatter to his beating wings, as, swerving to the right and left, he dashes away through bush and open glade, and over the ravine, and out of sight, leaving the spectator with a flush on his brow and a prickle in his back, with his mouth half open, looking the way he went. No lady's bird is he. His retreat is the roughest hill-side, where rock and ravine make walking difficult and noisy, or swamps, where fallen trees and moss cover the ground knee-deep, and hemlock and spruce afford covert and buds for food. Some-

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times, in pairs, they are found wandering away through the open woods in search of insects or beech-nuts; and again they will travel along the edges of grain-fields that adjoin swamp-land, to glean the wheat. When snows are deep, they visit old orchards and pick the ungleaned apples; and if the winter is severe, they can live on spruce-buds or laurel-berries,—thus making the taste of their winter flesh bitter, or even poisonous.

The ruffed grouse lives abundantly from New Brunswick to the prairies of the West, from Canada to the southern states,—keeping in the South to the high or mountainous lands. It is the most noble and alert of all the grouse family. The shape of its body and the pose of its head indicate robustness, both in walking and flying, and wonderful quickness in observation. Its small, crested head turns with constant vigilance, and its full brown eye is expressive of great power of vision, and seems to reflect the landscape immediately after death. Its wings are short and curved, beating the air with great rapidity and giving it an exceedingly rapid flight. Once, breakfasting above Newburgh, on the Hudson, at a country house where heavy plate glass windows extended to the floor, we heard a heavy blow on the window. Running out we found a cock grouse lying dead on the lawn. A glance at the window revealed the cause; the room was dark within and the window reflected all the landscape, and the bird crossing over to its covert flew into the mirrored copse with such speed as to kill it instantly.

The length of the bird is about eighteen inches,—its full weight twenty-two ounces. Its color is light brown, mottled with darker brown or black. It wears a slight crest, which it can elevate at pleasure. Its tail is short and rounded, with a nearly continuous black bar crossing it near the tip. Its legs are feathered with a hairy feather, and are well proportioned, so that the bird stands high, and runs with speed and endurance. It wears a ruff on its neck, made by the elongation of a half dozen glossy black feathers on each side of the neck, which it can elevate or depress at pleasure, and from which it takes its name of ruffed grouse. These feathers, as well as its other exterior feathers, are dark brown or chestnut, or ashy gray, varying much with individuals in different localities, those in countries farthest north and east being the darkest and most ashy. In the western birds, the color is more rufous. These differences of color have induced some writers to note three varieties of ruffed grouse; but it would seem as if these differences of color are produced by local causes, for we often find the same bird on the Pacific coast having a marked variety of color. Authors have named one variety as the Sabines grouse of Oregon, and another as the Arctic ruffed grouse of the Arctic regions. In that beautiful monograph of the "Tetraonidæ," by Elliott, we find illustrations of both these so-called varieties. Without intending to dispute their existence, a reference to the description of the Arctic grouse will

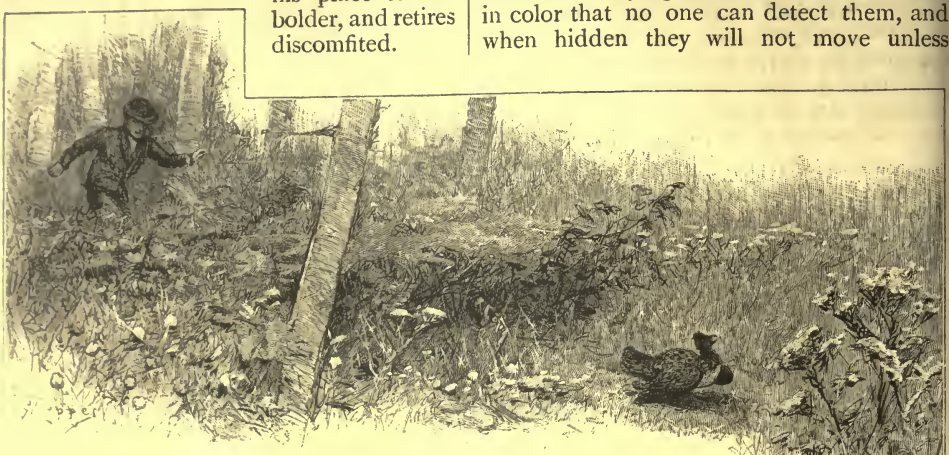
show from what slight variations a new variety is named. That author specifies the marks that distinguish it as a different variety from the ruffed grouse, and mentions as the *principal* mark its size, it being one-third smaller, claiming also that the black band on the end of the tail is not continuous, but skips the three middle feathers. After reading this description, the writer looked over a game-bag of ruffed grouse killed in the northern part of the state of New York, containing twenty rufous-colored and ashen

THE DRUMMING-LOG.

grouse of many shades; in two instances the band was scarcely visible in the middle feathers, and in three instances it did not exist. The diminished size in the Arctic region would be an effect of nature generally recognized.

In the breeding season, the cocks select some hollow fallen tree, and strutting up and down, beat it with their wings, making a muffled, drumming sound, that can be heard for half a mile. The beat is at irregular intervals, beginning slowly and measuredly, and gradually increasing in quickness, until it ends in a roll. If the bird succeeds in finding a dry log, perfectly hollow and well placed, his tattoo of welcome can be heard a mile, and is one of the pleasantest of woodland sounds. It has the same accelerated pace, and is about the same duration as the call of the raccoon, and is only heard in the day-time, as the raccoon's is only heard at night. When its mate hears the drumming, she slowly approaches, and, coquettishly picking at seeds she does not want, comes within sight of the drumming-log. No maiden is seemingly more unconscious of the man she desires to attract than is this russet dame of her gallant musician. A snail is on the May-apple plant right before her; she pecks at it three times before hitting it, and then scratches negligently at imaginary seeds. The cock raises his ruff till it looks like Queen Elizabeth's; the yellow skin beneath flushes with pride; he spreads his tail like a fan; he thrums his guitar, clucks an introductory welcome or two, and launches himself out and flies to his bride. If, however, another cock hears the drumming, he feels insulted at the sound on what he considers his own

domain. He flies to the drumming-log and dashes at the brave drummer, and the one who is inferior in courage and strength yields his place to the bolder, and retires discomfited.



APRIL-FOOL.

After the two birds have come together, the hen builds a hasty nest on the ground with twigs and grasses, laying in it from ten to twelve eggs, of a yellow-brown color, which are hatched in June, the young birds attaining their growth by the first of October, unless, as it often happens, floods or late snows retard the nesting, when the young come to maturity proportionately later.

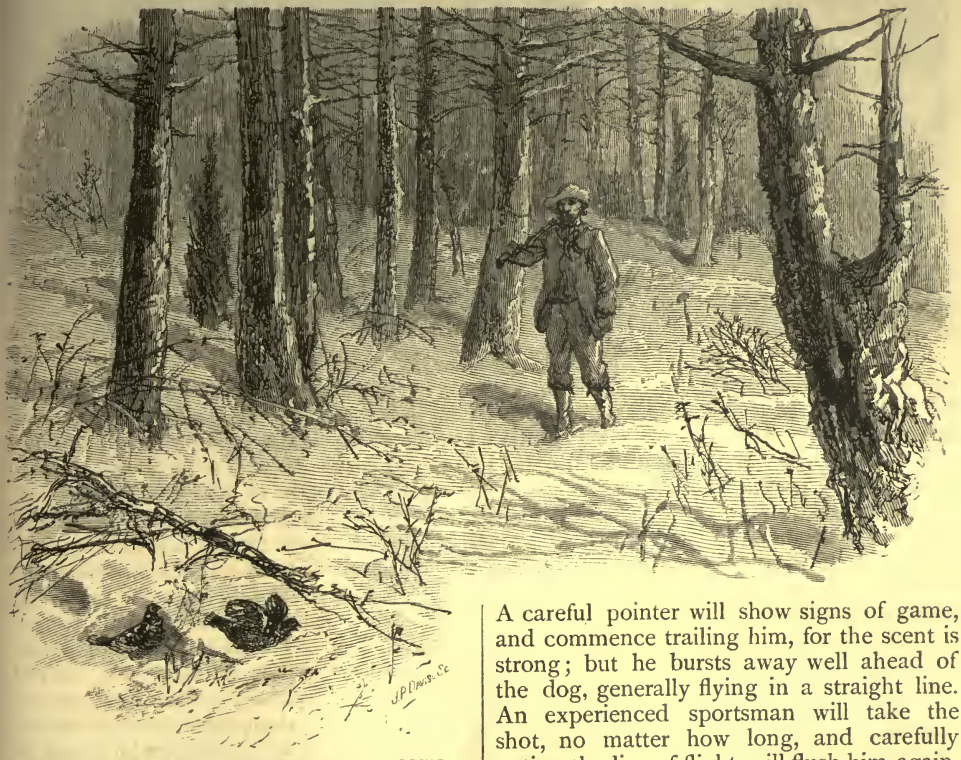
The habits of the mother-bird when running with her young are conspicuous. Her ceaseless activity, her boldness in danger, her sagacity in finding food, her ability in controlling the dimity little chicks confided to her charge, perpetually challenge admiration. With a warning cluck which the young understand perfectly, she flies away, and they run under the brown and scattered leaves, lying so still and so matched in color that no one can detect them, and when hidden they will not move unless they are touched. Or if the passer comes suddenly upon the brood, the mother's distressed cluck, her fluttered wings, and her tumbling on the ground, irresistibly draw you to her. She gradually flutters along, uttering lamentable cries, and when you are about to place your hand on her back, she skates away through the forest glade, uttering a note which we can easily translate into "April-fool."

THE TWITCH-UP.

This bird is the friend of the country boy. It has many a time made him jump as it burst out of the way-side bushes, and bird and boy perpetually match their wits against each other,—the one in trapping and the other in avoiding being trapped. Master Barefoot finds a drumming-log, and at once whips out his jack-knife, and bending down a neighboring hickory sapling, sets a twitch-up, with a slip-noose at the end, made of a string pulled out of one of his capacious pockets. The twitch-up being well watched, is sure to catch the bird or drive it away. As Barefoot grows older, he learns to set running snares of horse-hair or silk in the paths in the woods, and he will walk miles to attend them when he is too sick to go half a mile to school. At length, he grows to be a young man, "some farmer, some poacher," making a precarious living by selling game he has trapped or shot in season and out, and killing more birds than all the minks, owls, and foxes in the country side.

There is a curious habit in the ruffed grouse of taking to the trees when pursued by a small dog, and when a number of them flit into one tree, they will sit and be shot at until they are all successively killed, providing, always, that the lowest is killed first, and the dog keeps up his barking. For this chase a little red dog is preferred, and doubtless the birds are accustomed thus to save themselves when pursued by foxes, and blanket till the tempest ceased. Sometimes he dashes out before the plodding woodman, all covered with snow-flakes, leaving his little shelter plainly visible in the drift.

The true shooting season of this bird begins in the brisk and golden autumn. The sportsman following him needs an active step and a wondrous quick eye and hand to secure him. No bird that flies is oftener missed. He rarely lies to a dog.

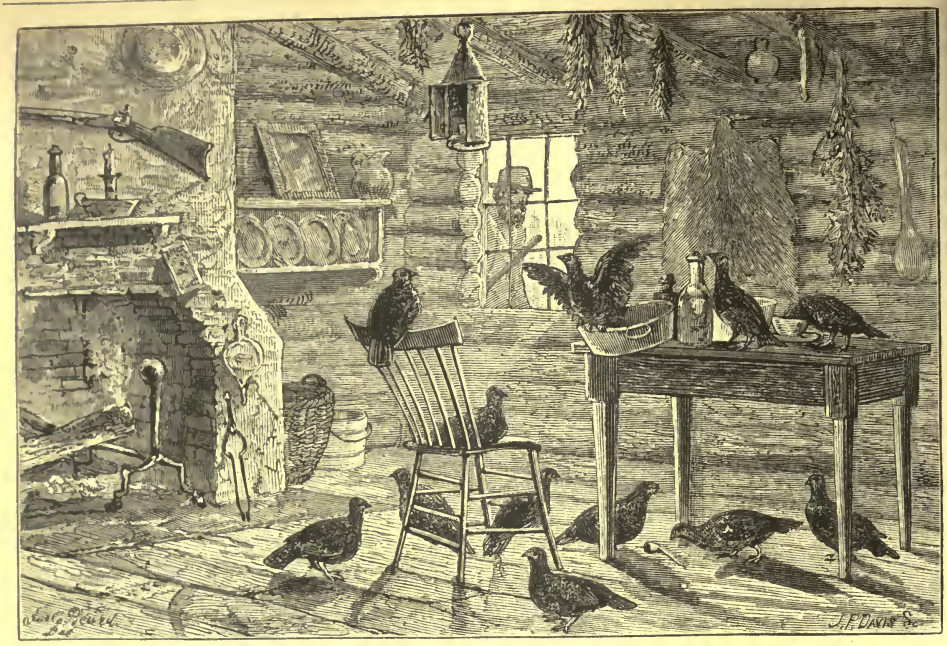


SOMETIMES HE DASHES OUT BEFORE THE PLODDING WOODMAN.

they see no difference in their canine pursuer, and are more in fear of him than of the gun, whose character they do not know so well.

The ruffed grouse partakes of the sturdy nature of the woods he frequents. He is a real Northerner, and gleaned his living with the Puritan among the rocks and scaurs of New England. Too proud to migrate, he battled with the storms of the "stern and rock-bound coast," and when winter snows fell heavily, and the searching wind penetrated even the tangle of the spruce-swamp, he would find a lee on the ground, and suffer himself to be snowed under, and quietly wait under his white

A careful pointer will show signs of game, and commence trailing him, for the scent is strong; but he bursts away well ahead of the dog, generally flying in a straight line. An experienced sportsman will take the shot, no matter how long, and carefully noting the line of flight, will flush him again, and again fire at him. After a few salutes of this kind, he seeks to avoid the exposure by hiding. Then the sportsman, following close after his dog, keeping always ready for a shot, may see the dog halt sharp, pointing to a thicket of briers and cut brush, then recalling the runs which he had made before the previous points, will step forward slowly,—slowly,—with his head high in air and eyes intent; a pause,—his foot is up for another step, when the bird rushes out again, scattering the brush with his quick wings, and whirling off the saffron leaves from the white birch. Never mind the aim, —the gun comes up to the line of flight, the sharp report awakens the echoes of the hills, and the pride of the woodland falls to



SPRUCE GROUSE MAKING THEMSELVES AT HOME.

the ground. Brave old bird, he died in the prime of life! No base snare shall choke him; no horned owl or stealthy mink shall pick his bones; but, roasted before a hickory fire, he will be served hot as the second course to a gentle meal, and have his virtues told by hunters who honor his name and worth, as they tell stories of the chase, or carol snatches of Thoreau's songs in the autumn night.

"Shot of the wood from thy ambush low,
Bolt off the dry leaves flying;
With a whirring spring like an Indian bow,
Thou speedest when the year is dying;
And thy neat gray form darts whirling past,
So silent all as thou fliest fast,
Snapping a leaf from the copses red,—
Our native bird on the woodland bred.

"And thy whirring wings I hear,
When the colored ice is warming
The twigs of the forest sere;
When the northern wind, a-storming,
Draws cold as death round the Irish hut,
That lifts its blue smoke in the railway cut,
And the hardy chopper sits dreaming at home,
And thou and I are alone in the storm."

The spruce grouse or Canada grouse is smaller than the ruffed grouse, its length being about sixteen inches, and its full weight sixteen ounces. Its range seems to be north of the latitude of the Mohawk River, in the state of New York, and extending through all of Canada and to Baffin's Bay.

The color of the cock is dark brown or gray interspersed with black, each feather having three cross-bars of a still darker gray. On its breast is a large angular or crescent patch of black, the point of the angle coming up the neck. Its throat is black directly under the bill, and is mottled further down by little white feathers, and still larger white feathers patch its breast. Its legs are feathered, but its toes are bare, as are all of this genus. The hen is quieter in color, mottled all over in red and brown. It has the habit of its race of making a drumming noise with its wings, but seems to do it by repeated blows on its own body, and sometimes makes this noise when in the air. Some authors note another bird called Franklin grouse, which is a variety of this one. The tail feathers being carried out wide to the ends, and the upper and under tail coverts being tipped with white. These variations, when unaccompanied by any difference of structure or habits, seem to be of no importance to the ordinary reader, or to the sportsman.

The spruce grouse makes its nest on the ground, generally sheltered by some low evergreen bush, and lays fifteen to twenty buff or fawn-colored eggs, spotted with brown. Often, when one is fishing from a canoe in some of the narrow brooks in Maine or Canada, a brood of these birds will be seen threading their way among the bushes, or,

if the weather is hot, coming to the water to drink, so gentle in their remoteness from man that they scarcely notice the passing boat. At times like these, they make use of a little piping cluck that is most gentle and familiar, by which the old bird calls the young ones of the flock to her whenever she finds any attractive food in the rotten wood or among the fallen mast. Again they may be seen among the upper branches of the tallest spruce, picking the winter buds, and at their great elevation looking as small as snow-birds. When pursued, they take quickly to the trees, and seem to feel secure in their elevation, and are then easily shot. In the coldest winter, when the caribou-hunter is making his camp in the evening forest, when the deep snow creaks under his snow-shoe, and the thermometer sinks to thirty degrees below zero in the still air, some of these graceful birds will come running over the snow, familiar in the desolation, and contented and secure in their winter home, proving how apt for their position in life God's creatures are everywhere made. Once returning to our log hut after an absence of several days on an exploring tour, we peered through the opening that was left for the window, and saw a brood of these glossy birds pecking about the floor and foraging on the remains of our feast. They crept into the empty flour-barrel, and pried into the tin meat-cans, and one old cock flitted upon the table and perched on the edge of a tin pan. His weight upset the dish, which clattered upon the floor, when the gay foragers, scared by the din, whirled out of the open door like "a swarm of golden bees," taking refuge in the neighboring hemlocks. They were not disturbed by us, for such gentle spirits bring good luck to the hunter's camp. Like the little gray wood-mouse that comes out of the logs and gathers the evening crumbs, they lend a certain domestic charm to the lonely hut that makes the solitary woodsman feel he is not alone.

The pinnated grouse, or prairie-fowl, is in numbers and use the most conspicuous of the American grouse. Its range is over all the open prairie-land of the North American continent, extending even to the Pacific, although the change of the climate there has produced some changes of plumage, which cause its identity to be doubted. It is a larger bird than the ruffed grouse, its flesh being dark, while that is of a white or pink color. Its color is light brown, nearly uniformly barred on the breast, and spotted on the back with a darker brown. Formerly it existed on the plains of Long Island, New Jersey, and Maryland, but ceaseless hunting has destroyed it in all states east of Indiana.

It makes a nest of grass in the open prairie, laying ten or twelve eggs of a light color, spotted with irregular brown spots, and hatches in June; and generally the young are seven-eighths grown by the fifteenth of August, when the laws of most of the western states permit the shooting of them. In Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin it is not unusual for a sportsman to kill sixty in a day, at the opening of the season. In winter, when the snows compel them to come near the woods and the wheat-stacks for food, they are trapped in great numbers, packed in barrels, and sent to the cities of the eastern states, and even to London. It is not unusual for shippers to send a hundred barrels of this game in a single consignment to New York. It is this wholesale trapping and exportation which is exterminating the species. When the bird is young, it remains in its original covey, and when disturbed, scatters in the tall prairie-grass, and can then be flushed over the dog one at a time, so that the sportsman is thus often able to secure the whole covey. Later, several coveys unite in a pack, and by frosty weather several small packs unite, forming a pack of fifty to a hundred birds. Then they keep on the wide range of the open prairie, and become wary and watchful, and

FLUSHING A COVEY OF PINNATED GROUSE.

cannot be approached. The hunter must be content to take an occasional long shot, as the pack is flying over him, from one point to another. In these flights, the fowl sometimes continue in the air ten miles, and distance all pursuit. Still, there are now and then some late autumn days when the warm sunshine recalls the summer, and when, in the sheltered sloughs of the prairie, protected by low hills and rank grass, a covey will lie close, too indolent to fly away, and will rouse themselves one by one before the pointer. These are halcyon moments. The sportsman's nerves, braced by weeks of autumn shooting, are strong and steady, and every grouse that springs into the air falls with a thud to the ground, after the ringing shot. Every bird is a full-grown one, and the gillie-boy staggers under his load.

The true manner of shooting prairie-fowl is to drive over the prairie in a light wagon, letting the dogs range far and wide on either side. A well trained dog will range at times a half mile from the wagon, his bright colors and rapid motion rendering him conspicuous on the prairie. When he scents the birds he will come to a point so suddenly that at times his inertia when attempting to halt will swing him half around. He stands as if he saw a ghost. The wagon drives near to him, the other dogs coming up and backing him. The sportsmen then alight and take their shots. Rarely the whole covey is flushed together, and frequently the old birds lie until the last, and while the sportsman is loading his gun, will dash away, uttering their quick repeated cry of "cluk–cluk–cluk–cluk," and looking back over their wings at the sportsman, who watches their flight and marks them down half a mile away. As one goes to retrieve the dead birds still another and another will rise, and it is only until one has been carefully over the field that he feels secure that all the birds are up. The driver in the meantime, from his wagon, has marked the several birds down. The game that is secured is placed in the wagon and with renewed hearts the sportsmen push on after the fugitives.

A pointer dog is considered the best dog for this pursuit, as his endurance and speed are great and he stands the heat without needing water better than setters. And no one who has not tramped all day with game through the prairie-grass, can appreciate the relief it is to have the wagon always at hand to carry the game and luncheon, and also at times the weary sportsman.

GROUSE ON NEST. (AFTER PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.)

Often prairie-fowl meet their fate by

coming in contact with the telegraph wires, and the trackmen on the railroads constantly find them with broken necks lying along the track.

As the coyote or prairie-wolf has disappeared prairie-fowl have greatly increased in numbers. This restless and hungry marauder destroys innumerable nests and sportsman shoots only as much as he can use, and takes a pride in the existence and security and abundance of the bird he admires.

The pinnated grouse has the power of inflating the two yellow sacks which he carries on the sides of his neck, and during the mating season the cocks are often seen

THE GILLIE-BOY.

sitting birds. The writer was once watching a coyote from behind a prairie-knoll and saw him creep to windward cautiously and then jump on some prey. On my going to the spot the wolf fled leaving the feathers of a prairie-hen and her broken eggs to mark his wastefulness.

If the public would only enforce the laws against trapping the birds in winter they would greatly increase. But it requires the extinction of a valuable bird to teach the average American the importance of its preservation. The trapper and dealer care nothing for the sport. They look only at the present money profit and leave future generations to take care of themselves. The true strutting and swelling in mimic grandeur with expanded wings and tail and making a thrumming noise with their wings, striving to please by their grandiose ways. At these times they are pugnacious, and two cocks never meet without a battle. They flit up in the air several feet striking at each other with wings and feet until one yields the place of honor to the other and departs—a disappointed bird, to lead the life of a celibate.

One autumn day, watching for ducks while ensconced on a musk-rat house in the great Mendocio marsh, which extends back many miles from the Mississippi River opposite Clinton, I noticed some

THE FIFTEENTH OF AUGUST ON THE PRAIRIE.

objects moving on the summit of a knoll. By careful watching I discovered they were prairie-fowl, and, moved by curiosity, carefully approached them. As I drew near I discovered fifteen prairie-fowl apparently dancing a minuet. They were scattered about on the short turf, twenty yards apart, nodding their heads at one another, and presently two would run out and perform the figure which in a country dance is known as "cross over and back to places," all the while uttering a soft note of "coo–cooe,"—the last syllable being much elongated. Then would follow "salute your partners" and "*dos à dos*." This scene of merriment was sustained for half an hour and until a shot from a neighboring gun caused the birds to run into the tall cover of the reeds. The bright sunshine of autumn and the conspicuous group of native birds impressed the scene vividly on the spectator's mind. A neighboring farmer to whom the circumstance was mentioned, said:

"Yes, them same birds skye around there mostly every day."

The other varieties of prairie grouse indulge in the same kind of amusement.

The pin-tail or sharp-tail grouse is a close connection of the prairie-fowl, but without the gular sac; and, like that bird, it inhabits the open prairie-land, nesting in the same manner, feeding on the same food, and often found associating with him. Its size is the same, but its color much lighter, and, instead of the dark-brown bars on its breast, it carries little spots of a V-shape, of a light, ashy brown. Its name is derived from the two middle feathers in its tail extending beyond the others. thus forming a long, pointed tail.

THE COYOTE HUNTING.

It is claimed that there are two varieties of the sharp-tail grouse—one in the Arctic north, and one in the central territories of the continent, each with a slight variation,—the northern one having a black instead of a brown-colored back. If this is so, I have never seen the Arctic variety. The beautifully marked one with which I am familiar is common in Kansas and on the Platte River, and I have seen it rise, with its whirring flight and lighter and ashier hue, from among a pack of pinnated grouse, on the Des Moines River, in Iowa. Its flesh is lighter in color than that of the prairie-fowl, and more delicate in flavor.

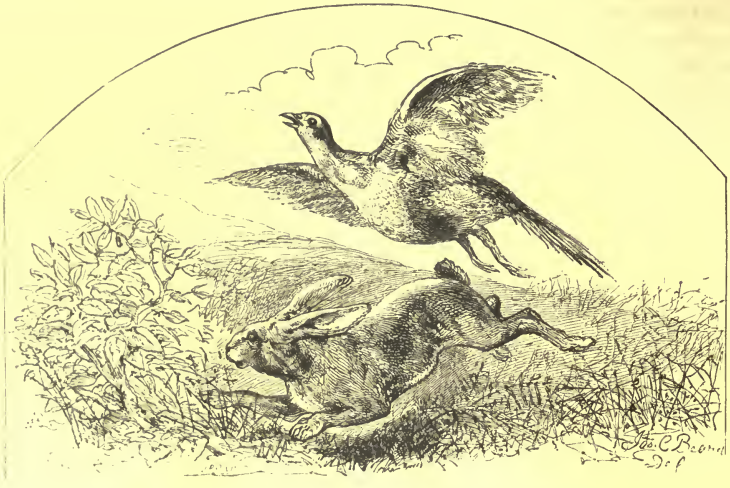
There is a curious habit of this bird, but whether connected with its mating instincts, or only with its love for social amusement, it is difficult to answer. It has a little ball-room all of its own, and, like the country girls' of Italy, it is under the open sky. A circle of ground on the prairie is adopted, and by beating of wings and tramping it is cleared of grass for twenty feet around; and there, morning and evening, the party assembles, and pirouettes and courtesies as in the olden time. By twos and fours they advance, and bow their heads, and drop their wings; then recede and advance again, and turn on their toes, swelling their feathers and clucking with gentle hilarity. Many cocks join in the dance, but there is no attempt at unseemly battle. It is gentleness all, and the hall is surrounded by rustling grass and golden asters. The hunters call such a spot, as they pass it, "chickens' stamping-ground." We have already noted the same habit in the prairie-fowl. The only difference between the two birds in this amusement seems to be that the prairie-fowl runs over a larger area of ground, usually selecting some bare knoll covered with scant, short grass.

The sharp-tail grouse is feathered, not only to the toes, but to the first joint of the toes, as is the Rocky Mountain grouse; while the ruffed grouse is slightly feathered to the toes, and the pinnated grouse is scarcely feathered to the toes. The true ptarmigan wears abundant feathers down to his toe-nails.

A PRAIRIE MINUET.

As the miner rides over the bare plains that form the approaches to the Rocky Mountains, with the vivid sunshine reflected from barren earth and red hills, with the glare of noon blinking the eye, and the dust of the dry sage-bush, pulverized by the horse's tread, smarting the nostril, there suddenly flits out from the bush a large bird, looking at first glance like a bustard. It stands as high as a turkey-hen, and after a short flight will light on the stony ground, and turn to watch the passer-by. This is the cock-of-the-plains, or sage-hen. Some learned folk have given it a curious Latin title; but as most sportsmen prefer shooting to studying Latin, they will best recognize the homely name the bird is known

by in its own country. The color is a light ashy gray, marked by the overlapping feathers of a darker gray. It is the largest of the American grouse, being thirty inches in length, and is distinguishable in plumage by



SAGE-HEN AND JACKASS-RABBIT.

its pheasant-shaped tail of long, pointed feathers. These feathers are spiny and hard in texture, having the appearance of being worn off, and leaving the quill part projecting. This is noticeably so with the tail, the quill of the feather extending beyond the web. If the stranger follows the bird after lighting for the first time, it rises again and takes a free flight beyond some sheltering knoll. If it is not pursued, it squats upon the ground or under some bush until the danger is past, its predominating color corresponding so much with the ground that it often escapes notice. When walking, it has a slow and hesitating march. Its location is over the whole of the great plains lying east of the Rocky Mountains, wherever the sage-bush or artemisia grows. This is its favorite, if not its exclusive, food, and it gives a pungency to its white flesh which renders it distasteful even to the hungry trapper. It has the saffron-colored side-pouches on the neck, similar to the ruffed grouse, and its habits of swelling these glands and strutting and thrumming with its wings are similar to those of the prairie-hen. It builds its nest on the ground of the desert, giving but little care to its preparation, and lays from twelve to sixteen eggs, dark brown in color, and spotted with irregular chocolate spots, more abundant at the larger than the smaller end. How its nest escapes the ravages of the coyote, that jackal of the plains, is a wonder. Our only answer is, that if it were not for the coyote, the number of this grouse would be ten times what it is now.

Its flight is that of all its family,—a succession of quick, short beats, which at rising makes the rushing sound that so bothers the nervous sportsman, and then a long sail with extended wings, to be followed again by the five or six short beats of the wing. As it rises, it gives forth its note of "cluck–cluck–cluck!" repeated very rapidly, like the common hen. No disappointment is greater to the inexperienced and hungry hunter than to bring down one of these noble birds, and after spending an hour in its cooking, to find that it tastes like tansy bitters, with the bitters left out. We once had a "poetical cuss," as the teamsters called him, in a hunting party in Wyoming Territory. He quoted with great emphasis, on first meeting this bird, Hogg's lines:

> "Bird of the wilderness,
> Blithesome and cumberless,
> Gay be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
> Emblem of happiness,
> Blest be thy dwelling-place,—
> Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!"

We had sage-hen for supper that night. The next morning, when one rose before his horse while on the march, he was heard to call out, "Git out, you quinine brute! You're only fit for a prescription!"

Yet, for all his astringency, we love to see the sage-hen on the sultry march, bursting out

from the bracken, starting the jackass-rabbit from its form, and awakening the landscape with his free flight.

The dusky grouse is found in the Rocky Mountains, and the various spurs of highlands that are connected therewith.

It is a marvelously graceful bird, often quite black, or blue-black, and flecked here and there with little pencilings of white feathers, looking as though crystals of new snow had fallen upon it. These seem to be the tips of white feathers just coming to the surface of the black. Sometimes the bird is dusky, or of a dark slate color, marked with white, and always bearing that distinguishing mark of the grouse family,—the bright-colored streak over the eye,—which, in this bird, is scarlet. Its tail is rounded, and ornamented with the band of a darker hue that most of the grouse family possess. It has the gular sac on the side of the neck, and its cry in the spring-time is like the blowing several times suddenly into an empty bottle.

When we were pursuing game over the ridges of the Rocky Mountains and among the dead timber that the Indians kill by their annual fires, this bird would flit out of the young shoots and sit on the low branches of the neighboring trees. Its little head would turn from side to side as it examined the strangers, a movement accompanied by the nod of the pigeon, rendering it very difficult to shoot off its head with a pistol, though sometimes it allowed several shots to be taken before flying.

Its proper colors, its most graceful shape, and its apparent tameness rendered it exceedingly attractive. Its flesh was constantly in camp, and every hunter, as he came in at night, would have one or two slung to his saddle, as its white flesh was greatly preferred to the continued diet of elk's meat and venison. It has the peculiarity noted in that of the black game of Scotland, of having two colors of flesh on its breast, one being darker than the other. The habit it had of flitting to the lower branches of the trees on the slightest noise being heard, is explained by the presence of the ever-prowling coyote.

MISSED.

This bird inhabits all the mountain-lands to the Pacific Ocean. In the Cascade Mountains they are abundant, under the name of the blue grouse, and frequent the

heavy pine or redwood timber. Another variety is spoken of as the Richardson grouse, varying only in a tail-marking. In the fall of the year, the blue grouse leaves the lower strata of vegetation, where it is

PTARMIGAN EGGS.

liable to be buried in the snows, and where it has to dispute its occupancy with many stronger neighbors, and betakes itself to the upper plane of the pine-tree tops. There, two hundred feet or more from ground, it finds ample shelter in the dense perpetual verdure, and unlimited supply of buds for food, and safety even from the eyes of man. No retreat could be so absolutely secure,—nothing but the lightning and the tempest can reach it, and its morning crow heralds the day while yet the trunk of the tree and the humbler birds that live near it are wrapped in darkness. When winter is passed, and little sprouts come forth out of the ground, the grouse descends to its old resorts and builds its nest, and shuffles in the sandy bank as it did the summer before. This is a true bird of the mountain, and has the resinous odor of the woods in its flesh. It reminds one of its noble congener of Scotland,—the black cock,—and of all his wild ways and glossy plumage, and the long days on the heather, and of the moorlands at Dumfries, and of the old song:

"And if up a bonnie black cock should spring,
To whustle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
And strap him on to my lunsie string,
Right seldom would I fail."

May his mountain fastnesses protect him from extermination for future ages, so that other explorers may be charmed as we have, amid sterility, weariness, and hunger, by his beauty of form and delicacy of flesh!

We have thus told our tale of the North American grouse. The distinctive features of the genus are the bare and bright-colored patch over the eye, a short, curved bill, with the nostril covered with feathers, and a hairy leg, with bare toes. Our story is not a book-story, or a compilation,—it is out of the head, it may be somewhat out of the heart. It does not claim to be learned, and its writer will not dispute about a feather; but all of the birds named are old friends, and he dare not caricature them.

There is another genus of this same *Tetraonidæ* family,—the genus *Lagopus*, or hair-foot. These have the toes as well as the legs covered with feathers. This genus includes in North America, the ptarmigan, the white-tail ptarmigan, and an Arctic ptarmigan, called the rock ptarmigan. Their habitat seems to be the whole Arctic zone. They form the chief delicacy of the Arctic explorer, and hang plentifully in the larders of the posts of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. When the winter is severe, they come down into the Canadas, and one winter a hunting friend on the Saguenay—good luck to him!—sent us a barrelful. Such friends are above all price.

The white ptarmigan is all white save the outer feather on each side of the tail, which outer feather is black. The white-tailed ptarmigan is as immaculate as snow, including all the tail-feathers. The remarkable feature of these birds is, that they change the colors of their dress to suit the varying year, as does a fashionable lady, only the birds vary the style by dressing white in winter and brown in summer. This is one of those prudent plans of Dame Nature to preserve a race. On the spotless plains of winter a brown bird would be a conspicuous object to every fox and snowy owl; so he is draped in snowy white, and squats unnoticed on the drift. In the summer foliage his whiteness would allure each passing hawk, but the brown, mottled color of his summer dress matches well the bracken and the lichen, and he thus escapes observation. This same care nature bestows on the snow-bird and the great northern hare, both of which frequent the snowy plains.

But a summer evening is not long enough to write the story of their lives. To obtain

a technical knowledge of the varieties of grouse or ptarmigan, one may study that comprehensive work on ornithology now in course of publication, entitled "North American Birds, by Baird, Brewer, and Ridgway," which will add new luster to natural history.

To appreciate the beauty and learn the ways and manners of the birds of which we are writing, one must love them, and with Agassiz, "wander away and away with Nature, the dear old nurse who sang to him night and day the rhymes of the universe." One must watch these birds in their own homes,—among the roughness of primeval nature and amid the aroma of the balsam and the keen air of the frosty October, hear them beat their muffled drums and challenge all comers to their tournaments; and it's a dull, cold heart that will not throb in unison with their defiance, and love the hill-side the better for their music.

SUMMER THOUGHTS.

Upon a mossy knoll in the forest, I
Lay looking upward at the eternal blue
Of the infinite and quiet heavens, through
The oak-leaf and the hemlock's canopy.
And now and then a cloud went drifting by,
Listless and slow and changing to the view.
How like my fleeting summer thoughts to you,
Calm, peaceful clouds! And now the evening sky
A deeper, darker, lovelier azure hath,
The birds have ceased their singing, and the breeze
Is filled with hum of insects; darkness saith—
With the first few stars twinkling through the trees—
That night has come. A little while, and death,
Like night, will end life's summer reveries.

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

"'LIE LOW!' SAID CAPTAIN ELYOT SHARPLY."

CHAPTER I.

BLOSSOM.

It is November of 185–, and Blossom is going back across the plains to her home. Seventeen years before, a baby had been born within a rude fort upon the Arkansas River to the post-sutler Stubbs and his wife; and this baby was Blossom.

It is but just to say that earlier in life this man Stubbs had borne another name, which had been lost beyond finding again somewhere in the western wilderness. Or, to be exact, his odd, stunted figure had won for him this sobriquet, before which his rightful cognomen burnt dimly for a while, and finally went out altogether. He resigned his name without much of an effort to retain it,—thereby showing little of pride or spirit. But rights of any kind were held here only at the muzzle of a revolver, and had been gradually narrowed down until they involved little more than life and liberty; to contend for anything less was hardly worth the powder; and then one name was as good as another, or even better, if it carried an idea,—which Stubbs certainly did. The early trappers and traders of the far West were not given to much speaking. Each brief word was suggestive, and the names bestowed in praise or derision were mostly biographies in miniature. Sometimes they were but personally descriptive,—as in this case,—or they were made to serve as a perpetual exclamation-point after a man.

But however expressive such titles might be when applied to one individual, they become incongruous, not to say absurd, when made to include a family. What could be more appropriate, more sharply descriptive of the broad-shouldered, serene-

faced, stumpy little man who bore it than the name of Stubbs? But it was a grim sarcasm upon the woman who had shared his quarters for a dozen years before the baby's eyes opened upon them.

She was tall, she was gaunt as a gray wolf in winter. She was strong of arm and stout of nerve, with a talent for devising and a will for executing almost any work. She could serve a dinner to a tolerably straitened garrison that would tempt a king, or she could steady a rifle and drop a red-skin, if need be, at three hundred yards. There was even a rough kind of femininity about the woman, who was by no means disagreeable to look at, with her bright black eyes and her brown cheeks showing a subdued flame. She had been known more than once to nurse a wounded man back to life when the surgeons had given him up,—with just scolding enough, it must be owned, to spur him on to convalescence. Add to these the aggressive qualities of thrift and neatness, and we shall have a perfect character, you will say. Oh no; do you fancy that all the natural graces as well as the Christian virtues are to be found in one individual? She was envious. (But that is not so rare a fault that it need be dwelt upon.) She was crafty and unscrupulous. But the first she concealed by the second; and the third, in tending upon the other two, kept in the background. And then she was comely to look at,—and that is a better cloak than charity, even,—with her sleek black hair and the fresh color just deadened by the tan on her cheeks. Comely to look at, if one could forget the embers in her eyes, which a gust of passion might blow into a blaze. After all, it was a kind of beauty which a man might like to look upon, but would hardly covet for his own.

As for her thrift and neatness, the sutler's quarters showed the effect of these good qualities, which were a kind of stockade about the real woman. Her home was tidy and inviting, or would have been, but that the tidiness became tyrannical at times. Gradually a kind of cabaret of a most respectable pattern was established here, where the officers dropped in of an evening to order a bit of supper, which the mistress of the house was not above cooking with her own hands. A well-thumbed pack of cards was brought into requisition while waiting for this to be served, and rumor did say that many a pile of government gold changed hands over the table here. But rumor is always malicious, and this may or may not have been true. Drinking there certainly was, but no brawling over the cards or wine, or the friendly pipe with Stubbs himself, who was a quiet, shrewd man, an excellent listener at all times—and what could be more desirable in a companion? He could even tell a story of his own when Mrs. Stubbs was not by. For the post-sutler stood somewhat in awe of his energetic help-meet. There was not her equal this side the Rocky Mountains, he often declared; and as this assertion included not only the plains, but that mystical region, "the states," it was a rare compliment, indeed. Still, it must be owned that she was a kind of moral car of Juggernaut to the man. And not to Stubbs alone, but to all the frequenters of the house, not one of whom would have dared offer anything but the most exaggerated respect to its mistress. In her own domain she ruled a queen. She served, it is true, but by favor, and woe to any man who forgot what was due from a guest to his hostess. For a warm corner in the little family-room was not to be despised of a winter night, when the snow covered them in, and the wind howled a dismal chorus outside, while the rusty stove at the officers' quarters gave out smoke without heat.

Here the fire was always bright, with an apple or two puffing and spitting steam before it, or the red-hot poker innocently but significantly blinking among the coals. The rough plastered walls were covered with prints, which Stubbs had found in trading expeditions to the states, or Mrs. Stubbs had scissored thriftily from illustrated journals, and were volumes in themselves of history, biography, and travel. But since the titles had been mostly sacrificed to space, there was a tantalizing indefiniteness about the whole, which possibly enhanced its interest. A Mexican blanket covered the center of the floor upon extraordinary occasions, with rude skins spread here and there for softer comfort. Scant curtains of red moreen hid the tiny windows, and gave color to the place, while the furniture was made up of odd pieces brought by the sutler at various times from Independence,—that outpost of civilization at this time. It had been chosen with an eye for but one quality,—durability,—and even this had required an eye of faith. But its "exceeding lastingness," like that in Kalander's house, had almost made it appear by this time exceeding beautiful. Comfortable it was, at least.

And this was the home into which, after

a dozen childless years spent in as many rough, rude places, the baby came to the post-sutler Stubbs and his wife.

It was an event to stir the foundations of their world; but it brought little change. Sergeant Duckling improvised a cradle from the half of an old flour-barrel, which Mrs. Stubbs covered with gay flowered chintz, ferreted from Stubbs's stock of unsalable wares, and set up in a corner seemingly devised expressly for it. To be sure, the pipes were banished now to the adjoining store, but the baby more than made up for any such deficiency. It was passed from hand to hand, and tossed and dandled in air in a way that would have agonized a less courageous mother. But Mrs. Stubbs bore it all with the equanimity of pride and ignorance. And the child laughed and crowed its delight at the involuntary gymnastics it was made to perform in the arms of its rough friends. A pale, delicate little flower this was which had blossomed upon Mrs. Stubbs's bosom. The ways of Providence are indeed past finding out. A wolf's cub, a young coyote would have been more akin to the woman. But no; wolf-cubs are born into sheep-folds, and lambs lie down by lions, and no one knows the reason why. Still, something of softening did come to her with motherhood, as well as a deeper craft and a more grasping ambition. The one growing purpose of her life had been to push Stubbs on in the world,—where, or toward what end, she hardly knew. They had schemed, and worked, and hoarded,—the man, at least, honestly enough,—until they had become rich,—rich even for "the settlements,"—where Mrs. Stubbs's eyes and desires were wont to turn. But now, what would she not do for the child! There was no limit to her desires, or to the vague dreams over that rude cradle.

But no ambitious dreams disturbed the father. There is a vein of poetry in the nature of every man, and the coming of the baby was like sinking a shaft into Stubbs's soul, though very little of the precious ore ever came to the surface—a few trifling specimens only—to show the richness of the lode. He was by no means a godly man, but cradling the child in his arms, he would croon over her hour after our,—not the rollicking songs of a camp, but quaint, awful hymns, enough to strike terror to the heart of an ordinary man, and picked up no one knew where.

"Great spoils I shall win,
From death, hell, and sin,"

sang the father, in a hoarse, broken voice, and with many a twist and turn to the weird air.

The child looked up into his face, and smiled her contentment. What were death, hell, and sin to her happy babyhood! It was he who first called her Blossom; and a frail little blossom she was, with her white face, her solemn, brown eyes, and her hair like the fluff on the dandelions in summer-time. And Blossom she came to be to all the garrison,—from the stern colonel in command down to little Bob White, who made the last in the line on dress parade. Not that this was her baptismal name. For christened she was one Sabbath afternoon in summer, in the presence of the whole garrison,—through the zeal of the new chaplain, it must be owned, rather than from any desire of her parents. The poor man had but scant opportunity for wearing his bands or performing the rites of his church here, and could not allow such an one as this to go by unimproved. The child looked gravely, but without fear, upon the assembled company, until she caught sight of Sergeant Duckling's good-natured face, when she broke into an irreverent, gurgling laugh, ending in a most uncompromising crow, greatly to the embarrassment of the chaplain, who was young and unmarried. The colonel tried to frown down the smile awakened by this undignified conduct of the candidate, but there was a twinkle in his own eye. Dear me! Had he not dandled the child in his own arms by the hour, when his wife had borrowed her for the afternoon?

"Name this child," said the chaplain, hastily.

He was alarmed for his own dignity and the solemnity of the service he had inaugurated.

Mrs. Stubbs stood like a drum-major by her husband's side, gorgeous in a new pink bonnet, fashioned directly after that of the colonel's wife. She gave him a nudge with her elbow, to remind him to speak up promptly, which only served to rout every idea from poor Stubbs's mind. It was only when this domestic spur had been applied the second time that he succeeded in stammering out a name which nobody could understand. The chaplain, however, took it up, and repeated it in a sonorous voice. To tell the truth, he had it upon a bit of paper in his hand all the time. The asking was but a form.

It was his mother's name over which

Stubbs had stammered. It had not been uttered for many a long year, nor was it embarrassment alone that brought the quaver to his voice as he pronounced it. The water dropped upon the child's wondering face, the last prayer was uttered, the last amen pronounced, the band struck up, the company dispersed, and little Blossom was made a Christian.

Not that she had been so great a sinner before. She was a gentle child from her birth, and the "old Adam" whom the chaplain had prayed that her heart might be rid of, seemed hardly to have taken a lodgment there. Her pretty ways had made her the pet of the garrison. Never a week passed that Orderly Sims did not appear with the compliments of the colonel's lady, and begging the loan of Miss Blossom for the day. From these visits she returned decked out like a queen barbaric, and laden with spoils. Even the Indians hanging about the post awakened to something like interest at sight of the white papoose. Their tawny faces had no terror for the child, and when she arrived at the dignity of standing upon her feet, the gentle young tyrant refused any covering for those dimpled members but the softest of deer-skin moccasins, braided, and fringed, and beaded after the pattern of the ones worn by her dusky friends. But if these were her friends, Bob White was her slave. He it was who carved a misshapen piece of anatomy—which he called a doll—for Blossom's delight, and which became her greatest treasure.

And so the years slipped by; but not without seasons of bitter pain. More than once were her friends ordered away, not to return, and Blossom's tender heart was broken in the parting. Even Bob White's turn came at last, and he marched out of the gate with his company, his boyish heart heavier than the knapsack on his shoulders. He had sat up half the night to cut out a rude figure of a horse as a parting present for Blossom. It was a pitiful creature, if the truth be told. Endowed with life, it would have found locomotion impossible from the difference in the length of its legs, if nothing more, and would have been shot, in mercy, no doubt. But Blossom wept fond, bitter tears over it (Bob had baptized it already with his own), and hid it under her pillow at night, refusing to be comforted for the loss of her friend.

"Why did he go away?" she asked of her mother.

"Because he had to," was the not very satisfactory response.

"*Why* did he had to?"

"He must go with the rest. Somebody else'll come," Mrs. Stubbs added, with a clumsy attempt at comforting. "Somebody you'll like a deal better."

The child regarded her with grave eyes. All language, beyond the simplest, was a foreign tongue to her as yet. She did not take in its meaning readily. Then, all at once, she broke into an astonished burst of tears.

"But *I* want Bob White!" she said.

She had not yet learned the hard lesson to take what one can get and be thankful and quiet, so she sobbed herself to sleep,—poor little Blossom!

As she grew older, the ladies at the post taught her to read and to sew, in neither of which not uncommon accomplishments Madam Stubbs excelled. Blossom conquered her letters without much difficulty, and pricked her way along the path of needlework hardly less slowly. There was a natural refinement about the child which these gentle associations nourished, and it was not book-learning or fine sewing alone the little maiden was gaining day after day, the mother saw, with uneasy pride and a twinge of jealousy. Were they not drawing the child away from her? And yet she looked with admiration upon the growing accomplishments of the girl, and the gentle ways which came to her as by right of birth, while between Blossom and her father there was neither misgiving nor fear, but a sympathy which needed not the expression of words; though they talked together often by the hour, cheek to cheek, under the stars or in the dim fire-light.

"Father, what are the stars?" she asked one night, when, held in his arms, she had pulled aside the little red curtain before the window.

"Them's worlds, Blossom, as big or bigger'n this, I reckon."

"Oh no, father!" the child replied, with a grave shake of the head. "They're too little. And you shouldn't tell such stories to Blossom,"—she added, reprovingly, quoting a caution she had overheard from the lips of the colonel's lady the day before,—"because she might believe 'em."

"Then they're eyes," said Stubbs, who would have named them anything to please the child. He took the reproof as gravely as it was given. "That's what they are, Blossom. They're good folks's eyes,—up in heaven."

"Yes," said the child, entirely satisfied. "They're eyes. And they always look at Blossom."

He taught her something of arithmetic, and even ferreted a geography from his stores, over which he was hardly less mystified than she. To crown all, he was discovered one day poring over an old grammar, his sleeves rolled up, and his shirt-collar unbuttoned.

"It's for the little un," he said, shutting the book up in confusion. "I thought as how she might come to it by an' by."

It was told as a great joke that Stubbs had begun the study of grammar, and many were the thrusts at him in consequence, which he turned off good-naturedly; but a great trouble was beginning to gather in his heart. He had learned something, if not grammar, from the volume he could not master,—and this was, that Blossom must go away. The wife of the commanding officer had spoken to him about it before now. Her own daughters were in the states at school, and Blossom must go. He could not teach her. He acknowledged it to himself at last; and the gentle, pretty little creature, with her refined ways and her warm heart, must not be left to grow up in ignorance. The colonel's wife put it to him in this way. But he knew it before she spoke. It had been growing upon him day by day, like a heavy burden. It was very kind in the wife of the commanding officer to take such an interest in a child who was, after all, only the post-sutler's daughter. She did not, indeed, suggest the fashionable establishment where her own daughters were fitting themselves for an elegant and rather mild struggle with life; but she did what was better for the child. She recommended an old school-mate of her own, now in straitened circumstances, who would perhaps, for a consideration, take charge of Blossom and superintend her education for a term of years. She even wrote and arranged the whole matter, with Stubbs's sanction. And so it came about that Blossom left home. Though how it came about, and through what agony of parting, we need say nothing here. Hearts bleed and heal again, or learn to cover their wounds, and the world goes on. And people who are neither cultured, nor hardly civilized,—as we reckon such things,—forget themselves in the good of others, and give up their own out of their arms, if by so doing a blessing may but come to them.

Already a dream of making a lady of her daughter had taken possession of Mrs. Stubbs. It reconciled her, in a measure, to parting with Blossom. But no such vision consoled the father. In some way which he scarcely understood, it was to be a gain to the child. That was all. So he made the long journey over the trail to Independence with her, and from there to the town where she was to be left. Something in the face of the woman to whom she was to be intrusted pleased the father when they had found her at last, and he left the child with a sense of security which did much to comfort him, though with ill-concealed grief over the parting. "Bring her up to be a straight kind of a gal," he said. Then he kissed Blossom good-bye, and turned his face back toward the wilderness, indeed!

Once a year, from this time, he visited her; affecting to examine into the progress she had made in her studies, with an inward wonderment, but an outward composure, which quite deceived the girl, who believed that he knew it all. Even when she learned otherwise, she kept that knowledge to herself, for love of him. But after these visits,—which his wife seldom shared,—a strange restlessness took possession of the man for a time. "I reckon by another year we shall sell out and shift to the states,—by spring, most likely," he would say—until it came to be a proverb at the post (where Blossom had grown to be a myth, as her old friends were ordered away and replaced by men who had never known her), so that when anything was particularly uncertain, its time was fixed at the day "when Stubbs sells out and shifts to the states."

And now, to return to the beginning of the chapter, Blossom—aged seventeen, her education at last completed—was going back to her home.

CHAPTER II.

TOWARD THE SETTING SUN.

A LONG train of covered wagons is slowly dragging itself westward across the plains, along the valley of the Arkansas River, winding in and out among the hillocks which mark the surface, and hugging the ground as it crawls on like some huge white serpent upon the scorched grass.

It lacks hardly an hour of sunset, and they have been upon the move since daylight, with but a short halt at noon; yet the drivers whip on the weary creatures that pull the laden wagons. They have left the river at a point where the trail divides to form a

bow. The arc follows the windings of the stream, while the string which they pursue leads through a more barren region,—a valley where, at this season, the middle of November, nothing meets the eye but the lowering sky overhead and the rolling land beneath it, covered with blackened, scrubby buffalo-grass. Through all the long day they have been shut into this valley of desolation, urging on the exhausted animals, and choosing this route, though it leads away from wood and water, in order, if possible, to shorten the distance to Fort Atchison. Rumors reached them, before setting out from Independence, that the Santa Fé trail was infested by hostile Indians; but, so far, they have been unmolested. Last night, however, the smoke of numerous camp-fires off in the south-west excited their alarm. A false one, perhaps, since they may have risen from some camp peaceably disposed, moving south to winter quarters. If they had been well guarded or unhampered by these heavy wagons, the dozen irresponsible men of the party might have pushed on at a faster pace to the fort. But with a force of scarce thirty men, picked up by chance at the last moment, discretion was better than fool-hardy haste. Another day will bring them to the river again, if no ill chance befall them, and the setting of another sun to Fort Atchison,—the destination of the larger part of the train. As for the remainder of the wagons, which are to go on,—to Santa Fé, even,—an additional force can be procured at the fort to guard their passage, if necessary.

The wagons creak on heavily as the sun slowly moves down toward its setting and the cold of a November night begins to settle down upon the weary company. Everything like song or story has long since died among them. A muttered oath at the oxen or mules, a muttered complaint disguised in a curse, are the only expressions left, and these grow stronger by condensation as the miles stretch out under their heavy feet. Suddenly, as they gaze with dull eyes upon the distance which tempts with no change from the monotonous landscape about them, a faint puff of dust rises, grows, spreads, rolls into a cloud against the reddening horizon,—a revolving yellow cloud,—from which are presently projected two mounted figures tearing down the trail to meet them. The wagons are hastily drawn into a double line, with the cavalry on either side; but scarcely is this accomplished, when, the cloud having cleared behind the advancing riders, they discover that their foes—if foes they are—number but these two men. And in a moment more they recognize the black, flying locks, and even the gaudily fringed buckskins of Tony Baird, the half-breed scout, who, with a companion of his own profession, has been out since daylight.

The strain of anxious expectation and the preparations for defense give place to the most heedless curiosity. For only in moments of actual danger is there anything like discipline in the loose-bound company. Every man rushes to the front to hear the news,—the teamsters abandoning their wagons, and even pressing before stout, purple-faced Captain Luttrell, who commands the escort. One of these, whose face shows the delicate coloring, and suggests the texture, of an ox-hide, is the first to address the new-comers. But Dan Cogger is the wagon-master of the train, and has therefore some right to a front place and the first word.

His shoulders, with which he pushes himself through the little crowd gathered about the horsemen, are those of a bison, hidden under a coarse flannel shirt. His long nether limbs are covered by a pair of old buckskins, tanned, one might say, with dust and ashes, and half concealed by long cavalry boots. Drawn down over his stiff, red hair, and almost hiding his sharp, gray eyes, is a cavalry hat, from which all grace of outline departed long since, with full half its rim.

"We're uncommon glad to see ye," says the wagon-master, with a grim smile, as the scouts bring up their ponies with a jerk, throwing each upon its haunches; "but 'pears to me it's hardly wuth while t' kill the beasts an' come tearin' down on us 's though a thousan' devils were arter ye."

The wagon-master is somewhat ashamed of the warlike preparations made to receive the two scouts.

"A thousand devils?" gasps one, out of breath with the race. "Ye may say that. An' if ye put it at two, ye wont be far out o' the way. We followed their trail for a mile or two, till it struck off toward the river, where they're camped most likely by this time, not half a dozen miles from here."

"And the tracks were fresh?" Captain Luttrell takes up the question.

"Not three hours old."

"Some camp, perhaps, moving south," the captain says carelessly, taking his cigar from his lips.

"I'll be —— if it was," replies the scout, whose professional acuteness seems called into question by this remark. "We followed 'em up sharp for a mile or two, and there wasn't the scratch of a lodge-pole among 'em."

"How many, did you say?" Captain Luttrell throws away his cigar. It has lost its flavor.

"Five hundred,—a thousand,—ten thousand,—as many as you'll want to see, I reckon; we forgot to count 'em."

And without waiting to be questioned farther, the scout drew the bridle across the neck of his mustang, and rode off among the men.

They were a feeble force of fighting men,—a small company of cavalry, a couple of officers on the way to join their commands, and half a dozen young blades from the states in search of adventure. This was all. The teamsters would count for nothing in case of an attack.

Cogger's sharp features had been working in a remarkable manner during this brief dialogue,—as though he were trying with difficulty to swallow this unwelcome news.

"We must make the best of onpleasant sarcumstances," he says at last, giving one final contortion to his face. "Ef the durned fools aint left the teams!" he burst out in angry amazement, forgetting that he had been pushed and jostled by these same men for the past five minutes. But he had been in spirit in the midst of that Comanche camp up the river, counting his enemies and balancing the rather uneven chances of the next day. He turned upon the recreant drivers now, with a skillful discharge of ingenious oaths which sent every man to his place, and by restoring the atmosphere ordinarily hanging about the train, revived its fainting courage in a measure.

They must push on. Every mile gained was a fresh hold on life. With this foe between them and the fort, there was everything to fear. Still, by chance or good fortune, they might yet escape their foes, who were perhaps unaware of their approach. If they could but slip by the Indian camp before striking the river again! The darkness, the bend in the trail, would favor the attempt. Or, at the worst, they were not far from help. Dan Cogger, riding at the head of the train, his torn hat pulled down over his restless gray eyes, was already planning in his mind how, when night should have come, to dodge the Indian camp, gallop to the fort, rout out the "regulars," and return before the approach of the wagons should be discovered by their enemies. They had been fool-hardy to leave Independence with so small a force, but they had waited with the promise of an additional company, which never came, until there was almost as much to fear from drifting snow-storms as from savage foes. More, indeed, since the latter (if true to tradition or precedent) should by this time have moved their camps south of the river,—docked of feathers, and washed free from war-paint. From the weather they had so far suffered nothing. It had been unexceptionally clear, though growing colder day by day, and threatening snow of late; and as for other dangers, they had not so much as met the track of one unshod pony, until the report the scouts brought in to-night. But they had reached the debatable land,—the common hunting-ground of the tribes,—and it would be strange, indeed, if they crossed it without an adventure.

Not a crack from a driver's whip broke upon the still air as the day drew swiftly to its close. Oh! the lagging indifference of the dull-eyed beasts, dragging on the slow-moving wagons, while danger crouched behind every hillock, and life waited for them hardly twenty miles away! At last, one of the oxen staggered,—attempted one more uncertain step, and fell. Before he had struck the ground, the driver had unfastened the chain, and was dragging at the heavy yoke. The great wheels swung slowly to one side, the whole train gave this feeble lurch, and the poor animal was left to his fate. More than one of the others showed signs of giving out, but they pushed on until they had reached the banks of a small creek fringed with willows, flowing at a little distance into the Arkansas River. And here they prepared to encamp for the night.

The great yellow disk of a November sun hangs upon the peak of a distant "divide," as the wagons are drawn into a close circle, within which the animals are corraled. They are guarded and tended with extra care to-night, for they are worth all that a man would give for his life. The men gather the half-consumed branches of the leafless willows, over which the Indian fires have swept, to make a feeble blaze by which they may prepare their supper when the darkness shall have hung a blanket between them and their foes. To send up the smoke of a camp-fire now, or to ring out into the resonant air the stroke of an ax,

would be to bring their enemies upon them at once. Even the harsh voices of the teamsters, and the curses of the men moving among the animals, are so subdued as to lose the emphasis which is all their power. They realize, with Cogger, that it is "by dodgin', not by fightin'," they are to get in this time, if at all.

A young man mounted upon a clean-limbed, broad-flanked bay mare has struck off alone from the camp, while these preparations for the night are being made. The small head of the animal droops wearily as she realizes that her day's work is not yet done. She steps cautiously into the stream beside which the camp is forming, and where a thin film of ice is beginning to gather. Then gaining the other side, and taking heart, perhaps, of necessity, she throws off her weariness with a bound, and stretches into a gallop across the valley, shut in on either side at the distance of half a mile by irregular hills. Under a summer sky, with the grass fresh and matted into a thick carpet, the pale green of the willows lying against the darker color of the hills, and with the water-course gurgling over its shallows, this valley might have a charm of its own. But now, blackened and dreary from fire and approaching night, darkened and chill with coming winter, it holds nothing to attract the eye. The bridle drops upon the neck of the horse as it bears its rider slowly over the broken land leading to the low crest of the hill before them. That gained, the young man unslings a glass from his side, and scans the darkening landscape. Not a cloud breaks the short waving line of the horizon in the west, as the sun drops from the point where it has hung for a moment. With its fall, a flood of gold pours out along the sky. Bold and sharp against it stand out the hills, brought strangely near by the deceptive air. How narrow the earth grows for once! A gallop to the ridge beyond where the horseman is standing, and one might plunge off into space! Bold and sharp, too, rises this mounted figure in its travel-worn cavalry jacket, handsomely braided and frogged. A fine target for an arrow you would be, Captain Robert Elyot, did an Indian chance to hide behind the mound you scan so carelessly! Perhaps he thinks the same. For, gathering the loosened bridle, with a touch of his heel to the side of the animal he is off like an arrow down the slope toward the camp.

Hardly has he gained the level ground, when some one comes riding slowly to meet him. It would be impossible to tell which wears the most dejected air,—the lop-eared, lop-headed, drooping-tailed animal approaching, whose appearance is a sermon upon the vanity of life and the futility of beastly effort, or the scantily mustachioed young officer astride him.

"Confound the plains!" the latter mutters gloomily, as he joins Captain Elyot. "I tell you, Elyot, a snail would sicken of the pace we have kept up the past three days."

"Your horse seems to be rather the worse for it;" and there is a laugh in the eye of the speaker as he regards the sorry beast the new-comer rides.

"Yes, I know,—broken-winded,—spavined,—blind in one eye, too, I fancy. I'd like to see that dealer again. Lord! I'd like to see anybody out of this infernal region of sand and buffalo-grass. I say, Elyot, is it always like this?"

And he throws a glance of contempt upon their surroundings, which should have stirred the very bosom of the earth.

"Worse,—a thousand times worse!" laughs the other. "If we run through this, we shall be snowed in at the fort in less than a week."

"And then?"

"Oh! we smoke, play cards, hate each other heartily, and hide it,—and you've no idea what an amount of surplus energy a man may work off in that way. Then there'll be five hundred red-devils, more or less, hanging about the fort to beg or steal, unless, as they say, they're out on the war-path. In that case, we may be ordered south on a campaign, with the weather cold enough to freeze the flesh and shiver it off your bones."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the younger man.

"Oh! it's not so bad a life, after all, when you're used to it," the first speaker went on. "There are always ladies at the post, and if we're not sent off, we get up a dance or theatricals, or something to make the time pass."

"And do you like it?" asked the younger man, when they had ridden in silence for a moment.

"Do I like it? Do I like the service?" rejoined the other one, coldly.

"But it is rather hard,—to send a man into this wilderness the first year," stammered Lieutenant Orme.

"That depends. Everything is hard when a man is determined not to be satis-

fied. But you'll keep such sentiments from the major's ears, if you're wise. And you'll be thankful enough, a dozen years hence, that you were sent out here to rough it awhile, rather than to some soft spot in the states, within arm's length of your mother, and with nothing to do but polish your sword and show off your new uniform."

"My mother!" repeated the boy,—for he was hardly more,—"I wish I could see her!" And he turned away his head.

"I wish you could," said the other, with good-natured roughness. "I never had a mother or a sister whom I could remember," he added, in a softer tone. "But I tell you, Orme, this wont do, you know. You can't take such a face as that into Atchison. It's hard enough for a man to hold his own there without hanging out such a signal as you're carrying. We ought to strike the fort by sunset to-morrow," he added. "That is, if we get in at all."

But, though he said this under his breath, the young lieutenant caught the words.

"What do you mean?"

"You heard the report the scouts brought in?"

"No; I was asleep in one of the wagons the last hour or two before we halted."

"—That there are from five hundred to a thousand red-skins between us and Atchison?"

"And you think they'll come down on us?"

The lieutenant's eye had lost its dullness. The peevish tone had left his voice as he put the question excitedly.

Captain Elyot regarded him oddly for a moment.

"You'll do," he said, with a laugh; "though I began to think I had a molly-coddle on my hands. Think we shall see 'em? Why, man, they're not five miles away. See here;" and wheeling his horse sharply, he struck back upon the way they had just come over, followed by his companion as fast as his forlorn beast could carry him.

As they approached the crest of the hill where he had stood a few moments before, Captain Elyot dismounted, and leaving his horse, made the ascent on foot. He even dropped to the ground before gaining the summit, with a caution he would have scorned had he been alone. But "The boy may as well learn to take care of himself," thought this young mentor.

The grayness of night was beginning to gather. The swelling land behind them was already indistinct in outline, as the two young men lay side by side upon the coarse scorched grass, while the elder pointed away toward the south-west, where the glare of sunset still lit up the sky. Like mighty steps the hills rose to meet it, the last seeming hardly a mile away. A faint gray cloud lay against the flame-colored sky,—a fixed base, hardly perceptible, moored it to the earth.

"Smoke, by thunder!" And the younger man sprang to his knees.

"Lie low!" said Captain Elyot, sharply, pulling him to the ground again. "Yes, it is a camp-fire," he added, reflectively. "I almost fancied I was mistaken when I had ridden away from it. And we shall have them down upon us to-morrow, unless they have heard nothing of our coming, and have other game in hand, which I very much doubt. But, come,—it's time we were on the move again;" and he began the descent.

"See here, Elyot," said Lieutenant Orme, as they were mounting the beasts, that were too weary to stray far from the spot where they had been left. "I hope you don't think, because I grumbled just now, that I should show the white feather if —— "

"Nonsense, man!" said the other, quickly, springing into the saddle with an agility one would hardly have expected from a frame by no means light. "But when you have been in what you call this 'wilderness' as long as I, you'll learn that there are worse fates than crawling over a tolerable road with plenty to eat,—such as it is,—a clear sky overhead, and the prospect of keeping your scalp for twenty-four hours, at least. But come on, or Luttrell will fancy we've fallen into a trap already;" and, spurring their jaded horses, they soon gained the camp.

"Ye'll be bringin' the varmints down on us, with yer keerless ways," growled Cogger, as they came up. "Thar an't no sense in temptin' the devil! Hev ye seen anything like a camp-fire off thar?" jerking his head to the southward.

Leaving the lieutenant to tell his own story, Captain Elyot strolled away to a more quiet part of the camp, to reflect, perhaps, by himself, upon the probable events of the next day, as foreshadowed by that little cloud of smoke. He wrapped the cape of the coat he had taken from the saddle about his head—for the air had turned chill as

winter—and threw himself down by one of the deserted wagons.

Here and there, outside the dim circle of ghostly wagons, burned low fires, about which preparations for the evening meal were going on. Overhead the stars grew brighter and brighter, as the darkness shut them in, while above the sound of wrangling voices and the trampling of uneasy hoofs rose louder and yet more loud, the howl of the gray wolf, and the sharp bark of the coyote.

It would be strange, indeed, if, in such a scene, and with the assurance of an enemy so near, unpleasant visions did not dodge the waking thoughts of a man, even though he were, like this one, young, handsome, and heir to a fine property; since half the pangs we suffer are from possibilities. He had seen enough of this kind of warfare to know that if attacked by a foe of half the number the scout had reported, they could hardly hope to hold out long enough to fight the whole ground over between this and Fort Atchison. At such a time, youth, good looks, or worldly prospects count for little. Life stretches out wide, and green, and beautiful when one's eyes seem likely to be forced to close upon it. Personal beauty was a snare to which he had given little thought; and wealth, even, though already in his hand, could do nothing for him here.

That barest of all comforting reflections was his: If the worst came, there was no one to grieve for him. He was alone in the world. Old Uncle Jeremy, his nearest of kin, away off in an eastern city, who had quarreled with and finally buried all his own children, would hardly weep for his nephew and heir, since he already regarded with a kind of jealousy the man who was some day to enjoy what he was by no means willing to give up. Ah! if money could be changed into a spiritual medium, there would be few legacies left to the world! But since that could not be, in case he was taken off, this wealth, which, it must be avowed, Captain Elyot had looked forward to spending after a way of his own, would go —— the Lord knew where! For Uncle Jeremy was neither pious nor charitable.

He had fallen into as low a state of mind as it is possible for a young fellow without a particle of sentiment to descend to; when something occurred which swept the whole dismal reverie away in an instant.

CHAPTER III.

"YOU GAVE MY LITTLE GAL A PRECIOUS SCARE."

A MOVEMENT in the wagon above him made him raise his head. Every sound might have a double meaning now. Then—no; yes, it *was* the pretty, neatly dressed foot of a woman being pushed timidly down from the wagon. It found a resting-place, and another followed, the skirt of a gown, gray in the dim light, came within the range of his vision, and at last, with a spring from the precarious perch where it had rested for an instant, the figure of a girl came lightly to the ground.

She was young,—the faint outline against the darkening sky told that. She was a lady he knew from her step, as she came cautiously over the rough grass, her dress brushing his foot. But who was she and where had she been hidden so long? To spring up was his first impulse; but this would doubtless alarm her. No; it would be better to steal quietly away when she had passed on,—which he soon saw she had no intention of doing. He rose noiselessly. Screened by the wagons, she watched the dark figures moving in and out of the light from the dim camp-fires as the preparations for supper went on. It was a childish curiosity, for she did not seem to search for any one. A little shawl hung loosely over her shoulders. She threw it over her head, and, growing bold, stepped out a few paces from the wagons, with the gesture of a truant, ready to fly back at the slightest alarm. The young man laughed to himself at the caution with which she kept her eyes upon the men around the fires, with no thought of danger in the rear. He intended to slip away, unperceived. But he delayed a moment too long. Some unconscious movement betrayed him to this girl, watchful as a hound. She turned in affright, and he met a pair of soft, wide-opened eyes shining through the twilight, and a repressed exclamation of terror, as she sprang back toward the wagon, where she stood, panting and at bay.

"Please go away!" said a low voice, which fright made to vibrate.

Captain Elyot removed his hat; but it was not in human nature to go. Not in strong, young, curious human nature, at least.

"I am afraid I startled you," he said, respectfully. "I beg your pardon, but ——"

"Oh, please go away!"

The girl was glancing from side to side,

as though in doubt which way to fly. To scale the wagon in the face of the enemy was not to be thought of.

"Certainly, madam. I only desired to apologize. I trust you will believe I had no thought of playing the spy."

His words were severely proper; his air—as he took one step backward in proof of sincerity—was almost abject in its humility. The girl regarded him doubtfully. She held her gown with both hands, in the very attitude of escape.

"Oh, no,—no! I am sure you had not!" she said, hurriedly,—perhaps with an idea of conciliation, since her timid dismissal had not taken effect. "But if you would go away!"

There was hardly the thickness of a cobweb between the quavering voice and tears.

"I believe she is afraid of me!" exclaimed the young man, in blank, blundering astonishment, and thereupon took himself off, without another word.

He had skirted half the circle of the camp before it occurred to him to cover his head with the cavalry hat he still carried in his hand. Who was she? And why was she here? And, above all, how had her presence been concealed for so long a time? He ran over the train in his mind. There was the party from the states traveling in an old stage-coach; but he set that aside at once. Then there were the wagons belonging to the sutler at Fort Atchison, and the others going to points farther on. In the darkness, and deserted as they were by their drivers, he could not tell from which of these the girl had descended. But he resolved to have an eye upon that part of the train when the command to "catch up" should come the next morning. Then he went off in search of Lieutenant Orme and supper. After which, the incident passed from his mind, as he joined the informal council gathered to talk over the chances of the morrow.

"It's no use deceivin' yerselves," Cogger was saying, as he came up to the group gathered in a circle about the ashes of what had been at best but the suggestion of a camp-fire. "The rascals'll scent us out before we've been an hour on the trail, ef they aint a'ready. Lord knows, I aint no fellership with fitin' when I kin run. But it's ag'in natur' to expect them oxen to do much toward streakin' it to a place o' safety, let alone the wagons."

The speaker paused after thus stating the case, and drawing his blanket a little more closely about his shoulders, proceeded to puff away seriously at his pipe. A desultory discussion followed his words. But this he interrupted after a moment.

"I wouldn't give much for our har, sech as 'tis," he said, in a cheerful spirit of prophecy, "ef they come down on us; unless the major kin send some o' them lazy fellers at the fort t' give us a h'ist."

"If we had twenty-five more men, I'd defy any number of 'em," said Captain Luttrell, boldly.

"Ef ye had!" Cogger repeats dryly, blowing a cloud of smoke from his nostrils.

"I wish to the Lord we'd never started," mutters one of the young men from civilization.

"I reckon ye do," says Cogger, complacently. "I don't expect to enjoy it much, myself. But thar'll be a struggle for't before they git my skelp among 'em. Ef some o' you boys who aint good fur nuthin else 'ud try for the fort now, ye'd get in, most likely, under kiver o' the dark, and could rout out the reg'lars afore we're clean done for. Ye've got to do somethin' for yerselves," he added when no response came from the party to whom this was addressed. "They du say that Providence takes keer o' them as can't look out for themselves; but I reckon 'taint in the Injun country."

"Why shouldn't we all try for the fort, when the night has fairly set in?" says the penitent adventurer who had spoken before. "There are horses enough, and the scouts know the country."

"*An' leave the teams?*" The pipe almost fell from Cogger's mouth with his gasp of utter astonishment. "'Taint what I've come for, young man, t' save my skin. I could 'a' done that a durned sight easier by stayin' in the states. I kalkerlate t' git these wagons through or lay my bones beside 'em."

"Is there any one who will try for the fort?" Captain Luttrell asks, breaking in impatiently. "There's no use in wasting our time in this way. If any one goes, he ought to be off in an hour. The moon'll be up soon after midnight."

"I will," says Tony Baird. Captain Elyot rose to his feet: "And I." "And I," said Lieutenant Orme, springing from his place. "Let me go with you, Elyot," he added eagerly, in a lower tone.

"'Taint no use," Cogger broke in. "Two's enough. Ye'll be more likely t' git through."

"I believe it is so," said Captain Luttrell. "We shall have to excuse you this time, Lieutenant; and, indeed, we must not weaken our force here more than is necessary."

"We may as well git what sleep we kin," says Cogger, rolling himself up in his blanket when Captain Luttrell had disappeared to write a dispatch for the major commanding at Fort Atchison. "We'll have to stretch out a couple of hours arter midnight. Thar aint no sense in lyin' round an' just waitin' to be swallered up. It kind o' keeps up a man's courage to be movin' on, especially a man who aint no more gift at fitin' than I hev." For Cogger parades his cowardice ostentatiously, though everybody knows that there is not a more fearless man upon the plains.

A short, broad figure under a regulation cap had been moving about upon the edge of the group during this conversation. The man advanced to Captain Elyot now, and, touching his cap, said:

"A word with ye, Cap'n."

"Is that you, Stubbs?" For it was the sutler from Fort Atchison. "Speak quick, man. I've no time to spare."

But the sutler, by a mysterious motion of the head, drew the young man away from the others. Even in the dim light of the stars one might see that Stubbs had given particular attention to his personal appearance,—a fact so noticeable by daylight as to draw upon him many a jest. The dust, which had covered them all day after day, was carefully removed from his garments, his mild, broad face was closely shaven, and even his linen did not look neglected. But all this, it may be imagined, Captain Elyot did not notice now. There was a nervous, anxious manner about the sutler, much more apparent than any peculiarity of dress. Nor was it strange, since a small fortune had been invested in the wagons he was pushing on to the fort. The chance of losing this, to say nothing of personal danger, might well alarm him.

"Well," said Captain Elyot, when they had gained a spot quite beyond the hearing of the others, and still the sutler hesitated; "whatever it is, Stubbs, speak out. You forget that I have to be off in half an hour. Have the horses stampeded, or a spy crept into camp, or——"

"No; but —— you gave my little gal a precious scare!" said the man at last.

His little girl! The words were an enigma to the young man. He almost thought anxiety had given Stubbs's dull brain a turn. Then the scene of an hour before came back to him. His little girl! Could this be Stubbs's daughter? Various traditions, rumors, and authenticated stories began to gather and concentrate in his mind. He had not sat by Stubbs's fire of evenings for six months past without hearing of Blossom's beauty, her learning (somewhat exaggerated, it must be owned) and her pretty ways. Though, to do Stubbs justice, he had seldom referred to her except indirectly, or by a pathetic sigh over her absence. It was Mrs. Stubbs who, with certain possibilities in her mind, had taken every opportunity to expatiate upon Blossom's charms. Some red-cheeked amazon, after the type of the mother, Captain Elyot had fancied her to be, or some moon-faced damsel—a sketch in chalk of Stubbs—whose good-nature would be equaled only by her stupidity. But this pretty little creature, with her frightened eyes and the unconscious grace that bespoke her a lady—this, Stubbs's daughter!

"I reckon it was a s'prise to ye," said Stubbs, with a touch of pride in his voice. "Ye see, I'm fetchin' her home. At least," he added, and all his former anxiety seemed to return and weigh down his words till they were almost too heavy to be uttered, "that's what I've started fur."

"But how have you managed to hide her all this time? And good Lord, man!"—as a thought of the morrow rose in his mind—"what are you going to do with her now?"

The young man had forgotten his haste to be gone. He could think of nothing but the dreadful fright and worse fate to which the poor girl might be exposed on the morrow—the girl who had trembled at sight of him!

"What *will* you do with her?" he asked sharply. The man was a fool to bring his daughter into such danger.

"That's what I wanted to ask ye," said poor Stubbs, abjectly. "I know I ought never to 'ave brought her. She aint like her mother."

"I should think not!" A vision of Mrs. Stubbs, with her soldierly figure and fearless face crossed the young man's mind.

"I ought to have sold out and ——"

"But it's too late for that," said the young man, impatiently. And the poor girl had no one to depend upon but this stupid fellow (whom he had found tolerably companionable before now)! Some wild scheme of freeing himself from his offer to ride to the fort tempted Captain Elyot. And yet he could not do it in honor. No; he must go. But he would say a word to Orme, or even speak to Luttrell. Stubbs was not to be trusted with such a charge. He forgot that the girl was Stubbs's own daughter.

"You're going to try for the fort?" Stubbs broke in upon his reverie timidly.

"Yes."

"Don't ye think, Cap'n"—the man's voice trembled over the words,—"don't ye believe ye could take the little gal along?"

"Good Lord, Stubbs! it isn't possible."

"She could ride with the best of ye. I learned her myself," Stubbs said eagerly.

"But we may never reach the fort."

"There's no reason why ye shouldn't. It's the wagons the devils are arter. If ye had a fresh horse, now—I wouldn't look at your money yesterday for Black Jess, I'd half promised her to Luttrell at a higher figger, but she's yours an' nothin' to pay ——"

"Keep your bribes for those who want them. A man don't take pay for a service like that," said Captain Elyot, proudly. "And it's out of the question, Stubbs. It can't be done."

He was moving off when the sutler seized him by the arm.

"You aint got no wife nor children, but you must have a heart in ye somewhere to feel for them as has. Why, I've seen ye carry a wounded dog in yer arms, an' wouldn't ye do as much for one o' God's human creeters? Oh ye don't know what it is to have the little gal hangin' on ter yer heart day an' night, till ye couldn't git no rest for thinkin' of her. Sech a soft, frightsome little thing! Scared of her shadder! An' to think ——" and the man covered his face with his hands.

"Yes, I know," Captain Elyot said, hesitatingly, "but Captain Luttrell would never consent; so much depends upon our getting in."

"He'd never say no to you; an' there aint a man among 'em but 'ud be sorry to know thar was a woman in camp if the Injuns come down on us to-morrow. Offer him what ye will, Cap'n. He aint afraid o' the touch o' gold. 'Twont blister his hand. Tell him he never should repent it as long as he lived. There are some favors a man don't forget in a hurry."

"But the scout?"

"Tony? He'd sell his soul for a silver dollar. It's a pity if he wouldn't do a feller-creeter a good turn for a dozen gold ones."

"Well, well," said Captain Elyot, reluctantly, "I'll do what I can for you, Stubbs. This is no place for a woman. Anyway, I'll speak to Luttrell."

"Then you'll do it? You'll run the little gal into the fort?"

"I'll do what I can; God knows there's no place for her here." Already he was assuming responsibility over this girl with whom he had not exchanged a dozen words.

But Stubbs was wringing his hand in a passion of gratitude.

"God bless ye! God bless ye! I knew ye would. It'll be made up to ye, though ye wont take the horse; an' I don't care what comes now, if the child'll only get to her mother. I shan't never see the fort myself, but ——"

"Nonsense, man, what are you talking about?"

"It's been a weighin' me down," Stubbs replied, gloomily,—"down an' down—till the spirit's clean gone out o' me. One stroke more'd do it, an' I reckon I'll git that to-morrow."

"You're low-spirited from worrying over this matter," said Captain Elyot, cheerfully. "You'll cheer up by daylight. But suppose you try for the fort yourself, you might go in my place—I'll speak to Luttrell about it."

But Stubbs shook his head.

"I aint never yet left the teams; an' I'll stand by 'em to the last."

"Then I must be off. I'll see Captain Luttrell at once. I reckon I can bring him round, so you may as well prepare your daughter. Don't frighten her—or has she heard?"

"She don't so much as know there's an Injun within a hundred miles."

"So much the better. Bring her here in half an hour, and mind you don't keep us waiting. I hope you can mount her, for I haven't a spare animal. The mare I rode to-day is quite used up."

"Never you fear about a horse for Blossom, I'll see to that. Jest you make it right with the Cap'n an' the rest of 'em; and don't stand for the price."

"I'll try; a man can't promise more."

They separated hastily; Stubbs to go and prepare Blossom for her night ride, and Captain Elyot to conciliate the commanding officer and the scout.

"What the —— is his daughter here for?" said Captain Luttrell, angrily. "But I suppose you may as well take her," for Captain Elyot had dropped a careless word or two of Stubbs's anxiety, and hinted at a debt of gratitude,—which nobody was so well able to pay as the sutler. "I hope he wont forget it if we ever get in,—that's all," grumbled the captain, folding up the dispatch he had been writing on his knee. "He put

a devilish price on that mare of his yesterday; I don't care if you tell him so."

The chink of gold proved sweetly persuasive to the scout. Words were unnecessary. There remained only Cogger to be conciliated, and him Captain Elyot met close to the appointed rendezvous.

"I s'pose the cap'n's given ye his orders," said the wagon-master, coming to a halt.

He had not been able to act upon the advice bestowed so lavishly upon the others to catch what rest might be had between now and midnight.

"Yes, I have the dispatches here;" and Captain Elyot laid his hand upon his breast. "But I was looking for you. Do you know, Cogger, there's a woman in the train?"

This was no time to choose his words, or to break more gently the subject on his mind.

"Now, if them blasted ——"

"It's only Stubbs's daughter, and he is taking her home to her mother."

"Ye don't say! Whar ever's he kep' her?"

"I don't know; in one of the wagons, probably. But he wants us to take her into the fort to-night. Captain Luttrell does not object, if we are willing to make the attempt. This'll be no place for a woman if the Indians attack us."

Cogger would have whistled, but caution checked him in the act.

"'Twas a kind o' mean trick in Stubbs," he said, thoughtfully, after a moment of silence. "We didn't kalkerlate to take no glass-ware this trip. We didn't pervide for't. An' he knew it. I reckon he can take keer o' his own darter," he added, with the air of a man who washes his hands of the whole affair.

"Tony thinks we can do it," said Captain Elyot, quietly, "and Luttrell has consented."

"He don't think so for nothin'. I take it, 'taint pure love o' God in either of 'em. Not that I've anything to say ag'in you, Captain Elyot. But why didn't Stubbs come to me with his darter square-like, before we left Independence? I'd 'a' said to him, 'Keep the gal t' the states for the present. 'Taint no time t' be teamin' wimmin folks over the trail, nigh on ter winter as 'tis, an' with sech a fearsome sperit for Injuns as I be.'"

"But the girl is here."

"Wall, wall, 'taint nuthin t' me. But I wouldn't 'a' thought it o' Stubbs. Him an me's been pardners for years. But ye'll strike a crooked trail in most men, an' where ye aint lookin' for't; an' ten chances t' one it'll be on account of a woman." He was moving away, but he turned back to add: "Ef ye hold t' the same mind, ye'd better shet Tony Baird's mouth, an' creep out o' camp kind o' unbeknownst t' the rest; an' it's time ye were off."

"I gave Stubbs half an hour to meet us here. It's hardly up yet. And I cautioned Tony to say nothing about the affair to any one. Here he is now," he went on, as the scout came up through the darkness from the corral, leading his horse. A servant followed with Captain Elyot's, and behind them appeared a third, leading Black Jess, which Captain Luttrell had coveted at the sutler's hands. A woman's saddle was fitted to her back. Stubbs had perhaps foreseen an emergency like this, and provided for it.

"I was ordered to bring her here," said the man who held the bridle.

Captain Elyot recognized him as one of Stubbs's teamsters,—a man regularly employed about the fort.

"But are you sure she is safe?"

"As gentle as a lamb, sir; and it wont be the first time Miss Blossom's rode her, either, or since we left the states," he added, in a still lower tone, and with a quiet chuckle. "Jess knows her,—don't ye, Jess?" And he stroked the face of the beautiful animal, who rubbed her forehead against his arm with a whinny which seemed in response to his words.

Night had settled lower and lower upon the camp; beyond the darker shadows of the circling wagons and the still forms of the men near at hand, nothing could be discerned. The sentinels, chilled by the keen air, huddled in pairs close to the ground, wrapped in their blankets, open-eyed, attent, but silent as sphinxes. The time had come for the party to set out for the fort. They waited only for Blossom.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEIRDRÈ."

Inscribed to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A CALL from mountain-tops and waving pines,
The Muse's wakening voice, my heart inclines
To sing to you a song that must be sung,
Sweet Horace of our modern land and tongue,
Who paintest mankind's thoughts as they arise,
With kindly pencil dipped in rainbow dyes;
Whose genial verse this glad conclusion shows:
The sum of human joys outweighs the woes!

My soul, like Israel's prophet, shuns to praise
The Ignis Fatuii of our later days,
Whose lanterns lead me but to vague abysms
Of proverbs, problems, sound, and syllogisms,—
Writers who, in strange medleys proving nought,
With tiresome reasonings split the hair of thought;
Who all their mental faculties apply
To analyze the motive of a fly;
Who, if a poplar leaf they trembling find,
Give doleful disquisitions on the wind;
Or, if the cat within the dairy sips
The luscious cream until she smacks her lips,
Or some wild urchin steal a worthless pin,
Pour forth about the origin of sin
Dim floods of thought on Destiny and Will—
All stolen from Whately, Spencer, Kant, and Mill!

Tom Jones disports himself through Fielding's pages
To show the natural man to future ages;
The characters in Peregrinus Pickle
All teach us wisdom, while our sides they tickle;
They argue not from what their acts ensue,
But tell us what they are from what they do.
In Shakspere's verse each form and shade of life
Is told by common acts of peace or strife:
Macbeth, the regicide, by Duncan's death,
Of false ambition lives the length and breadth;
Hamlet, the soul by reckless fancy led,
Paints more by what he did than what he said;
And sweet Ophelia with madness strove
By suffering to show the power of love,
And showed it better, as in death she lay,
Than all the sham philosophers can say!

Wise Homer tells us not the final source
Of thought that made Ulysses build the Horse;
Enough 'twas built, and we behold the man
Who first conceived and made the wondrous plan.
And so with all the mighty ones who run
Through ancient story; from Anchises' son,
Pelides, Hector, Agamemnon proud,
Ajax the Moon-mad,—all the valiant crowd
Who shook their banners round the walls of Troy,
To him who lived men's torments to destroy—
The kind Herakles—unto him who stole
The spark from heaven that fired the fœtal soul;
The wise old poets, with keen logic, sought
To tell us from their actions what they thought.

Give me my logic, then—if I must drink
The golden draught—from minds that clearly think,
And write their thoughts in proper, technic way,
That shows me the pure gist of what they say.
But give me no inversions,—give me not
For weary hours to wade some dreadful plot,
At first philosophy, at last a novel,
Where Hodge speaks bastard logic in his hovel,
And all the characters are of one school,
With syllogistic cant the only rule!

Or, if with poesy my mind I feed,
Give me the pipings of the grand old reed
That great ones kissed, and blew in strains that ran
With heavenly solace through the mind of man.
Give me the fond, the gay "Arabian Nights,"
With all their treasures and their dear delights;
With Grimm and Andersen to range the shore
Of pristine legend and enchanted lore;
Or with Cervantes' knight to feel the thwack
Of rustic cudgels on my noble back,
To slay chimeras, with love's subtlest art
To woo and conquer fair Dulcinea's heart,
Or charge the wind-mills, and half dead to lie,
With Sancho Panza and his proverbs by!
Give me the thought direct, that brightly runs
O'er interstellar spaces, planets, suns,
Through earth's hard crust and hell's Tartarean main,
From Milton's and from Dante's wondrous brain!
Give me with Homer through the battle wind,
With all my shouting myrmidons behind,
To urge the snorting steeds, and break the wood
Of Trojan lances by Scamander's flood;
Or, with bright Tasso, on the sounding plain
To couch the spear, and breast the arrows' rain
From walls of high Jerusalem, and show
My knightly prowess 'gainst the Paynim foe;
Or, with sweet Spenser, travel dales and woods
To look on nature in her different moods,
To stray with Una through enchanted groves,
And kiss the flower of innocence she loves,
To conquer dragons with the Red Cross Knight,
With Calidore behold the Graces bright,
Or lay the iron flail of Talus strong
On the proud backs of Ignorance and Wrong!

Or, if to verse at home my soul incline,
Give me the polished thoughts that nobly shine
Like pearls of price, or threads of virgin gold,
Through silken pages, where the tale is told
Of that weird Stethoscope, wherein the flies
The doctors stunned with their deceiving cries,
And with the Deacon let me ride away
Through summer woods, upon the One Hoss Shay,
Talk with the Autocrat, and hear the Poet,
And drink life's subtlest charm, and scarcely know it!

Or give me him, high culture's noble son,
The Scholar and the Poet both in one,
Whose verse of varied movement falls and swells

In melody like his cathedral bells:
Now full and grandly calm, now soft and tender,
Sparkling with wit, and bright with passion's splendor.
With him down Fancy's river let me sail,
And, with Sir Launfal, find the Holy Grail,
Or set myself some merry hours to spend
With quaint Hosea Biglow for my friend,
Or by the kitchen fire to sit in clover,
And do the blessed Courtin' ten times over!

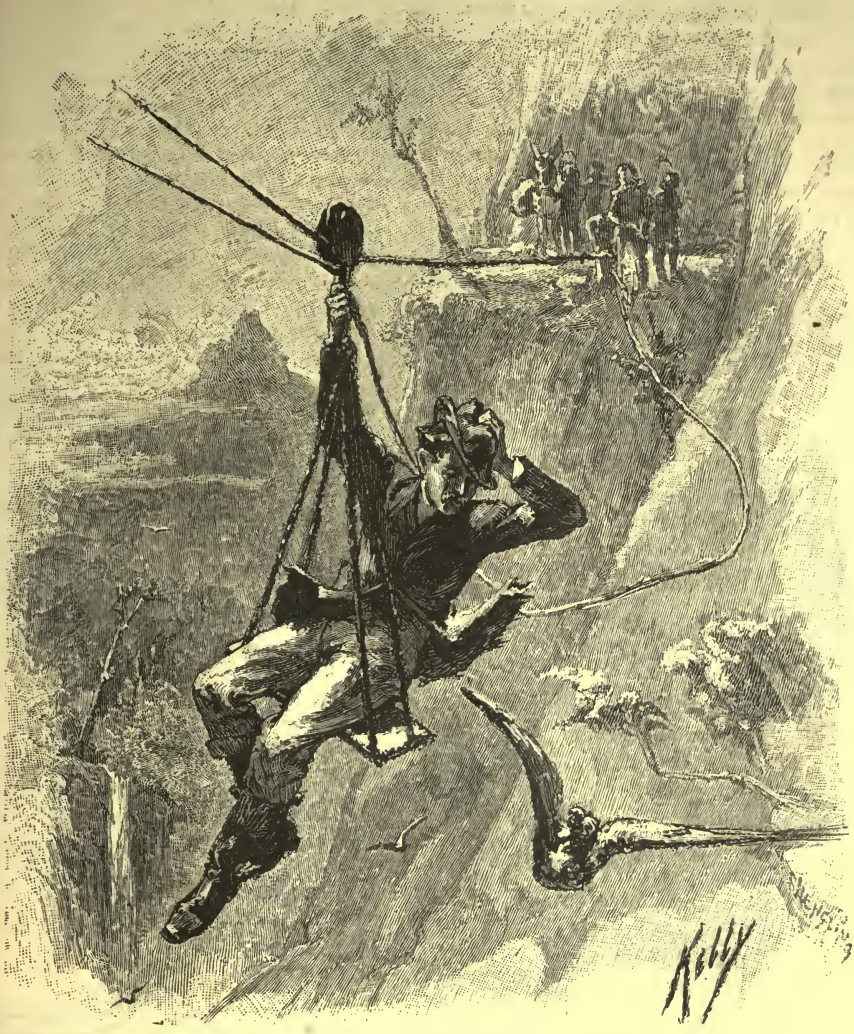
Or give me him who called the armèd dead—
The Skeleton—from out his narrow bed
By Newport Tower; with him the blasts I'll brave,
And tell mad stories of the Norland wave
In the King's hall, and there, to test my truth,
Hold up in Alfred's face the Walrus Tooth!
I'll seek, with Hiawatha, the bright West,
The infinite Green Prairies of the Blest,
I'll wander by Atlantic's coast, and see
The lovely meadows of sweet Acadie;
In the warm forge with Gabriel blithely sing,
The bellows blow, and make the anvil ring,
See fair Evangeline in coif and tassel,
And smoke a pipe with Benedict and Basil!

Or let me look on Death with him whose gaze
Found philosophic lore in youthful days
'Neath the grim ribs, with many a thought to bless
And soothe the human heart in its distress.
Or place my hand in his, and let me go
To sylvan places where sweet waters flow,
And sit me down beside some crystal stream,
And list to sounds like music in a dream—
The wood's dim stirrings, voice of all wild things,
The murmur of innumerable wings,
The song of birds, the wave, the zephyr's fan,
And in all blended hear the pipe of Pan!

Or I will wander out 'neath summer skies,
With Concord's sage to look in Nature's eyes,
And find therein new hopes for future years,
The while she whispers in our listening ears
Weird sentences and sibylline decrees
From cave and bank of flowers, rock, fern, and trees,
And brook that, singing, through the greenwood travels,
Whose meanings he—her Priest—alone unravels!

Or, snow-bound, let me, lingering, cheer the mind
In happy converse with companions kind,
And with them watch the pearly wonders gleam
O'er forest, plain, rough glen and gelid stream,
Or frosty magic on the panes assume
New forms of light, transcending summer's bloom.
And, if I had them not, then let me ride
With Skipper Ireson, feathered, tarred, and dyed,
Through Marblehead, with rope-coils round my wrists,
And hear the yells, and feel the fishwives' fists
Till I repent me, and roll back the wain
Of truant thought to nature's joys again!

A RAILROAD IN THE CLOUDS.



ENGINEER CROSSING THE CHASM OVER THE RIMAC.

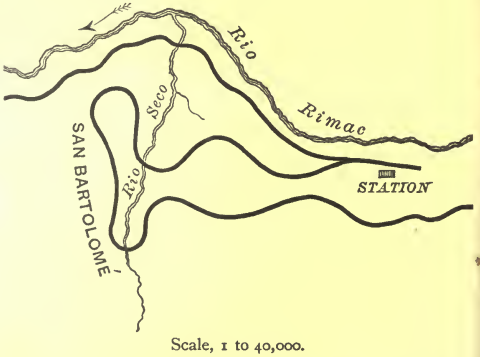
It somewhat surprises the American tourist in Peru that no detailed description has appeared in the United States of the great railway over the Andes, especially as it has been the work of an American. The writer of this account, therefore, takes peculiar pleasure in introducing the journey to the readers of Scribner's Magazine, in the hope, not only of imparting to others something of the novel enjoyment he himself experienced in it; but also of presenting some of the most remarkable difficulties and impressive features of this truly Cyclopean undertaking.

A visit to Peru rewards the traveler with an extensive field of study and pleasure, in the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, the variety of its climates and productions, the romance of its history, and in the archæological remains that represent its very ancient civilization. When to these attractions is added one of the essential elements of modern progress,—easy railroad communication in its highest development,—it be-

comes, for this our western world, a land of unequaled interest. The surface of the country is itself characterized by great variety. A strip of sandy waste, traversed by streams and fertile valleys, extends from the Pacific Ocean to the mountains that form a double barrier between the coast and the Montaña. This barrier, called the Sierra, consists of two ranges, the Western, or Maritime Cordillera, and the Andes, or Eastern Cordillera. Between them are transverse branches, luxuriant tropical valleys, lofty plateaus, and table-lands of great extent where the Sierra widens out, as it does about Lake Titicaca. The Montaña comprises two-thirds of the Peruvian territory, and is a tropical region teeming with animal and vegetable life, lying wholly in the basin of the Amazon. The line of the Calláo, Lima and Oroya Railroad stretches across the coast, and a greater portion of the Sierra. It starts, as its name specifies, from the very shores of the Pacific, at Calláo, the port of Lima, and the chief entrepôt of Peru. It follows the valley of the Rimac, upon a continuously ascending grade, to the source of that stream, and crosses the summit of the Andes through a tunnel—the Galera—at a height of 15,645 feet above the level of the sea. Thence, striking the head-waters of the Rio Yauli, one of the feeders of the Amazon, it descends along its valley to Oroya, where terminates the first part of the great road by which it has been proposed to connect the waters of the Pacific Ocean and the Amazon River, notwithstanding the formidable obstacles that intervene.

We take the train at Lima for our long-anticipated and deeply interesting journey, and, following the left bank of the Rimac, find ourselves traveling through a valley that averages about three miles in width, until we reach Chosica, where the converging lines of the Cordillera compress it to a width of little more than 1000 feet. Owing to the admirable system of irrigation long practiced in Peru, the land is remarkably fertile, and produces fruits and cereals in such abundance as to surprise the traveler, since the region is subject to frequent volcanic disturbance. The road follows the center of the valley, amid fields green with corn, and sugar-cane, and the nutritious lucern or alfalfa—a species of clover extensively and profitably cultivated. Between Lima and Chosica very little difficulty was experienced in the construction of the road, the principal requirement being a conformity to the gradual rise of the valley, which was accomplished by the adoption of a parallel grade, amounting in some cases to two and a half per cent., or 125 feet to the mile. We are told that Chosica is the most interesting place in the neighborhood of Lima for archæological researches; but the train allows no time for investigation, and we soon exchange the pastoral and picturesque valley for the barren and precipitous mountain-pass. Green fields are left behind, and the thorny cactus already begins to dot the sides of the declivities. The track takes the tortuous course of the Rimac, on whose edge we pursue a darkening defile. Here the four per cent. grade begins, and with it regular up-hill work.

As we pass the village of San Pedro de Mama, roofless adobe huts and catacombs in the sides of volcanic ridges are the only remains of a once thriving population. The narrow valley of Eulalia then branches to the left, flanked by lofty natural walls, and open only to a vertical sun, and yet it supplies the market of Lima with almost every variety of tropical fruit. About this point, the road passes through "the Italian cut," named for seventeen wandering Romans, all of whom died in the process of its construction. Five or six miles beyond Chosica we cross the first of the iron bridges—Cupiche—that span the gorge, and we follow the curvatures of the river at a grade of four per cent., or 211 feet per mile. The road conforms with persistent regularity to the contour of the mountains, crossing and recrossing the Rimac, and passing in its course a heavy deposit of gravelly talc, extensively used in paving the streets of Lima. Thence the valley widens to Cocachacra, displaying miniature fields of corn and alfalfa, and gladdening the eyes with



Scale, 1 to 40,000.

an oasis in the midst of this rocky fastness,—until converging mountains shadow the valley, hem in the impetuous river, to recede again and encircle a bit of verdure, where the Seco, a mountain stream, empties into

the Rimac. Looking forward from this point, the course of the road can be distinctly traced, winding along the right declivities of the ravine, until it approaches tunnel No. 1, discernible four and a half miles off, at a height of 600 feet above the valley, as a little dark spot. Seen from such a distance, a train of cars appears like a great serpent gliding along the face of rocks that are piled one upon another to the very summit of vanishing heights. The next station, San Bartolomé, thirty-nine miles from Lima, is 4,910 feet above the sea—an unparalleled ascent for that distance.

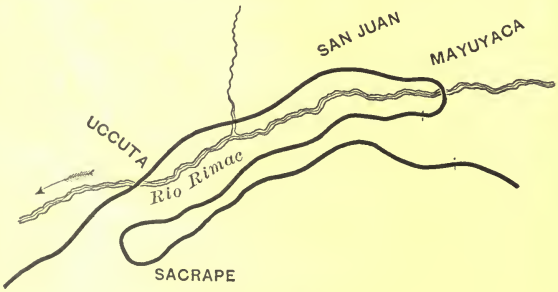
VIEW IN LIMA FROM PLAZA MAYOR.

Here occurs the first of the retrograde developments rendered necessary by the increasing rise in the valley. The line takes the form of a V as shown in the diagram, and receding upon an ascending grade reaches the elevated plateau where stagnates the forbidding-looking village of San Bartolomé. Thence crossing and recrossing the Seco, it makes two complete detours and ascends on the opposite side, past a point overlooking the station of San Bartolomé, whence a vista opens into scenery somewhat Alpine in its character. Yet the road still clings to the rugged sides of the towering ridges, passes through two tunnels, and crosses a deep mountain gorge on the famous Verrugas viaduct. This structure is a very elegant and artistic specimen of iron-work. It is of the Fink type of truss—575 feet in length, supported upon three piers of wrought-iron columns or rods, respectively, 145, 252, and 189 feet in height. It is the highest bridge in the world. And although at a distance it appears too delicate for the practical work of a railroad, it has been found on being subjected to the severest tests, capable of bearing the heaviest weight without any sensible vibration. At the base of the central pier are huge pits, which treasure-seekers have vainly excavated in the hope of finding the buried riches of the Incas, concealed, as it was supposed, from the rapacity of their Spanish conquerors.

Leaving this fairy-like viaduct behind us, the road pierces two projecting bluffs by

SAN BARTOLOMÉ STATION.

tunnels Nos. 3 and 4. The former is approached by a cut in the upper side, about 400 feet in height, against the face of a precipice (Cuesta Blanca) that rises 1,000 feet in the air. Along this entire portion of the route, the rails wind through a great labyrinth of detached rocks and bowlders, apparently so delicately poised that the most trifling convulsion might at any moment precipitate them into the valley below. Nevertheless, the road pursues its course through deep cuts, in spite of all obstacles, shaping itself to the outline of the mountains, and ascending with unfaltering steadiness from height to height, at a grade of 210 feet per mile. At and above Surco, the valley occasionally expands into little ovals of bottom-land that afford space for the cultivation of a diminutive field or an occasional flower, sadly solitary in this volcanic region. A mile further on we cross the Rimac by the Uccuta bridge, from which there is a view of tunnels Nos. 5, 6, and 7. The last two are perched directly above No. 5, and appear like dark drifts or openings in a coal mine. Higher up the valley, beyond the third tunnel, may be seen the delicate outline of the Challapa bridge, spanning a deep chasm as if suspended in mid-air. All these interesting points are speedily reached by two complete detours. The first crosses the river by the Mayuyaca bridge, and describes an entire semicircle upon a 14° curve of 376 feet radius; thence passing southward for about a mile to Sacrape. Here the second detour returns the line on its course to the two tunnels which we previously saw from below; and when it emerges from them, it pushes on,



Scale, 1 to 40,000.

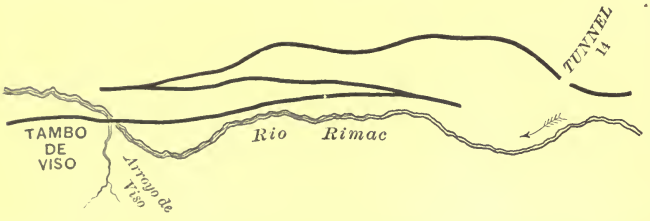
crossing Challapa Gorge on a beautiful bridge, 160 feet high, which a short time before had appeared to us as an aërial structure.

Thence we wind along the hills to Matucana, an important station thirty-five miles from Lima, and 7,788 feet above the level of Calláo Bay. The Cordilleras tower above the primitive little town, to the height of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet. It shelters, it is

THE VERRUGAS VIADUCT.

said, a thousand inhabitants, and is the gathering-place of as many more "children of the mist," who flock from the neighboring mountains on the occasion of every excitement, festival, or anniversary. They are exclusively of the Indian type, peculiar to this part of South America, and are by no means an attractive race. In person, they are short and stout, and have a very sinister expression of countenance. They are sharp and unscrupulous in their business transactions, irascible and vindictive in temper, uninteresting and indifferent in their manner to strangers, and withal, affect an air of stolid superiority as if they were the veritable descendants of the Incas, and were surrounded by all the fabulous splendors of their ancestors. Nevertheless, they live in the usual adobe huts only one story high, whose slanting roofs are thatched

with straw; and their wives, with papooses strapped to their backs, superintend the labors of the house and garden. The principal men or hidalgos, in wide sombreros and ponchos of *vicuña* or other skins, ride about on sure-footed little horses, or donkeys, that



amble in a manner peculiar to the animals of Chili and Peru. Add these figures to the ordinary accompaniments of a railway-station, such as busy officials, waiting travelers, an arriving or departing train, and the village of Matucana is described.

Borne away from the fumes and bustle of the unattractive little town, we find that impressive as has been the scenery through which we have passed, it has been but the introductory pageant to the gloomy majesty and savagery of the Andes. Matucana is twenty-seven miles, in a direct line, to the highest point of the Andes through which the railroad passes. Snow begins to touch the heights with its white mantle, and so wild and awe-inspiring are the scenes that open before us, that the country we have left behind dwells in our memory as cultivated and habitable. Words fail us to express our admiration of the skill and courage which, having already accomplished such wonders, ventures to attempt difficulties truly appalling; for the higher we ascend the more formidable become the obstacles which oppose the advance of the locomotive.

A short distance above Matucana, we skirt the immense land-slide which occurred about two years ago, causing great damage and loss of life, particularly among mules and llamas. It is estimated that millions of tons of earth and rock swept down from the mountains into the valley beneath, damming up the torrent-like Rimac, which formed a lake of considerable depth, and threatened disaster to the country below, and even to Lima. But a sluice was gradually opened, which the river has sufficiently enlarged to enable it to discharge its waters; and although the lake remains, its depth is reduced, and it has ceased to cause apprehensions of danger. Here above us, as well as elsewhere on the line of the railroad, are the remains of well-constructed terraces on the sides of the mountains, rising like tiers in an amphitheater, and conforming closely to the contour of the ground. So enormous are some of the stones of which they are composed, that one is at a loss to conjecture by what mechanical contrivance they were brought to their present position. Peru is said to have had, at one time, 12,000,000 of inhabitants where now there are not more than 2,500,000. Numerous indeed must have been a population which was driven to cultivate every available spot on the isolated and barren heights of these Andean masses that now afford nourishment only for the cactus. Not a blade of grass nor a shrub is visible as we pass through this desolate region.

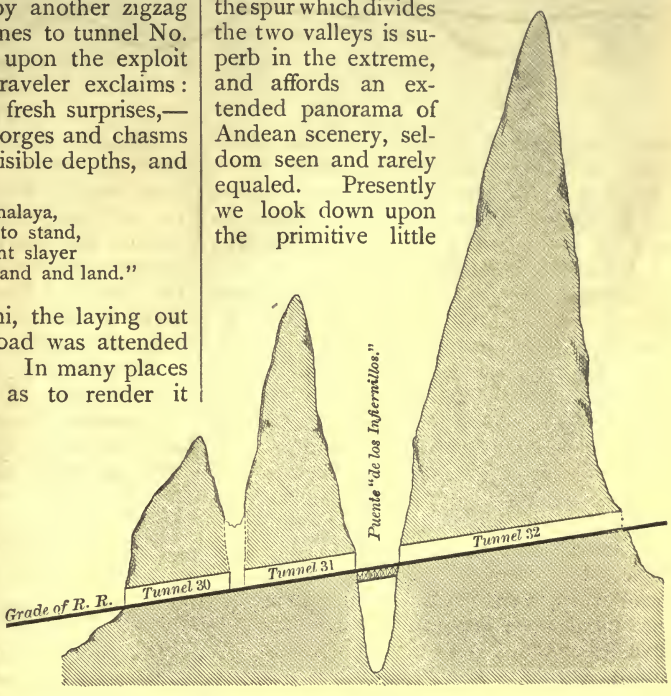
Since we left "the lower V," a distance of four miles, the road has passed through six tunnels, three of which succeeded one another so rapidly as to seem continuous, with an occasional shaft opening to the

sky. One of them is built upon a reverse curve, and forms an elongated S. Beyond them, a scene of terrible grandeur greets us,—rugged mountains in the distance lift their snow-capped heads so high

as to appear to support the blue dome above them; while in the immediate foreground, porphyritic cliffs rise on every side many hundreds of feet in the air as if to baffle any attempt at escape. But the presiding genius, who has conducted us thus far, does not fail us now, and we work our way out of every stronghold in which we are entrapped. Again we cross the Rimac, near its junction with the de Viso, and travel along the opposite side of our familiar stream, until we ascend by another zigzag of three almost parallel lines to tunnel No. 14. Here, looking back upon the exploit just accomplished, the traveler exclaims: "What next!" What but fresh surprises,—new Cyclopean labors,—gorges and chasms opening around us to invisible depths, and beyond:

"Alps, Andes, Himalaya,
Defiant seemed to stand,
Each range a giant slayer
Of steps twixt land and land."

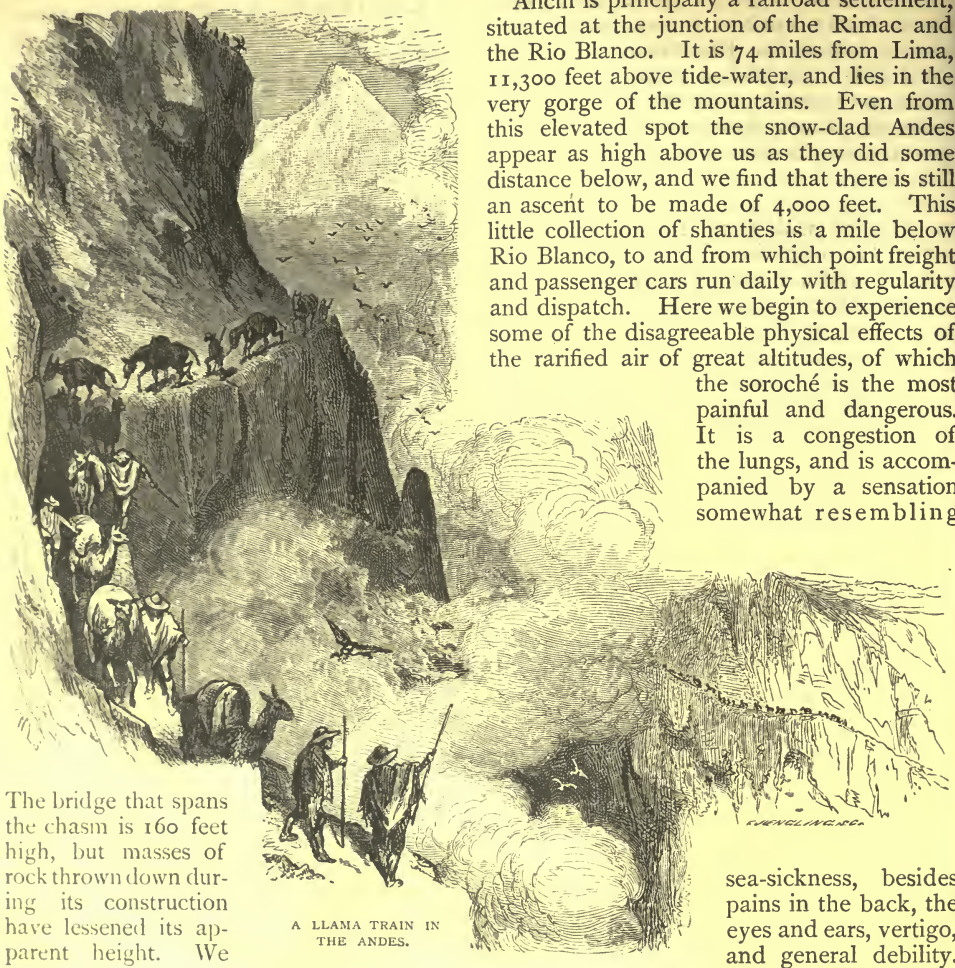
From this point to Anchi, the laying out and construction of the road was attended with immense difficulties. In many places the bluffs were so steep as to render it necessary to lower the laborers by ropes from benches or shelves above, in order that they might cut out standing-places from which to commence work. Engineers were often compelled to triangulate from the opposite side to mark out the course of the road; while in one case, they and their men were conveyed across a valley on wire ropes, suspended some hundred feet in the air between two cliffs. From Tambo de Viso to Rio Blanco, the present terminus of the rail, and only fifteen miles distant, the road passes through twenty-two tunnels. In some cases the work has been done by the diamond drill, the rock often being so hard as to score glass. Tunnels Nos. 18 and 19 are separated by a short bridge that spans a chasm. Along this portion of the route the dark line of the road may be traced, now on the face of a cliff, now disappearing behind a projecting mass or in a tunnel, but always ascending under the most adverse circumstances. Between tunnels 19 and 22 formidable obstacles opposed its construction. The road-bed, as usual, conforms closely to the configuration of the ridges, crosses the Parac River,—here a headlong torrent, emptying into the Rimac from the eastward,—and continues on to Tamboraque, along the Rimac. Then another retrograde development becomes necessary, and the road being reversed, returns along the bank of the Rimac to the valley of the Parac; ascends that branch for half a mile to another switch, and returns the second time to the Rimac, high above the lower line, passing through two tunnels, one almost directly above the other. The view from the spur which divides the two valleys is superb in the extreme, and affords an extended panorama of Andean scenery, seldom seen and rarely equaled. Presently we look down upon the primitive little village of San Mateo, nestling in the valley under the shelter of lofty mountains, and in general character very much resembling Matucana.



For a short stretch of two miles beyond San Mateo, the mountains approach each other so closely, and tunnels follow in such quick succession, that light and darkness are very equally divided. Between San Mateo and Anchi we cross a terrible gorge called "Los Infiernillos," * where the river passes through two walls of red porphyry that rise perpendicularly to a height of from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. These form two reverse quadrants, and the Rimac—now a mountain torrent—plunges, roaring, leaping, and foaming into the abyss.

"This, as it frothed by, might have been a bath
For the fiend's glowing hoof."

* Little Hells.



A LLAMA TRAIN IN THE ANDES.

Anchi is principally a railroad settlement, situated at the junction of the Rimac and the Rio Blanco. It is 74 miles from Lima, 11,300 feet above tide-water, and lies in the very gorge of the mountains. Even from this elevated spot the snow-clad Andes appear as high above us as they did some distance below, and we find that there is still an ascent to be made of 4,000 feet. This little collection of shanties is a mile below Rio Blanco, to and from which point freight and passenger cars run daily with regularity and dispatch. Here we begin to experience some of the disagreeable physical effects of the rarified air of great altitudes, of which the soroché is the most painful and dangerous. It is a congestion of the lungs, and is accompanied by a sensation somewhat resembling sea-sickness, besides pains in the back, the eyes and ears, vertigo, and general debility. Persons of a full habit are the greatest sufferers, but those who, like Cassius, are of "a lean and hungry look," escape with less inconvenience.

The bridge that spans the chasm is 160 feet high, but masses of rock thrown down during its construction have lessened its apparent height. We emerge from a tunnel to cross the "puente de los Infiernillos," and we depart in like manner. Seen from the contracted valley beneath, a train of cars must appear to spring mysteriously and suddenly over the graceful little structure, and to disappear like a thing of will and might, burrowing through the very heart of the mountains. The diagram on page 455 will furnish a profile of the country at this point, and give a faint idea of the marvelous resources in engineering required to accomplish such tasks as the nature of its formation imposes. The three tunnels, Nos. 30, 31 and 32, are so close together as to be almost one. After passing through No. 32, the road continues to ascend by another zigzag, rendered necessary by the very much increased grade of the valley of the Rimac just below Anchi, where it is spanned by a bridge 107 feet above the stream.

The trip by rail is now at an end, the road not being in working order beyond this point. We pass a night of refreshing sleep at Anchi, under seven blankets, and are prepared to complete the journey the next morning on horseback, in company with the resident engineer, Mr. Tobias, Dr. Ward, the physician, and Lieutenant Derby, U. S. N., our fellow-travelers from Lima. The distance by rail to the summit is twenty-one miles, but it is greatly reduced by avoiding the switches and pursuing the more direct mule-paths. In this short distance are twenty-two tunnels. Much of the heaviest work and the longest tunnels are so far advanced toward completion as to require but a short time to put them in order for travel.

At Anchi the valley of the Rimac trends sharply to the northward, and the line of the road follows the Rio Blanco for a mile and a half, then makes a full detour, and returns to the left bank of the Rimac, which it pursues, passing through seven tunnels to the village of Chicla, where occurs the greatest development on the entire route. No less than five almost parallel lines are visible from any point of the valley,—three on one side and two on the other of opposite mountains,—while the greatest distance between any two of them is scarcely five hundred feet. This remarkable zigzag will be understood by studying the diagram, wherein we trace the road crossing the Rimac on a sharp detour, thence returning to the right bank of the stream for a short distance to a switch, where it is directed once more to the northward for a while; again crosses the Rimac on a short curve, retraces its course along the left bank below Chicla to a second switch, which returns it on its direct course on the same side, and above the other line, to Casapalca, seven miles from Anchi, and a point at which the road-bed attains an elevation of 13,615 feet above the sea. Between Chicla and Casapalca we pass several half-ruined villages, resembling those already described, with irregular rows of wretched

THE CHIN CHAN ABOVE ITS JUNCTURE WITH THE RIMAC.

mud huts just as filthy, and inhabitants equally ignorant and indifferent. They belong to the most enervated tribe of the South American Indians, and subsist upon

Scale, 1 to 40,000.

the little the rocky earth yields to their indolent efforts.

Through this section of the road, the solitude of the mountains is frequently broken by droves of llamas, or South American camels, and long trains of mules and donkeys laden with fruit and eggs. Flocks of condors soar above them, awaiting a repast on some overburdened and disabled beast. A few miles above Casapalca, and nearly opposite Anterangra, the narrow valley of the Chin Chan opens suddenly from the north, and divides two towering ridges crested with perpetual snow. From this point a number of experimental lines were run; but the one selected crosses the Rimac and advances up the Chin Chan for two miles and a half, where, making a sharp detour, it returns above the first line, and re-appears on the right bank of the Rimac, 1,000 feet above the bed of the valley. This great elevation affords a view of impressive grandeur. On one side conical snow-peaks, glistening under the rays of a tropical sun, raise their impassive fronts, and, wrapped in white mantles, show no traces of the agitations that have marked the nearer ridges. These, as if they had been plastic masses, are molded along their base into a continuous line of rude columns in half relief—some almost upright, some aslant, while through their upper walls jagged and irregular masses of dark igneous rock have been forced into violent prominence. They rise like a succession of natural fortifications around the valley, and so unscalable are they, and so securely does the valley appear to be inclosed, that no other mode of egress seems possible than that of the condor. But the fortress is undermined, and escape is effected through seven tunnels, all in the space of a mile. From this point to the dividing crest of the Andes, the line of the road is often lost to sight amid desolate masses of snow and ice.

Very heavy work had to be done and great obstacles overcome; but still it pushes on, rising higher and higher, winding around the fountain-springs of the Rimac, its companion from the ocean, until it finally reaches the dreary summit of the Andes, and enters

Scale, 1 to 80,000.

the Galera, or "tuñel de la Cima," as it is styled by the Peruvians. This tunnel is 1,173 meters, or 3,847 feet in length, and enters the mountain about 680 feet beneath the apex of an undulation lying between Mount Meiggs on the right and two gigantic peaks on the left. It is ninety-seven miles from Lima, and has an altitude above the sea of 15,645 feet, being only 136 feet below the very top of Mont Blanc.* Although not completed, it is open throughout its entire length, and could soon be put in condition for travel. Its construction was attended with unparalleled difficulties, demanding unceasing effort and the greatest heartened by their many trials. Thus, this tunnel of the summit is the monument of a heroic determination which has wrought victoriously, through eternal winter and desolation, to gain a trans-Andean world laden with the ungathered fruits of perpetual summer.

Mount Meiggs, named in honor of the distinguished contractor, Mr. Henry Meiggs, is a short distance south of the tunnel. It is 17,500 feet above the sea, and from its conical peak float the American and Peruvian flags. A small observatory, in which the barometer indicates the pressure of the atmosphere to be 17 inches, and the thermometer stands

SUMMIT OF THE ANDES.

powers of human endurance. All the machinery for boring and working the approaches came from the workshops of Lima, and were brought on the backs of mules from the terminus of the rail. In the progress of the tunnel every step was impeded by snow-water percolating from above, often bursting through seams and driving the peons from their work. And, although the most hardy serranos were employed, and those inured to the painful effects of a very rarified atmosphere, yet even they were frequently dis- at the freezing point, permits the traveler to contemplate the surrounding scene at his leisure. Towering snow-peaks encircle an icy plateau, with no opening between them, except where the Rimac has forced its way. A sky of the deepest blue throws into bold relief these "giants of frost and snow," fit sentinels between land and sky, and as yet undisputed possessors of their dreary abode. We say as yet undisputed, for in view of the journey we have just accomplished, it would be folly to feel secure of any uninvaded territory. The trip has seemed a dream of wonder and enchantment; and having arrived safely at its end,

* Mont Blanc is 15,781 feet above the sea, according to Corabœuf.

we already begin to sigh for new powers of locomotion,—unattained aërial heights,—fresh prodigies of skill! But obviously, such travels must be delayed for a time, and we return to our still extraordinary bit of *terra*

HENRY MEIGGS, CONTRACTOR FOR THE BUILDING OF THE CALLÁO, LIMA AND OROYA R. R.

firma to sketch the remainder of the route, and some circumstances and results connected with the great Andean highway.

From the eastern outlet of the Galera, the line descends to Oroya at a moderate grade, and without encountering any formidable difficulties. Throughout the latter portion of the road, including the section between Rio Blanco and the summit, a distance of 53 miles, a considerable amount of grading has been done, while much of the track is in such an advanced state as to require but little additional labor to put it in condition for travel. At present, the work is suspended in consequence of the depressed condition of the Peruvian finances. Oroya is situated at the junction of the Yauli and Jauja rivers. It is 12,178 feet above the sea, and 129 miles from Lima; and here the contract for the road terminates. From this place to the nearest navigable point on the Amazon is 250 miles. When the connecting road shall be completed, it is estimated that the traveler landing at Callão can reach a steamer on the Amazon in from 20 to 30 hours; thence to Para is about 2,000 miles. A week, or even less perhaps, of travel down the mighty river, through its magnificent forests, and the Atlantic is under his keel! From Oroya may be run two branch lines,—one northward, for which Mr. Meiggs is already in treaty with the government, namely, to the Cerro de Pasco, the richest silver mines in the world; and the other running south to Jauja, whose delightful climate would make it a favorite resort for invalids.

Thus much for the picturesque and descriptive part of our task. We proceed now to give a slight history of the great enterprise. Don Manuel Pardo, previous to his being President of Peru, was obliged to seek some climate that might restore his health, and he found it in the province of Jauja. "In this rich part of Peru," says Mr. Hutchinson,* "his stay was turned to good account by a pamphlet† which he published, containing his observations on its wealth of minerals, and on the railways that by this route might cross the Andes, as well as open up the interior resources of the republic. In this brochure he discusses the subject of peopling the valleys of the Amazon, and argues against the error of supposing that this ought to be done, as far as Peru is concerned, by medium of that part of the mighty river which flows through much of Brazil." * * * "The further purpose of the pamphlet is to advocate a railway from Lima to Jauja, which is considered the most salubrious province in Peru, and where magic cures of the aggravated forms of phthisis pulmonalis (consumption) have been effected. It may be seen by the map," continues Mr. Hutchinson, "that the Oroya line now in progress is the first step toward accomplishing this great work, originally suggested by Don Manuel Pardo." But to General Pedro Diez Conseco has usually been accorded the credit of having conceived the great project. The honor, however, of practically working out the plan, by whomsoever proposed, is due to our countryman, Mr. Henry Meiggs, whose perseverance, indomitable energy, and great executive ability, have been fully equal to the task he has undertaken. He has been assisted by an able corps of engineers, among whom, Mr. L. Malinowski, the chief engineer, had much to do with the selection of the route. Mr. Meiggs contracted to build and equip the entire road for the sum of 27,600,000 soles, or about $200,000 a mile, and he stipulated to have the line in good running order in six years from the date of signing the contract, provided the government should meet its obligations.

* Two Years in Peru, with Exploration of its Antiquities, by Thomas J. Hutchinson, F.R.G.S., F. R. S. L., M. A. I. London: Sampson, Son, Marston, Ives & Searle. 1873.

† "Estudios sobre la Provincia de Jauja," por Don Manuel Pardo. Lima: Imprenta de la "Epoca," por Jose E. del Campo, Calle de la Rifa, Num. 58, 1862.

The great cost of this undertaking, and of other enterprises of equal magnitude in which the government has been engaged, has seriously embarrassed it in a time of such general financial depression as the present, so that Mr. Meiggs's far-reaching plans have not been fully accomplished.

The sum allowed Mr. Meiggs for building the Oroya Railroad may seem very large in comparison with our own roads, which average only about $60,000 a mile; but it does not very greatly exceed the total cost per mile of the railroads of Great Britain, which amounts to about $170,000. The contract included everything connected with the survey, construction, and right of way, besides the furnishing of all supplies, the building of necessary docks at Calláo; of station, freight, and engine houses, and the supplying of a certain number of engines, coal, freight, and passenger cars—in fact, the whole equipment of a first-class railway. The rolling stock has been imported from the eastern workshops of the United States, the rails from England, and the cross-ties from California. All the plant for the construction of the road had to be transported by mules, and the cost of new mule-paths to replace those occupied by the rails, as they advanced, is estimated to have been $500,000. At one time, there were 850 mules and 150 horses in the employ of the company, and the transportation cost was 3,000 soles a day. The road-bed has been made in the most secure manner, and its superstructures are of the best materials. The striking characteristic here, as with everything else done by Mr. Meiggs in Peru, is the perfect adaptation of the work to its end. Besides innumerable bridges, there are 61 tunnels, aggregating 20,000 feet in length, and a majority of them are built upon curves of a minimum radius. The powder alone for blasting purposes amounted to 53,250 quintals, or over 5,000,000 lbs., and cost about 750,000 soles. One part of an embankment near the Verrugas bridge contains 90,000 cubic yards of material. The natives, as a class, were not friendly to the road, and the right of way had often to be purchased at a cost very much beyond the value of the land.

MOUNT MEIGGS AND TUNNEL.

Notwithstanding the great care and attention paid by Mr. Meiggs to the well-being of his workmen, who have been principally Chilians and Chinese, at least 10,000 persons are computed to have died thus far in the progress of the work. An intermittent fever of a very malignant character broke out in 1870 and 1871 among the Chilians em-

ployed between the Cupiche bridge and Coracona, and scarcely one in a hundred recovered. A disease peculiar to the valley of the Rimac, although less fatal than the so-called Oroya fever, has occasioned great suffering and inconvenience. A bloody wart or excrescence comes out upon the skin, and while it lasts, and even before it appears, the system is greatly depressed, for the warts often bleed profusely, and men have been known to come in from their work with their boots filled with blood. It has been supposed to be caused by the water of that region. The soroché has also very much hindered the progress of the work, and especially of that part lying along the higher elevations.

SUMMIT OF ANDES, FROM THE EAST.

Mr. Meiggs has a lease of the road at 6,000 soles per month, and he pays all expenses and keeps the rolling stock in good repair. It is directly under the supervision of Mr. Cilley, who, as superintendent, conducts it in a very efficient manner. Mr. H. J. Kingman is the road-master, Mr. H. P. Tobias, the resident engineer, and Dr. George A. Ward, the attending physician, attached to the road. These gentlemen are all Americans, and conduct their several departments with great skill and judgment.

We have been accustomed to consider the railway over the Alps and the tunneling of Mont Cenis as a very great achievement. But that ascent was made by only six zigzags, and at the culminating point the tunnel is but 4,236 feet above the sea. Therefore, the Oroya Railroad must take rank in the history of modern engineering as a work of the first magnitude, without a rival. It has been urged that this distinction has not been attained without entailing a very serious burden of debt upon the Peruvian government if the road should not be a commercial success. Even if this should be the case, and the road should continue no farther than Cerro de Pasco, that branch line must ultimately connect with the valley of the Chanchamayo, a region of extraordinary fertility, by a road which must be remunerative. Thence to the Amazon by the valley of the Ucayali, would not be very far. When Mr. Meiggs made the contract for the first Peruvian railway, in 1868,—that between Mollendo and Arequipa,—Peru was very far behind other nations, and especially her sister republic of Chili, in the matter of internal improvements. There was no community of interests between the various divisions of her territory. The whole country was stagnating for the want of development,—and that where every climate might be enjoyed, from tropical warmth to Arctic cold; where the earth yields, in abundance, cotton, rice, tobacco, corn, and every known variety of fruit and vegetable, and many medicinal plants; and where unknown wealth is stored up in mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, and coal, besides cobalt, nickel, platinum, quicksilver, saltpeter, and mercury. Peru possesses a rich heritage in the basin

of the Amazon; for there Nature works on her largest and most prodigal scale;* there she annually wastes as much, it is said, as would feed the whole population of China; "The Amazon," says a recent writer:† "drains a million more square miles than the Mississippi," and within its capacious valley "the whole of the United States could be packed without touching its boundaries." To leave her share of this magnificent domain undeveloped would be fatal to the best interests of Peru, and, indeed, a loss to the world; for when the native tribes of the Montaña shall disappear, as they must, before the advance of civilization, and shall be replaced by industrious and skilled laborers from Europe, Asia, and the United States, it is impossible to estimate how great will be the gain to commerce from the opening and cultivation of this bountiful land. The time is yet far distant, it may be, before this end can be attained; but steam alone can hasten the day, and bring unity to a nation as divided by natural barriers as Peru. As to the ultimate result of the great highway across the continent of South America, Mr. Bates, an enthusiastic British naturalist, who lived for seven years on the banks of the upper Amazon, has, in advance of the enterprise, suggested a future of magnificent possibilities: "Although humanity," he says, "can reach an advanced state of culture, only by battling with the inclemencies of nature in high latitudes, it is only under the equator that the perfect race will attain to complete fruition of man's heritage,—the earth."‡

In the meantime, as we do not yet possess that complete balance of the mental and physical powers which would warrant us in seeking a residence in this equatorial paradise; and as one cannot always

> "* * poise about in cloudy thunder-tents,
> To watch the abysm-birth of elements,"

we retrace our way to latitudes in which the vicissitudes are such as to insure the attainment of a perfect culture. And what a retracing of the way! A mere railway-carriage is but a rude mode of descending from the clouds. Might we gratify the aspirations raised by the upward journey, we would fain make for the downward trip

> "* * a ladder of the eternal wind;"

or we would bestride a captured thunderbolt. But, alas! these elemental conveyances must give way to the more practicable, though perilous, hand-car. Thus it is, that in a material age, every adventurous American returns over the Oroya Railroad, down the declivities of the rugged and formidable Cordillera.

At Anchi, 12,000 feet above the Pacific, the hand-car is loaded with its freight of six adventurous sight-seers, closely braced together. It is of the ordinary construction and appearance, and does not offer any temptations to a pleasure excursion down the precipitous and tortuous gorge of the Rimac, except that it affords an unobstructed view of the shifting grandeur and terrors of the route. As we descend in our rough vehicle, at the rate of 60 miles an hour; flying across aërial viaducts, or dashing through sepulchral tunnels; threatened, now, to be crushed between converging mountain-walls, or precipitated from pendulous terraces,—the foaming Rimac emulating the maddening speed; now glancing back to take a last look at the glistening pinnacles of the receding Andes; or, straining eagerly forward, to catch the first glimpse of the royal city of the plain and the shining ocean,—the magnificence of the scenery and the magnitude of Mr. Meiggs's achievement break upon us with fresh force, and not for any peril of the way would we forego the exhilaration and novelty of the trip. Far otherwise was it with one of the party,—a stately commodore. He, who could face unflinchingly a whole broadside of murderous missiles, sprang from the car after ten miles over the wildest part of the route, declaring that nothing would tempt him to repeat such a foolhardy experiment. For the rest of us, the excitement and exhilaration of this mode of travel became so attractive, that we often went up to Anchi for the sole purpose of making the down trip.

It will be seen that a railway over the Andes is virtually an accomplished fact. There must be a force inherent in this portion of the American continent which compels to Herculean labors. The Cordilleras themselves were not produced from the bosom of the ocean but by mighty throes; and where the lofty Illampu crowns the chain, the powerful empire of the Incas arose, amid arid wastes and frigid desolation. More than twelve thousand feet above the sea, two bleak islands of Lake Titicaca are covered with dilapidated temples and palaces, and terraces whose flowers once bloomed

* Taken from a letter without signature, in Herndon's "Explorations of the Sources of the Amazon."

† The Andes and the Amazon; or, Across the Continent of South America. By James Orton, M.A.

‡ The Naturalist on the Amazons. By Henry Walter Bates. London: John Murray.

traveler, who compares them not unfavorably to Stonehenge and Avebury. Remains as vast and impressive are to be seen on the dreary dunes of the coast. Is it strange, then, that men of the present, surrounded by such colossal formations, natural and artificial, should come under the sway of the same irresistible power; and that they should vie with the past in the stupendous character of their undertakings?

on a soil that had been brought, it is said, four hundred miles; and a fountain still flows with water conducted from unknown sources. A thousand feet below is Cuzco, the once famous city of the sun; and to this day, it reflects in its cyclopean walls the ambitions and polity of its Incarial rulers, who had pleasure-grounds and palaces in the valley of Yucay, encircled by mountains still terraced to the summit of vanishing heights, and still fortressed on dizzy crags and forbidding passes. In the midst of the Thibet of the new world, Tiahuanuco was the center of an empire even more remote, and its ruins represent a civilization possibly contemporaneous with that of Egypt.* Even in its ruins, it excites the wonder and admiration of the

* Peru. Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas. By E. George Squier, M.A., F.S.A. Harper & Brothers, New York.

A LIMITED EXPRESS DOWN THE ANDES.

THE OLD BOSTON ROAD.

It was about five o'clock on a morning late in July that I started on horseback to ride to town, from a village about twenty miles from New York, on the old Boston road. It was the cool morning of what I knew would be a hot day. The dews of the midsummer night had laid the dust of the roads. The time was gone for roses, and few flowers were to be seen in the gardens as I passed along. The blinds of the houses were shut, the inmates not being awake yet. One of the agreeable peculiarities of horseback riding is that in this way of getting about one learns the points of the compass, and obtains some notion of the geographical relation to each other of the various regions traversed. We know that, if we walk along a certain road or pavement, it will take us to a place one, two, three, perhaps four miles away. But to reach a point thirty miles off, there is but a single method known to the experience. This is to buy a ticket and take a seat in the railway car. The ticket is punched a few times, and the traveler arrives at his destination, all the while having had no more notion of north, south, east or west than a sultana, who, sewn up in a bag, is shot from the window of the seraglio into the Bosphorus. The traveler by railway only knows that he leaves one familiar spot, and in a little while finds himself at another. It gives him a novel sense of liberty and independence to discover that, by following a certain beautiful road, his horse will surely carry him the distance between the two places. "A good man on a good horse is servant to no man," says the Portuguese proverb. He mounts when he likes, rides at dawn, noon, evening, or by moonlight, and no conductor calls the names of the villages as he passes.

The morning was so beautiful and the air so pleasant that I did not hurry. But presently the sun became too strong. It was after seven when I reached a hill-top which looked down upon a cluster of houses about a stream crossed by a bridge. Here I said I would rest for the hot hours of the day; and I thought how pleasant it would be if I should find a pretty church, in which I might sit and look out of the window, and listen to a discourse punctuated by the monotonous stamping of the horses tied without to the palings.

I had in mind the rectangular, very white church with green blinds and a white steeple, which is to be seen everywhere in New England and in the adjacent regions. It is, so far as I know, the one contribution which this country has made to public architecture. It belongs to and has well suited the New England landscape and history. Set in some high place, it is seen from all the lorn, round hill-tops of its native region; its spire is the one white object in that drear and narrow landscape, lifted close into the chill and dun sky of the later summer. That edifice is most expressive of the piety and the virtuous poverty of its early builders, of the silent life of the successive societies which, scattered and concealed, their poor homes unmarked even by the smoke of their hearthstones, have spread themselves throughout those melancholy hills. I like, too, the village steeples, with the ornaments in which the æsthetic feeling of the Puritans found humorous vent. Was there ever such utter extravagance of wire and gilt? Cupola succeeds cupola, and the cock succeeds the ball and arrow, and there is always another ball, and always another arrow. It will be a sad day for the New England landscape when these charming and truthful monuments will be replaced by foolish stone structures which have no meaning or beauty.

Suddenly I looked to my right and there rose, not a hundred yards away, what was perhaps the most beautiful church I had ever seen in this country. It was an old black and red brick building with a tower and an extremely pretty belfry, and stood in the midst of some acres of thickly studded tombstones. With an agreeable sense that the deserts of a man must be considerable who should come upon such a piece of good luck, I began to look for an inn. I was directed to a little place not very far off. It was a low whitish house close by the road-side with a narrow porch, and with no gate or fence before the door. The house had a shabby and sinister appearance. It might have been the scene of a murder which should get into all the papers, and the fame of which should bring throngs of people to stare at it on Sunday afternoons. Though this was the impression which the outside of the house gave me, I have never found a better tavern. France cannot supply a better dinner nor England a pleasanter landlord than Odell's tavern. I discovered

that the place had a history of its own. The oldest part of the house had been standing for more than a hundred and fifty years. In the days before railways it had been a great stopping-place for travelers. Two hundred horses had once been stabled where now my own horse champed his oats side by side with the solitary filly of the landlord. Dinner had been served there to many eminent persons, very much thought of in their day, but whose names are now scarcely known even to their descendants. The landlord told me that on a mantel-piece which stood in a part of the house now torn down, there was the name of each of the Presidents of the United States, carved thereon with his own hand. But I should doubt the truth of this. John Quincy Adams would not have been likely to cut his name on a mantel-piece. The railway has since left the place some miles to one side. It is now known only to people who drive out from town.

The hall was rather wide and was covered with a well-worn oil-cloth. It contained a table set against the wall, on which there was a large brass dinner-bell. A small and very old black-and-tan trotted through the hall and sat about the porch. It was an extremely high-bred dog, the landlord informed me, and very old and shriveled, so that his nose had receded from his teeth and was turned violently upward. I supposed he was snarling at me, until I saw that the little wits he had left were perfectly well disposed to me. But during the whole morning, I could not quite reconcile the ominous and fixed grin of the little creature with the mild and feeble expression of his half-blind eyes. In company with this aged black-and-tan, I sat upon the porch for an hour or two, feeling the first heats of the day. The dust of the road before the door was not disturbed by the passing of a single wagon, and not a sound came from within the house. I read a history of Westchester County. This book contained a story of Washington which was new to me. During the time of the Revolution there lived in the neighborhood in which this tavern stood, a Mr. Lyon, who was a blind man. Washington was once dining at the house of this gentleman, when Mr. Lyon said to him: "General, I am a blind man myself, but the ladies tell me that you are a very handsome man." Washington said: "Sir, I fear the ladies are as blind as yourself." This appears to me to have been a very rude remark on the part of the Father of his country.

I was at the church half an hour before the service began, and learned from the sexton or bell-ringer, something about the history of it. It appeared that the building was more than a hundred years old. The church was used through the Revolutionary war by the British as a hospital, and served as a court-room during the years immediately following. Hung up in the vestry there was a subpœna signed with the name of Aaron Burr. The bell which still summons the people to church was the same which had been buried at the approach of the English troops. A prayer-book which had been in use since 1715, and which had also been hid during the Revolution, was shown me. The congregation was very much older than this building, a frame church having long stood upon the site opposite. This frame church was broken up and burned for firewood by the British inside the brick church. A former rector and zealous benefactor of the church lay with his wife under the chancel of the frame edifice. The rector, who had devoted himself with great energy to the erection of this little brick cathedral, requested in his will that his body and that of his wife should be buried in it. He died, however, before its completion, his body was buried in the frame church, and his request was neglected until some boys, in playing about the old site, came upon the good man's bones. The rector and his wife have now long been laid under the chancel of the church to the erection of which he devoted himself with such zeal, and looked forward with such hope and wonder.

The Sunday-school was held upstairs in a chapel attached to the back of the church. The room was small and by no means full. In one corner a young lady taught two or three of the larger girls. I saw her several times during the day. She appeared to enter into pretty much every religious equation of the neighborhood. She taught in the Sunday-school; I saw her in the choir, and it was she whom, at the close of the service, I observed in consultation with the rector. The school had an unmistakable amateur and ineffective look. The boy who took up the collection had no basket, but used his felt hat instead. This he shook in a hopeless sort of way before each company of scholars; his want of faith in the willingness or ability to pay of any one present must itself have had a paralyzing effect upon the generosity of the company. He quickly took the hat to the

superintendent; the poor man dropped into it the one offering of the school and blushing deeply as he looked at me, said to the scholars: "Well, you usually do better than that." The scene was so painfully ludicrous that it was only by a violent effort that I was able to meet his glance with the sympathy it merited.

I was sitting in the church before the bells had begun to ring. But I soon heard behind me the rustling of dresses in the aisles. The rustling quickly became more frequent. The prayer-books were noisily let fall in their receptacles. As the various companies of village maids came up the aisles and sat in the pews, odors of heliotrope, anenome, lavender and new-mown hay began to diffuse themselves through the building. I was offered many prayer-books which I was unable to take. For how could I accept the book of the ladies on my left when I had already declined that of some ladies who sat just behind me? For the same reason I was compelled to decline the proffered volume of some very pretty girls who sat in the next pew to my right. In the pew just in front of me there were two little girls who were, I think, not more than ten years old. One of them, looking back, saw that I was without a book. There soon began a low whispered conversation between them. One nudged her little friend and said: "You;" the other whispered: "No, *you*." At length one, barely looking round, held out a book in a very timid way, and this, of course, it was necessary that I should take.

The service over, the people stayed a considerable time under the trees by the church door, standing on the grass and cool stone walks, shaded from the hot summer weather without. It was long before the sociable assembly had finished their greetings. The carriages waited, drawn up before the door, while the people chatted. Indeed, it is by no means easy to get safely away from church one of those large families which take up two pews to themselves. Not to speak of the little girls in blue boots, there are three boys very near of a size, and the whole have to be marshaled by the two tall girls in white hats and red sashes. Young mammas, who had not met for a week, perhaps a fortnight, stood by the gate and pecked each other with many inquiries and many expressions of delight.

Afterward I walked back to the tavern, and the landlord gave me such a dinner as I did not suppose an American tavern could supply. It was not French, of course; but an appetite which the morning's ride and the sermon had made eager was met by a sound and fresh repast. The dinner was from the landlord's own garden,—the lobster even, it was said, having been caught in the little bay which approached the foot of it. Later in the day I set out for New York, and, after an hour's riding, soon met barouches and phaetons containing people with town faces. I passed the Jerome race-course, with its gilt and yellow gate-way. I passed many road-houses, and met on my way caravans of rapid drivers, looking madly unhappy. I soon reached the well-kept woods of the Park, and saw before me, in the advancing sundown, the roofs and towers of the town, the hewn fragments of rising cathedrals, and the scattered structures of the newer city. The sky beyond the bay and the town was of a cold and faint red. It was a scene of bronze which I now looked over, most unlike those quiet villages, unconscious of the nearness of a great city, which I had left but two hours before.

SMETHURSTSES.

SMETHURSTSES, mum—yes, mum, on accounts of me bein' Smethurst an' the wax-works mine. Fifteen year I've been in the business, an' if I live fifteen year more I shall have been in it thirty; for wax-works is the kind of a business as a man gets used to and friendly with, after a manner. Lor' bless you! there's no tellin' how much company them there wax-works is. I've picked a companion or so out of the collection. Why, there's Lady Jane Grey, as is readin' her Greek Testyment; when her works is in order an' she's set a-goin', liftin' her eyes gentle-like from her book, I could fancy as she knew every trouble I'd had an' was glad as they was over. And there's the Royal Fam'ly on the dais all a settin' together as free and home-like and smilin' as if they wasn't nothin' more than flesh an' blood like you an' me an' not a crown among 'em. Why, they've actually been a comfort to me. I've set an' took my tea on my knee on the step there many a time, because it seemed cheerfuller than in my

own little place at the back. If I was a talkin' man I might object to the stillness an' a general fixedness in the gaze, as perhaps is an objection as wax-works is open to as a rule, though I can't say as it ever impressed me as a very affable gentleman once said it impressed him.

"Smethurst," says he, "you must have a blamed clear conscience (though, bein' rather free-spoken, 'blamed' was not the precise word employed)—you must have a blamed clear conscience or I'm blamed if you could stand so many blamed pair of staring eyes gimleting you year in an' year out. An' as to them with works," says he, "they're worse than the others, for even if they turn away a minute they always turn back again, as if they wouldn't trust you out of their sight."

But somehow, I never thought of it in that way, an' as to not liking the quiet, why shouldn't I? In a general way I haven't got no more to say than they have, and so it suits me well enough. I will own though, as I've never felt particular comfortable in the Chamber of Horrors, an' never wouldn't have had one, but even in a small collection like mine the public demands it, an' wouldn't hear of bein' satisfied without one, "for" says they, "what's the use of a wax-works without Manning an' them, an' the prisoners in the dock an' the knife as the young woman was cut up in pieces with?" So I was obliged to have the little back room hung with black, like Madame Tussaud's in a small way, and fitted up with murders and a model of the guillotine and two or three heads of parties as come to a untimely end in the French Revolution. But it aint my taste for all that, and there's always a heaviness in the air as makes me low-like an' I'm glad to turn the key on 'em at night an' leave 'em to have a rest from the stares an' talk an' stirrin' up of their sin, an' the shame an' agony of their dreadful deaths. Good Lord! it turns me sick to think of them havin' been real livin' creatures with mothers an' wives an' friends, some of 'em perhaps livin' to-day all crushed an' blasted with the horror they've went through.

But that aint the story as I've half-way promised to tell you. If you really want to hear it, mum, I don't mind tellin' it, though I don't know as it will be interestin'—I've often wondered if it would be as interestin' to outsiders as it was to me, bein' as it's the story of a friend of mine as was something like me an' likewise had a wax-works. Would you mind settin' there, mum, next to the Japanese party? This lady's works was broke an' her bein' absent at the cleaner's leaves the chair vacant most convenient.

His name it was Joe—this acquaintance of mine, an', as I said, he was somethin' of my build an' temper. He was a quiet chap an' a lonely chap, an' London was his native place—leastways, I don't see as it could have been no nativer than it was, bein' as he was laid at the door of a London foundlin' when he wasn't no more than a few days old, and London fed him and clothed him until he was big enough to take care of hisself. He hadn't a easy life of it as you may be sure. He wasn't handsome nor yet sharp, he couldn't answer back nor yet give cheek; he could only take it, which he had to do frequent.

There was plenty of folks as give him the character of a nat'ral born fool, an' they may have been right. They said as no chap as had his right senses could be as good-natured an' ready to forgive a injury an' above all as slow to suspect as one was bein' done him. I think they thought his bein' slow to suspect harm a-goin' on was the best proof of his bein' a fool,—an' he wasn't ready enough with his tongue to argy the point. He wasn't never good at a argyment—Joe wasn't.

Well, he growed up, an' he did first one thing an' then another, until at last he was picked up by a travelin' wax-works showman as had just such a collection as this here of mine—havin' in it just such a Lady Jane Grey, and likewise a sim'lar Royal Fam'ly.

"Well," says the wax-works man, when Joe first goes to ask for work, "what can you do?"

"Not much, perhaps," says Joe; "leastways, I've not been in the business before; but if you'll give me a job, Mister, I can do what I'm told."

The showman gives him a look from head to foot.

"Well," says he, "at all events, you're not one of them blarsted sharp uns as knows everything an' can't dust a figger without knockin' its head off. I've had enough of them sort"—savage like—"a-ruinin' my Richard Cure the Lion, an' a-settin' Mary Queen o' Scottses insides all wrong" (which was what his last young man had been a-doin').

"No," answers Joe, slow an' serious, "I don't think as I'd do that."

The showman gives him another look, an' seems sort of satisfied.

"Go inside an' get your dinner," he says. "I'll try you just because you haven't got so much cheek."

And he did try him, an' pretty well they got on together, after a while. Slowness is not a objection in a wax-works as much as in a business as is less delicater. I've thought myself as p'r'aps wax-works has their feelin's, an' knows who means respec'ful by 'em an' who doesn't, an' this Joe meant respec'ful, an' never took no liberties as he could help. He dusted 'em reg'lar, an' wound 'em up an' set 'em goin' accordin' to rules; but he never tried no larks on 'em, an' that was why he gets along so well with his master.

"That other chap was too fond of his larks," says the showman, kind of gloomy whenever he mentions the first young man. He never forgave him to the day of his death for openin' the collection one day with Charles the Secondses helmet on Mrs. Hannah Mooreses head, an' Daniel in the Lions' Den in William Pennses spectacles, with some other party's umbrella under his arm.

But Joe weren't of a witty turn, an' not given to jokes, which is not suited to wax-works as a rule, collections bein' mostly serious. An', as I say, him an' his master got along so well that one day, after they had been together a year or so, the showman, he says to him, "Joe," says he, "I'm blessed if I'd mind takin' you in as a partner." An' that very mornin' he has the reg'lar papers made out, an' the thing was done without no more said about it. An' partners they was till he died, which happened very unexpected—him a sayin' sudden one night when they was a-shuttin' up together, "Joe, old chap, I'm blessed if my works aint a runnin' down," an' gives one look round at the figgers, an' then drops—which the medical man said as it was dropsy of the heart. When his things was looked over, it was found he'd left everythin' to Joe except one partic'lar ugly figger, as turned his eyes with a squint an' couldn't be done nothin' with, an' him he'd left to a old maid relation as had a spite agin him; "for," says the will, "she'd ought to have him, for he's the only chap I ever see yet as could match her—let alone stand her, an' it's time she was takin' a partner, if she's goin' to." They *did* say as it was nearly the party's death, for, though they'd quarreled reg'lar for twenty-five years an' hated each other deadly, she'd always believed as she'd come into his belongin's if she outlived him, thinkin' as he wouldn't make no will.

Well, havin' had company for so long, it was nat'ral as Joe should feel lonely-like after this, an' now an' then get a trifle downhearted. He didn't find travelin' all alone as pleasant as it had been, so when he was makin' anything at all in a place, he'd stay in it as long as he could, an' kind of try to persuade hisself as it was kind of home to him, an' he had things to hold him to it. He had a good many feelin's in secret as might have been laughed at if people had knowed 'em. He knew well enough as *he* wasn't the kind of chap to have a home of his own—men as has homes has wives, an' who'd have wanted to marry *him*, bless you—he wasn't the build as young women take to. He weren't nothin' to look at, an' he couldn't chaff, nor yet lark, nor yet be ready with his tongue. In general, young women was apt to make game of him when their sweethearts brought em' into the collection, an' there was times when a pretty, light-hearted one would put him out so as he scarcely knew the Royal Fam'ly by name, an' mixed up the Empress of the French an' Lucreecher Borgiar in the description.

So he lived on, lonesome enough, for two or three year, an' then somethin' happened. He went up to London to stay while the races was goin' on, an' one day, when the collection was pretty full, there comes in a swell party with a girl on his arm. The swell, as was a tall, fine-lookin' chap, was in high sperits, an' had just come in for the lark of the thing, Joe sees plain, for he were makin' his jokes free an' easy about everythin', an' laughin' fit to kill hisself every now an' then. But the girl were different; she were a little rosy thing, with round, shinin' eyes, an' a soft, little timid way with her. She laughed too, but only shy an' low, an' more because she was happy an' because the swell laughed. She wasn't the kind of young woman as the swell ought to have been a-goin' with. She was dressed in her best, an' was as pretty as a pictur'; but her clothes was all cheap, an' Joe could see as she belonged to the workin' class, an' was out for a holiday. She held close to the gentleman's arm, an' seemed half frightened, an' yet so glad an' excited that she would have minded you of a six-year-old child. It were the first time she'd ever been into a wax-works, an' things looked wonderful to her. When they come to Lady Jane Grey she was quite took with her, an' begun to ask questions in the innocentest way.

"She's one of the nobility, sir, isn't she?" she says to her companion. "Did you ever see her? Isn't she beautiful, sir?"

He laughs delighted, an' squeezes her hand a bit with his arm.

"No, Polly," he says. "I never saw her until to-day. She didn't keep her head on her shoulders long enough. It was cut off some time ago, my dear." An' then he whispers: "An' it wasn't nearly as pretty a head as yours, Polly, either."

The little girl blushes like a rose, an' tries to laugh too; but Joe knew as she'd took the words more to her innocent heart than was good for her.

"Lor' me!" she says. "What a shame it was to cut her head off,—an' her so sweet an' quiet!"

"Yes, Polly," says the young gentleman, a-laughin' more. "Very quiet. Wax-works are, as a rule. A nice time a proprietor would have, if they were not, with such a lot of queer customers,—Bloody Mary, for instance, and Henry the Eighth, and Nana Sahib, and John Knox, and Lucretia Borgia,—though you don't know much of their amiable characteristics, my dear."

They went on in that way through the whole room,—him a-jokin' an' makin' light, an' her enjoyin' herself an' admirin' everythin' she set eyes on, an' Joe a-watchin' her. He couldn't help it. Somethin' queer seemed to have took hold of him the minute he first sees her. He kep' a-wishin' as the collection was ten times as big, so as it would take longer for her to go through. He couldn't bear the thought of seein' the last of her, an' when they comes to the Russian party, as stands near the door, dressed for the winter season,—his nose bein' protected with fur, after the fashion of the country,—his heart were in his mouth, an' when she passed out into the crowd, he seemed to swallow it with a gulp, as took it into the heels of his boots.

"Lor'!" he says, all of a tremble in his insides. "I shan't never see her again,—never!"

He hadn't no spirit in him all that day, nor the next either. It was as if somethin' altogether out of common had happened, an' he couldn't never be the same man again. He were miserable, an' down an' nervous, an' there wasn't a figger in the collection as didn't seem to know it. He took to standin' at the door whenever he could, a-lookin' at the people a-passin' by. An' yet he scarcely knowed what for. If he'd seen the face he wanted to, he wouldn't 'a' dared to say a word, nor yet to move a step; an' still he was a-hungerin' day an' night for a glimpse of what couldn't be no good to him.

Well, if you'll believe me, mum, instead of gettin' easier as time went on, he got uneasier. He was as lonesome again as he had been, an' he took his tea a-settin' with the Royal Fam'ly reg'lar,—he couldn't have swallowed it by hisself. After shuttin' up, he'd go out wanderin' in the streets melancholy and wistful like, an' one night he stops short all at once, a-feelin' hisself turn pale in consequence of it comin' to him sudden what ailed him.

"I've fell in love," says he, fearful an' respec'ful,—"that's it,—an' there's no help for me. I'm not the man as should have done it, for I can't look for nothin' to come out of it."

He give hisself up to it, because he didn't see no way out of it. Nobody wasn't troubled but hisself, an' so it didn't matter. He got pale an' thin, an' didn't sleep well o' nights, but there wasn't no one to bother themselves about him,—there weren't even a soul as he could 'a' left the collection to, if he'd 'a' died.

It went pretty hard with him to leave London, an' when he did leave it, he couldn't stay away; an' I'm blessed if he didn't come back in less than six months; for, says he to hisself:

"Here's a place as is somethin' more than the others, at least, though it is in a sorrowful way, an' I'd rather as the collection would earn me a bare livin' in a side-street in London, than make money away from it. I might see her again; an', Lor' bless me! what do I want of money a-layin' back?"

Well, the very first night after he came back, he did see her again. He'd set out the collection in the room he'd hired, an' then he'd gone out in the old wanderin' way, an' he hadn't hardly stepped into the street before he comes on a crowd gathered around somethin' near a lamp-post; so he stops nat'ral, an' makes inquiries.

"Anybody hurt?" says he.

"No, not exactly," answers the man he'd spoke to. "It's a young woman as has fainted, I think."

He makes his way a bit nearer, an' as soon as he claps his eyes on the deathly face under the lamp-light, he sees as it's the face he's been lookin' for an' thinkin' about so long.

"It's her!" he says, so shook as he didn't know what he was doin'. "It's Polly!"

"Polly!" says the woman as was holdin' her head. "Do you know her, young man? If you do, you'd better speak to her, for she's just comin' to, poor little thing!"

He knew he couldn't explain, an' he thinks, besides, as the feelin' he had for her might make his face look friendlier than a stranger's, so he kneels down as the woman tells him, just as she opens her eyes.

The crowd seemed to frighten her, an' she began to tremble an' cry; an' so Joe speaks to her, low, an' quiet, an' respec'ful:

"Don't be afraid, miss," he says,—"don't. You'll be well directly."

She catches hold of his hand like a frightened baby.

"Send them away!" she says. "Please, don't let them stare at me. I can't bear it!"

"Miss," says Joe, "would you mind bein' took into a collection, if this good lady would go with you?"

"A collection!" she says, all bewildered. "I haven't got any money. What is it for? Oh! please make them go away!"

"Not a hat took 'round, miss," says Joe. "Oh, dear, no! I was alludin' to a waxworks which is quite convenient, an' belongs to me, an' a fire an' a cup of tea ready immediate, an' a good lady to stay with you until you feel better,—an' all quite private."

"Take me anywhere, please," she says. "Thank you, sir. Oh! take me away."

So between them, Joe an' the good woman helps her up an' leads her to the door as was but a few steps off, an' Joe takes them in an' on to the back room, where the fire was a burnin' an' the kettle singin' an' there he has them both to sit down.

The woman makes the girl lie down on the sofa by the fire, an' she bein' weak an' wanderin' yet did as she was told without askin' a question.

"A cup of tea'll set her up," says the woman, "an' then she can tell us where she lives an' we can take her home."

Joe went about like a man in a dream. His legs was unsteady under him an' he was obliged to ask the woman to pour the water on the tea, an' while she was doin' it he takes a candle and slips into the collection secret, to make sure the Royal Fam'ly was there an' he wasn't out of his head.

The woman, havin' girls of her own, was very motherly an' handy an' did all she could, but she couldn't stay long, and after she'd given Polly her tea, she says she must go.

"An' I dare say as the young man as is so kind-hearted'll come along with me an' we'll see you home together, my dear."

They both looks at Polly then a-waitin' to see what she would say, but she only looked frightened an' the next minute hides her face in her little hands on the sofa-arm an' begins to sob.

"I haven't got no home," she says, "nor nowhere to go. What shall I do—what shall I do?"

Then the woman looks very serious an' a bit hard-like about the mouth—though not as hard as some might have done.

"Where's your mother?" she says, just the least short.

"I haven't none," says Polly. "I lost her a month ago."

"You aint in mournin'," says the woman.

"No, ma'am," says Polly, "I couldn't afford it."

"An' your father?"

But this made the poor little thing cry harder than ever. She wrung her hands an' sobbed pitiful.

"Oh, father!" she says. "Good, kind, easy father, if you was alive I wouldn't be like this. You always loved me—always. You never was hard, father."

"What have you been livin' on?" says the woman, lookin' as if she was a-relentin'.

"I was in a shop ——"

But Joe couldn't stand no more.

"Ma'am," he says in a undertone, "if a pound or so, which not bein' a fam'ly man an' a good business at times, I have it to spare, would make matters straight, here it is." An' he pulls a handful of silver out of his pocket and holds it out quite eager an' yet fearful of givin' offense.

Well, then the woman looks sharp at him.

"What do you mean?" she asks. "Do you want me to take her home with *me?*"

"Ma'am," says Joe, "yes, if a pound or so ——"

But she stops him by turning to the girl.

"Are you a respectable young woman?" she asks.

The pretty face was hidden on the sofa-arm, an' the little figure looked so droopin' that Joe could stand that less than he could stand the other.

"Ma'am," says he hurried, "if five pound ——"

It seemed like the woman's heart was touched, though she answered him rough.

"Young man," she says, "you're a fool—but if you don't want me to speak out before

her, take me into the next room an' we'll talk it over."

So Joe took her into the collection an' the end of it was that they made an agreement, an' sharp as she seemed, the woman showed as she was fair and straight an' would take no advantage. She let Joe persuade her at last to take the girl with her an' ask no questions, an' he was to pay her a trifle to make it straight an' no burden to her.

"Though," says she, "if she had a different face an' one as wasn't so innocent an' young, I wouldn't take her at no price—for I've girls of my own as I tell you, an' p'r'aps that's what makes me easier on her."

When they was gone away, Joe goes into the room they'd left an' sets hisself down by the fire an' stares at the sofa.

"She set there," he says, "an' she laid her head on the arm, and likewise drunk out of that there cup. I've seen her again as sure as I'm a man."

An' not a wink of sleep does he get that night, but sits, an' stares, an' thinks until the fire dies out into ashes, an' it's gray early mornin'.

Through a delicateness of feelin', he does not go anywheres near her for a day or so, an' then the woman—whose name is Mrs. Bonny—calls in to see him.

"Well," she says, "it seems all right so far. She's a nice little thing, an' she's got work in a millinery down town, an' I've kept my word an' asked no questions, an' will you come an' have a cup of tea with us this evening?"

Of course he went, glad enough, though awkward, an' he saw her again, an' she was prettier an' innocenter lookin' than ever, though pale an' timid. When she give her hand at partin' an' says, "Thank you for bein' so kind to me," he couldn't say a single word in answer, he were so bashful an' upsot.

He was always bashful enough, even after they knew each other better an' was good friends, which they came to be. She seemed to take a childish liking to him, an' always to be a rememberin' as she'd somethin' to be grateful for.

"What made you so kind to me that night, Joe?" she'd say. "You hadn't never seen me before, you know. Oh, how good you was, Joe!" An' he hadn't never the courage to tell her as he had.

Through one thing an' another, it was quite a while before she chanced to see the collection, but, at last, one afternoon, they all comes down—Mrs. Bonny, the girls, an' Polly.

Polly was a-goin' 'round with Joe, an' he couldn't help wonderin' anxious if she would remember as she had seen the place an' him before. An' she did. Before she had been in the room three minutes, she begins to look round strange an' puzzled, an' when she comes to Lady Jane Grey, she catches Joe's arm an' gives a tremblin' start.

"I've been here before," she says. "I was here last races—I—oh, Joe, ——" an' she breaks off with a sob.

He sets her in a chair and stands before her, so as the Bonnys can't see.

"Don't cry, Polly," he says, but he says it with a sinkin' feelin', because he sees as she doesn't remember him at all, an' that she hasn't forgot her handsome sweetheart.

She doesn't cry much more for fear of the Bonnys, but she doesn't laugh nor talk no more all the rest of the day, an' her little downcast face was enough to make a man's heart ache. I dare say you'll think as Joe was a fool to hang on so in the face of all this, but it was his way to hang on to a thing quiet an' steady, and you remember what I've said about his simpleness. So he does hang on without a bit of hope until through Polly herself he speaks almost without knowing it, an' it happens in the collection just three months from the day as she recognized Lady Jane Grey.

"What made you so good to me that night, Joe?" she says again to him, mournful an' gentle. "I never shall forget it. No one else would have been so good."

"Polly," he says, a-takin' out his bandanna an' wipin' his forehead, for, though a cool day, he had broke out in a free perspiration. "Polly, it was because I loved you." An' he went straight through an' told her the whole story.

"But," says he at the end. "Don't let that come between you an' me, Polly, for why should it? You have nothing to give me, Polly, an', consequently, I don't ask nothin'."

"No," says she, in a half whisper. "I haven't nothin' to give no one."

An' yet, it wasn't three weeks before ——; but, I'll tell you how it happened.

He'd been invited to the Bonnys' to tea, an' when he went there, he found Polly ailin'. She was white an' nervous, an' her eyes looked big an' woeful.

"She had a fright last night," Mrs. Bonny told him. "Some scamp of a fellow followed her all the way home an' it's upsot her."

She hardly spoke all the evenin', but lay back in the big rockin'-chair a-lookin' at Joe every now an' then as if she was askin' him to help her, an' when he'd bid 'em all good-night an' was half-way down the street, he hears the door open again, an' who should come runnin' after him, but her, all out of breath, an' catches him by the arm cryin'.

"Joe," she says, "do you—do you love me yet, Joe?"

"Polly," he says, "what is it, my dear?" an' hearin' her ask him such a question, turned him almost sick with joy an' pain together.

"Because," she sobs out,—"because, if you love me yet,—take me, Joe, an' keep me safe."

An' before he knows how it happens, he has her in his arms, with her face against his coat.

After they was both a bit quiet, he takes her back to Mrs. Bonny, an' says he:

"Mrs. Bonny, Polly an' me is goin' to be married."

An' Mrs. Bonny says:

"Well, now, Polly, that's sensible; an' though I say it as shouldn't, I must own as I wouldn't care if it was 'Meliar."

An' she kisses Polly, an' the girls kisses her, an' they all shakes hands, an' it's a settled thing.

They was married almost immediate, an' Joe was as happy as a man could be under the circumstances; for mind you, he wasn't a-deceivin' hisself, an' knowed well enough as his wasn't the kind of a marriage where there's two hearts beatin' warm together, an' both is full of joy an' hope.

"But," says he, "I never expected this much, an' I'd be a queer sort of chap not to be grateful, as the woman I love could turn to me for comfort when she needed it; an' if love can bring love, mine'll be like to do it some day."

So he waited an' hoped, an' did his best, an' he sometimes thought as Polly drawed a bit nearer to him as time went on. At any rate, she was a good, gentle little thing, an' always seemed tryin' to please him in a wistful, longin' way, as if she had somethin' to make up for. Once, when they was settin' together at night, she came an' knelt down before him, and hid her face on his knee.

"Joe," she says, "was you never afraid to marry me,—when—when you remember as I'd never told you nothin'?"

"No," he answers. "No, Polly,—never."

"But I might have been a wicked girl," she whispers.

"No," says he, stout and tender. "You mightn't, Polly;" an' he stoops down an' kisses her pretty hair.

She burst out a-cryin', and creeps closer, so as to lay her cheek on his hand.

"I might have been," she says; "but I wasn't, Joe,—I wasn't, because God an' you helped me."

An' yet he knows as there's somethin' behind as keeps her from bein' happy, though she tries so hard an' faithful. He always sees the wistfulness in her eyes, an' hears it in her voice, an' time an' time again he knows she's lyin' awake at night a-grievin' quiet. One mornin', after she's been lower than common, a letter comes to her, an' he sees her turn white, an' after she holds it a minute, she walks up to the fire an' throws it in, an' before he goes back to the collection, she comes an' catches him 'round the neck, an' says:

"I want to be a good wife, Joe,—I want to be, an' I will," an' cries a bit again.

That very afternoon there comes a swell into the wax-works, an' as soon as Joe sets eyes on him, he knows it's the chap he first see Polly with in the race-week, and there he is a-saunterin' 'round an' pretendin' to be unconcerned, an' yet keepin' a sharp look-out around him. So Joe goes up to him, and speaks to him quite firm and low:

"Was you lookin' for any one, sir?" he asks.

The swell looks at him cool enough.

"What's that you say, my good fellow?" he answers.

"Well," says Joe, "nothing in a general way, perhaps; only, sir, I was a-thinkin' as p'r'aps you might be lookin' for some one as was unprotected an' helpless, an' there aint no such a party here; an' if you'd like your money returned at the door,—me bein' the proprietor of the collection,—I shouldn't have no objection."

"D—— your collection!" says the swell; but he turns 'round an' goes out, half a-laughin'.

At tea that evenin', Polly was dreadful restless an' timid, an' seemed to be a-listenin' to somethin', an' after a bit Joe finds out what it is,—it's footsteps a-passin' back'ard an' for'ard near the house,—passin' back'ard an' for'ard reg'lar; an' they goes on that way for a good hour, an' then stops; an' all the time Polly sits close to Joe, as if she was afraid to leave him, her eyes shinin' an' her voice shakin' when she speaks. Only

that somethin' tells him as she doesn't want him to go, he would have went out; an' in the middle of the night he was almost sorry he didn't, for she started out of her sleep, callin' out, frightened:

"Oh! the footsteps!—the footsteps! Make them go away!—save me from them, Joe, or I must go!"

She was quite ill an' weak for a month, an' then, queer enough, a change came over her. She got her color back gradual, an' went out oftener, an' was brighter when she was in the house. She went to see the Bonnys frequent, a-helpin' them get ready to take their trip to the sea-side, which they did reg'lar; for though workin'-people, they was comfortable off. There was such a alteration in her, that Joe began to feel hopeful, an' was as cheerful as the day is long; an' well he might be, for she actually lays her pretty head on his breast once, an' whispers:

"Joe, I believe I'm goin' to be happy,—an' it's all through you bein' so lovin' an' patient. You bore with me a long time,—didn't you, Joe?"

They had been married near twelve months then, an' the week the Bonnys goes away, Joe has to go too, bein' called away by business; an' sorry enough he was to go. But he says to Polly when he kisses her good-bye at the door:

"If you get lonesome, pack up an' go to the Bonnys, my dear, an' let them take care of you; but I wont be no longer than I can help."

An' she gives his neck a little wistful squeeze, half laughin', with the tears in her eyes, an' says:

"No, you mustn't, because no one can take such care of me as you;—an' I want you, Joe."

Well, it happened as his business was got over quicker than he'd looked for, an' he gets home within two weeks. But when he gets back he doesn't find Polly. Things are a bit upsot, as if she'd gone off in a hurry, an' he finds a little letter on the table as says, "I've gone to the Bonnys', dear Joe—it was so lonesome without you."

An' when he reads it he sees tear-marks on it, an' he says to hisself, "Why, here a tear fell, Polly. You must have been a bit low, my dear." He had that there letter in his hand, an' was still a-lookin' at it, when there comes a knock at the door an' he answers it, an' in walks Mrs. Bonny herself.

"Well," she says, "you've come back, have you? How are you, an' how's Polly?"

"Polly!" says he. "Polly!"

"Yes, to be sure," she answers him back, "Polly; for, to tell the truth, I've been a bit anxious about her, an' that's why I came here the minute I got back to town."

Well, they both stood still an' looked at each other—her a bit impatient an' him cold an' dazed.

"Mrs. Bonny, ma'am," says he at last, "Polly went to you a week ago, for here's the letter as tells me so."

"Joe," says Mrs. Bonny, a fallin' back an' turnin' pale too, "Polly aint never been nigh us!"

"Then," says Joe, "she's dead."

He never thought of nothin' else but that some cruel thing had happened as had cut her off in her innocence an' youth. Think harm of Polly, as had laid her cheek against his breast an' begged him to come back to her? Lor' bless you, ma'am, he loved her far too tender!

It was Mrs. Bonny as first said the word, for even good women is sometimes hard on women, you know. She followed him into the room an' looked about her, an' she broke out a-cryin', angry an' yet sorrowful.

"Oh, Joe! Joe!" she says. "How could she have the heart to do it?"

But Joe only answered her bewildered.

"The heart, ma'am!" he says. "Polly?"

"The heart to leave you," she says. "The heart to go to ruin when there was so much to hold her back—the heart to shame a honest man as loved her, an' her knowin' what she did!"

"Ruin, ma'am?" says Joe. "Shame, ma'am? Polly?"

He rouses himself to understand what she meant, an' he sees it's what the other people will say, too, an' he cannot help it or save Polly from it.

"It isn't true," he cries, wild-like. "It isn't nat'ral as it should be. She's trusted me all along, an' we was beginnin' to be happy, an'——"

"You've trusted her," says Mrs. Bonny. "An' so have I; but she's kept her own secrets, an' we knew she had 'em. An' there's my 'Meliar as heard of some fine gentleman a-follerin her on the street an' talkin' to her."

But Joe stops her.

"If she doesn't come back," he says, "she's dead, an' she died innocent," an' wouldn't hear another word.

As soon as he could get his strength together, he gets up an' begins to set the place in order, a-makin' it look just as much as if

she was there as he could. He folds away the two or three things as she's left about, an' puts 'em in the drawers an' shuts 'em up, an' Mrs. Bonny sets a-watchin' him. She couldn't understand the slow, quiet way as he does everything.

"Joe," she says, when he's done, "what do you mean?"

"Mrs. Bonny, ma'am," he says, "I mean to trust her, an' I mean to be ready for her an' a-waitin', whenever she comes back, an' *how*ever."

"However?" says Mrs. Bonny.

"Yes, mum," he says, "howsumever, for love isn't a thing as is easy killed; but, mind you, I'm not afraid as her soul has come to hurt, an' I've no thought of givin' her up."

Mrs. Bonny, she sees he's in earnest, an' she shakes her head. She meant kind enough, but it wasn't her as had been in love with Polly, an' had worked so hard to win her. When she went Joe followed her to the door.

"Ma'am," he says, "have you any objections as this here should be a secret betwixt you an' me?"

Well, I've no doubt as it was a bit hard on her as she shouldn't have the tellin' of it an' the talkin' of it over, an' she couldn't help showin' it in her looks; but she's a good soul, as I've said, an' she promises, an' Joe, he answers her, "Thank you, ma'am; an' would you mind givin' me your hand on it?" An' she does, an' so they part.

You may think what the next week or so was to Joe, when I tell you as, though he tried night an' day, he couldn't hear a word from Polly, or find no sign. An' still believin' in her, he wouldn't make no open stir an' talk. He had a fancy as perhaps somethin' of her old trouble had took her off, an' he stuck to it in his mind as she'd come back an' tell him all. An' I dare say you'll say, "Why should he, in the name of all that's simple?" Well, ma'am, he had a reason, an' that there reason held him up when nothin' else would. But it seemed as if all hope was to be tore from him. A-cleanin' up the room one afternoon, he comes across a piece of half-burnt paper as has lodged in a corner, an' in pickin' it up somethin' catches his eye as strikes him blind an' weak an' sick—a few words writ in a fine, flourishin' hand, an' these was them:

"—wasting your life, my sweet Polly, on a stupid fellow who has not even sense enough to see that you are making a sacrifice and breaking your innocent, foolish heart. Don't break mine, too—don't turn away from me as you did on that dreadful night. If you love me, trust me. Come to——"

That was all, for the rest was burnt; but when he'd read it, Joe's hope was swept away complete. She'd been gettin' love-letters from another man, an' readin' them an' keepin' them secret, an' now she was gone!

He set down, an' let the paper drop on the floor.

"I—didn't know," he says, "as them—was women's—ways. Lord help you, Polly,—an' me,—an' Lord be pitiful to It!"

There's no use of makin' the story longer than can be helped, an' besides, words wouldn't tell what sufferin' that there little back room saw in the three next weeks. There's no knowin' what kept the poor chap from staggerin' in from his work some night an' fallin' heart-broke in death on his lonely hearth. He suffered an' strove an' bore, an' yet kept his secret close. He neither eat nor slept, his face growed white an' haggard an' his eyes holler. He kept away from the Bonnys, an' kept away from all as knowed him. Even the sight of the collection was too much for him. He'd set there by the ashes of the fire hour after hour at night, a-lookin' at the grayness, an' not carin' to stir.

"I didn't know," he'd say again an' again over slow to hisself an' the emptiness an' quiet,—"I didn't know—as them—was women's ways."

Just five weeks from the time as he'd come home an' found his wife gone, he was a-settin' this very way over the grate one evenin' at dusk, when he hears a key a-turnin' in the door gentle-like, an' he lifts his head to listen. "Who's that," he says, "as is tryin' to come in?"

But the next minute he starts up, a-knockin' the chair over back'ard, his heart a-beatin' loud enough to be heard, for the one as turned the key *was* in, an' had light feet, an' come an' pushed the room door open an' stood there a second. An' it was Polly, with a bundle in her arms. She didn't look guilty, bless you, though she were a little pale an' excited. She was even a-laughin', in a shy, happy, timid way, an' her eyes was wide an' shinin'.

But Joe, he weren't strong enough to bear it. He breaks out into a cry.

"Polly," says he, "is it because you're dead that you've come back to me?" An' he makes a step, gropin' an' staggerin', an' would have fell if she hadn't run an' caught him, an' pushed him into a chair.

"Joe," she cries out, kneelin' down before

him,—"Joe, dear Joe, what's the matter? It's Polly, an'—" an' she puts her face against his vest in the old way—"an' you mustn't frighten me."

That, an' the touch of her hand brings him back, an' he knows in a second as he has her safe, an' then he catches her an' begins to hug her tight, too shook to say a word.

But she pulls back a bit, half frightened an' half joyful.

"Joe," she says, "didn't you think I was at the Bonnys'? Have you been anxious?" An' then, a-laughin' nervous-like, "You mustn't squeeze so, Joe—don't you see?"

An' she lays the bundle on his knee an' opens the shawl an' shows him what's in it.

"He's—he's only a little one," she says, a-laughin' an' cryin' true woman fashion, "but he grows every day, an' he's noticin' already."

Joe makes an effort an' just saves hisself from bustin out in a sob as might have told her all—an' this time he folds 'em both up an' holds 'em, a-tryin' to stumble at a prayer in his mind.

"Polly," he says after a bit, "tell me all about it, for I don't understand how it is as it's come about."

But girl as she is, she sees as there's somethin' behind an' she gives him a long look.

"Joe," she says, "I've more to tell than just how this happened, an' when I lay quiet with little Joe on my arm, I made up my mind as the day I brought him home to you, was the day as had come for you to hear it, an' so you shall—but first I must lay him down an' make the room warm."

Which she gets up an' does, an' wont let Joe do nothin' but watch her, an' while she's at it he sees her sweet young face a-workin', an' when everythin's done, an' the fire burnin' bright, an' the kettle on, an' the little fellow comfortable on her arm—she draws a little wooden stool up to his knees an' sits down on it an' her face is a-workin' still.

"Not as I'm afraid to tell you now, Joe, though I've held it back so long; but sometimes I've thought as the day would never come when I could, an' now I'm so glad—so glad," she whispers.

An' then a-holdin' his hand an' the child's too, she tells him the whole story of what her secret was an' why she kep' it one, an' as you may guess it was all about the man as Joe had seen her with.

The night she'd fainted in the street she'd found out his cruel heart for the first time an' it had well-nigh broke her own. The people as she worked for had turned her off through hearin' of him, an' her own mother, as was a hard, strict woman, had believed the scandal an' turned against her too. An' then when she had gone to him in her fear an' trouble he had struck her down with words as was worse than blows.

"But bein' so young, Joe, an' so weak," she says, "I couldn't forget him, an' it seemed as if I couldn't bear my life; an' I knew that if he come back again it would be harder to turn away from him than ever. An' it was—an' when he follorred me an' tried me so as I knew as I'd give up if there wasn't something to hold me strong. An' I asked you to save me that night, Joe, an' you said you would. Joe," she whispers, "don't hate me for bein' so near to sin an' shame."

After a little while she tells him the rest.

"But even when he knowed I was a good man's wife he wouldn't let me rest. He tried to see me again an' again, an' wrote me letters an' besot me in every way, knowin' as I wasn't worthy of you, an' didn't love you as I ought. But the time come when he grew weaker an' you grew stronger, Joe. How could I live with you day after day an' see the contrast between you, an' not learn to love the man as was so patient an' true to me, an despise him as only loved hisself an' was too selfish an' cruel to have either mercy or pity? So the day come when I knew I needn't fear him nor myself no more an' I told him so. It was then I told you I was goin' to be happy; an' Joe dear, I was happy—particular lately. Do you believe me, Joe?—say as you do."

"Yes, Polly," says Joe. "Thank God!"

"Kiss me, then," she says, "an' kiss little Joe, an' then I'll tell you how the other come about."

He did it prompt, an' with a heavin' heart, an' then the other was soon told.

"I hadn't seen him for a long time when you went away," she tells him, "an' I thought I'd seen the last of him; but you hadn't been gone a week before I met him face to face in the street; an' that same night a letter come, an' through me bein' lonesome an' nervous-like, an' seein' him so determined, it frightened me, an' I made up my mind I'd go to the Bonnys an' get heartened up a little before you come back. So I started all in a hurry as soon as I

could get ready. But before I'd got more than half way to my journey's end, we had a accident,—not much of a one, for the trains as met each other wasn't goin' so fast but that they could be stopped in time to save much real harm bein' done, an' people was mostly badly shook an' frightened. But I fainted away, an' when I come to myself I was lyin' on a bed in a farm-house near the line, an' the farmer's wife, as was a good soul, she was a-takin' care of me, an' says she, 'Where's your husband, my girl?' an' I says, 'I'm not sure I know, ma'am,' an faints away again.

"Well, the next mornin' I was lyin' there still, but little Joe was on my arm, an' I had the strength to tell where I lived, an' how it was I didn't know where to send for you. An' the farmer's wife was like a mother to me, an' she cheers me up, an' says, 'Well, never mind. Bless us! what a joyful surprise it'll be to the man! Think of that!' An' I did think of it until I made up my mind as I wouldn't send no word at all until I could come home myself; for, says I, 'He'll think I'm at the Bonnys', an' it'll save him bein' worried.' An' that was how it was, Joe," kind of hesitatin'. "Have you anything to tell *me?*"

She looks at him timid an' gentle, an' he looks down at the fire.

"Not if you'd rather not, Joe," she says; "but I thought ——"

Joe, he thinks a bit, an' then answers her grave an' slow:

"Polly," says he, "I found a piece of that there letter. Will you forgive me, an' let it pass at that for little Joe's sake?"

She stoops down and kisses his hand, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes," she answers, "an' for yours too. You've more to forgive than me, Joe,—an' it was quite nat'ral."

An' she never asks him another question, but sets there sweet an' content, an' they both sets there almost too happy to speak; an' there's such a look in her face as goes to Joe's heart, an' he breaks the quiet, at last, a-sayin':

"Polly,—I hope it aint no wrong in me a-thinkin' it,—for this aint no time for me to have none but the reverentest an' gratefulest humble heart,—but as you set there with the little fellow so peaceful on your breast, I can't help bein' 'minded of the Mother as we see in the churches, an' as some prays to."

Well, mum, that's the whole story, an' somehow it's run out longer than I thought for; but there's nothin' more left to say, but that if you could see that there little Joe to-day he'd astonish you; for though but five year old, I'm blessed if he don't know every figger in the collection by name, an' is as familiar with Henry the Eighthses fam'ly as I am myself; an' says he to me only the other day, "Father ——" at least —— Well, mum, I suppose I may as well own up to it, now I've done,—though a nat'ral back'ardness made it easier for me to tell it the other way. But you're right in supposin' so; an' not to put too fine a point to it, the story *is* mine,—that there Joe bein' me an' Polly my wife, an' that there collection Smethurstses.

STRAWBERRIES.

Was it old Dr. Parr who said or sighed in his last illness, "Oh, if I can only live till strawberries come!" The old scholar imagined that if he could weather it till then, the berries would carry him through. No doubt he turned from the drugs and the nostrums, or from the hateful food, to the memory of the pungent, penetrating and unspeakably fresh quality of the strawberry with the deepest longing. The very thought of these crimson lobes, embodying as it were the first glow and ardor of the young summer, and with their power to unsheath the taste and spur the flagging appetite, made life seem possible and desirable with him.

The strawberry is always the hope of the invalid, and sometimes, no doubt, his salvation. It is the first and finest relish among fruits, and well merits Dr. Boteler's memorable saying, that "doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but, doubtless, God never did."

On the threshold of summer, nature proffers us this, her virgin fruit; more rich and sumptuous are to follow, but the wild delicacy and fillip of the strawberry are never repeated,—that keen feathered edge greets the tongue in nothing else.

Let me not be afraid of overpraising it, but probe and probe for words to hint its

surprising virtues. We may well celebrate it with festivals and music. It is so unlike any other fruit the earth produces. It has that indescribable quality of all first things—that shy, uncloying, provoking barbed sweetness. It is eager and sanguine as youth. It is born of the copious dews, the fragrant nights, the tender skies, the plentiful rains of the early season. The singing of birds is in it, and the health and frolic of lusty nature. It is the product of liquid May touched by the June sun. It has the tartness, the briskness, the unruliness of spring, and the aroma and intensity of summer.

What a challenge it is to the taste, how it bites back again! and is there any other sound like the snap and crackle with which it salutes the ear on being plucked from the stems? It is a threat to one sense that the other is soon to verify. It snaps to the ear as it smacks to the tongue. All other berries are tame beside it.

The plant is almost an evergreen; it loves the coverlid of the snow, and will keep fresh through the severest winters with a slight protection. The frost leaves its virtues in it. The berry is a kind of vegetable snow. How cool, how tonic, how melting, and how perishable! It is almost as easy to keep frost. Heat kills it, and sugar quickly breaks up its cells.

You crimson-coned passionate fruit, shaped after the human heart, you are the type of the true poem. Your seeds are the germs of meaning and suggestion the poem holds imbedded in the soft, fleshy texture of human passion and emotion. Then your sub-acid, aromatic flavors, your tonic properties, your liquid, dissolving structure, your lyric something wild and shrill, make you the symbol of the poet's heart.

Is there anything like the odor of strawberries? The next best thing to tasting them is to smell them; one may put his nose to the dish while the fruit is yet too rare and choice for his fingers. Touch not and taste not, but take a good smell and go mad. Last fall I potted some of the Downer, and in the winter grew them in the house. In March the berries were ripe, only four or five on a plant, just enough, all told, to make one consider whether it was not worth while to kill off the rest of the household, so that the berries need not be divided. But if every tongue could not have a feast, every nose banqueted daily upon them. They filled the house with perfume. The Downer is remarkable in this respect. Grown in the open field, it surpasses in its odor any strawberry of my acquaintance. And it is scarcely less agreeable to the taste. It is a very beautiful berry to look upon, round, light pink, with a delicate, fine-grained expression. Some berries shine, the Downer glows as if there were a red bloom upon it. Its core is firm and white, its skin thin and easily bruised, which makes it a poor market berry, but with its high flavor and productiveness, an admirable one for home use. It seems to be as easily grown as the Wilson, while it is much more palatable. The great trouble with the Wilson, as everybody knows, is its rank acidity. When it first comes, it is difficult to eat it without making faces. It is crabbed and acrimonious. Like some persons, the Wilson will not ripen and sweeten till its old age. Its largest and finest crop, if allowed to remain on the vines, will soften and fail unregenerated, or with all its sins upon it. But wait till toward the end of the season, after the plant gets over its hurry and takes time to ripen its fruit. The berry will then face the sun for days, and if the weather is not too wet, instead of softening will turn dark and grow rich. Out of its crabbedness and spitefulness come the finest, choicest flavors. It is an astonishing berry. It lays hold of the taste in a way that the aristocratic berries, like the Jecunda or Triomphe, cannot approximate to. Its quality is as penetrating as that of ants and wasps, but sweet. It is indeed a wild bee turned into a berry, with the sting mollified and the honey disguised. A quart of these rare-ripes I venture to say contains more of the peculiar virtue and excellence of the strawberry kind than can be had in twice the same quantity of any other cultivated variety. Take these berries in a bowl of rich milk with some bread,—ah, what a dish,—too good to set before a king! I suspect this was the food of Adam in Paradise, only Adam did not have the Wilson strawberry; he had the wild strawberry that Eve plucked in their hill-meadow and "hulled" with her own hands, and that, take it all in all, even surpasses the late ripened Wilson.

Adam is still extant in the taste and appetite of most country boys; lives there a country boy who does not like wild strawberries-and-milk,—yea, prefer it to any other known dish? I am not thinking of a dessert of strawberries-and-cream; this the city boy may have too; but bread-and-milk, with the addition of wild strawberries, is peculiarly a country dish, and is to the taste what a wild bird's song is to the ear. When I was a lad, and went afield with my hoe or with

the cows, during the strawberry season, I was sure to return at meal-time with a lining of berries in the top of my straw hat. They were my daily food, and I could taste the liquid and gurgling notes of the bobolink in every spoonful of them; and at this day, to make a dinner or supper off a bowl of milk with bread and strawberries,—plenty of strawberries,—well, is as near to being a boy again as I ever expect to come. The golden age draws sensibly near. Appetite becomes a kind of delicious thirst,—a gentle and subtle craving of all parts of the mouth and throat,—and those nerves of taste that occupy, as it were, a back seat, and take little cognizance of grosser foods, come forth, and are played upon and set vibrating. Indeed, I think, if there is ever rejoicing throughout one's alimentary household,—if ever that much-abused servant, the stomach, says amen, or those faithful handmaidens, the liver and spleen, nudge each other delightedly, it must be when one on a torrid summer day passes by the solid and carnal dinner for this simple Arcadian dish.

The wild strawberry, like the wild apple, is spicy and high-flavored, but, unlike the apple, it is also mild and delicious. It has the true rustic sweetness and piquancy. What it lacks in size, when compared with the garden berry, it makes up in intensity. It is never dropsical or overgrown, but firm-fleshed and hardy. Its great enemies are the plow, gypsum, and the horse-rake. It dislikes a limestone soil, but seems to prefer the detritus of the stratified rock. Where the sugar-maple abounds, I have always found plenty of wild strawberries. We have two kinds,—the wood berry and the field berry. The former is as wild as a partridge. It is found in open places in the woods and along their borders, growing beside stumps and rocks, never in abundance, but very sparsely. It is small, cone-shaped, dark red, shiny and pimply. It looks woody, and tastes so. It has never reached the table, nor made the acquaintance of cream. A quart of them, at a fair price for human labor, would be worth their weight in silver, at least.

Ovid mentions the wood strawberry, which would lead one to infer that they were more abundant in his time and country than in ours.

This is, perhaps, the same as the Alpine strawberry, which is said to grow in the mountains of Greece, and thence northward. This was probably the first variety cultivated, though our native species would seem as unpromising a subject for the garden as club-moss or winter-greens.

Of the field strawberry, there are a great many varieties,—some growing in meadows, some in pastures, and some upon mountain-tops. Some are round, and stick close to the calyx or hull; some are long and pointed, with long, tapering necks. These usually grow upon tall stems. They are, indeed, of the slim, linear kind. Your corpulent berry keeps close to the ground; its stem and foot-stalk are short, and neck it has none. Its color is deeper than that of its tall brother, and of course it has more juice. You are more apt to find the tall varieties upon knolls in low, wet meadows, and again upon mountain-tops, growing in tussocks of wild grass about the open summits. These latter ripen in July, and give one his last taste of strawberries for the season.

But the favorite haunt of the wild strawberry is an up-lying meadow that has been exempt from the plow for five or six years, and that has little timothy and much daisy. Daisies and strawberries are generally associated. Nature fills her dish with the latter, then covers them with the white and yellow of milk and cream, thus suggesting a combination we are quick to follow. Milk alone, after it loses its animal heat, is a clod, and begets torpidity of the brain; the berries lighten it, give wings to it, and one is fed as by the air he breathes or the water he drinks.

Then the delight of "picking" the wild berries! It is one of the fragrant memories of boyhood. Indeed, for boy or man to go a-berrying in a certain pastoral country I know of, where a passer-by along the highway is often regaled by a breeze loaded with the perfume of the o'er ripe fruit, is to get nearer to June than by almost any course I know of. Your errand is so private and confidential! You stoop low. You part away the grass and the daisies, and would lay bare the inmost secrets of the meadow. Everything is yet tender and succulent; the very air is bright and new; the warm breath of the meadow comes up in your face; to your knees you are in a sea of daisies and clover; from your knees up you are in a sea of solar light and warmth. Now you are prostrate like a swimmer, or like a surf-bather reaching for pebbles or shells, the white and green spray breaks above you; then like a devotee before a shrine, or naming his beads, your rosary strung with luscious berries; anon you are a

grazing Nebuchadnezzar, or an artist taking an inverted view of the landscape.

The birds are alarmed by your close scrutiny of their domain. They hardly know whether to sing or to cry, and do a little of both. The bobolink follows you and circles above and in advance of you, and is ready to give you a triumphal exit from the field, if you will only depart.

"Ye boys that gather flowers and strawberries,
Lo, hid within the grass, an adder lies,"

Warton makes Virgil sing; but there is no serpent here—at worst, only a bumble-bee's or yellow-jacket's nest. You soon find out the spring in the corner of the field under the beechen tree. While you wipe your brow and thank the Lord for spring water, you glance at the initials in the bark, some of them so old that they seem runic and legendary. You find out, also, how gregarious the strawberry is—that the different varieties exist in little colonies about the field. When you strike the outskirts of one of these plantations, how quickly you work toward the center of it, and then from the center out, then circumnavigate it, and follow up all its branchings and windings!

Then the delight in the abstract and in the concrete of strolling and lounging about the June meadows; of lying in pickle for half a day or more in this pastoral sea, laved by the great tide, shone upon by the virile sun, drenched to the very marrow of your being with the warm and wooing influences of the young summer!

I was a famous berry-picker when a boy. It was near enough to hunting and fishing to enlist me. Mother would always send me in preference to any of the rest of the boys. I got the biggest berries and the most of them. There was something of the excitement of the chase in the occupation, and something of the charm and preciousness of game about the trophies. The pursuit had its surprises, its expectancies, its sudden disclosures,—in fact, its uncertainties. I went forth adventurously. I could wander free as the wind. Then there were moments of inspiration, for it always seemed a felicitous stroke to light upon a particularly fine spot, as it does when one takes an old and wary trout. You discovered the game where it was hidden. Your genius prompted you. Another had passed that way and had missed the prize. Indeed, the successful berry-picker, like Walton's angler, is born, not made. It is only another kind of angling. In the same field one boy gets big berries and plenty of them; another wanders up and down, and finds only a few little ones. He cannot see them; he does not know how to divine them where they lurk under the leaves and vines. The berry-grower knows that in the cultivated patch his pickers are very unequal, the baskets of one boy or girl having so inferior a look that it does not seem possible they could have been filled from the same vines with certain others. But neither blunt fingers nor blunt eyes are hard to find, and as there are those who can see nothing clearly, so there are those who can touch nothing deftly or gently.

The cultivation of the strawberry is thought to be comparatively modern. The ancients appear to have been a carnivorous race; they gorged themselves with meat, while the modern man makes larger and larger use of fruits and vegetables, until this generation is doubtless better fed than any that has preceded it. The strawberry and the apple and such vegetables as celery ought to lengthen human life,—at least, to correct its biliousness and make it more sweet and sanguine.

The first impetus to strawberry culture seems to have been given by the introduction of our field berry *(Fragaria virginiana)* into England in the seventeenth century, though not much progress was made till the eighteenth. This variety is much more fragrant and aromatic than the native berry of Europe, though less so in that climate than when grown here. Many new seedlings sprang from it, and it was the prevailing berry in English and French gardens, says Fuller, until the South American species *Grandiflora* was introduced and supplanted it. This berry is naturally much larger and sweeter and better adapted to the English climate than our *Virginiana*. Hence the English strawberries of to-day surpass ours in these respects, but are wanting in that aromatic pungency that characterizes most of our berries.

The Jecunda, Triumph, Victoria, etc., are foreign varieties of the Grandiflora species; while the Hovey, the Boston Pine, the Downer, etc., are natives of this country.

The strawberry, in the main, as I have said, repeats the form of the human heart, and perhaps of all the small fruits known to man none other is so deeply and fondly cherished, or hailed with such universal delight, as this lowly but youth-renewing berry.

ADAM AND EVE AT THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.*

"ADAM AND EVE, AS THE OLDEST PRESENT, SAT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE."

EXACTLY good-looking you never could have called him. But who asks for beauty in a man, and particularly in a man of his age? Luckily, the gray beard framing his face just suits the gray jacket of a miller; one might imagine that to be flour which is dusted through his beard, for his cheeks are so red and his eyes so bright;—but only for to-day, perhaps. You cannot be much amiss in giving him a half-century; it is easy to reckon it out: after six years of military service, nineteen years and three months as miller's hand —that is about the figure. So much for him.

And for her? She, too, was not beautiful, but tall and capable; she did not look good-tempered, but rather harsh; yet she took very little notice of her fellow-men. On the other hand, she did not ask that people should take any notice of her. She wore her cap after the fashion of the valley over yonder, for the department embraces several valleys, and —— .

True enough, it must be explained how the two came to be here, and with their Sunday clothes on in the middle of the week.

Flags flutter from the steeple of the church, flags also are hanging from the windows of the houses, and just at this moment a fusillade rings out from the hill behind the town, and a blast of trumpets is heard, mingled with the piping of clarionets, and then comes a vast hurrah. In this chief town of the department they are celebrating the agricultural fair. The autumn day fixed for it turns out bright and clear; the exposition of fruits and vegetables affords a pleasing sight; horses, oxen, cows and steers are clean, and receive quietly enough the critical

* With original designs by Professor Paul Thumann, of the Berlin Academy.

examinations of the judges; only when their mouths are pulled open to learn their age do they make any objections. New and improved agricultural tools and implements are examined in the yard of the court-house before they are put up at lottery, and thus become scattered far and wide. Moreover, here are the household servants who to-day are to get prizes for long and trusty service.

In spite of everything, the fair has something uncomfortable and forced about it, while at the same time the ordinary working-day is going on. Who can say how long it takes a festival to gain a profound honoring, and especially a festival that has to do with manual labor?

The bailie of the department is happy. Without a stutter he has rehearsed his speech on the Father and the Mother of the Country; and it must be true—that phrase which he repeats several times—that he has spoken out of the hearts of all the spectators, for the triple cry of *Hoch!* is overpowering.

Before the banquet of the gentlemen—and to the gentlemen belong the peasant farmers who are members of the Agricultural Union—another banquet was to take place. The selected household help of the department had received their prizes. After the names of the winners had been called out, a separate meal had been prepared for the servants. But it passed off in anything but a joyous mood, for the prize-help were not only strangers to one another, but envious. It was lucky, indeed, that each held a trump card. The hired man of the miller in the valley this way, whose name was Adam Maul, and the maid-servant on the Oak farm in the valley beyond, who was called Eva Schlenkin, had served, both of them, nineteen years with the same masters, —Adam even three months longer. But then, when the bailie with the large order on his breast had read out the names in the hall of the court-house, he had laughed at the singular coincidence that these two just happened to be named Adam and Eve, and the great assemblage had laughed, too.

But the two winners of prizes did not laugh; they looked down very much annoyed and then almost fiercely at each other; for each one thought: You might at any rate have had some other name.

The bailie made a long discourse about the degeneration of hired help, their want of attachment to one master, the increasing demands on their part, and the desire to serve in towns; but especially about the rush to factories. He managed almost in the same way as the priests, who read their flocks a lecture about the stay-aways who never come to church, and so can never get the benefit of the lecture. The best thing in the finest speech is that there is an end to it, and so it was in the case of this; which, however, the assisting representative of the government greatly praised. Adam and Eve, as the oldest present, sat at the head of the table in the seats of honor. Adam hitched comfortably about in his chair and settled himself, while with his broad, hard hand he wiped his mouth; that probably meant to say,—I am ready, fire away. Thereupon he helped himself to a good bit from the food that had been set before them; he wanted to put his neighbor at ease. But she thought: "His manners are bad enough." In order to instruct him in the niceties of social life, she first of all helped her neighbor on the other side to a portion, then she took her portion herself. Adam and Eve did not let a word pass their lips, but all the more food and drink. Each one began to eat in anger; but in the course of the meal the viands began to taste good. I shall not be so stupid as not to take as much as I can manage, proclaimed the forks, as they stabbed deep into the meats.

The commissioner of finances, who had come in to see the banquet of the hired help, called for a cheer for the Father of the Country, and men and women were happy to be able for once to cry out loud. Among them all, however, it was evident that Adam did not call *Hoch!* but *Hurrah!* and when all was quiet again, he was heard to say to his neighbor: "I served faithfully six years; I got my honorable discharge." Probably he meant to explain in that way that a soldier does not cry *Hoch!* but *Hurrah!*

The band had been playing during the feast of the hired help, and when they arose from the table they evidently supposed that the dance was about to begin. Each one fussed about his toilet, smoothed down his or her clothes, and stood ready. But the authorities of the fair had ordained that the band should now play for the banquet of the Union, and so the prize-winners scattered here and there. Most of them went to the railway station, for those who live so far out of the way off yonder are never tired of looking on at the busy tumult in a railway station. Besides, that is the place to find people, and congratulations, too, for having won a prize.

Adam noticed that Eva went into a shop.

The shop bell rang behind her, and so insistingly and continuously that it seemed to call him. He, too, went in. Cigars are to be had in shops. He bought himself a cigar; Eva, a red and yellow striped kerchief with fringes on it. When she had struck a bargain—for she would have them take thirty cents off, no matter how much the shopwoman insisted that her prices were unchangeable—Adam ventured a big stake; he went to the other end of the counter and said:

"I pay for the kerchief."

Eva looked at him with round eyes and said:

"There, that's enough, Melac. So you did not stick to your master, eh? Or did they drive you away? Serves you right. Had you stayed by me, I could have given you enough to eat."

The hound licked his chops with his tongue and shook his head full of regret, as if he had understood word for word the talk about the lost tidbits.

Now the shop bell rang again, the door opened, and Eva came out. The kerchief was decidedly becoming. She looked to right and left, and when she saw Adam in the direction of the town, she simply went out of the town. But she certainly felt that

"ADAM VENTURED A BIG STAKE."

"I should like to know why. What I want I can pay for myself."

"Shall I wrap it up?" said the shopwoman.

"No; I will put it on at once."

"Inside, in the room," said the woman, smiling, "is a mirror."

Eva went in and Adam left the shop without lighting his cigar, although they offered him a light—for, it may as well be said, he did not know how to smoke. He waited on the street a little while, and there he met an acquaintance who was plainly as trusty a friend as one could wish. He greeted Adam loudly, sprang upon him, but could not embrace him. Adam said, pushing him away:

he was looking after her. And the big gray and black striped hound, Melac, seemed to understand the look of his master. He ran after Eva and barked. It was plain what he said:

"Oh, dull, dull! why are you so cross? our mill-hand is the best fellow in the world; you are not worthy that he should look around at you,—you—you—dullard—dullard!"

But she seemed to consider neither dog nor master worth the trouble of looking back. And Adam thought to himself: "She must be a firm, steady woman who does not turn about, and does not care when a dog barks at her, and quickly goes her own way as if nothing had occurred."

Meanwhile, he decided to do as she had done. What did he care for the old, long-legged serving-woman from the farther valley, who does not even say "Thank you," when a man wants to make her a present?

"THERE, THAT'S ENOUGH, MELAC."

He whistled to his dog, and cried, "Melac, come here!" Adam had a mighty voice, which would have done better for a colonel of a regiment than a miller's man. He turned and went toward the town. Suddenly, however, as if he had been called, he made a right-about, and went out toward the high-road. At a distance he could see the red and yellow neckerchief. She had pulled it off, and was carrying it in her hand, and it fluttered as if it wished to beckon him. But now maid-servant and neckerchief had suddenly disappeared from the road. He went further. There she sat on the strip of grass by the road, under an apple-tree that bore fine, red-cheeked fruit. He passed by, but hardly had he got three steps beyond her when he heard an apple fall from the tree. Turning about, he saw the apple rolling down through the grass toward the green strip, and he said:

"Shall I bring you the apple?"

"Better let it lie; what falls here is blighted."

"Perhaps you mean I am blighted, too?"

"I didn't say that. People are not apples."

"Will you permit me to sit with you?"

"The place is common property, and roomy."

He seated himself by her side, and Melac laid himself down before the two, and looked wonderingly at his master. He had never seen him just like this. But he did not appear to waste much thought over it, for, after a short and meaning look, he laid his head between his paws and shut his eyes. He was not at all curious as to what the two had to say to each other.

"Did you win in the lottery?" asked Adam.

"No. And you?"

"I either."

"Did you have a chance?"

"No."

"I either."

Both laughed, and laughter is always a good thing, even between old hired help.

"Do you care if I stay here a little?" began Adam once more.

"It's all the same to me. Both of us are strangers here, and anyhow, I have no one to account to except myself."

"Are your parents still alive?"

"No."

"I have saved up seven hundred dollars."

"It's a pretty piece of money," she answered.

"Have you got burrs on you?" he asked.

"What do you mean? You talk foolish."

"I mean, have you relations, people who beat you out of your wages?"

"No."

"So,—then you keep it in the savings bank?"

"You're a great hand at questions!"

"What you don't want to say, that nobody can make you tell."

She laughed aloud; it was no good-

tempered laugh; quite the contrary, but in the midst of her laughter she burst out:

"It is strange, you have seven hundred dollars and I too have seven hundred dollars; and you are named Adam and I Eve."

The dog awoke when the name Adam was mentioned and barked loudly. That was a timely bark, for Adam would not have known what further to say; or perhaps he was afraid of what he wanted to say. While he quieted the hound he gained composure for himself and began again:

"People say I am none of the cleverest; it must be true. My master, and all I know—and every week I go to the grain market—all of them are cleverer and smarter, but I am not on that account by any means a stupid-head, an idiot ——"

He paused; it was for her to corroborate that. And indeed she did so, for she said:

"I want to say something. You wont get mad?"

"I can't say that beforehand; I don't know what it is."

"Look here! I mean—with so much money put together something might be done. If four working hands took hold of it, a little farm property could be bought over on the other side, and we shouldn't have to say good-bye to any one. I should have liked to have gone to America long ago, but—all alone in this way—it's too lonely,—I—I—now just think it all over."

"I have thought it all over. There's nothing to be done with me."

"Why? Are you fixed?"

"No."

"Were you never in a fix?"

"Well, I'll tell you squarely, it's a luck the boy died, for no child of such a wicked fellow ought to be alive in the world."

"HE SEATED HIMSELF AT HER SIDE AND MELAC LAID HIMSELF DOWN BEFORE THE TWO."

"He who buys you for an idiot is sold."

He laughed out loud, and Melac chimed in; but he could only express his laughter in barking. Pulling out a stalk of grass and putting it between his teeth, Adam continued:

"Who was its father?"

"A miller's apprentice. He got married a long while ago."

Adam pulled off his hat and put it on again, something quivered in a singular way

in his face, his eyebrows bristled up, he moved his lips as if he were sucking at something, then he looked up into the tree as if up there some one were seated who had a remark to make to him; finally he said:

"Well, that's just the way of it!"

Then he burst out:

"And I maintain you might as well be called a widow."

"I thank you."

"I don't know what for."

"That was a kind speech of yours; I shall not forget it; it pleases me more than if you had made me a present of the kerchief."

A longer pause took place.

"Do you still like being out at service?" said Adam at last.

"Yes. And you, too?"

"Yes, well enough; but I mean ——"

"What do you mean? Talk ahead; I like to hear you now."

"I mean we ought to be able to meet again."

"That might happen. But, as I have heard tell, we live a good piece apart."

"Couldn't we live near together, just as we do now?"

"Do I understand you right?"

"Yes, you understand me right, and what do you say to it?"

"I—I thank you a thousand times. I swore at that time that, as long as I lived, I would never hear of any man whatever."

"You can't forswear yourself like that."

"Yes, yes!"

"Why do you get up? Have I done you any harm?"

"None at all,—none at all. You've meant right. God be with you!" And she went off at a quick step.

"Wait a moment, I want to give you a good-bye shake of the hand."

She motioned him off with a hand thrust backward and ran quickly away.

Adam sat on the grass-strip as if spell-bound. He watched the figure of the hurrying woman until his eyes brimmed over. He did not see how the receding woman let fall bright tear-drops. She was amazed when she perceived that she had wiped away the tears with the pretty silk kerchief.

"HE WATCHED THE FIGURE OF THE HURRYING WOMAN."

In the evening Adam rode down the valley with his master as far as the resting-place where the gray nags of the mill were waiting for them. An hour before, Eva had driven with her master's people up the valley to the resting-place where two black horses awaited their coming.

The evening mists of autumn waved and poured over the valley on this side and over the valley on that; the water there was rushing on and it was rushing onward here.

The black horses went their own way, and the gray nags went their own road.

"If we had only met each other ten or fifteen years ago!" thought Adam, on this side, and the same thought came to Eva on the other. They never saw each other again. He has a cigar that he does not smoke; she a red and yellow striped neckerchief which she does not wear.

They never saw each other again.

ASSYRIAN NIGHT-SONG.

I.

THERE is naught, on either hand,
But the moon upon the sand.
Pale and glimmering, far and dim,
To the Desert's utmost rim,
Flows the inundating light
Over all the lands of Night.
Bel, the burning lord, has fled:
In her blue, uncurtained bed,
Ishtar, bending from above,
Seeks her Babylonian love.
Silver-browed, forever fair,
Goddess of the dusky hair
And the jewel-sprinkled breast,
Give me love, or give me rest!

II.

I have wandered lone and far
As the ship of Izdubar,
When the gathered waters rose
High on Nizir's mountain snows,
Drifting where the torrent sped
Over life and glory dead.
Hear me now! I stretch my hands
From the moon-sea of the sands
Unto thee, or any star
That was guide to Izdubar!
Where the bulls with kingly heads
Guard the way to palace-beds,
Once I saw a woman go,
Swift as air and soft as snow,
Making swan and cypress one,
Steel and honey, night and sun,—
Once of death I knew the sting:
Beauty queen—and I not king!

III.

Where the Hanging Gardens soar
Over the Euphrates' shore,
And from palm and clinging vine
Lift aloft the Median pine,
Torches flame and wine is poured,
And the child of Bel is lord!
I am here alone with thee,
Ishtar, daughter of the Sea,
Who of woven dew and air
Spread'st an ocean, phantom-fair,
With a slow pulse beating through
Wave of air and foam of dew.
As I stand, I seem to drift
With its noiseless fall and lift,
While a veil of lightest lawn,
Or a floating form withdrawn,
Or a glimpse of beckoning hands
Gleams and fades above the sands.

IV.

Day, that mixed my soul with men,
Has it died forever, then?
Is there any world but this?
If the god deny his bliss,
And the goddess cannot give,
What are gods, that men should live?
Lo! the sand beneath my feet
Hoards the bounty of its heat,
And thy silver cheeks I see
Bright with him who burns for thee.
Give the airy semblance form,
Bid the dream be near and warm;
Or, if dreams but flash and die
As a mock to heart and eye,
Then descend thyself, and be,
Ishtar, sacred bride to me!

BABES IN THE WOOD.

THROUGH MAINE TO CANADA IN A BIRCH-BARK CANOE.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

One warm morning last July, H. came into my room with a map of Maine in his hand.

"I have a great longing to go over some of my bachelor haunts," he said; "and I want you to go with me."

And with that he sketched a most attractive plan of camping out, with suggestions of canoes, rapids, Indians, etc., all of which sounded very wild and delightful.

"But what about the children?" I asked, suddenly remembering those small anchors of mine.

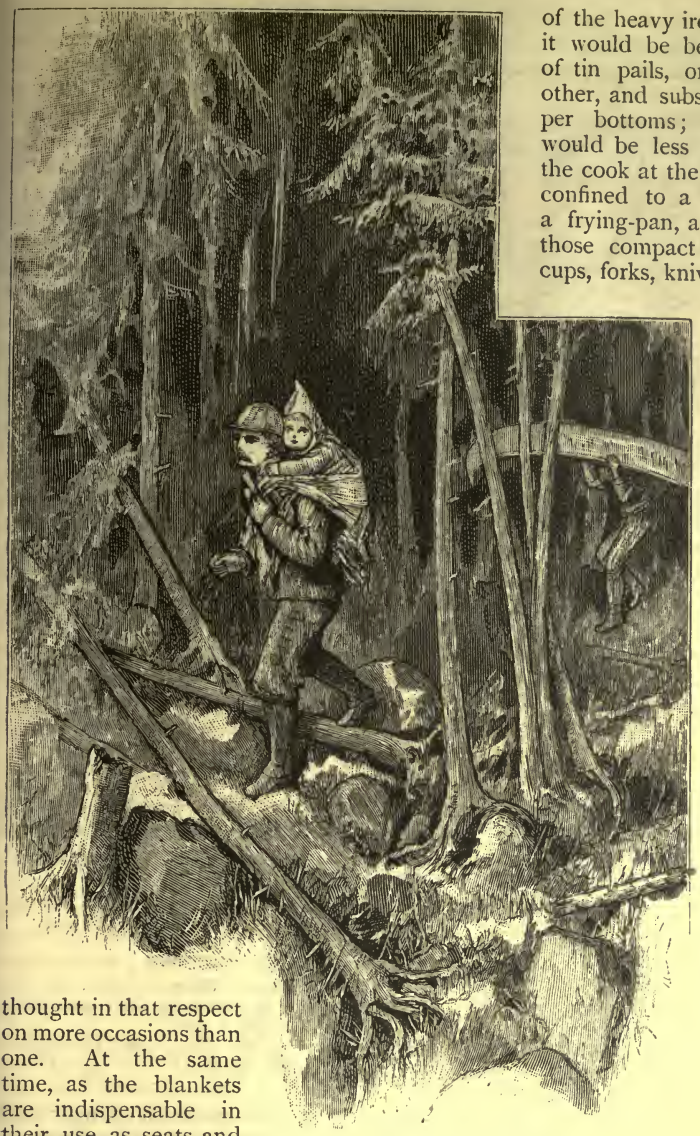
"Oh, take them along if you want to," he answered, with a man's happy obliviousness of the importance of the hundred and one little nursery arrangements that I had always hitherto thought essential to their comfort and well-being.

"But if they should be ill?"

"I can doctor them well enough; besides, they wont be ill, it will do them good."

Well, the result of it was that a week or so later saw us *en route* for Maine with a party of six including ourselves, two children, a man and a maid and a couple of dogs.

Our camp equipage was very simple, as we had to take into consideration the "carries" between the lakes, where our entire kit would have to be shouldered by the guides and the men of our party; it consisted chiefly of a close tent for the women and children, and a shelter tent for the men, two blankets and a mackintosh sheet for each of the party, a canvas bed for the children which came apart and could be rolled up in a small package, a few compressible India rubber comforts, such as air-pillows, bath-tubs, etc.; and besides these, each person had his or her "pack," which contained the necessary toilet appurtenances, and such extra garments as were indispensable. We have since agreed that on another occasion we should have very light mackintosh bags, made to hold the blankets, as it is of the greatest importance that they should be kept dry. We found to our cost the discomfort arising from our want of fore-



THE PORTAGE.

thought in that respect on more occasions than one. At the same time, as the blankets are indispensable in their use as seats and backs when in the canoes, these bags should be large enough to admit of their being comfortably spread. On an expedition of any extent one can hardly fail to meet with showers if not with steady rains, and a half hour's wetting may often necessitate a three hours' drying. For myself too, I should carry a portable canvas bed, for I did not find the primitive fir boughs all my fancy painted them, although H. declared them to be superior to Marcotte's best mattresses.

Experience also taught us somewhat in regard to our kitchen paraphernalia; instead of the heavy iron pot which we carried, it would be better to substitute a set of tin pails, one fitting inside of the other, and substantially made with copper bottoms; their combined weight would be less than that of the kettle, the cook at the same time would not be confined to a single pot; add to these a frying-pan, a coffee-pot, and one of those compact arrangements of plates, cups, forks, knives and spoons, and the outfit is complete, so far as necessity is concerned. If the journey is an easy one, luxuries can be proportionately added, as in that case light weight would not be such an object. The staples on such an expedition are pork, flour and potatoes, tea and coffee; any amount of tinned delicacies may be added, but it should be borne in mind that every additional pound is so much more burden. The men, of course, carried their guns and ammunition, and H., who undertook the direction of everything, declared that my maid and myself must wear bloomers. I demurred greatly to this, but a little reasoning soon convinced me that the ordinary walking-dress, however simply made, would be an impossibility in a primeval forest, and while traveling in that most unsteady of crafts, a canoe; so I had dark-blue flannel costumes made, somewhat stronger-minded looking than I liked, while, the children were equipped in flannel waists and loose knickerbockers gathered into an elastic band, so that they could be drawn down to the ankle or pushed above the knee, as the weather should be cold or warm. I give all the details, in case this should meet the eye of any of my sex meditating a similar expedition; in which contingency, another's experience might be useful. The men wore ordinary shooting-clothes; and

here H. bids me say again, for the benefit of those who are thinking of roughing it, that the ordinary English knickerbockers,

OUR ROUTE.

with stout shoes and leather gaiters that reach to the knee, and can be taken off before wading, and an extra pair of stockings, are much more comfortable on such a trip than the "high-top boots" so commonly worn in this country, which soon get water-logged and uncomfortable. Of course we carried our war-paint in our boxes, and wore our usual dress until we reached the limit of civilization, where we left our extra luggage.

After leaving Boston, our first stopping-place was Bangor, where we expected to engage our guides,—for which purpose, H. and one of the others went over to the Indian reservation, which is an island in the east branch of the Penobscot, opposite Oldtown, a little village near Bangor. There they found that many of the best guides were "away on the drive," for nearly all the Indians and, it seemed to me, a large proportion of the population of Bangor are lumbermen. I remember as a child watching the Northern Maine regiments marching into Washington,—tall, slender, but withal rugged-looking men they were; and some one said, "They are lumbermen from the pine forests of Maine." The sentence somehow stirred my childish imagination. I heard afterward of the dangerous life they lead; how through all the dark winter months they live away from their families, snow-bound in the heart of the great forests, felling the giant pines, and dragging the huge trunks to the banks of neighboring streams, where they lie until winter lets go his icy grip upon the waters, and rivers swell with the rushing torrents, making nature's high-roads, on which the forest treasures are to be borne to civilization and its uses:

"When with sounds of smothered thunder,
On some night of rain,
Lake and river burst asunder
Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear them,
To the saw-mill's wheel,
Or where steam, the slave, shall tear them
With his teeth of steel."

Then comes the season of danger and excitement in the life of these backwoodsmen. The ax is laid aside, and springing upon the logs as they are launched into the rush of waters with iron-bound pole, they guide the huge mass as it is swiftly hurried along. All goes well while the stream is broad, and bears its huge burden unmolested on its rapid course; but soon it narrows, and just beyond the rocks and rapids that intervene, can be heard the deep roar of the cataract, and the logs now coming with increasing speed, grind and crash among the rocks, and pile upon one another in the race for the wild leap beyond. Often, at such times, they become so jammed and

interlocked as to effect a perfect barrier to any further progress until the "driver," as he is called, leaping from log to log, singles out those that seem by their position to be as it were the key-stone of the arch. These being once extricated and started on their course, the now loosened pile is launched forward with a force that is irresistible, and unless the bold driver has made good his escape with the dexterity and nerve that only practice can give, he has small chance for life.

THE DRIVE TO GREENVILLE.

But this is a long digression. I left two of our party looking for guides at Oldtown. After some trouble, they finally engaged three Indians, who were well recommended, —Soccalexis, Pete, and Noel,—and later in the day they secured the services of a white man, who, besides being a guide of good repute, was said to be a capital cook. The next thing to be thought of were the canoes. H. had brought with him his "Saranac boat," a long, light, cedar craft, not unlike a canoe in shape, and well adapted to those waters; besides this, four canoes, or birches, as the Indians call them, were engaged, and the next morning saw us *en route* with these —no slight addition to our party and luggage. Before noon we reached the terminus of the railroad, and there we climbed on top of a rickety old coach, putting the guides, servants, and children inside. Our canoes were piled one on top of another on an open wagon, while one of the guides hung on the outside in a precarious-looking position, to prevent their bruising one another. The dogs —Jack and Nora, a pair of red Irish setters —were wild with joy at being released from their long confinement, and tore off into the fields and back again to the coach, in a great state of excitement. The scenery was pretty, and we enjoyed the drive over to Greenville, where we took the little steamer that makes its way once a day to Mount Kineo, an oddly shaped peninsula which extends into Moosehead Lake, and which has become somewhat of a resort. Here our final preparations were made, and early next morning we, with our camp equipage, guides, canoes, etc., were packed into a little steam-barge, and were literally tossed to the northern shore of the lake, which on occasion can be almost as rough as the English Channel. Here of late years parties of ladies and gentlemen have not unfrequently camped out, playing at roughing it, with civilization and its comforts within easy reach. A solitary farm-house in a little cleared patch of ground redeems the wilderness from an absolute loneliness. Here we had dinner, and afterward Master Jack, a stout youngster of two and a half years, distinguished himself by pitching headlong into the duck-pond, in his eagerness to reach the little yellow goslings who were swimming about with their mamma. After he had been quite dried and comforted, we started on our first carry, a very tame affair of two miles, for there is a wagon road leading to Penobscot River, and I dare say we might have driven over in the cart that carried our canoes, had we chosen. At the end of the road there was another farm-house, where they gave us most delicious milk, and a little further on, by the banks of the river, the guides had pitched our tent, and were already preparing supper. It was now nearing sunset, and the mosquitoes were thick and vicious, and now, for the first time, we were introduced to the notorious black fly which

in certain seasons is the scourge of these forests. We had hoped to escape them, it being then the beginning of August, and in fact we did not find them sufficiently troublesome to mar our comfort much; but the mosquitoes and a wretched minute creature which the Indians call "no-see-um," at times annoyed us greatly. The tar-oil mixture with which we were recommended to paint our faces proved perfectly efficacious in preventing their attacks, although I think many will agree with me in thinking the remedy worse than the disease. There is, however, a wash called the Sportsmen's Comfort, procurable at any gun-shop, which is not particularly disagreeable, and does in a measure keep the little pests away.

After supper the children were rolled up in their Canada cloaks, looking like little elves with the firelight dancing on their faces and peaked caps, and after saying their little prayers they went to sleep as quietly as if they had been in their own nursery at home.

As we gathered around the blazing log fire, and the darkness came quickly on, and with it the realization that we were to spend the night out-of-doors, my sensations were decidedly novel. The starlit sky above us, the ripple of the water, even the faint rustling of the trees and grasses, sounded strange and weird. Just as we were thinking of turning

JACK AND JILL.

in for the night, our attention was attracted by something quietly gliding up the river, and stopping just below us at the foot of the bank. It proved to be a canoe, and a woman in deep mourning got out, passed silently by and disappeared in the darkness. There was some consultation between her party and our guides and we soon learned

FROM KINEO TO THE CARRY.

that it was the funeral convoy of a lumberman who, during the early spring, had been killed in a jam of logs. His body had been hurled into a spot so dangerous that his comrades dared not rescue it, and it was not until their return home from the drive, that his mother, a widow, heard of her loss, and how her son's body lay still unburied on a rock in the midst of a rushing torrent in the wilderness. She was utterly destitute and penniless, but she formed the determination of recovering the remains of her son, and nothing could deter her from her purpose. Inspired by her resolution, two of his friends had offered their escort, and with their assistance the brave and broken-hearted mother passed through the journey of hardships and danger without a murmur, and was now returning successful from her sad quest, to lay the bones of her son at peace in consecrated earth. They encamped for the night a few rods below us on the stream. The light of their fire seemed to gleam sadly through the darkness, and the ripple of the water and the faint rustling of the trees sounded stranger and more weird than ever. We made up a purse for the poor mother, which she made us the happier by accepting; and they were gone the next morning long before we began to bestir ourselves.

I think that we all felt decidedly stiff and uncomfortable when we awoke. The night had been very cold,—so cold, in fact, that the water in the tea-kettle had a slight coating of ice. The children, however, were as bright and jolly as possible, and had taken no cold whatever,—to my great relief, for I had almost looked for croup, in which event I should have hastened back to where doctors were get-at-able. Every one had an excellent appetite for breakfast, directly after which, we embarked in our canoes and paddled down the Penobscot. There is

something wonderfully akin to nature in a birch-bark canoe: it seems almost as if it were part of the curious growth of the pine forest, or the yellow curled leaf of some aquatic plant that has floated off its stem, and not the work of man.

The Indians made us exceedingly comfortable by arranging blankets on the bottom of the boats, with the thwarts well covered with wraps for a back, which made really luxurious seats. Jack and Jill, the babies, soon went to sleep, and slept for a couple of hours covered over with birch bark, to shade them from the sun. This habit they kept up all the time they were in the woods, and it was a great advantage, for it saved them and us from much fatigue, and gave me an excellent chance at my sketch-book. For amusement they had each a pair of blunt scissors, with which they cut out bits of bark into all sorts of shapes, and floated them down the stream, or chopped up leaves and flowers to make "puddings," and my color-box was an unfailing resource. Two dolls had been selected from their extensive family before leaving home, —one, called "Providence," from the brilliant reason that she came into existence in the capital of Rhode Island, and who had already been in the family for over three years,—and the other rather a disreputable-looking young lady, but a great favorite, named Allaleena. These dolls went through many hair-breadth escapes and frightful hardships, dangers by flood and field, but they came out of everything triumphantly, and reached Canada, where, to the inexpressible sorrow of her little mamma, Allaleena was lost from a carriage; Providence, however, reposes now in honored state on a shelf in the nursery, and rests on her laurels. H. took her photograph, and she is held in great esteem by the family.

A WHITE SQUAW.

"PROVIDENCE."

I never in my life saw so many mosquitoes as there were in the place where we stopped for dinner; it was simply impossible to stay there, the air literally swarmed with

"ROCKY RIPS."

them, and the shrill noise they made pained one's ears. So, hastily dividing some bread and meat, we pushed off into the stream again; they never troubled us while in the boats, and indeed, except on occasions, we were not much annoyed by them.

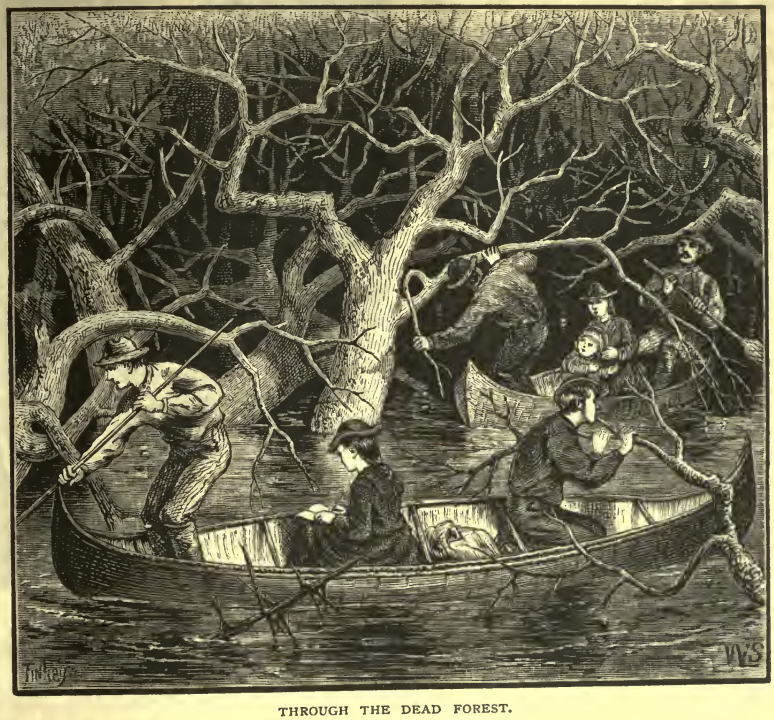
Before reaching our second camping-ground, we passed through some shallow rapids, where all the men had to take to the water and lift the canoes over the rocks and sand-bars which obstructed their progress. We women-kind, with the children, kept our places in virtue of our being "white squaws." I dare say, if we had been Indians we should have had to wade knee deep with the rest.

Camp No. 2 we dubbed Camp O'C. in honor of one of our party; it was a pretty spot, on a knoll overhanging the river. A deep forest lay back of us, where one of our people insisted that he saw a bear; and perhaps he did, for the guides said that there were a great many thereabouts. One thing surprised and disappointed me in traveling through this uninhabited country, and that was the scarcity of birds; there was something savage in the loneliness and silence of the woods. The few bird-notes that broke the stillness were mournful and monotonous. Even the wild ducks were scarce, and the partridge, which H. had promised us in plenty to vary our pork diet, persistently avoided us. Our second night under the stars was more comfortable, as we had become somewhat better accustomed to the primitive method of disposing of ourselves for the night, and the children adapted themselves to their new life most naturally. The next day was Sunday, and we had to make up our minds whether to push through to Canada, in which event we would have to travel as rapidly as possible, as time and provisions both were limited, or to take it leisurely and only go part of the way.

It had been our first intention to go a few days' journey into the forest and there pitch our tent for a week or so of fishing and shooting, and the guides gave most discouraging accounts of the carries that would have to be trudged over in the event of our making the through trip, and of the dangerous rapids we would have to encounter, and said that no woman had ever attempted it; but, of course, the latter fact only added to our zeal, and we finally resolved to undertake it. I wonder now how I dared to venture with the children over those fearful rapids, but I did not then feel in the least afraid. So, instead of passing Sunday quietly in camp as I should have liked, we embarked once more in our birches heading northward, and still paddling down the Penobscot, and I do not know, on the whole, that we could have passed the day more profitably on shore. I fear the men would have been tempted to go off with their guns or fishing-rods, while to the Indians the quiet paddling was no effort, and God's world in its undisturbed loveliness was very beautiful. Later in the day we reached the first rapids, "Rocky Rips," as they are called. Here the guides threw aside their paddles and standing upright

in their canoes, with their long iron-bound poles steered the fragile little barks clear of the rocks and guided their leaps down the swift descent. We all got rather wet, and at first I held my breath with fright, but the Indians seemed so sure of themselves, and took it all so much as a matter of course, that my uneasiness calmed itself, and I was really able to enjoy the excitement of the thing. The little canoes seemed to be alive, and quivered, shook, and bent and really appeared to spring forward of their own volition. The guides, stoically directing their course, seemed to be controlling some strange, wild fish as it plunged and sped along. Now, walked Indian file through the forest. The air was laden with the delicious pine fragrance, than which I know of nothing more exhilarating; as some author says, it is like a "diet drink." The trail was bordered with the loveliest ferns and mosses, bright scarlet berries and fantastic gray lichens; here and there we came across a cluster of purple berries which I had never seen before, and which the Indians told us were poisonous. The red checker-berries they said were good to eat; I tasted them, but found them insipid. I noticed, too, a great variety of grasses, some of them very beautiful.

From time to time, we could catch



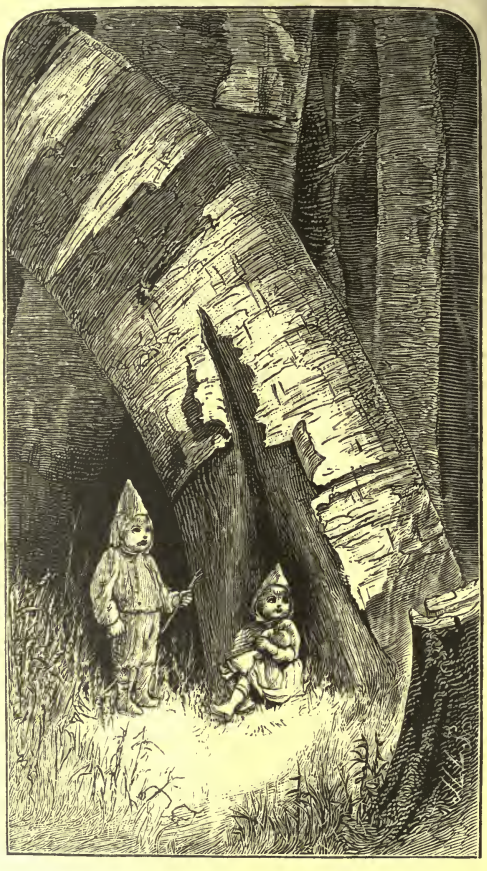
THROUGH THE DEAD FOREST.

in this winter weather, with the snow beating against the windows, and the slush and misery in the streets, I can shut my eyes and see the rushing river dashing through the evergreen forests; smell the sweet and breezy fragrance of the pines, and hear the steady roar of the rapids. The guides told us that there was a rough sort of woodman's trail leading through the woods to Chesuncook Lake, which we could take if we liked. Glad of the chance of stretching our legs, we climbed up a precipitous rocky ledge which served as a sort of gate-way, to the entrance of this primitive path; in which we glimpses of the river, which had now become very shallow and rocky, and constantly interrupted by rapids, whose roar we heard continually. After a good two miles' walk, we came in sight of the lake, and far in the distance towered Katahdin, with its surrounding mountains. Here we found a considerable clearing, with quite a comfortable-looking farm-house. This is a great rendezvous for lumbermen, and they said they could accommodate us for the night. We rather fancied that a roof, however humble, would be a luxury after our fir-boughs, so we decided to avail ourselves

of this approach to civilization; but we had not taken into consideration *all* the discomforts attendant on a woodman's lodging, and we decidedly regretted our choice.

On awakening the following morning, we found that some of our party had started long before dawn, anticipating a chance of moose, or caribou; a forlorn hope, however, for we came across no large game during our trip, although sometimes we saw their tracks,—indeed, our sportsmen had practically given up all expectation of game when we decided to go through to the St. John's, as we were obliged to travel so rapidly that hunting was impossible; besides, every year, now, the moose are becoming scarcer, and I dare say before long the huge, uncouth animal will become extinct. The rest of us swallowed a hasty breakfast, and started off anew on our travels. The day was dull and gray, threatening rain. We left the lake by a little stream, turning into the Umbezooksis River, a flat sheet of water with low meadows on either side, and covered with flags and water-lilies, white and yellow. Here we paddled against the current; the flow, however, was sluggish, and it did not seem hard work. After several miles, the river narrowed suddenly, and became very swift. The men got out and waded through the shallow water, while the guides poled the canoes up-stream. I never saw anything prettier than this wild woodland brooklet, now very rapid, and broken into mimic falls and whirlpools; hundreds of water-lilies and blue-flags grew around us, over which poised themselves, or darted hither and thither, myriads of dragon-flies, looking like tiny shafts of burnished steel. The sun gleamed out now and then, and lit up the forest of larches and birch-trees, which stretched their trunks fantastically across the brook.

Here we met our unsuccessful hunters, who flung a few ducks in a disgusted fashion into the boats, and helped to lift the canoes over the shallows. It was hot work, and it made me quite uncomfortable to sit at my ease, and watch the men struggle against the current. It was with a sense of relief that we came suddenly into Umbezooksis Lake, with its flat, sandy shore sparsely covered with reeds. The water was very shallow for half a mile, and the guides were obliged to push the canoes to such a distance from shore before they could get in, that they looked as if they were standing in the middle of the lake. The sun had now disappeared for good, and a soft drizzle commenced, which, before long, changed into a steady pelting. Jack and Jill were kept perfectly dry by their little mackintosh coats, which covered them from



UNDER THE BIG BIRCH.

head to foot, and they seemed rather to enjoy having their faces washed in this novel fashion. It was most unpromising weather for "Mud Carry," which, they say, is the wettest portage in the state. On landing, we made a hasty dinner of what provisions we had on hand, then scrambling up the muddy bank, started on our tramp, the guides putting the canoes on their heads, which made them look like some strange specimens of scarabæi. They appeared to carry them without difficulty and certainly they were well sheltered from the rain.

The children were slung in blankets like papooses. H. shouldered one of them and Mr. O'C. most good-naturedly took the other; they looked very happy with

their bright little faces peering out above the blankets from their sharp-pointed India rubber hoods. The trail through the shaggy-bearded forest was barely wide enough for one person to pass and seemed to be the rocky bed of a stream; indeed it was not wide enough for us to escape without being scratched by the branches on either side. We were obliged to leap from rock to rock and from side to side to avoid the abysses of mud and water, which looked horrible enough. More than once I fell from the mossy, slippery logs and plunged knee-deep into one of those nasty holes. Every now and then a long, wet branch would come slapping into our faces, and of course the rain made matters worse, for we could hardly see.

After struggling over this worst of all the carries, until we were dead tired, we found ourselves in a little clearing which our guides informed us was just half way across. As we were evidently in for a stormy night, and the darkness was fast closing around us, it was voted to pitch the tent at once as the probabilities of going farther were strongly in favor of faring worse; and it was well we did, for no sooner had we gathered under the friendly shelter of our tent, than the rain came down in torrents, and continued all through the night. It was certainly an inhospitable night for a sojourn on "Mud Carry." How it did pour! but we had managed to keep the children tolerably dry, and that to me was a great comfort. I think the only complaint we heard was a soliloquy from Jack in his hammock:

"Me not comf'bl'; me wants to go to a hotel."

We were glad enough to leave in the early morning, however, with the safe assurance that a good pull that day would result in much pleasanter camping-grounds for the following night. The heavy rain had of course increased the natural depravity of the path, and it was only after a series of most disagreeable flounderings, sinking at times to the knee in mire, that we finally reached "Mud Pond" and our canoes. This is a small sheet of water fully meriting its name, very shallow in water, but very deep in mud. How deep I do not know, but there seems to be almost a suction downward, as a hunting-knife dropped on the shore was only recovered by the guide immediately sinking in his arm above the elbow. Crossing this pond we entered a little stream that flows into Apmojenegamook or, as it is now called, Chamberlain Lake. At the mouth of this stream, before entering the lake, we encountered a mass of bare, dead trees, a curious result of the overflow caused by the dams beyond. They stretched far into the lake, and we had to push our way through into the open water beyond. There was a look of weird desolation about them impossible to describe; their branches bleached or naked, looked like spectral arms interlocked in a fantastic net-work of bone. I could not help thinking of Hans Andersen's fairy tale of the little mermaid where those horrid "polypi" stretch out their ghastly living branches, and try to lay hold of the dear frightened little thing.

Pushing and pulling our boats sometimes under and sometimes over the skeleton branches, we finally emerged from the grim floating thicket, and found ourselves launched in the open lake; four miles across on the opposite shore could be distinguished a clearing called Chamberlain Farm, and thither we bent our course. This was the last human habitation we could hope to see until we should reach the Mattawankeag settlement, on the upper St. John, and we profited by that knowledge in the purchase of what bacon, sugar, etc., they could spare us. I imagine that the farming done here is more in the matter of furnishing supplies to the lumbermen in winter than in the harvesting of crops in summer. However, they gave us a very good dinner, after which we stowed our forage in our boats and pushed away, anxious to make some further progress while daylight lasted. We paddled a good four miles to the outlet of the lake, carefully avoiding the many snags of sunken timber which would be pretty sure to upset a colliding canoe. Here we determined to remain for the night, and pitched our tent on the shore, near the locks that stood at the head of the Alleguash River. At this place, four years before, H. had great luck with brook-trout, and the men were all very anxious to cast their flies, but the fish must have learned wisdom in the meantime, and gone to more sequestered pools, for the meager dish we had for supper was far short of our expectations. Being now well accustomed to making our toilet at dawn of day, we lost no time the following morning in packing up and moving on. The boats and luggage had to be carried a few hundred yards to the other side of the dam, and while this was being done and we were preparing to re-embark, it began to

pour in a way that rendered the chance of keeping anything dry almost hopeless. Everything in the shape of water-proof was seized upon, but as a soaking was evidently our fate, we resigned ourselves to a sitz-bath in the canoes, and continued on our way undaunted. We were now upon the Alleguash River, which flows northward through a chain of wild, lonely lakes until it empties a hundred miles beyond, into the water of the upper St. John's. The first of these lakes, called Pongokwahem, or Heron Lake, was reached after a pull of some two hours, and our presence was proclaimed by the barking of the foxes on shore, and the wild laugh of a loon beyond. The rain still continued to fall, but by the time we had accomplished half the distance of the lake, there was only a drizzle left, and here a large, projecting rock offered inducements as a landing-place, being the only clear space we could discern along the otherwise densely wooded shore.

As soon as we landed all were astir with preparations for the night; great blazing fires were kindled on the rising ground above us and the wet clothes and blankets hung all around on poles to dry. Those of us not otherwise engaged bent every energy upon the kettle and the coffee-pot, with the happy satisfaction of soon spreading upon our rocky table what seemed to us a most delicious meal. We watched the loons sailing about a little distance from us, filled with curiosity at the unusual spectacle we afforded them. One of the Indians called them with a cry so like their own that, except for the direction from which we heard it, it would have been impossible to distinguish one from the other; but they were discouraged from coming very close as some of the men had inhospitably conceived the idea of making them a target for rifle practice, and Mr. O'C. distinguished himself, by striking one on the head at a distance of .300 yards,—a shot that any of the Creedmoor men might have been proud of. A great heap of soft fir boughs had been gathered in the tent, and on it we enjoyed a good night's rest. We were wakened in the morning by a bright sunrise, and the promise of a lovely day,—a pleasing contrast to our late experience. Breakfast over, we dropped into the boats as naturally as soldiers would fall in for drill. The air was delightfully bracing, and our little fleet danced joyously out on the clear, sparkling waters. Side by side we kept together until nearing the lake's further end, where we divided forces in hunting for the outlet. The outlets of these lakes are sometimes very deceptive, there being several inlets along the shore equally imposing at their entrance, but which a few miles further on all end in grass and mud. Our canoe was unlucky enough to enter one of these, and after paddling several miles in the flattering belief that we were the discoverers of the true highway, we found ourselves stuck fast in a great swamp of lily-pads, where hundreds of bull-frogs croaked their disapproval of our intrusion. This was unfortunate, as it gave us five or six miles of paddling to no purpose. However we retraced our course, and re-entering the lake we heard the shouts of the more fortunate explorers directing us to the eastward. The wind had arisen in the meanwhile and the lake was very rough; for the first time I now felt the sensation of fear, and as our frail bark was tossed on successive waves, many of which wetted us to the skin, I realized what a mere speck we were on the great sheet of water which looked so dark and cold and deep; I trembled with apprehension and held my little girl closer to me, while with an indescribable dread I watched the canoe which held my other darling far in the distance. However, we reached the inlet in safety and landed for dinner, and afterward a long steady pull brought us to the upper end of Churchhill Lake, when the lengthening shadows of the tall pines reminded us that we must soon be selecting our camping-ground; but while the twilight lasted we floated on, making up as far as possible for the time that had been lost. Passing through some little rapids on the stream connecting Churchhill with Umsaskis Lake,—and where, by the way, H. came to grief, in his ambition to paddle his own canoe, breaking his paddle and measuring his length in the bottom of the boat,—we came to a halt. The guides recognized the vicinity of much more serious rapids which in the darkness would have been dangerous. The shores rose abruptly on either side, and at first we chose the left as being more accessible, and, clambering to the top, began a survey of the situation, when an army of mosquitoes, midges and punkies attacked us with a ferociousness that is altogether beyond description. They seemed to fill the air so as to render breathing impossible without inhaling them, and we fled to the boats in indiscriminate retreat. The opposite bank was the only recourse, and although we found it far from free of the intolerable

plagues, still it was much better, and the smoke of half a dozen rapidly kindled fires helped to drive them away. It was not an attractive place to pass the night, for the long grass was very wet, and there was but little wood for the fires; but all discomforts were forgotten by dawn of day, and I think that the men of the party would have liked to stay longer, for the waters below were literally swarming with trout of an enormous size; I hardly dare to say how many were landed before breakfast, but they drew them in almost as fast as they could throw a line.

The rapids on which we were about to embark were found to be very strong, and the river so low that the guide thought it unsafe; so, giving us some very dubious directions as to the course we were to follow, they ferried us across the stream and left us to make our way for about a mile through an utterly trackless wilderness, with a promise to guide us with their shouts.

It was a walk, or, rather a climb, to be remembered. At times our strength nearly failed us. No woodman's ax had ever echoed here, and on every side the fallen trunks and centuries' decay made barriers almost impassable. However, there was nothing for it but to plunge through as best we might; so, climbing over and under the great trunks, and sinking at times deep in the treacherous rotten logs that gave way beneath our feet, we finally reached the shore again, and waited for the canoes. H. and Mr. O'C. had each carried a child during this frightful walk and must have been completely exhausted, although they would not admit it; but we all resolved that for the future we would brave any rapids rather than repeat such a walk. The waters were still rough enough, however, to make it very picturesque and exciting, and we made good progress until we reached Umsaskis Lake; half-way up its shores a halt was made for dinner. Of all the waters we had passed, there were none I think so fair as this, outvieing all its sister lakes in the perfection of its lonely loveliness. The water laps upon its fresh green shores as yet unmarred with drift and whitened logs, and all the other débris that is sure to mark the track of man. It was with regret that we entered the narrow stream beyond, that, bordered with tall pines, suddenly closed from our view the fair scene behind us—

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms."

Only a few more years will these stately patriarchs of the forest be left in their green solitude; soon the woodman's ax will wake the echoes upon the shores of the lonely lakes, singling out the giant white pine, which is ever the first to fall. Soon after, we reached Long Lake, at the upper end of which there lived an old-time hunter, who for twenty-eight years had made these forests his solitary home, and we put forth every effort in the hope of reaching his shanty before night. Toward eight o'clock we were rewarded by the sight of a small clearing, and all eyes were strained to discover the presence of "the wild man" as we had christened him,—very appropriately too, as we soon had reason to convince ourselves. The gentleman was at home, and as his attention was attracted to the approach of our canoes, he indulged in a series of gymnastics and yells that were quite appalling. This we afterward discovered was all intended as the expression of most friendly greeting. Helping to pull the boats ashore, he poured forth a stream of broken French and English that threatened to make up, in part at least, for all the years in which he had been debarred from human intercourse. He would gladly have extended to us the shelter of his roof, but we were now well inured to the night air, and preferred our canvas covering; not refusing, however, a bed of hay which he furnished us, and some maple sugar for the children. Good hunting could be had from here, as our host had a favorite spot in the neighborhood, where he promised a choice of moose, caribou, deer, otter or beaver, but our time was so limited that the temptation was regretfully put away, and we were obliged to content ourselves with the hope of returning at some future day and roughing it for a month or so in this wild region. With the morning we were again *en route*, the wild man gazing after us from the shore, indulging in a few parting yells and an occasional leap into the air. I afterward learned that he had improved his opportunities during our few hours stay to offer himself in matrimony to my maid, which flattering proposal, fortunately for me, was not accepted. There were no more lakes before us now, and a half hour's paddling brought us to the Alleguash River proper. From here it stretches away some fifty or sixty miles before joining the St.

John's, and St. Francis, the first settlement to be met, is twelve miles again beyond that point. An examination of the larder revealed a most impoverished condition, and we fully realized that any loss of time would render our supply inadequate to the distance. With this rather powerful stimulant to exertion every paddle had plied morning and afternoon, with hardly any intermission, and the sun was now sinking behind some heavy clouds that were fast gathering in the west. The shores on either side were steep, and very thick with underbrush, and while looking anxiously for some spot where it would be possible to pitch our tent, one of our guides, the only one who had been through before, said that he remembered a clearing with a cabin on it which he thought could not be far beyond. The forbidding aspect of the shores and the surely coming storm boded us no good, and it was at once determined to make a desperate effort to reach the spot with our two canoes, containing the two children, Mr. O'C., H. and myself, the others being half a mile behind. The Indian guides were well tipped, and their paddles responded vigorously as we sped on in the fading light. Mile followed mile and still no semblance could be traced of the spot described; moreover, darkness was not destined to be the only obstacle to our progress, as the ominous sound of rapids fell upon our ears. Still we kept our course, and thanks to the keen Indian eye and steady hand, were guided safely through. Then came shallow water where both canoes and hopes were well-nigh stranded. All four men were in the water, and we were finally pushed and pulled through it, reaching again the deeper channel; but in a darkness so profound as to render the banks almost invisible. Had there only been still water now, we might yet have reached our goal; but the fates were dead against us, for the current was growing swifter and another stretch of rapids lay beyond. To attempt their passage in the darkness would have been sheer madness; so we faced the inevitable and groped about for a landing-place. The storm was now upon us, and as we stepped out on a bank of soft oozing mud,—the only place they could find to land,—the heavy rain began to fall, and my heart sank within me as the full force of our extremely disagreeable situation rose before us. The other boats contained the tent, provisions, and in short the whole camp equipage, and we had left them miles behind in the vain self-flattery that the "farm" was to afford us shelter and entertainment for the night. If the darkness had overtaken them before they came to the last rapids we had passed, it would be almost impossible to reach us. We had simply nothing but the clothes we wore and two little pieces of maple sugar which we gave the children,—they were delighted with everything and in the most excellent spirits. I do not know what we should have done without the handy Indian woodcraft of the guides, which now came greatly to the rescue. A bright fire blazed up, as if by magic, from the wet sticks and muddy bed, and with the paddles and a bit of string a frame was made over one of the canoes, which they pulled up on shore and covered with great sheets of birch-bark peeled from the trees near by, and in it Jack and Jill were put supperless to bed. But they now had at least warmth and shelter. They were very good, poor little things, and I put them to sleep, kneeling in the wet mud to rock the birch canoe, and singing "Little Jack Horner" and "Jack and Jill," while the rain fell steadily and the solemn night settled down over the wilderness. The possibility of our being obliged to pass the night in this forlorn condition and entirely at the mercy of the storm, was merging rapidly into certainty, and for the first time since the start I felt my courage quite give way. It was not destined to be tested to the full, however, for a little later on we heard the shouts of the rest of the party, who had providentially determined to reach us at all hazards; and a very hearty welcome we gave them, especially those who brought the tent and blankets. With these we managed to get through the night somehow, dwelling with pleasure upon the prospect of reaching the settlements the following day. And this we succeeded in doing, completing the remaining twenty miles upon the Alleguash, and entering triumphantly upon the St. John's River. It was nearly sunset, and St. Francis lay twelve miles beyond; but the river is very swift, and the current alone would carry us that distance in an hour. The rapids here were on a far grander scale than any we had passed,—very swift, and much greater in the volume of the water. The frail craft shot through them like an arrow from the bow, and when I reflect now that a single miscalculation or a moment's want of presence of mind in our guides would have ended our journey in this world, I wonder how I ever dared to take those blessed babies through.

Of course, having gone so far, it was necessary to go farther. But I felt we had good cause that night, once more among our fellow-men, to thank the ever-watchful Providence who had safely guided us through our journey. In the following three days we paddled over a hundred miles down the St. John's River, passing all too quickly through its noble scenery, ever changing in its grandeur or its beauty, and stopping for the night at the settlements that are scattered here and there along its banks. At Tobique we reached the railroad, and our trunks, which had been forwarded to us from Mount Kineo. It was with mingled delight and regret that I laid aside my wood-toggery and donned a French costume, and when Jack and Jill came into my room with their *bonne* —she with smart cap and ribbons and stiffly starched gown, and the children in embroidered frocks and broad sashes—I could hardly believe them to be the little gnomes that played under the giant trees of the "Urwald" such a short time before. And I think that all our party felt more sorry than glad when we met at dinner in the garb of civilization, and bade good-bye to the pleasures and hardships of our forest roamings.

TWO KINGS.

"Two kings are dead."—*Thomas Goffe.*

I saw, but whether it was in a dream,
Where Present, Future, Past
Blend and bewilder us, and strange things seem
Familiar—while they last;

Or in the flesh, as walking in the street
We see a friend or foe—
Who knows? I saw a man with faltering feet
Who down a hill did go.

The bleak and barren hill like iron rang
Beneath his fitful tread;
The trees had shed their leaves, and no bird sang—
The birds were flown, or dead!

The time of the year was autumn, and the hour
The last that leaves the light;
For in the sullen West, like a great flower,
Day faded into Night.

What could be more forlorn than that hill-side,
Where, through the withered leaves,
That wrinkled, bent old creature walked and sighed,
That mournfulest of eves?

The grief that looked out of his hollow eyes
Refused to be consoled
By tears, that still would come, with heavy sighs—
Piteous in one so old!

He wrung his trembling hands, and tore his hair,
Then stood as carved in stone,
And stared behind him—there was no one there,
For he was all alone.

"Why are you here in such a woful plight?
Why do you turn your head,
And stare so backward through the glimmering light?"
"Because my kings are dead."

"Clearly," I thought, "his wits have gone astray."
And then to him I said,
"*Your* kings—what kings? There are none here to-day—"
"Because the kings are dead."

I thought it best to humor this old man,
Who, like another Lear,
Went wandering down the hill-side, weak and wan,
As if his end were near.

"Tell me about them, Sire, for I perceive
That you are kingly, too.
I will go downward with you, by your leave."
He smiled, and said, "You do."

I scanned him closer, and, to my surprise,
He was not as before;
There was a wild light in his laughing eyes,
And he was old no more!

"O Prince! O King!" he cried; but not to me
His greeting was addressed,
Nor any person there whom I could see.
"My master, and my guest!

"Most beautiful art thou of all thy race,
Most gracious and benign;
The right to rule is in thy royal face,
And in those lips of thine!

"No robe is rich enough for thee to wear—
What earthly robe could be?
The bright abundance of thy golden hair
Is crown enough for thee!

"All things that thou dost look on are made fair.
The eagle's eye sees far;
But thy soft eye sees farther—everywhere
It lights upon a star!

"The feet of the mountain does are swift in flight—
Off like the wind they go;
Thou art before them on the mountain height,
And thou art first below!

"This to the eye thou art; but to the heart
Whose pulses beat with thine,
Who can declare what happiness thou art?
Declare, O Heart of mine!

"Dear is the pressure of a woman's hand,
And woman's lips are sweet;
Weak men by her caresses are unmanned,
And grovel at her feet.

"But she is not the best of all good things;
For, when I am with thee,
I love thee better, O my King of Kings!
And dost not thou love me?

"His presence honors my poor house again;
I give him of my best;
Who would not give his all to entertain
So beautiful a guest?"

"I do not see the King you speak of, Sire."
The old man shook his head:
"Nor I, for I have lost my heart's desire,—
My dear, young King is dead!"

"But where, pray, tell me, have they buried him?"
"I know not; but I guess
That somewhere in a chamber, hushed and dim,
He lies in loveliness!

"Wrapped in a purple pall, as if asleep,
His hands upon his breast;
And fair, sad women watch, but do not weep,
Lest they disturb his rest.

"Right royally his brother filled his place,
And glorious to behold
Was his tall form, broad chest, and bearded face,
And his great crown of gold.

"No yellow locks for him,—he wears the crown,
And can the helmet wear;
He bears a sword that smites his foemen down,—
Who angers him, beware!

"For this great king is swift as he is stern,
Nor pity knows, nor fear;
He can see thousands fall, and cities burn,
And never shed a tear!

"But war delights him not, for he is wise,
And knows that peace is best.
There is a kindly humor in his eyes,
And he can laugh and jest.

"What his dead brother only had begun
(What rare beginnings those!),
Taken up by his strong will, was straightway done,—
Cities and ramparts rose.

"This masterful great man, who was my King,
And who was full of cares,
Had time to hear his merry minstrels sing,
And hear his people's prayers.

"But he is gone, the strong, the good, the just,
And gone his golden crown;
His scepter and his sword are in the dust;
His kingdom has gone down.

"Low lies that mighty form that filled the throne,—
Low lies that royal head;
The race is ended: I am here alone
Because the King is dead!"

"Thou strange old man," I said—"if man thou art,
That growest so thin and pale,—
I feel a chillness creeping round my heart
At thy accursèd tale!

"Who art thou? Speak!" He spoke not—was not there,—
If ever there, had flown,
And left me talking to the empty air,
On the dark hill alone!

"I am the man whom I have seen," I said,
"I have my story told;
I have a wrinkled face and a grey head,
And I am growing old.

"I have outlived my YOUTH, that was so dear,
Seen MANHOOD pass away,
And now have reached the autumn of my year,
The evening of my day.

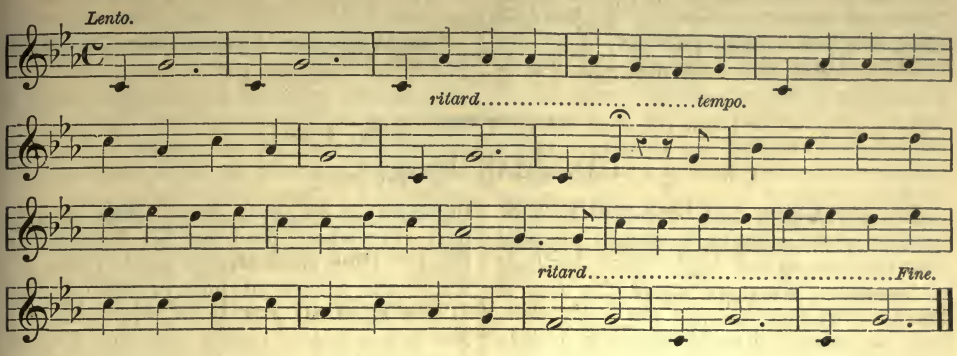
"For lo! in the far West, so lately red,
There is no spark of light;
Darkness below, and darkness overhead—
Alone, alone at night!"

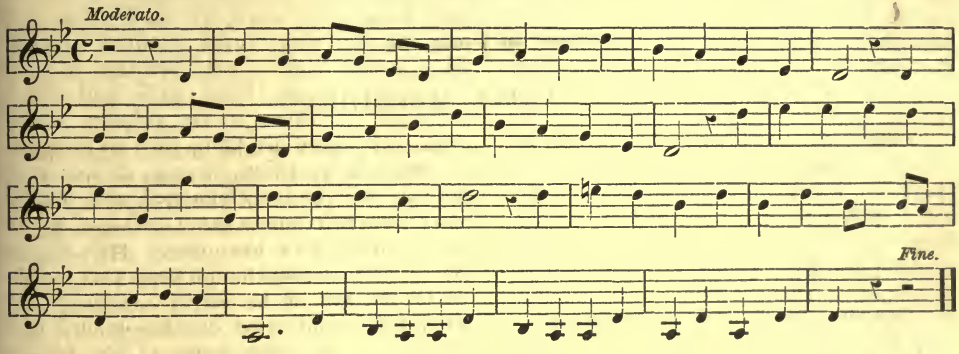
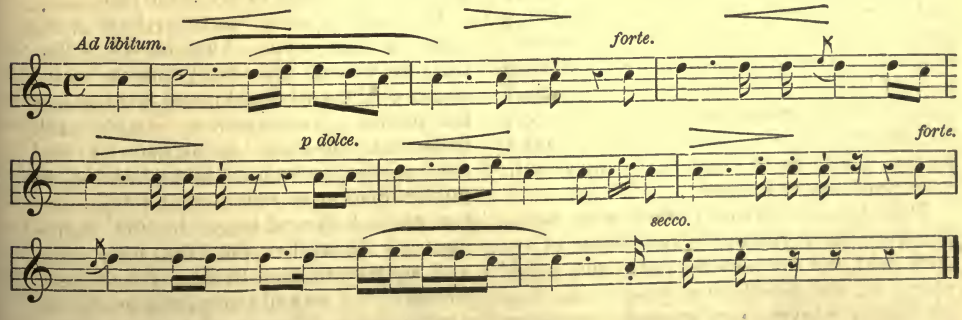
SOME JAPANESE MELODIES.

SEVERAL years ago when the troupe of Japanese jugglers were in New York, I happened to remain in town late in the season, and attended a number of the remarkable entertainments given by them at the Academy of Music. The only drawback to my enjoyment of their wonderful feats with ladder, pole, tubs, butterflies, etc., —and especially those of little All-Right and his father,—was the exceedingly harsh and disagreeable noise made by the Japanese orchestra, consisting of five performers seated on the floor at the rear of the stage. But one night,—after having attended these entertainments ten or twelve times,—I made what was to me a most curious and interesting discovery. At the moment when little All-Right was performing on the pole, which was supported in a socket attached to a belt around his father's waist,—in the midst of the strange sounds made both by the orchestra and by the man himself, who was coolly playing on a "samiseng" while balancing the boy in mid-air,—I suddenly noticed a melody, at first indistinct, but afterward assuming definite shape as I was able to shut out the discordant accompaniment. After listening intently during several performances I at last succeeded in following the air and in getting it by heart. Once after this, when little All-Right came to see me, with the interpreter of the troupe, I took his forefinger in my hand and made him play the melody on the piano. He recognized it at once,—although separated from the dreadful sounds he was accustomed to hear with it,—and cried out delightedly, in Japanese: "Oh, that is what my father plays when I am up on the pole!" I met little All-Right after this again in London, and became quite well acquainted with the boy. He had great pride in his profession, and he and his father were grieved at the accident which happened to the youth during the season in New York, not so much on account of the personal injury, but because a fall during a performance brought such mortification to them as artists. I had desired while the troupe was in London, to gather more of their melodies, and expressed my regret at the absence of the native orchestra. All-Right replied that their music was so widely objected to that it had been withdrawn. I was not surprised at this for the same feeling prevailed in this country, and was shared at first by myself.

What shall I say of this melody? It is perfect in construction, original, beautifully

simple, full of sentiment, and suggestive of touching words. The accent of the first two bars is remarkable, inasmuch as I have never met a musician who was able to annotate it at once, although I have repeated it to some of the most accomplished musical writers both in this country and in Europe. A distinguished London critic did not hesitate to declare the melody worthy of Beethoven. I have attempted to write it down as follows:



Since finding the above, a friend of mine has taught me another Japanese melody, which, although not quite so striking as the first, is almost equally novel and charming. The unexpected introduction of the E natural in this melody is a bit of inspiration:

In Léon de Rosny's work on Japanese poetry, I find the following melody, which, although interesting, does not possess the merit or the charm of the two given above:

I would like to awaken an interest in the music of the Japanese. Judging from the melodies I have given, there should be here a wealth of suggestion to the artistic musician. A company of performers, such as visited this country, would not be likely to

make use of the highest order of music. I assume, therefore, that these must be popular melodies, of which a prominent London critic justly remarks that however much they may enter into the national life, as being the spontaneous utterance of popular feeling, "they are not art, but rather the material upon which it is the province of art to build." Have the Japanese any higher development in music, or is it all simple, direct, and suggestive, like their poetry and their decorative art? Certainly there is a resemblance between these three melodies and the poetry, especially, of the Japanese,* in the qualities of artfulness and finish.

* See "A Bouquet of Japanese Verses," SCRIBNER for January, 1875.

CANADIAN SPORTS.

THE blood-born and bone-bred love of open-air sports is the most marked physical characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon heritage in Canada. Nowhere under the sun is climate more favorable for the hardy exercises in which English-speaking people delight to indulge; and there is a freedom from the restraints and conventionalities of the Old World's over-crowded countries—where restraints and conventionalities are necessary to social enjoyment—which is sap to the sportsman's soul. I think the Canadians well typify the hardiness of northern races; and nothing has perhaps helped more to form the physique of the people than the instinctive love for out-door life and exercise in the bracing spring, winter and fall of the year. The spirit of sport is born in the blood as well as nourished by the clime. And yet you may find here, as in every other part of this grumbling empire, healthy recreants, buried in books or bound to business, whose knees quake at the shot of a cricket-ball, and who hate the very mention of play. But taken for all in all, the English element in Canada has lost none of its wonted fondness for the sports of flood and field; finding fuller vent in the free scope of our woods and waters, and the wildness and abundance of our game. There is indeed a "new world" opened to the lover of gun and rod from the old lands across the sea, who here finds himself the luxurious monarch of all he can bag from sunrise to sunset, with no other let or hinderance than those which the gory pot-hunters compel.

Does he come in quest of the wary moose and running caribou, the quail-thief of the corn-field, the mud-loving snipe, the stupid pheasant, the pine-loving grouse, the cosmopolitan plover, the strategic partridge, the saucy wood-duck, the shy black duck; does he court the bear, wolf, beaver, marten, mink or the otter, or does he woo the salmon, the trout, *et hoc genus omne*,—here he may find everywhere food for his sportsman's fancy. If his spirit waxeth hot to chase the fox, I can commend him to the courtesy of the Montreal Fox Hunt, who will give him fences to leap harder than any English hedge, and fox to run down, cunning as an Indian. From "find to finish" he will have all his nerve and daring can do, with the clear blue Canadian skies above, and the hard, dry ground below. None of your fogs and swamps, wet to the skin, and mud to the eyes, horses, hunters, hounds, all a color, and a wild splutter of slop when the carcass, head, pads and brush excepted, is thrown to the yelping, frothy dogs. Or doth his fancy turn to thoughts of foot-ball, yachting, rowing, cricket, golf, here he will find acclimatized and natural as life, the recreations, good, bad and abominable, high and low, costly and cheap, princely and plebeian, of almost every country on the face of the earth. Some of the worst immigrants have brought us their best diversions. The foot-prints of the earliest known Indian races are left in their peculiar games; the very Mennonites, the last arrivals, have fixed the imprint of their pastimes among the settlers of the far West.

Canadian sports, however, have a character of their own. They smack more of the ungoverned and ungovernable than the games of the Old World, and seem to resent the impost of regulations. To their popularity and wide-spread indulgence we owe the fellow-feeling which of late years has made public opinion so wondrous tolerant toward the whole kith and kin of honorable sportsmen. I remember the time when scholar and sportsman in Canada were deemed as irrelative as vice and virtue; when a merchant was flouted on 'Change who spent a Saturday afternoon at a curling rink, and a doctor was put under a cloud of suspicion who ventured to show he had brawn as well as brains, and

dared to run the risk of missing a patient to catch a fish; when a hare-shooting parson soon lost caste with his professional brethren. Brave men were they who broke these social Molochs in pieces, and paved the way for the rational estimate of recreation. Even the Canadian Crœsus who boasted that he hadn't taken a holiday from business for over thirty years, is beginning to accept the popular verdict which stamped him a fool, and I should not be surprised to hear that he has decided to go to the Paris Exhibition. The common sense of diversion has set its seal upon our education as well. The miserable gospel which wedded narrow-shoulders and spindle-shanks to mental grace and genius has given way, if it ever had much hold in Canada, to the truer manliness of sound thews and sinews upon which to build the sound mind and clear brain. I would rather see wild oats sown at single scull than in billiard saloons; an overzeal in the gymnasium than in the card and gambling-room.

Of the many foreign sports in vogue in Canada, I must fight shy, as I propose to confine this sketch to three which are indigenous to the Dominion, viz.: the summer field sport of lacrosse and the winter pastimes of snow-shoeing and toboganing. For all of these we are indebted to the Indians.

It is rather a strange feature of our Canadian sports that the French population have so little taste for their indulgence. Any one familiar with the social life and character of the people of France will appreciate the remark of the Duchesse de Berry, at Boulogne, when witnessing a cricket match by the English residents. After some half a dozen fine innings had been played for her benefit, she sent one of her retinue to ask when the game would begin, as "*Madame la Duchesse était terriblement ennuyée.*" It will not be a matter of wonder that the French Canadians show about as much interest in field sports, and that their recreations have more of the Gallic flavor of the *ballet* and the *féte*. I say this in no disparaging mood, but simply as a matter of fact, and as a strange antithesis to the deep personal interest of the "Canuck" of English descent. The French Canadian is hardy and active, and full to overflowing with love of amusement; but I think he prefers to look at rather than join in athletic games. I attribute it entirely to the instinct of race. It may be remarked, too, that during the French *régime* in Canada, which lasted one hundred and sixty years, history tells us much of the jovial dance, the merry party, but nothing at all of the out-door game and sport. There was plenty of adventure of a robust and dangerous character, associated with the newness and wildness of the colonial life, but the Indian in his ball play monopolized the genuine sports of the field. Of course there were horse-races in winter and summer, but these were as foreign to the pure athletic idea of sport, as the "Grand Prix de Paris" of to-day. It was left to the Saxons to start the ball rolling. They did it by introducing the cricket crease on the historic Plains of Abraham, and by absorbing several Indian aids to travel and transport, like snow-shoeing and toboganing, and converting them into amusements.

May I ask the company of an American cousin in our Canadian sports, to whom, with the help of Mr. Sandham's charming sketches, I will be faithful chaperone, be he neither too fearful nor too rash? My triplicate of pleasure knows dangerous as well as delightful features, though no sport is worth a fig if it have not some form of peril. I should not like to pick *mon ami* up for dead between the flags on the lacrosse field, run to ground by a checker's charge, or brought to grief and blackened eyes by a home-man's overhand throw; nor should I care to drag him to never so hospitable a hospital on never so smooth-bottomed a tobogan,—spine cracked, ribs caved in, breath going; nor yet find him a moribund victim to the law of gravitation and the trick of tripping of his snow-shoes, head-foremost in a snow-drift, to be shoveled out blue in the gills, and so stiffened as to snap in the straightening! No, no, Cousin Jonathan! If in search of rarest jollity, and the hey-day in thy blood is still untamed by the mannerisms of civilization; if overwork and worry have not scud to Hades with thy scepter of sport, and love for the open air has not fled affrighted from thy soul, I trow I can give you a healthy holiday, get you, without other tonic than pure ozone, a hungry maw fit to revel in venison underdone, and make your nights a perfect empyrean of sweet slumber!

The game of lacrosse, which was adopted as the national game of Canada on the 1st of July, 1859, the first "Dominion Day," is the only one of the three instituted and still remaining as a pure pastime. I have been frequently amused at the ingenious attempts made to claim this game as of Irish, Scotch, or other than Indian origin. One authority, holding the identity of origin of the Indian and Irish races with the Phœnicians, set

forth a plausible argument to show that lacrosse is identical with coman, or trundling, mainly because of the resemblance of the present stick to that used in the Irish game. But unfortunately for the theory, the original game was played with a stick of so different a shape that nothing is left of the discovery. As seen in the sketches, the present stick resembles a shepherd's crook, or a fish-hook; the original crosse, such as used by the Sacs, Sioux, Ojibways, Dacotahs, Potawatamies, and some others, was a round hoop about twelve inches in circumference, with two strings, bagged to catch and carry the ball. The stick used by the Choctaws, Cherokees, and Creeks was about the same length,—three or four feet,—bent into an oblong hoop. The present players carry only one stick. The original players always used two,—one in each hand,—the ball being caught and carried between them. The ball could be thrown only a short distance; it had to be picked up by a peculiar scoop from right to left. In some parts of the country around Lake Superior, there are Indian tribes still playing with this old Ojibway stick. In olden times, the ball was made of deer-skin, or raw-hide stuffed with hair, and sewed with sinews; sometimes it was merely a knot of wood. The goals were marked trees or rocks when playing for pleasure; but when the contests were of a more national character,—such as in the combats between different tribes or villages, as witnessed by Charlevoix and other travelers,—regular goals were used, consisting of two poles about eight feet high, at a distance of five or a thousand yards apart,—such as used by the Sioux, Dacotahs, Iroquois, and Algonquins,—each pole constituting a goal to be struck by the ball. The Cherokees of North Carolina used one pole, past which the ball had to be thrown. Among the Choctaws seen by Catlin, and the Creeks, seen by Basil Hall (1828), two poles, twenty-five feet high and six feet apart, with a goal-line across the top, precisely like the present goal in foot-ball, were used,—each one of these constituting a goal,—between which the ball had to be thrown. Notwithstanding these differences in the shape of the stick, the composition of the ball, and the style of goal, the aim and character of the game were precisely the same among all the Indian tribes,—viz.: to start the ball in the center of the field, and to carry or throw it through the goal of the opponent.

The original game was, to my mind, the most severe of ancient or modern field sports, founded purposely for amusement, and not designed to risk death, as the gladiatorial games of the Romans, or the bull-fights of Spain. From what we can learn of it in the vivid descriptions of Charlevoix, Catlin, Hall, and others, it intoxicated every sense of the competitors, and excited them to the maddest feats of human strength and agility. To one who has played the modernized game of Canada against a crack Indian team, and experienced the intense exertion needed to win a match, a very good estimate may be had of the wonderful endurance of the natives of a hundred, or even fifty, years ago. The game was in every sense a genuine recreation, having nothing in it of the religious element of Greece, but intended to quicken and strengthen the body for close combats in war. Certainly no field game invented before or since could better accustom the young warriors to that individual valor and intrepidity upon which depended the success of the Indian mode of warfare. By the Ojibways it was called "Baggataway;" by the Iroquois, "Tekontshikwaheks."

It will be interesting to look back at some of the characteristics and associations of a field sport which, from being extensively played among the Indians of the western and southern states as well as of Canada, has become systematized and adopted as the national game of the latter. Associated with it were some peculiar preparatory ceremonies. The intending competitors were selected months ahead when the contest was between two tribes or respective villages. The players had to avoid all excesses for two weeks before the match, eat little food and inure themselves by a ceremony the night before the event, which would not commend itself to modern ideas of training. Moonlight was always chosen. A fire of pitch-pine wood was lit near the banks of a river, and to the noise of Indian drums, and gourds holding gravel, the competitors would go through the training dance, intended to give the last touch of suppleness to the joints. After dancing for an hour, the players in full heat, jumped into the cold stream. This preliminary dance seems to have prevailed among all tribes, some dancing in a circle around a bonfire, sticks in hand, others around the goals, singing and yelling. The squaws stood in two rows facing each other, between the two bands of players, and joined in the dance, holding the goods to be staked

on the following day. Four medicine-men, or umpires, sat in the center of the field smoking. The players invariably wore their ball-play dress and rattled their sticks together. Catlin speaks of this dance as one of the most picturesque sights imaginable, and says that being repeated at intervals of every half hour during the night, the players got no sleep.

Captain Basil Hall (1828) in his "Travels in the United States" describes a remarkable feature of these preparations which he witnessed among the Creeks of Alabama. After reaching one of the council-squares, he found the Indians in a square court about twenty yards across, formed by four covered sheds in which were seated the natives. A raised, sloping platform, covered with a mat, was occupied by the chief. A huge fire of pine-wood blazed in the center of the court, around which sat some old Indians. Musicians discoursing barbarous strains on drums and gourds, and squaws with their backs to the company occupied other parts of the square. Suddenly a party of Indians seized their sticks and rushed in a wild circle around the fire, screeching, tumbling over one another and turning somersaults. From this, adjournment was made to a hut, in the middle of which a fire was burning, at which the players were squatted, tying cords tightly around one another's arms and thighs. They then threw water upon themselves, and each standing in a sloping position against a wooden pillar, were scarified by some old red-skins with needles or the teeth of the gar-fish fastened to wood or to a corn-cob—two rows of fifteen points. The instrument was drawn as hard as possible along the legs and arms over a space of about nine inches in length. "Five separate scratchings were made on each man's leg below the knee, five on each thigh, and five on each arm, in all about thirty sets of cuts. As the instrument contained about thirty teeth, each Indian must in every case have had several hundred lines drawn on his skin. The blood flowed profusely as long as the bandages were kept tight. This, indeed, seemed to be one of their principal objects, as the Indians endeavored to assist the bleeding by throwing their arms and legs about, holding them over the fire for a second or two. The scene was altogether hideous. For my own part, I scarcely knew how to feel when I found myself amongst some dozen of naked savages streaming with blood from top to toe, skipping and yelling round a fire, or talking at the top of their voices in a language of which I knew nothing, or laughing as merrily as if it were the best fun in the world to be cut to pieces."

Generally sides of fifty each were chosen, when the very choicest athletes and runners contended, but Catlin frequently saw six and eight hundred, or a thousand young men joining in a grand game, or rather melée, while several thousands of spectators were on the ground. It is suggestive that the best warriors were invariably the best ball-players. Before the sun rose, the crowd of warriors, squaws, and children, dressed in their holiday best, gathered on the ground chosen for the contest, making "pools," appointing stake-holders, often hazarding every possession of the wigwam, the women violently betting, and the very children wagering their toys. The men pledged their horses, guns, and sometimes their wives; but the latter having the principal part to play in this feature, seem to have entered into it only when willing to part from a dissipated or cruel lord and master.

The players generally were entirely naked, with the exception of a light breech-cloth, which was frequently torn to shreds before the game was over. They painted their bodies from head to toe in a most grotesque manner, and wore various fantastic decorations of feathers, bead-work, etc.; sometimes wearing Oriental-like cloths for turbans, into which they put feathers. A beaded belt was also used, to which was attached, projecting from the small of the back, a curious tail made of white horse-hair, or quills of the porcupine (see cut on page 512); while a "mane," or neck-collar of horse-hair, dyed, completed the outfit. The Potawatamies seem to have been the only tribe whose feet were tender enough to demand moccasins.

Most of the Indian tribes in this game affected to keep out of sight until a signal was given for play. The two parties were in opposite parts of the wood, yelling defiance at each other. At a signal from the game-director, they advanced leisurely toward the field, stopping at their respective goals to perform a propitiatory dance, brandishing their sticks. Among the Cherokees, the squaws ran out on the field at this stage, and gave their lovers tokens of favoritism. The players then approached each other, laying down their sticks and counting sides, each man choosing his antagonist. After a speech by the game-director, the ball was

either placed in the center of the field, and at a signal a rush made for it, as in polo; or it was thrown high in the air by one of the medicine-men, and attempts made to catch it between the two spooney sticks. Charlevoix says the Canadian Algonquins kept the ball from touching the ground, and that if a player missed a catch, the game was lost for his side, unless he could send it to goal in one throw. The hands were never allowed to touch the ball, except to tap it away from the body,—a privilege now accorded only to the goal-keeper.

With the present civilized game, there is a code which attempts to regulate the irregular course of this game, but the utter wildness and fury of play in the original game surpasses anything ever before or since recorded of any field sport. The players would trip and wrestle, drop their sticks when disputes arose, and, as Catlin says, "unmolested, settle it between themselves with their fists." Often the rush toward the ball would be so impetuous that the players would leap over one another's heads, dart between their adversaries' legs, throwing one another in the air, or dragging one another on the ground. Catlin's sketches show several individual contests of wrestling, and excited squaws whipping lagging husbands into the combat.

Catlin used to ride thirty miles on horseback to see a match, and says he has almost dropped from his horse's back with laughter at the droll tricks and kicks and scuffles. All travelers who have seen the game seem to have been at once struck with the fine athletic figures of the red-skins. Catlin, writing of a match he saw, said it was a school for painter or sculptor equal to any of those which inspired the hand of an artist in the Olympian games or Roman forum. Lanman, among the Sioux, said: "The Olympic beauty of this game is beyond all praise. It calls into active exercise every muscle of the human frame, and brings into bold relief the supple and athletic forms of the best-built people in the world. At one time, a figure will rivet your attention similar to the Apollo Belvidere, and at another you will actually be startled by the surpassing elegance of a Mercury." Hall said of the Creeks, that he before looked upon them as "bow-legged, slouchy, ungraceful and inactive;" but, after seeing them stripped for their ball-play and in full excitement, he says, "They offered some of the finest specimens of the human form I had ever seen." Hall's description of a match is an epitome worth keeping: "At length, an Indian, more expert than the others, contrived to nip the ball between the ends of his two sticks, and having managed to fork it out, ran off with it like a deer, with his arms raised over his head, pursued by the whole party engaged in the struggle. The fortunate youth was, of course, intercepted in his progress twenty different times by his antagonists, who shot like hawks across his flight from all parts of the field, to knock the prize out of his grasp, or to trip him up,—in short, by any means to prevent his throwing it through the opening between the boughs at the end of the play-ground. Whenever this grand purpose of the game was accomplished, the successful party announced their right to count one by a fierce yell of triumph, which seemed to pierce the very depths of the wilderness. It was sometimes highly amusing to see the way in which the Indian who had got hold of the ball contrived to elude his pursuers. It is not to be supposed he was allowed to proceed straight to the goal, or wicket, or even to get near it; but, on the contrary, he was obliged, in most cases, to make a circuit of many hundred yards amongst the trees, with thirty or forty swift-footed fellows stretching after or athwart him, with their fantastic tigers' tails streaming behind them; and he, in like manner, at full speed, holding his sticks as high over his head as possible, sometimes ducking to avoid a blow, or leaping to escape a trip, sometimes doubling like a hare, and sometimes tumbling at full length, or breaking his shins on a fallen tree, but seldom losing hold of his treasure without a severe struggle. It really seemed as if the player upon these occasions had a dozen pairs of eyes, and was gifted for the time with double speed; for, in general, he had not only to evade the attacks of those who were close to him, but to avoid being cut off, as it is called in nautical language, by the others farther ahead.

"These parts of the game were exciting in the highest degree, and it almost made the spectators breathless to look at them. Sometimes the ball, when thrown up in the first instance by the chief, was reached and struck by one of the party, before it fell to the ground. On these occasions, it was driven far among the pine-trees, quite out of sight to our eyes, but not to those of the Indians, who darted toward the spot, and drove it back again. In general, however, they contrived to catch the ball before it fell, and either to drive it back, or to grasp

it and run along, as I have described, toward the end of the ground. Sometimes they were too eager to make much noise; but whenever a successful blow was made, the people on the winning side uttered a short yell, so harsh and wild, that it made my blood run cold every time I heard it, from being associated with tortures, human sacrifices, scalpings, and all the horrors of Indian warfare. After the game is over, the agent told me, the opposite parties are frequently so much excited that they fall to in earnest, and try the strength of their sticks on each other's heads."

One of the most thrilling episodes of our colonial history, in which the game played an important part, was the surprise and massacre of the British garrison of Fort Michillimackinac by a party of Indians, forming the center around which Parkman has woven the story of the "Conspiracy of Pontiac." After the conquest of Quebec in 1759, and the capitulation of Canada in the following year, Sir Jeffrey Amherst sent an enthusiastic provincial officer, one Major Rogers, with a body of hunters and backwoodsmen to take possession of the western outposts, which still floated the *fleur-de-lis;* Detroit and Michillimackinac were included. Where the city of Cleveland (Ohio) now stands, he was intercepted by Pontiac, who after learning the purport of the expedition, expressed his approval, and seemed to show the sincerity of his movements by saving Rogers and his men from an impending onslaught of 400 Detroit Indians. Upon his arrival at Detroit, the garrison surrendered, and seven hundred Indian warriors, the active allies of France, "greeted the sight with a burst of triumphant yells." The forts Miami, Ouatanon, Michillimackinac, St. Marie, Green Bay and St. Joseph, severally surrendered, and the capitulation was considered complete. The chain of forts from Lake Michigan to Niagara had been built by the French ostensibly as trading houses, and the Indians found them of considerable advantage. The accommodating character of the French race, and the insinuating diplomacy of the Jesuit missionaries, won upon the susceptible hearts of the red-skins, and fed their vanity to the full. There was a time when the French tongue was a sacred passport through the wildest bush. But the times changed when the *régime* changed. The flattery of the French was replaced by English reserve. The red-skin was made to feel that he was an inferior animal to the red-coat. The French added fuel to the flame, and the proud Indian determined to have his revenge. Several efforts were made to destroy the English garrisons, but were frustrated. A great cloud was gathering, and in 1762 the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" was planned. Parkman attributes its conception to Pontiac. I have always believed from what I have read that it was a bit of French diplomacy; a master stroke of French revenge. All the tribes of the Ohio and its tributaries, the upper lakes, the borders of the River Ottawa and the mouth of the Mississippi, excepting the Iroquois Confederacy, welcomed the war-belt of wampum and prepared for war. The general attack and the capture of the forts which followed brings us to Michillimackinac, where the Ojibways at this time were settled. The fort was occupied by thirty-five men of the 55th and 80th regiments of the British line, with about sixty other inhabitants. It was customary to admit the Indians during the day, and to permit them to stroll through the fort. A French Canadian warned the commander of a plot to massacre the garrison, but no attention was paid to it. On the birthday of King George, 4th June, 1763, discipline was more than usually relaxed, and the Ojibways invited the inhabitants to witness a grand game of *baggataway* (as lacrosse was then called in their language) between them and the Sacs, in honor of the day. The game was to be played on the plain in front of the fort; the gates were opened and arms laid aside. Some of the soldiers stood outside the fort; some leaned over the parapet; groups of Indian warriors were lying on the ground near the gate; squaws *standing* together in knots on both sides of the entrance, with their blankets drawn closely about them. The players carried one stick each, such as seen in the sketch of the original player by Catlin (page 512). A chief advanced to the center and flung up the ball. At once the wild frenzy of contention began, every player leaping and rushing like mad in the excitement of the play, and in the terrible prospect of revenge at hand. Now and then the ball shot high into the air and fell inside the pickets. Gradually the players got closer to the fort, and made a rush to the gate, as if after the ball; when the fierce war-whoop rang over the plain; ball-sticks were thrown away; the squaws who were standing near the gates opened their blankets and gave the warriors the weapons concealed, and led by the Grand Sauteur, the red-skins fell upon the garrison and cut

them down, though not a Frenchman, many of whom were close spectators, was harmed. Only twenty escaped. The same blind was

TULLOCK-CHISH-KO (HE WHO DRINKS THE JUICE OF THE STONE) A CELEBRATED CHOCTAW LACROSSE PLAYER. [AFTER CATLIN.]

tried and failed at Detroit. Has any other modern field game so tragic a history?

But the Indians' old fierce baggataway has shared the fate of the Indian himself in having become civilized almost out of recognition into a more humane sport. It has lost its wild and wanton delirium, and though restless under regulations, has become tamed into the most exciting and varied of all modern field sports. The two old spoon-shaped sticks of the Choctaws and Creeks have been reduced to one in number, and changed in shape. The Ojibway half-breeds of Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountain Indians still use the original stick and play in the primitive way. On the Saskatchewan, the Prairie, Crees, Blackfeet and Assinniboines still celebrate their returns from the buffalo-hunt by contests of the original game. But the national game of Canada has peculiar features which the original as seen by travelers in the United States never possessed. The Canadian Indians claim to have invented the present shape of the stick long before the discovery of the country by Cartier; and it is notable that the shape seems to have been exclusively confined to Canada. The origin of the name *lacrosse* may be attributed to Charlevoix, who when ascending the St. Lawrence at some point between Quebec and Three Rivers saw the game, which he called "*le jeu de la crosse*," played by the Algonquins with the present stick.

The "crosse" as used to day is made of ash, hickory, rock-elm or basswood, bent like a fish-hook, about five feet long, and having its bent part interwoven with rawhide, gut or clock-strings netting, not as close or as tight as a racket-bat, but not so loose as to allow a "bag." The illustrations will show the shape and character perfectly. When the "crosse" is held out at arm's length from the body, the netting must be flat, and so woven at the lower angle that the ball cannot catch in its meshes. Some players prefer to use the right side in playing, but the majority instinctively take to the left side—that which is uppermost when the tip of the curve in the stick is to the left. Nearly all Indians play with the left side. The ball is India rubber sponge, between eight and nine inches in circumference. There are two goals, one for each side, each goal consisting of two flag-poles six feet above ground and six feet apart, placed at any distance from each other, from about one hundred yards to a quarter of a mile, according to the number and running power of the players. The goal-flags are generally very handsome,—blue and scarlet silk, embroidered with the name and motto of the club. Mr. T. James Claxton, a Montreal merchant, presented a set of four flags and flag-poles costing over $250 for competition among the clubs of Montreal. The ground needs no rolling or preparation, but the smoother it is the prettier the play. The dress of the player consists of tight shirts, Knickerbocker woolen stockings, and moccasins or light shoes. Two umpires are appointed at each goal. A referee in matches is also chosen, and captains to superintend the play. The players are designated as follows: "goal-keeper," who defends the goal; "point," first man out from goal; "cover point," in front of point; "center," who faces and begins the game; "home," nearest opponents' goal. The others are called "fielders." Twelve players constitute a field in a match. A match is decided by the winning of three games out of five. After each game the players change sides as in cricket. Spiked soles are prohibited. The ball must not be touched with the hand except by the goal-keeper. When a ball is out of bounds it is "faced" for at the nearest spot within the bounds, all the players remaining steady in their places. The "crosse" must not be thrown at a

player or at the ball. Grasping an opponent's stick with the hands; holding with the arms or legs; deliberately tripping, striking, pushing with the hand; jumping at to "shoulder;" wrestling with the legs entwined; interfering with another who is in pursuit of an opponent in possession of the ball, are strictly prohibited, and in this way the savage character, but not one jot of its intense excitement and boisterous fun has been modified.

Now, my American cousin, you are posted in the laws; you've got into your athletic rig, and feel like an Iroquois warrior. You've done your bit of training, got rid of superfluous fat, can catch, carry, and throw the ball fairly, dodge an opponent at practice, and may be block a grounder shot between the flags. You know that the object of the game is simplicity itself. Your side is to do its best to put the ball through the goal of your opponents and to prevent them putting it through yours. Come along, old fellow! You shall have your wish. I slap you on the back, and admire your pluck. It's the old instinct of race in both of us; only I wish, for your sake, you used your brains less, and exercised—in out-door recreation—your body more.

A splendid Saturday afternoon in autumn. The Iroquois braves of Caughnawaga, under the captainship of Aientonni, who glories in the appellation of "Big John," have challenged the pale-faces to a contest. John stalks forth, prouder than the first-born peacock, and looking, every bit of his six feet two inches, as genuine an Iroquois as ever raised war-whoop. John had the honor of commanding the Indian team who played with the Canadians before Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle last year. He addressed the Queen, and Her Majesty not only replied

LACROSSE.—THE GOAL-KEEPER.

BIG JOHN.

to him and gave him her photograph, but accepted a pretty Indian basket from his hands. John will feel his importance to the day of his death. Now he lets out the fierce Iroquois call to his men to take their posts, and the pale-faces, who have been larking with the ball, throwing to each other and dodging for pastime, to get into their respective positions. "Evergreen Hughes" commands the pale-faces. Karoniare, until lately champion Indian runner of Canada, he of the wild eye and cunning arm, is in the center, and, placing the ball in the middle of the field, is faced by his opponent. The sticks are crossed, the ball being on the ground between their nettings. The captains give the last word of warning to their men, and at the word "Play!" the two centers do their best to start the ball toward the opposite goal. This method of beginning the game originated in Canada, and is only possible with the present-shaped stick. Sometimes the ball is drawn or hooked away to a fielder of one's own side, who no sooner touches it than he is tackled or checked by an opponent, and in a moment the vim has begun in real earnest. Look out, my friend from over the border! Check that fellow! A desperate stroke, that would go through ancient helmet and skull, and ah! you have missed it. The dodger watches your eye, and as you cut at his crosse he bends his arm, brings his stick, with the ball on the netting, across the front of his body to the opposite side, and off he goes, leaving you to hit mother earth instead of his crosse, and to wonder how you missed it. Now don't chase the man down to your own goal and weaken your position. Stick to him as long as you can annoy him, but let the checking be divided among the chain of players. Ah, there he comes to grief! "cover point" feigns to check, but recovers too quick for the red-skin, and, hitting his crosse upward, knocks the ball into the air, catches it beautifully by a scoop, and is off at top speed to the right and down the field for a run, while the home men close up to the enemy's flags, and red-skins are slashing away at his heels—may be his head—until a trip, and down he goes, losing the ball, and making a soft bed for the nearest Indian to fall on. Now ensues a struggle. A red-skin and a pale-face, well matched in limb and muscle, are almost locked in the frantic effort of cross feet and close body combat to get the rubber. Red-skin tries to shoulder pale-face out of reach, but pale-face sticks to him like a leech. Now the latter has it, but before he has time to tip it away, the former has it again, and there the two stick and struggle until some fielder near by hooks it out, and is off with it in his turn, chased by one or two, and compelled to throw it. Away it scuds like a sky-rocket, one hundred yards up toward the flags, thrown with both hands on the crosse, ball on the lower angle of the netting, a good deal too high for effect, but pretty for appearance,—twenty feet high would have been better,—and away, too, go the skirmishers of the Indians in defense, and the rally of the home-fielders in attack. Down drops the ball within a few feet of the goal-crease; swish! goes the home-man's crosse at it, but the Indian "point" is too sharp for him, and hitting his crosse prevents the stroke, and gives "goal-keeper" a chance to cut the ball clean away to a friend, who edges off with Indian instinct to catch it. And now the face of the game is changed in a moment. Red-skin is fresh, and runs up the field. Out go the links to check him. Our American cousin's blood is a-boil. He will stop that red-skin, or will die in the attempt. He does neither, but falls on his nose, rips his knickerbockers, and looks quite as sore as he feels. "This is a puzzle," thinks he. But, in an instant, the ball is shooting through the air toward

him. Oh for a Presbyterian church-bag, or a fishing-net! Shall he take off his cap, and use it? No! he must try to catch it in the orthodox manner. But the ball is very heterodox. As it descends, he holds out his netting, and, instead of keeping the rubber, it bounds up and off. Ah! you forgot the art you learned in practice,—the knack of meeting it half way,—and letting your crosse yield on the same principle that you'd catch a cricket or base-ball. You soon find out, however, that though you may be the best catch in base-ball, you're a bungler at lacrosse. But now an enemy is upon you. You make a frantic plunge to pick up the ball, miss it, lunge again, slip, and, at last, you've got it, and off you go for a run, when down comes the whirling crosse of a redskin, whizzing past your ear like a stroke of death, and possibly taking your knuckles on the way, and leaving you an ignominious result,—nonplused, "checked," with a chance to rest your wind and to reflect upon your mishaps. What a beautiful sight! you say, as you look at a bit of a battle near the goals between five on a side. How those redskins double and turn like snakes, never seeming to tire! What excitement,—every man having his innings at the same time, yet with no scrimmage like foot-ball! No need for spectators to watch telegraph-board. No bothersome scoring. No fagging, no monopoly, as in most other games of ball. There the men go again, spreading out as the long thrower gets the ball, and is just about to pitch down to the opposing goal. Suddenly an artful Indian leaps upward, blocks the thrown ball in the air, catches it before it touches the ground, turns like a top, and twists like a serpent, and is off with it to one side. But before he gets a chance to throw, a pale-face fielder is upon him, and there they struggle again in close combat. The best man wins. Away goes the victor at top speed, with the enemy at his heels,—some fleet as the deer, some sprawling in the fullness of a slip. Now, Brother Jonathan, take my place between the flags, and see if you think it as easy to stop a ball there as at the cricket crease. Whizz! comes an overhand throw. Instinctively you budge, or shut your eyes and feel for a moment that your end has come. Bang! goes the ball against your belly, and you get credit, at any rate, for saving the game. But look out. That sharp home-man is at you again. Whizz! from the lower angle. Up goes your stick to meet it, but whack goes the ball on your chest. Better be bruised, my friend, than beaten. While you're able to stand up, there's hope! Now the ball is coquetting about your feet. How unmerciful those home-men are to your shins! Your legs are black and blue, and you feel as if you had an osseous tumor in your epigastrium. Ah! there's a cool fellow, who has it all to himself, and running up in front of you, very quietly throws with one hand

LACROSSE.—THE SUCCESSFUL DODGE.

LACROSSE.—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BALL.

at your side. "No easier ball to stop," think you. But a cheer! Why, that slow grounder has gone between the flags, and the red-skin has won! Very well done, my dear fellow! Better luck next spring!

Lacrosse has rapidly followed in the wake of cricket, wherever the flag of England floats. Last winter an Indian Rajah sent to London an extensive order for the sticks. Nothing has done more to foster this than the visit to Ireland, Scotland and England, last summer, of a picked team of Canadian gentlemen and Iroquois Indians. It will be remembered that a few years ago a base-ball team from the United States went to the old country, but met with poor success. A like result was predicted for the lacrosse teams, but a brilliant series of matches was played in the three kingdoms, and a magnificent welcome was given them at Windsor Castle by the Queen. To-day the game is one of the popular sports, matches having already taken place between England, Scotland, and Ireland, while promises are made of a visit to Canada of a united Old World team. For many years the Montreal Club, the *alma mater* of the game, held the championship. No doubt many of the readers of SCRIBNER then tourists in Canada will remember the exciting contests between the old club, and the Prescotts, and Torontos, of Ontario, and the Shamrocks of Montreal. Montreal began to rest on laurels already won, but the Shamrocks and the Torontos were making great strides, and the old club suffered defeats.

Autumn has come and gone; the lacrosse field is covered with the young snow of December. The Christmas holidays are over, and Jack Frost has frescoed the window and frozen the streams; the north wind pipes its cold refrain through the bare branches of the maples, and scares the last bird from its nest to a warmer home. Nature puts art to shame again, and the snow makes a better highway than Macadam. Over the clear hard roads the runners glide and the sleigh-bells jingle, and you may see in the faces of the people

HARD LUCK.

you meet and in the trot of the horses a settled satisfaction. Jack Frost means business in Canada. He sends no frail frauds of suspicious slush but a genuine virgin frost, born in the north and loving its native point of the compass.

I imagine I see the shiver of those goose-skin readers who prefer the dog-days to the winter, and who would rather risk a sun-stroke than a frost-bite, and swelter in a New York July than tempt the Providence of a Canadian March. True, our winter is a season of some sadness and suffering for the poor, but it is, too, a season which evokes warm Christian love and charity. But Canada in winter is not "the few arpents of snow" of Louis XV., nor the exclusive home of Indians and icebergs. It is the season *par excellence* for sociable gatherings in-doors and out-doors, and tempts more people out-of-doors than even the warmth and beauty of summer. Whether sleighing, skating, snow-shoeing or toboganing, young Canada is never happy without the fairer sex, and only in the long tramps of the snow-shoe clubs are ladies supposed to be absent. Can manliness ask better company in his pastimes? I trow not.

The snow-shoe is the only thing I know of ever invented to facilitate walking over soft snow; and it is quite likely that in spite of all the mechanical knowledge of this age, nothing better or simpler will ever be contrived. The Esquimaux and Laplanders use the snow-shoe, and I have heard that they are used by the tribes in the north-east of Asia! In the museum of St. Ignatius College at Rome, a pair of these Asiatic snow-shoes are to be seen. Santini brought several pairs from Siberia. La Pérouse and Lisseps found them in Tartary. Count Buonaventura remarks their serviceableness to the Siberians. Rosetti had a pair in his collection of antiquities found among the Hurons of this country, and the archæologist may be interested in knowing that the latter once appeared at a masque ball in Rome wearing a North American Indian dress, which closely resembled that of two Tongusian princes present.

HARD TO MANAGE.

The shoe is made of one piece of light ash, about half an inch thick, bent to a long oval, and fastened closely with cat-gut where the two ends meet. A strip of flat wood is then fitted across the frame about four inches from the top, and another piece about two feet from the ends, to give it spring and strength. The interior of this frame-work is then woven with cat-gut, which allows it to press on the snow with your full weight with little sinking; a hole about four inches square being left behind the center of the front cross-bar for the partial protrusion of the toes in lifting the heel. The center bears the weight of the body, and is bound to the sides of the frame-work to increase the strength. The

original shoe measured from two to six feet in length, and from thirteen to twenty inches in width, but for club races it has been reduced to the regulation measurement of not less than ten inches in width, without limitation as to length. However, a short, broad shoe is preferable for the forest or long tramps on soft snow. The Indian's shoe was always broad, adapted for the chase; that of the Sioux, pointed and turned up at the front; that of the Chippeways, square-toed and flat. In the buffalo-hunt in winter the snow-shoe was indispensable, enabling the hunters to run lightly over the snow and plunge their lances or arrows into the sides of the heavy animals, as they rushed into the hollows and ravines, and sank in the drifts. About twenty years ago Mr. John Murray of the Montreal Snow-shoe Club, applied the shape of the Sioux shoe to that made and used by the Iroquois, and introduced into general use what has now become the popular shape. Of course a shoe is used for each foot. Moccasins are worn on the feet, and the shoes are fastened by a toe-strap of moose-skin across the back of the toe-opening, leaving the heel free to rise or fall in walking; and a line or string of the same is fastened to the shoe, brought over the front of the foot and around the ankle, and tied behind. The Montreal Club introduced a most ingenious tie, made of the one string by which the foot can be slipped into and out of the shoe in an instant, while at the same time the toe cannot slip forward or backward, as in the old tie. I do not suppose you could

AN ANNEXATION PROJECT.

THE RETURN FROM THE DEER-HUNT.

enter a farm-house in those parts of Canada where the snow falls heavily in winter, without finding a gun and a pair of snow-shoes. The backwoodsman could not well do without them. The troops formerly garrisoned in Canada were allowed about fifty pairs to a company, and were systematically drilled in skirmishing, marching, following an enemy through the snow, etc. Our volunteers are equipped with these valuable additions to a "kit" in winter, and frequently make long marches in heavy marching order. I have seen school-boys and girls in the country regularly strapping on their snow-shoes, and cutting across country over fields and fences, in weather when roads were almost impassible: and even in our cities, when the occasional heavy snow-storms occur, it is no uncommon thing to see merchants and children tramping to business and to school with evident enjoyment. Doctor Rae, the Arctic traveler, once walked on them from Hamilton to Toronto—forty miles, between breakfast and dinner; and I have been on tramps with the Montreal Club across country, and over fences, when seven miles was done in an hour and five minutes; and once saw them envied by a train full of snowed-up passengers,—which gave birth to the following verse of the "Snow-shoe Tramp:"

"Men may talk of steam and railroads,
But too well our comrades know
We can beat the fastest engines
In a night tramp on the snow!
They may puff, sir; they may blow, sir;
They may whistle; they may scream;
But gently dipping, slightly tipping,
Snow-shoes leave behind the steam!"

Last winter, parties of the Montreal and St. George's Clubs walked to St. Andrews—fifty miles. The various clubs hold annual races, when prizes are given for flat and hurdle races, between pale-faces and Indians. The Montreal Club was organized in 1840, and every Saturday afternoon in winter, tramps distances from six to twenty miles or more, and indulges in dinner and jollity at a rural inn. Of the twelve organizers "Evergreen" Hughes was perhaps the most active, taking a leading interest on as well as off the shoe, and winning many races. To-day he is the honorary president of the club, and it is a treat to hear him recount in song and story the doings of his younger days.

For many years the club has held its weekly tramps over Mount Royal to Côte des Neiges, and on Saturdays to Lachine, Sault aux Récollets, St. Vincent de Paul, etc. The instinct of race has seized again upon our plucky American cousin. He has watched the club start from the head of Union avenue in Indian file, and thinks the sight picturesque and the sport most jolly. He has enrolled his name, and stands in the full glory of a new rig: white and scarlet-tipped blanket coat, scarlet stockings, white knickerbockers, scarlet sash around the waist, neat fitting mocca-

sins on the feet, and blue worsted *tuque* with scarlet tassel, in lieu of a cap. "Evergreen" Hughes takes him under the shadow of his wing; ties on his shoes, shows him how to make them glide one over the other in walking, so as not to keep his legs unnaturally apart and tire his loins. With the inspiration of good company, our friend falls into line, well up to the front, as he will there escape the worrying halts and trots of the laggards who spurt and tramp lazily by turns. A glorious moonlight, by which you can read fine print; the galaxy of stars reflecting their glimmer in the clean carpet of snow; the aurora shooting in magnificent beauty like a thing of life. The sidewalks in town were cracking with the cold like the report of pistols, and you can trust the snow for tramping. Hares have worn their winter colors and Bruin has been feeding on his paws for over a month, and the snow falls like fine sand through the net-work of the shoes. It's going to be cold work, you think at first blush; but soon your gloves come off, and are put in your pocket; your *tuque*, thin as it is, begins to feel hot and heavy; you feel like opening your coat, and you envy Grant's faithful dog "Monday," who rollicks in the drifts in his native nakedness.

OVER THE HURDLES.

Up the hill, following the traditional track known by heart to our leader, every man bending forward and breathing hard in the difficulty of the ascent, on and up between the well-known trees, with a bit of help from "Evergreen" and a cheery word of encouragement from Canadian cousins, never losing his order in the line, till at

COUSIN JONATHAN DETERMINES TO TRY THE TOBOGAN.

last he reaches "The Pines," and, dropping on his back, feels as if his very last breath was gone, and pathetically appeals to the fellows:

"Do you Canucks call this fun?"

The cheery club-call rouses him as it echoes from the leading files who have dashed on ahead, and as "Evergreen" leads him down the little hill he picks up his courage for a trot, but ah! there they've got him, and the tip of one of his shoes catching in the snow, upsets his center of gravity and over he goes flat on his face. He forgot to hold up his head and keep his shoulders well back. Look at that fellow behind. Doesn't he come down hill grandly? Well, hurry up my friend, roll around and up if you can, if not, give "Evergreen" a call; shake the snow before it melts down your sleeves and neck; never mind the cramps in your instep and your calves. Limp along, old boy There, ahead, are the lights of the club rendezvous at Côte des Neiges, and by and by you will drag your tired legs after you under its hospitality, slip your toe out from the toe-strap of your snow-shoes with delightful relief, pull the icicles off your mustaches and whiskers, pitch off coat and *tuque*, and luxuriate in a rest. Soon we sit down to our homely fare of coffee, bread and butter, with a few et-ceteras. After refreshments, the tables are cleared, and these apparently fagged out fellows make the house shake with the joyful dance and song. Our club-house has its piano. Crosby sits on the stool, pipe in mouth, fingering to order with a voluntary happiness perfectly sublime. McGregor gives the Highland fling, Stewart the sword dance; then follow the many club songs with grand choruses, some choice bits of opera, some very original quadrilles, wonderful liveliness of legs and laughter, never a breath of vulgarity, perhaps too much smoking, but never any drinking; always the restraint of gentlemen with the *élan* of healthy athletes—what better for the blues? Sharp at ten o'clock, snow-shoes are strapped on again, and in Indian file homeward they go, some novices and lazy-bones walking home *sans* shoes by the road.

Our American cousin is stiff and sore next day, but recovers in time for the Saturday afternoon tramp to Sault aux Récollets, where Lajeunesse's for many years has been sacred to the snow-shoer. A real Canadian winter

GETTING THE HANG OF THE THING.

day, my friend! How the nipping wind whistles and the crisp snow crumbles under your shoes! Boreas is rampant, and the snow blows a blinding storm like a shower of needles in your face, obliterating any track if there was one. But stiffening your lip you never once think of giving in, though Lajeunesse's is six miles away, and you have to cross country, taking fences and brush on the way, directly due north. You get out of the city limits, and by and by some one drops out of the ranks to fix a loosened thong, or ease a pinched toe. The leaders keep on steadily and as many as can follow, whippers-in being appointed to look after the stragglers and give them a lift if needs be. The snow has filled the roads, and in many places tracks are made for sleighs through fields, marked with trees, but the snow-shoers turn up their noses at beaten tracks, and keep on due north. As you cross a highway some *habitant* chaffs you with offers of a drive in his sleigh, but

A SIDE MOVEMENT.

MAKES A GOOD START.

to drive now would be dishonor. On go the white coats, scarlet sashes, and tassels flying picturesquely in the wind. What is that ahead? Two snow-shoes in distress. Five miles from home and one with a broken shoe, and three feet of snow underneath! Well, old boy, you must limp it as best you can, and you'll have a good excuse to drive home. The lay of the land is indistinct in the sweeping storm. The wind whistles as at sea. But for your snow-shoes you might resign yourself to an untimely cold end, and lie there till spring or a thaw uncovers your corpse. Some one steps on your shoe behind, and you get a twist which sends you over on your back, and there you are again in a worse fix than before. Now you are utterly at the mercy of "Evergreen." Up, my boy! As the old song says:

> "See the novice down once more!
> Pull him out so. Lift him out so.
> Many's the fall he's had before!"

A last race in to our rendezvous! You thought you would have died once or twice on the fields, but now, here you are hungry as a bear, and hearty as a buck, ready to join in the dance and enjoy the song, not to mention the substantial dinner which Lajeunesse knows so well how to provide.

And so, my cousin, you go on, till some

ine day we meet you returning from a deer-unt, looking for all the world a born snow-shoer, having learned the value of snow-shoes n hunting moose, and proud of your first shot in Canadian woods, as well as your ten-nile tramp. And—tell it not in New York, whisper it not in Washington, we meet you some finer day on snow-shoes at another sort of deer-hunt, hand-in-hand no less, with one of our fair lassies. Come, come, cousin Jonathan, I fear you mean annexation. You're a sly as well as a progressive snow-shoer, in truth! I cannot play eavesdropper. I leave you both to your fate. Now, would I not be amazed to see your agile form flying over the hurdles at our races, clearing them like a deer or a Murray; and even so in love with our winter-sport, that you feel as if you could win the club cup.

We have had two days' suspicion of a thaw; the snow has sunken; when the wind changes again, and a sharp frost sets in, the hills are in splendid order for tobogganing, and the moonlight "rolls through the dark blue depths," making the night as bright as day. But, pray, what is the tobogan? It is simply a piece of birch or bass-wood, a quarter inch thick, from five to eight feet long by one or two broad, bent up in front like the dash-board of a sleigh,

AN UNMANAGEABLE STEED.

OVER A CAHOT.

and braced by several cross-pieces of hard wood a foot apart, and by two round rods, one on each side, on top of the cross-pieces, all fastened by cat-gut to the sleigh. The bend at the bow is strengthened by two cross-pieces, and kept in shape by cat-gut strings at the ends bound to the front cross-piece and rod. Grooves are cut on the under side of the tobogan to let the knots sink below the wood. I remember seeing a very good drawing of a tobogan in ST. NICHOLAS last year. When the sleigh is intended for mere pleasure, it is cushioned and christened. It was originally used by the Indians to drag home the results of their hunt, or to carry furs and provisions over the snow. It cannot upset like an ordinary sled, and can be dragged through the bush easier than any other sleigh, and on soft snow, where any other sleigh would sink and stick. On the hills it is steered by the rider (who sits at the stern), either with his hands, his feet, or a short stick in each hand. The tobogan will turn in front to the side on which you press your hand or stick. To steer one going down a steep hill at top speed, needs nerve and experience. Weighted with two or three riders, gaining in speed as it gains in progress, it seems to fly along like a high-

way comet as it flashes past you where you stand on the hill, and your blood curdles at the seeming recklessness of the occupants. This is sport gone mad. What an improvement upon Mazeppa, you think, to strap a foe on one of these winged sleds, and send

TRIES AGAIN AND FEELS LIKE A LARK.

him with a plunge into eternity down some steep cliff into some yawning chasm of death! Yet, my friend, I would modify your imagery, and strap a dyspeptic to said tobogan on one of our Canadian hills with a steady friend to steer him, and I would stake my life that I should either scare away or cure blue devils and dyspepsia. But I should not drag him up-hill again. I should unstrap him and force him to walk; for after the wild delight of the swift flight down, there's a world of health and enjoyment in the chatty walk up, arm-in-arm, perhaps, with a rosy-faced Canada girl,—covered with snow, and heart and lungs filled with the joy of healthy, vigorous life.

"Well, I must confess," says our irrepressible cousin, as he stands on the hill holding the leading-line of his tobogan, and studying the way they do it, "this sort of thing looks more like madness than method. There is a dare-devil sort of delight in it I like, though; so here goes for a trial."

Somehow or other, he has the look of one who is green in experience, and a Canadian friend offers to pilot him down. He seats himself in front, tucks his toes under the bend, and holds on by the leading-string; his friend gives it a shove, jumps on behind, steering with one foot, and away they go, the snow scared into maelstroms and whirlwinds about our cousin's face,—here shooting like lightning over glare ice, there leaping in the air as the tobogan bounds over a *cahot*, or ground-swell, and coming down flop, as if thrown from a catapult, as it lands on the level; now scudding away again in maddest velocity, a mile in a few seconds, the sport of the law of gravitation and a steep hill, our cousin's breath sometimes almost whisked out of his body, until he reaches the bottom, tobogan shaking, and he quaking, as if Death had had him by the shoulders, and had given him a rough shake.

BUT FORGETS TO HOLD ON AT THE CAHOT.

Yet he gets up, and finds that, unlike the traditional Turk, whose head had been severed with such nicety and sharpness, he can sneeze without losing his head, and, in fact, is more anxious to try again than to go home.

Côte des Neiges and McTavish's Hills, in my school-days, were the grand hills for toboganing in Montreal; but by and by the encroachments of building drove the tobogganists to Brehaut's Hill and Clarke avenue

at Côte St. Antoine, or to an open and more public space called Fletcher's Field. At Kingston, they have a fine ride of over a mile on Fort Henry. Quaint old Quebec is fit for tobogoning wherever you go. But one of the most unique rides is down the ice-cone of Montmorenci Falls, about seven miles from Quebec,—as great a resort for tobogonists in winter, as it is for tourists in summer. Indeed, I wonder that no one has as yet begun to rave on the picturesque in ice, especially as seen at Niagara Falls and Montmorenci.* It affords a perfect world of wealth for description and sketching. You get into the funny little, low carioles in Quebec, almost like a box on

LEFT IN THE LURCH.

runners, and with your tobogan dragging behind, off you go for your half-holiday, generally in a party of single horse and tandems, with gay robes, bright faces, and sprightly horses. It is hard to say which enjoy it more,—you or your horses.

Instead of taking the orthodox road, you go on the river, now frozen, and soon reach the semicircular bay hemmed in by huge cliffs, in the center of which are the Falls. One of the most magnificent pictures of ice I ever saw was on a bright afternoon one winter just as we reached this spot, and saw the water—*La Vache* ("the cow"), as it is

TAKES ADVICE FROM A YOUNGSTER.

called by the French *habitants*, on account of its resemblance in color to milk,—pitching over the rock nearly three hundred feet high, while all around the cataract and hanging from the cliffs, massive icicles of all shapes shone like pendants of glass in the sunshine; while here and there on the rocks clumps of light snow were gathered, and at the foot of the fall the ice-cone rose to a height of a hundred feet. This cone

HOLDS ON AND PASSES THE CAHOT SUCCESSFULLY.

* We beg leave to remind the author of the illustrated paper on Niagara in last year's "Midsummer Holiday" number.—EDITOR OF SCRIBNER.

of solid ice is formed by the daily accumulation of spray on a small rock in the river near the foot of the fall, and seems by nature to have been specially designed for the toboganist. The sight here on a galaday is something very picturesque. The cone is covered with ascending and descending parties of toboganists, while on the dry snow below you may see a party enjoying their sandwiches, etc., in their sleighs. Nothing astonishes our winter visitors more than the indifference to danger, and the genuine delight in hard, rough pleasure, shown by our Canadian girls. A few years ago a party of Quebec ladies tramped on snow-shoes into the bush with their husbands, camped for two nights in the snow, and returned better than ever; and any fine moonlight night you may meet such parties reveling in the pastime on our mountain, or in the full bloom of health roughing it on the tobogan hill, even steering the tobogan down alone for the fun of it, and taking the occasional upsets with a laughing *nonchalance*.

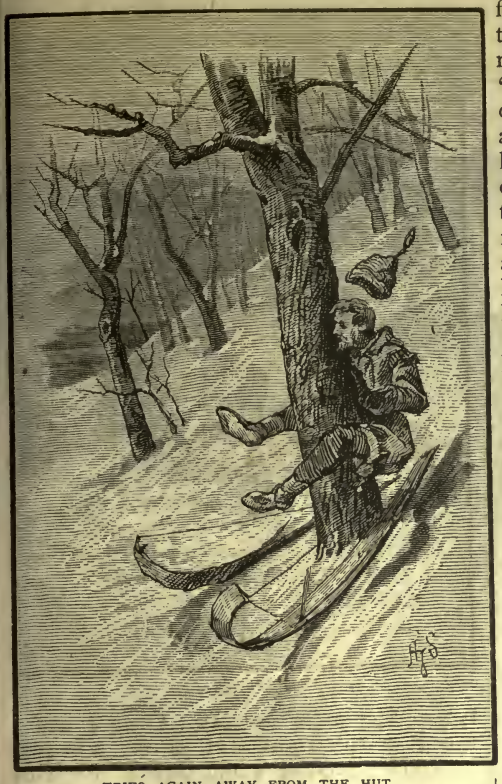
"Is there any real risk in toboganing?" Of course there is, and that's half the vim of it; but accidents happen in the best

BUT FORGETS TO STEER.

regulated sports. Three years ago one of our club was sliding down Brehaut's, when his tobogan bounced over a *cahot*. Down came the toboganist on the flat of his back in some mysterious way no one could understand, with a broken spine, and death

AND COMES TO A DEAD STOP.

before him in two weeks. Once I had a friend in the front seat of my tobogan, backed by two ladies and myself. We were enjoying the sensation of running against a fence at the end of our descent, and I had warned him to keep in his legs, and not fear the concussion; but at once he thrust out his right leg, and got a compound fracture which laid him up for twelve weeks. Toboganists are always bunting against something. It gets monotonous without an occasional upset, and if you cannot get them accidentally, half the fun is in making the sleigh swerve around when at top speed so as to get them on purpose. It's sometimes very sore when you make a sort of hop, skip and jump, over glare ice and a *cahot*, and rattle your bones almost out of joint as you come down with a crash. But there's no danger at all on a large hill without *cahots*, and not any anywhere if you are really careful. You'll get jolted and jerked, and covered with snow from head to toe, but that's healthy. But you'll get many a fascinating and thrilling ride without a single upset, and scarcely a joggle. It all depends on the condition of the hill, and the character of your steerer. I remember once coming down Côte des Neiges Hill, when at the bottom, standing square in the way of crossing the street, was a *habitant's*



TRIES AGAIN AWAY FROM THE HUT.

horse and sleigh. A man stood on the road with his back to the hill, talking to the farmer. Two of us were on the tobogan, and within a few yards of the horse; the road was smooth ice. We both laid back our heads and like a flash shot under the belly of the horse between his legs. All we heard was a fierce neigh of fright from the horse. "If he had kicked?" It would have been bad for the horse, methinks.

But now Cousin Jonathan is in for a day's sport for himself. He has had his own tobogan, and is determined to steer and control it. Freely I concede to my friend Sandham the art of telling the story with pencil better than I can with pen; how Cousin Jonathan made a capital start, till a smooth bit of track made the sled wriggle to one side; how, in the frantic effort to bring it again to its position, he brought it back foremost; how he slid back until he came to a *cahot*, and slid in heels over head and tobogan over all; how he escaped again to try his luck, and overcame the wriggle, and felt like a lark as he reached that *cahot* again; how, for lack of holding on to the side-rods, he was bounced into mid-air like a rubber ball, and came down flat on his back on the snow, to find his tobogan careering away down the hill like a runaway colt; how he took advice of a young "Canuck," who showed him how to hold on tight to the sides; how he marched up again, hope unbroken, but back nearly so; how he held on with a vengeance till he got over the *cahot*, and held on so long and so tight that he forgot to steer; how his *tuque* fell over his face in the jolt of the tobogan, and he nearly ran over a snow-bound hut; how he tried again on another part of the hill, away from that *cahot* and that hut; how he espied a tree ahead, and found when too late that the track was narrow enough to test the steering skill of a veteran; how he lost his presence of mind, and forgot to roll off; how, before he had time to reason it coolly, he shot plump against that tree, and he and the tobogan got the worst of the encounter; and, finally, how plucky Cousin Jonathan, with sprained hand in sling and wrapper over blackened eye, left that Indian basswood almost grafted on the trunk of the tree, and limped home, disgusted for the nonce with Canadian sports, let my friend and artist tell. But the brave fellow writes us that he's coming back to try his luck when his wounds are healed. He frankly blames his own rashness and inexperience, not the merit of the sports. I like that Saxon spirit in him. It's the old Norse

AND CONCLUDES TO WAIT TILL NEXT SEASON.

pluck, which has carried our race and our language throughout the world.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

MISS LARKIN FAINTS AND MR. BENSON FAILS.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE last leap of Mr. Benson toward the darkness was a long one, and he realized that there was a great difference between trying to save himself from falling and endeavoring to defend himself after having fallen. The passage downward was marked by frantic efforts to catch at crags and jutting trees, by spasmodic hopes and fears, by wild prayers and exclamations, but he was at the bottom, and found the ground unexpectedly firm. As a man in a nightmare falls from some beetling cliff, and, with the very grasp of death at his heart, plunges toward the profound, and alights, in breathless surprise, like a feather, and without a conscious wound,—so had Mr. Benson fallen. He was half paralyzed with fear at first, but he felt the firm earth under him, and it was actually pleasant to him to know that he could fall no further. Whatever he had to do could be done at that level. There was nothing worse to be done than he had already accomplished. He could stand there and fight for his life, with such weapons as might be necessary for his purpose.

When he arrived there and realized his position, and saw how much respectable company there was around him, he was strangely content. He did not understand it. It was conscience—already wounded and lame—that made the outcry in his long descent. It was conscience that inspired him to catch here and there at the feeble stays scattered down his headlong progress. It was conscience that had filled him with fear and pain; but conscience, unknown to him, had perished with the fall; and he was left alone with his pride and his blind sense of duty toward religious things, unmindful that the divine voice within him was dead.

The first thing to be done, after he had

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paid his creditors with the money secured by the hypothecation of bonds that did not belong to him, was to raise money for their redemption at the earliest moment. To do this, he would be obliged to sell property at any sacrifice, or obtain a loan. His own property, acquired during his prosperous and speculative days, was so heavily mortgaged that he found it a hopeless resource. He could not deal with men, because they knew too much for him. He did not like to go to Miss Larkin, because she had lost faith in him, and had humbled him; but he seemed to be driven to her for help. He had made her investments carefully, and she was comparatively safe. The interest on some of these had been defaulted, and they were at his mercy.

It did not take him long to conclude that his most hopeful way of securing his grand object was in obtaining a loan from her. The first thing to be done was to make up a schedule of her possessions, and a statement of their condition, in accordance with her wish, that had been so frequently and urgently expressed. With these in his hands, he called upon her one morning, and, in his calm and confidential way, went over the whole matter with her, and secured her hearty thanks for the service.

"You are all right," said Mr. Benson, with a sigh, "but I am all wrong. I ought not to hide from you the fact that I am in the most urgent distress. I am threatened with bankruptcy, and my family with beggary. I tell you, in confidence, that I am so pressed that I do not know which way to turn for relief. If I could raise money on my own property until times change—and times always do change—I could carry through everything, but, as it is, I see nothing but ruin before me. I have so many widows and orphans depending upon me—I shall carry down with me so many livings and so many hopes—I shall be obliged to surrender a reputation so precious to myself—that I might well choose death as a happy alternative."

Mr. Benson's voice trembled as he said all this, looking sadly out of the window,—for he could not meet Miss Larkin's questioning eyes,—and at the close of his revelation he leaned back in his chair and buried his face in his handkerchief.

"Is it so bad as this?" inquired Miss Larkin, in genuine sympathy.

"My child, it is worse that I can tell you," replied Mr. Benson. "I don't know why I should have said all this to you. You have troubles enough to bear without any burdens of mine; but I get weary, sometimes, of carrying my load alone."

Miss Larkin was much distressed. She had no doubt that her guardian was in great trouble. Her heart sprang up with an impulse to help him, but with her knowledge of the man, and her keen instincts, there was something about the whole performance that she apprehended as a trick. He had never approached her with any confidences before. He had steadily shunned her and refused compliance with what had been her most strenuous wish. She knew him to be profoundly selfish, and while it was hard for her to believe that he would wrong her deliberately, it was quite as hard for her to doubt that he had come to her for a selfish purpose.

In truth, the more she thought of it, the more plainly she saw that Mr. Benson had been playing upon her sympathies, in order to draw from her a voluntary offer of assistance. He was sitting and waiting for this offer, in painful but earnest expectancy. His nature was a strong one, and it wrought upon her quick sensibilities with a power that almost determined her to lay her fortune at his feet, and risk the consequences. How could she gain time? How could she fight the approaching fatal determination?

Then there came to her aid an opposing tide of remembrances.

"Mr. Benson," she said, reddening, "do you know that you have treated me very badly?"

"My child, I confess it. Do not upbraid me. I have had great trials to carry, and until this hour I have tried to hide them from you, and spare you pain."

"Do you remember that I owe you nothing—that for every morsel of food I have eaten, and every service you have rendered me, you have been royally paid—that you have almost lived upon me?"

"Why do you put me these questions?" inquired Mr. Benson, roused into a moment of petulant anger.

"Because, as nearly as I can apprehend the object of your visit, you have forsaken the ordinary ways of a business man, and come to a girl who would be utterly helpless but for what she possesses, to obtain her aid—to get her voluntary offer of money. If I felt under the slightest obligation to you—if I could trust you—if you had been an affectionate father, or even friend, to me—I would give half my fortune to save you."

Mr. Benson's plan was not prospering, and he saw that he should be obliged to change his tactics.

"Grace," he said, "I came here relying upon your forgiveness—upon your generosity. I have never dreamed that you could harbor a spirit of revenge. I thought it would be sweeter to you to offer the help I need than to grant a formal request. But I must have the money. I must have it soon; and you compel me to put the responsibility for my future upon yourself. You can save me, or you can ruin me. You can save or ruin my poor family. My fate—their fate—is in your hands. Circumstances over which I now have no more control than I have over the waters of the sea, force me to put the awful responsibility on your shoulders. Shall I die, or live? Shall a hundred widows and orphans curse me to the last day of their miserable lives, or bless me and my memory? The decision is with you."

"Oh, Mr. Benson!" almost screamed Miss Larkin. "Must you be so cruel? Horrible! Horrible!"

She rose upon her sofa, sitting upright, staring wildly into his eyes. Then she burst into a fit of crying, and fell back and buried her face in her pillow.

Mr. Benson sat and coolly watched her. He had made an impression. After her sobs had begun to die away, he said:

"My child, I have told you the simple truth. In the stress of my trouble I do not see how I could have said less."

"Then you must give me time to think about it," said Miss Larkin.

"Unhappily," responded Mr. Benson, with a firm, dogged voice, "I can do no such thing. My needs are desperate—this day, this hour, this moment."

Miss Larkin, during all this interview, had held in her hand a note. It had been read, but it had been unconsciously crumpled in her hands, and was wet with her tears. It was from Nicholas, saying, in a few words, that he would call upon her during the morning, on a matter of business. Why did he not come and interrupt this awful scene? Whither should she turn for help?

"I must have time to think—two hours—one hour," she said.

"Grace, this is a very simple question, and one which no person, whether friend or enemy of mine, can help you to answer. Besides, it is a matter that is not to be bruited. The question simply is whether you are willing, on security that I believe to be good, to lend me the money that will carry me over to a time of prosperity. If you will not lend it, I shall be a hopeless bankrupt within ten days. If you will, I firmly believe that I can reimburse every dollar to you and to every person I owe."

"Go to your library ten minutes, and let me think of it," said the distressed girl.

"Very well," said Mr. Benson, looking at his watch as he left the room. "In ten minutes I will return."

Miss Larkin kissed the note she held in her hands, and exclaimed:

"O my friend! my friend! why don't you come!"

But the ten minutes passed away, in a tumult of apprehension and expectation, and then Mr. Benson returned, with a pen and ink in one hand, and written documents in the other.

"Well, my dear," he said, "I'm sure of your conclusion. A nature like yours can possibly come to but one."

"But I ought to ask counsel," said Miss Larkin, appealingly. "You cannot be my counsel in this matter, you know. You are personally interested in it. You are so much interested in it that your advice is good for nothing."

"Will you sign these documents, my child?"

"What are they?"

"They are a power of attorney for selling property, and a pledge to me that you will lend me the proceeds. The deeds will be brought for your signature in good time. The pledge I propose to use to get extensions with, until I get hold of the money."

Mr. Benson moved a table to the side of his ward, placing the papers before her, dipped the pen in the ink, and, without looking into her face, tried to place the pen in her hand. She did not take the pen, and when his hard eyes sought her face she was in a fainting fit, and the crumpled note had fallen in her lap.

He first grasped and opened the note. The moment his eye apprehended its contents, he understood her hesitation. Crumpling the note again, and restoring it, he rose, without calling for assistance, and, sprinkling water in her face, brought her back to consciousness.

"Here is the pen, my dear," he said. "I am sorry you should permit yourself to be overcome by so insignificant a matter."

She took the pen in her trembling hand, and then she heard the door-bell ring.

"Now! Before interruption!" sharply exclaimed Mr. Benson.

The servant knocked at the door, partly opened it, and announced Mr. Minturn.

Not a word was said.

"Shall I ask him to come up?" inquired the servant.

"No!" said Mr. Benson, spitefully.

"Yes! oh yes!" half screamed Miss Larkin.

Mr. Benson was so angry that he could have smitten her upon the mouth, if he had dared to do so dastardly a deed with retribution so close at hand.

Nicholas was at the foot of the staircase, and had overheard every word. His quick apprehension detected the tone of distress in Miss Larkin's voice, and he did not wait for the servant's return, but mounted the staircase in a breath, and presented himself at the open door. Miss Larkin gave a cry of joy, and sank back into another swoon.

The young man and the old man bowed stiffly to each other, Mr. Benson saying quietly:

"Our friend does not seem to be quite well this morning. Perhaps you had better call at some other time."

Without saying a word, Nicholas stepped to Miss Larkin's side and rang her bell. It sounded the knell of Mr. Benson's purposes and expectations, for, in a moment Miss Bruce appeared, and entered with profound alarm upon the ministries of restoration.

Mr. Benson bit his lip, gathered up his papers, his pen, his ink, and, with an angry glance at Nicholas, started for his library.

"Can I see you a moment, this morning, Mr. Benson?" said Nicholas, as the latter passed him.

There was an air of restraint about both. They would not quarrel in the presence of Miss Larkin, but both recognized the elements of a quarrel in the situation.

"It doesn't strike me that it is advisable for us to meet this morning," said Mr. Benson, coolly. "I'm in no mood for it. I doubt whether you are."

"Miss Bruce," said Nicholas, "if Miss Larkin can see me before I leave the house, I will return." Then to Mr. Benson: "I shall beg the privilege of a few minutes in the library with you. You know I don't trouble you very often."

Mr. Benson found himself under a strange self-control. He had deliberately proposed to lie, in the event of detection in any of his fraudulent transactions, and to take the consequences, whatever they might be. He would never submit to a confession of his misdeeds. When he had reached this point, he had found what seemed like solid ground.

The two men passed into the library together. Nicholas helped himself to a seat, and Mr. Benson took one between him and the sharp light that came in at the window.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what has so agitated Miss Larkin this morning?" inquired the young man.

"No; it's none of your business."

"Shall I tell you?"

"No; I know it already; and if a man may be permitted to speak his mind in his own house, I may say that your presence in Miss Larkin's room this morning was an impertinent intrusion, and that your presence here possesses quite the same character."

"I have not the slightest objection to your opinion on these points," said Nicholas, reddening with choler in spite of himself, "but it seems to me that you and I have quite a fund of knowledge in common. We both know why it is that you dare not resent my presence here. We both know that you were in Miss Larkin's room for the purpose of cheating her out of her fortune to save yourself. We both know it was one of the meanest acts of your life. But there is one thing that you do not know, and that I propose to tell you. I am here for the purpose of saving her from you. I apprehended this before I left home, and I have come here for no other object than that of thwarting your schemes. I propose to accomplish this object before I leave this house. I have just left Mr. Glezen's office, and if she will accept him, he will henceforward act as her adviser. Have you any objection to this?"

"Not the slightest."

Nicholas expected an explosion, but it did not come. He had no doubt that Mr. Benson lied, but his apparent compliance with his plan embarrassed him.

Mr. Benson, seeing that his words had had the effect he desired, then said:

"You ought to know that my time is very precious to me, and that you have no justification for compelling me to tolerate your presence here for another minute. Shall I bid you good-morning, and leave you to your plotting against a man who never did you harm?"

"Not yet," said Nicholas, who began to feel very uncomfortable. "You have been kind enough to profess some interest in the recovery of the bonds that were stolen from me at Ottercliff."

"Well, what of the bonds?"

"I have a clew to them."

"Have you?"

Nicholas watched his *vis-à-vis* very closely, but he did not start. There had been a change in him which he did not comprehend. He had seen the plastic lime harden into stone. He had seen the molten iron flowing like water, and cooling into unimpressible forms. He had drank of the water in summer upon which he had stepped in winter; but never before had he seen a man in whom nerves had once tingled with vitality and blood had coursed warmly transformed to adamant.

"Yes," said Nicholas, "I have a clew to them. I have a letter now in my pocket which I know to have come from one of the robbers. He has told me—or rather the lawyer to whom I committed the matter has told me—just what has been done with the bonds. I know the night on which they were transferred to the hands that now hold them. I know who has them in his possession."

"Does the man who holds them know them to be yours?" inquired Mr. Benson, in the most quiet manner possible.

"I have no doubt that he is morally sure that they are mine," said Nicholas.

"So you haven't found the record of the numbers yet?"

"No."

"Then what are you talking about? If you know where your bonds are, and know who holds them, why don't you claim them by due process of law? Perhaps you are morally sure where your bonds are, as the holder may be morally sure that they are yours; but moral certainty will not answer in a case of this kind. You are undoubtedly a sharp man,—for one of your age and experience,—and although I have not much reason for favoring you, I will give you some advice that you can use to your advantage. You have taken the word of a confessed thief, and believed it against some man whom I do not know, of course, but one who is likely to be a man of good standing. The thief is after money, and he has proved to you that he doesn't care how he gets it. Practically, he has confessed this to you, yet you talk as if you were sure that he had told you the truth. Now if he had known me, he would be just as likely to charge me with holding the bonds as anybody. No matter whom he charges with the act of purchasing, it is an affair that it will not not do for you to talk about. I don't want you to tell me whom you suspect, for, if I should find a man slandering me in that way, I should prosecute him for libel at once. Take care of yourself, my good fellow, even if you lose your bonds."

Poor Nicholas was at his wit's end. He could make no headway against such flinty assurance as this. He had expected to bring Mr. Benson to his knees, as he had done on former occasions. He had pictured to himself this trembling victim of his righteous wrath, begging for his mercy and restoring his property. Glezen had been right, for once; and he was mastered, though he was just as sure of Mr. Benson's guilt as he was when he entered the house. In the present condition of Mr. Benson's mind, he saw that his plan was hopeless. Moral certainties were of no more account. There was no way by which Mr. Benson could be reached, except by legal process and legal evidence. He saw that his case was weak,—utterly hopeless, in fact,—that his moral certainty was a legal uncertainty and that his evidence, in a court of justice, without such corroboration as he could not command, was not worth a straw.

He saw that charging Mr. Benson with guilt would not help his case, and so—disappointed, stunned, helpless—he rose to take his leave. He had learned that the lion running for his life, and the lion at bay, were two very different animals.

After Nicholas went out, Mr. Benson was filled with a strange emotion of victory. He had lost Miss Larkin, but he had reached the point where he was ready to fight for the hypothecated bonds as his own, which made him independent of Miss Larkin. She was quite at liberty to choose her own advisers, and he would take care of himself, in the only way that she had left possible to him—at her friend's expense! He found himself enjoying a subtle sense of revenge in this, and went out of his house at last in a state of mind more collected and calm than he had experienced for many weeks.

When a man is lost in a thicket, and all the ways which lead toward the light are closed against him, he has no choice but to go on in such paths as he can find, and take the chances. The path he takes may lead him to a precipice, and it may not. He will die if he remains—of that he is sure. There

is, at least, excitement and hope in action. This was precisely Mr. Benson's condition. He would fight for life to the last. He apprehended the fact that Nicholas believed in his guilt, and knew that he had made no change in the young man's convictions; but he had learned that no reliable legal evidence was at command for fastening conviction upon himself, and he believed that at this far distance from the robbery, the probabilities were all against the discovery of the only evidence that would place him *hors de combat.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

Miss Larkin had felt for many weeks that a malign influence was upon her. She knew that Mr. Benson was in trouble, and she strongly suspected or feared that she was to be disastrously associated with it. She had endeavored in vain to get from him a knowledge of her affairs, and she had dwelt upon the trial of her faith and patience until she had found herself morbidly depressed. Her progress toward the recovery of her strength seemed to have been arrested, and her hope had begun to die out. Her attendant had noticed with alarm the waning of her courage, but there was one cause of depression which even the keen eyes of Miss Bruce did not discover.

Miss Larkin could not but be aware of the fact that Nicholas was her lover; and she had come to a determination with regard to it which had cost her the most heroic effort of her life. The moment her hope began to waver, under the depressing circumstances which environed her, this determination was always ready to crush her into the dust. She wept in secret over her awful sense of sacrifice—a sacrifice of which the quick heart of Nicholas had given him a prophecy. She was sure that, sometime, Nicholas would reveal what had long since ceased to be a secret to her, and she intended, for his sake, to refuse him. Her heart had discounted the great trial, and she had taken the result into her bosom long before its time. Of course it was poison to her. In her sensitive organization, brain and nerve that responded so readily to the quickening influence of hope, slackened and sank back before the front of despair. In some natures the mind lives upon the body, in others the body seems to live upon the mind. It drops before the fall of a hope as quickly as before the blow of a hand.

It was in her depressed mood that Mr. Benson found her when he sought her on the morning of the events which have been narrated. She was poorly prepared to resist his unyielding demand, and nothing but her fainting fit had saved her from the accomplishment of his scheme.

When Nicholas had come and retired, and she, returning to consciousness, realized not only that her fears in regard to her fortune were groundless, but that she had been saved from endangering or ruining it by her own hand, she was inexpressibly relieved. A great burden was lifted from her mind, and all her vitalities reacted, as the grass rises after a rough foot has pressed it. Then she wanted to see Nicholas again, and perfect and confirm the work which had been so happily begun.

When the young man emerged from the library, after his fruitless interview with Mr. Benson, he saw Miss Larkin's door ajar, and recognized the seeming accident as an invitation. As he knocked, and quickly entered, Miss Bruce retired, and he found Miss Larkin sitting in a chair. Her eyes showed that she had been weeping, but she met him with a cordial smile, and a blush that proved that her heart was beating bravely once more.

Nicholas had met with a great discomfiture, and his heart was heavy; but her welcome warmed him and invited him to confidence.

"You have escaped a great danger, Miss Larkin," he said.

"For which I am indebted to you," she responded, with a grateful smile. "Isn't it strange that in the great emergencies of my life you always come?"

"Especially when you are to be saved from your guardian," he said bitterly.

"Have you quarreled again?"

"No; I feel that there are to be no more quarrels between Mr. Benson and myself. I am positively awed by the change that he has undergone. I must not tell you of what has happened, but I am just as certain that a great calamity is coming to him and to this house as I am that a great sin has been committed here."

"You astonish me, Mr. Minturn."

"I have been astonished—almost terrified—myself. I want you to get away from him. I cannot bear to have you live another day under this roof."

"You are nervous," she said, looking smilingly into his solemn face.

"No, I'm not nervous. My nerves seem almost dead. It is a conviction, and not an impression. You must see that I am

perfectly calm. Miss Larkin, there is a cloud over this house, and there is lightning in it, and vengeance in the lightning."

"I have noticed the change in Mr. Benson of which you speak," she said, "but I'm not afraid now."

"Do you know, Miss Larkin, that all my life went out of me this morning? I can deal with men, but not with the devil, or a soul in his possession. I cannot tell what the influence was. I shrank before it as if it came from one whom God had forsaken,—one so given up and bound to sin that I could not willingly give him occasion for further perjury."

"You distress me. Let us not talk about it any more."

"One thing you must promise me first," said Nicholas. "Mr. Benson has come to the conclusion, I think, that it will be of no use to seek aid from you, after this morning, and the interview which he saw I was to have with you; but you must promise that whatever may be his demands and importunities you will not yield to them without consulting Mr. Glezen. I have told Mr. Benson that Glezen will act as your adviser, and he has assured me that he has not the slightest objection."

"Then he has made it easy for me to give the promise, and I do it most heartily and gratefully," said Miss Larkin.

Another burden was thus lifted from her heart, and the business of Nicholas was completed; but he lingered. He had been full of pity and apprehension for her, and his love for her had sprung to her defense. He had her promise, but he wanted something more. He had watched her, as she sat before him, in her momently freshening beauty, and felt that the hour of his destiny had come.

"Miss Larkin," he said, while the color forsook his trembling lips, "I have carried a thought in my heart from the first day of our meeting, and I must speak it now."

Miss Larkin apprehended the long-dreaded announcement. She had warded it off more than once, and intended to do it again, and always; but she saw that there was no help for it now, without an interruption which she was not rude enough to make. She turned away her face, that grew pale under his earnest gaze.

"I must tell you that you have changed my whole being. When I first met you, I was aimless and, of course, useless. The touch of your hand has fructified my life. Whatever I am to-day, and whatever I am doing, are the record of your work upon me. I can no more help loving you than I can help breathing. Whatever may come of it—whatever may be your feeling toward me—you must permit me to tell you this, for you are a constant presence in my daily work and my nightly dreams. You are my angel of inspiration. It seems as if God himself had expressed his love for me through you, and that my return for the gift has been made through the same channel. Humbly, and without boasting, let me say that what I have given has been as pure as that which I have received. And now that I see you in danger,—when I know that you are in hands unworthy of your keeping,—my heart and hands spring to your defense. I wish to shield you. I long to make you mine—to hold the right to stand between you and all danger."

These words, inspired to such winning eloquence by the passion that moved him, came so swiftly and impetuously that Miss Larkin could not have interrupted him had she attempted to do so. At their close, she gave a convulsive sob, as if her heart had risen to her mouth, and she had forced it violently back to its place. Overcome by her emotion, it was a long time before she could speak.

"Mr. Minturn," she said, after a period of painful silence, "it is a hard return to make for such a confession as yours, but I must say to you—however much it may cost me—that you have given me the most terrible pain of my life. It cannot be! It cannot be!"

"It must be!" exclaimed Nicholas, starting to his feet. "It shall be! What have I lived for? Why did God bring us together? Does he delight in mocking his poor creatures? Does he rejoice in their torture? Does he set traps for them, and beguile them into bondage, that he may laugh at them? Why has he spoken to me through you? Why has he held you before me as a prize and a reward, and made every moment of these last months more precious than gold with the thought of you? It must be! It shall be!"

Nicholas walked the room, back and forth, like a tiger newly caged, pausing at Miss Larkin's chair, and looking into her upturned eyes to emphasize his wild questions.

"My dear friend, do not talk in this way," she said, at length. "You cannot know how much you distress me."

"Then why do you say it cannot be?"

said Nicholas, pausing at her side. "If you say"—and his voice grew low and tremulous—"that you do not love me—that you cannot love me—I will try with God's help to bear it, and bear a life shorn of hope and every aim except forgetfulness, but there is no other reason in God's world that I will accept. Do you tell me that you do not and cannot love me?—that all the blood that has flowed out of my heart has gone into the sand? Oh, my God! my God! why was I born?"

Miss Larkin had dropped her eyes, and did not dare to raise them. Oh, that she could feel at liberty to respond to this tide of passion, every drop of which was filled with life for her!—every drop of which was feeding her at life's fountain!

"Mr. Minturn!"

He came back to his seat, arrested and calmed by her quiet voice.

"You are a man," she said. "Can you bear pain? Can you bear pain like a woman? Can you bear pain with me?"

"I can bear anything with you," he responded.

"Can you bear separation with me?"

"I can bear any separation that is necessary. I should be a fool to bear any that is not."

"You have done me a great honor," said Miss Larkin.

"Don't! You humiliate me," exclaimed Nicholas, almost fiercely.

"Oh, what shall I say to you? What can I say to you? What would you think of me—what would your friends think of me—if, in my helplessness and uselessness, I were willing to appropriate your life? I should forever be ashamed of myself were I to do so base a thing."

"You do not love me! You cannot love me!" exclaimed Nicholas, hotly.

"I don't see why that should matter," she said.

"Are you so cold? Is it all a mistake? Do you suppose that I could be so base as to forsake and deny the woman I love, or permit her to sacrifice herself for any such considerations as seem to have weight with you. Why, your helplessness is to me the very glory of my love. It forever sets the seal of genuineness upon my passion. I'm thankful that God has put the purity of my love beyond question. I tell you that the contemplation of the task of taking care of you, and ministering to your pleasure and your comfort, has filled my future with its sweetest light."

"My friend,—my best friend,—cannot you understand that the measure of a woman's love is to be found in the measure of her self-denial?"

"What are you saying?" said Nicholas eagerly.

She looked up into his eyes while the tears rained down her cheeks. He read it all. What divine intuition gave him light, what revelation of the power of love was whispered in his ear, what miracle had been wrought upon her for which he had been made unconsciously ready, he did not know, but he extended his arms where he stood, and she rose and was folded in his strong embrace.

"Mine!" he said. "Mine forever!"

He held her to his breast in a long transport of happiness, and then, for the first time, he realized the change in her.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, putting her head away from him. "Do you know that you are on your feet?"

"Am I?" she asked with a start.

This was too much for Nicholas. He had fought his way through all the difficulties of the hour, sometimes desperately and always bravely, but this miracle touched the deepest fountain of his emotions, and, leading her back to her chair, he abandoned himself—like the simple-hearted boy that he was—to his tears.

All her burdens were lifted now. The hand of Love had touched her, and healed her. "Maiden, arise!" it had said; and she had obeyed the command, and felt that she was whole again. Full of gratitude, possessed by a glad peace that made heaven of the little room where she had so long been a prisoner, she sat and watched the young man at her side whom Heaven had bestowed upon her, and realized with ineffable joy that despite herself her life had been united to his. How long her new strength would last, she did not know. Her hopes had been roused more than once, to be crushed; but she could not but believe that the new stimulus from without and the refreshed and strengthened faith and courage within, would confirm the cure so auspiciously begun.

She touched his hand.

"Why do you weep?" she said.

"My dear Grace, God has been here this morning," he responded. "He only knows how almost madly I have prayed for this; and now that, by what seems to me to be a veritable miracle, he has answered my prayers, I am awed and

humiliated. I hardly dare to lift my eyes, and look around me; and when I think how precious a prize I have won, with what boyish petulance I fought for it, and how unworthy of it my impatience proved me to be, it almost makes an infidel of me. It seems as if God could not have respected such greedy and inconsiderate beseechings, and that all this change must have come through some happy chance."

"You'll soon run through this mood, I am sure," she said. "Let us walk."

She rose from her chair, steadied to her feet by his strength, and clasping his arm with her locked hands, they paced slowly back and forth through the room.

The newly recovered powers did not fail, and it was only after the persistent persuasions of Nicholas that she consented to resume her seat.

Then he said:

"It can be?"

"Yes."

"And it shall be?"

"Yes."

"Now," said Nicholas, "I must get you out of this house. I do not wish to enter it again. It is a house in which I have experienced the greatest happiness of my life, but something terrible is going to happen here, and you must not be here to witness it, or share its consequences."

"Why, Nicholas! It seems to me that you are unreasonable—almost superstitious."

"I cannot help it," he responded.

"How can I forsake Mrs. Benson?"

"God pity her!" exclaimed Nicholas, sadly.

"And why should not I?"

"Pity her, by all means, and leave her to her griefs and mortifications undisturbed."

"But where can I go?"

"Leave that to me."

"Very well, since you so strongly wish it."

"Can I speak of this?" inquired Nicholas.

"Our engagement?"

"Yes."

To the man—glad and triumphant—this would be an easy matter. To the woman, there came considerations which embarrassed her. The cure and the engagement came too near together.

"Only in confidence, for the present," she said.

She rose to her feet, and bade him good-morning, and Nicholas went out into the cold sunshine, and saw men hurrying by on their petty errands, heard the empty roar of the streets, saw the vulgar traffic that was going on on every hand, and wondered that nobody had known about, or cared for, the events which had wrought so powerfully upon himself. His memory went to and fro between the darkness and the light of the two rooms in which he had spent the morning—between the chamber that had seemed forsaken of the divine presence, and that which was flooded with it; between the man who was sinking in the darkness, and the woman who was rising into light; between the man who had robbed him of his gold, and the woman who had given him herself, until, almost before he knew, his hand had rung the bell at the door of the Coates' mansion.

He could tell Miss Coates all about it, "in confidence." He found her at home, and watched her swimming eyes while he made his revelation. He could not tell her why he wanted to have Miss Larkin removed from her home, but he assured her that it must be done.

"I should be delighted to have her here," said Miss Coates, quickly. "I think my mother will consent to my inviting her to make us a visit."

"Suppose we ask her," said Nicholas, anxious to have the matter disposed of.

Miss Coates was too familiar with her mother's weakness, to trust any hands but her own with the management of that question. Mrs. Coates did not approve of having young ladies in the house who would divide attention with Jenny, and fearing an awkward scene if she admitted her to the conference, Miss Coates said:

"If you will leave the affair with me, I think I can arrange it."

Nicholas was profuse with his thanks.

"No, you owe me nothing. I am only too glad to be of the slightest service to one to whom I owe so much," she responded. "You have made me very happy by your confidence, and by telling me of the fulfillment of a hope that has been one of the strongest of my life. I have seen it all from the first in both of you."

"Have you?"

"Yes, and I have approved of it."

She gave him both her hands at parting, and said:

"I am profoundly grateful for your happiness, and I congratulate you. I could wish for both of you nothing different and nothing better."

Before night, Miss Coates, charged with

her invitation, called on Miss Larkin, and the following morning was fixed upon for the commencement of the visit.

Mr. Benson received the announcement without a frown and without a smile,—in the business way in which he would have received any statement on 'Change. He realized that she was dead to him, and that her affairs would soon pass out of his hands. Still, he would appear to be interested in her; and when Nicholas and Miss Coates drove to the door, he was there with helpful service and polite attention to see her off. He bore into the street, as she entered the carriage and drove away, a semblance of his old, courtly manner.

"Don't stay long, my dear! Don't stay long!" he said, as he lifted his hat at parting; and then he went back into the house, past his sad wife, to whom he did not even give a glance, up the staircase, into his library.

But Miss Larkin did stay a long time. Indeed, she never returned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NICHOLAS, with all the hopefulness of his temperament, and all the confidence that was engendered by his persistent activities and their grateful results, had many hours of doubt and discouragement. The longer he lived in the city, the larger it seemed to him. The more he became acquainted with the sources of pauperism, and comprehended the influences which fostered it, the more incurable it appeared. The unwillingness of the pauperized masses to be lifted from their degradation, the organized falsehood that prevailed among them, their disposition to transform all the agencies that were employed for their help into means for enabling them to live without work, their absolute loss of all manly and womanly impulses and ambitions, their intemperance, their apparent lack of power to stand even when placed upon their feet with a remunerative task before them, were circumstances which, in some moods of his mind, so sickened and disgusted him that he felt like retiring from the field.

He saw great rascalities in progress of growth, or in the descent of disaster, every one of which was bending with its crop of pauperism—organized bodies of speculators making haste to be rich without the production of a dollar, and getting rich at the expense of the impoverishment of large masses of men—single operators rising upon the topmost waves of affluence, while down in the dark hollows their victims were crying for help or drowning—great industries overdone through the strifes and competitions of capital, and then thousands thrown out of employment and reduced to beggary!

He saw at the corner of every street the magazines of liquid death doing their poisonous work on body and soul, licensed and cherished by the politics of a great city, and intrenched behind the strongholds of law and public opinion. He saw comfortable men going in, day after day, and coming out poor and debauched, imbibing with their intoxicating and debasing draughts the habits of idleness which inevitably made paupers of them and of their wives and children. He saw ten thousand grog-shops absorbing not only the hard earnings of the poor, but the mistaken gifts of the benevolent, who were trying to give them bread. He saw uncounted masses of men, women and children, poisoned through and through with drink, and dark figures moving among them inflamed to cruelty and crime; and he realized that the little he had done to stem this tide of degradation was only to be compared to the holding of his hand in the rapids of a Niagara. He looked around him, among the rich and the good, and saw them apathetic—overawed by, or content with, the respectability of a traffic and a practice which were the daily source of more misery, debasement, poverty and crime, than any which he knew, and felt that he was regarded by them either as a weak enthusiast, or an impracticable fanatic. No voice of warning that he could raise would be heard amid the jeers of the scoffing crowd. No importunities for reform that he could utter would be thought worthy of a hearing!

Then he looked about him to count up the influences for relief. He had studied these in every aspect, with persistent inquiry. He had visited the hospitals, the charitable guilds, the great societies. He had found much conscientious labor in progress, but everything was for relief, and next to nothing for reform. Pauperism had been accepted as a fixed fact, and the great anxiety of the benevolent societies seemed to be to ward off suffering. Their work was done if nobody starved or froze. The causes of pauperism had little consideration, and less attempt to remove them. On one side lay the great world of poverty, and suffering, and deliberately chosen helplessness. On the other, the benevolent endeavor to shield this world of helplessness

from the consequences of its dissipations, its idleness, and its misdeeds. Now and then, undoubtedly, worthy poverty was helped; but in nine cases out of ten, pauperism was cherished. People had learned to live upon these societies. They knew that in the last resort—however basely they might part with their means of living earned in fitful labor, or picked up in the street from door to door—they would not be permitted by these societies to starve. He saw, too, that the disease of pauperism was infectious, and that even those who had the means of living hid them, and, with the basest lies, cheated the societies into their support.

More than all this, and sadder even than all this, he saw that these associations were in competition with each other for the public support, and that their officers were magnifying their importance at the expense of their neighbors,—that they were the nurseries of political and church influence, and schemes for office, and personal support and aggrandizement. He saw petty jealousies among them, and heard the bruiting of rival claims to consideration and usefulness.

Outside of these he saw an army of devoted Christian workers, engaged in the almost fruitless attempt to make Christians of those who had not the energy, or truthfulness, or ambition, to be men. Even these were engaged in rivalry. Sect was striving with sect for the possession of children,—for the privilege of teaching them, —holding them by the power of gifts and amusing entertainments. Sympathizing profoundly with the aims of these workers, but distrusting their means and machinery, he could hope for but little in the way of useful results. Here and there he could find a man who understood the work to be done—a man who understood that he could do little for a child whose home, in every influence, was wrong. Where there was one of these, however, there were a hundred whose influence was tributary to, and confirmatory of, the pauperism in which the children of their Sunday charge had their birth and daily life. They were instructed without being developed. The chapels and school-rooms instituted by the churches had the fixed and everlasting fact of pauperism for their corner-stone. There the teeming generations of paupers were to come and go, without even the opportunity to develop themselves into self-supporting schools and churches, or to attain any influence that would be tributary to their sense of manhood and womanhood. Building without a basis for issues without value there were thousands of Christian men and women spending time and comfort and money. They were winning much for themselves; they were doing but little for others.

This awful chasm between the rich and the poor!—what would come of it? This nether world and this upper world!—how could they be brought together? Envy upon one side, pity upon the other!—how could these widely separated realms be made to understand each other? How could they be brought into mutual sympathy and mutual respect?

These were the great facts and great problems that stared the young man in the face at every angle of vision. Surface views, surface work, surface results, everywhere! Nothing radical anywhere! much for palliation, nothing for cure! A world of benevolent intent and beneficent action, more than a moiety of which went to the nourishment of the monster who held the pauperized poor in its toils!

Yet, when Nicholas undertook to push his views, or express his apprehensions, or criticise the movements and operations of the benevolent people around him, he was always met with protests and discouragements. He was assured that the great charities were in the wisest hands the city possessed; that the men who directed them had had great experience and long observation; and often it was kindly hinted to him that he was young, and told that he would probably change his views somewhat after having lived a little longer and seen a little more. He could not point them to what he had already done, for the final outcome of that was not yet apparent.

It was fortunate for him that he was young—that his heart was not dead, that his insight was not blunted, and that he had no preconceived notions to influence his judgment, or hinder his action. It was fortunate, too, for him that he had that boldness of youth which does not pause to consider personal consequences, or the possibilities of failure. To a certain extent, he was conscious that he was working in the dark, but he definitely saw something to be done, he had no question that the instrumentalities which were in operation around him were incompetent to produce the desiderated result, and he was quick and fertile in expedients.

A great scheme unfolded itself to him;

how could he accomplish it? How could he even propose it?

With the exception of the little speech he had made upon the spur of the moment at "The Atheneum," on the night of the opening of that institution, he had never undertaken even the humblest public address. Still, he believed that he could talk if he could keep his head. He realized the difference between an audience of ignorant men and men of the class whom he wished to reach; but he believed that if he could get his idea definitely into his own mind, he could at least express it in a manner to be apprehended, though he might do it somewhat clumsily.

His first thought was that he would invite a number of gentlemen to his own rooms, but as he wrote out the names of those who were engaged in benevolent efforts, in private and official positions, he found that his apartments would be too strait for the number he desired to call together. Then he determined to invite every man connected with the different societies, every clergyman, every missionary, every agent and almoner, and a large number of private citizens, to meet him at "The Atheneum." So he immediately secured the printing and the distribution of his invitations.

The men whom he invited had all heard of Nicholas and his operations, and many of them knew him personally. His wealth and social consideration, his unique devotion to benevolent efforts, and a personal reputation which began with his heroism upon the lost "Ariadne," and had been fed by the reports of his operations at "The Atheneum," brought together not only a respectable and willing, but a very curious audience. He trembled when he saw it enter,—the men of age, the men of substance and social importance, the men of eloquence and influence, the officials of the societies,—the great and learned and good, and those who lived in their shadow or their sunshine; but he was sure of his motives, at least, and he needed not to be afraid.

Without any formality of organization, Nicholas came modestly forth upon the platform, and was received in blank silence. He looked so young and assumed so little, as he appeared before them, he had seemed so old and presumed so much in calling them together, that his audience naturally assumed a critical and questioning mood. The atmosphere in which he found himself was not calculated to re-assure him; and during the first minutes he became aware that he was standing face to face with immovable prejudice and jealous conservatism. They had come to see him and hear what he had to say, without the desire to learn, and without a doubt that they knew more than he upon the subject of his communication. They had come to hear an interesting school-boy declaim, to pat him on the shoulder with approval if he should do his work well, and then good-naturedly to go home to their own plans, and self-complacently to resume their labors.

"It has occurred to me," said Nicholas, making his modest bow, "that you, who have had so much experience in dealing with the poverty of the city, and you who are interested in all benevolent enterprises, may like to know what I have been doing here, and with what results. It is possible that I ought, at the beginning, to ask your pardon for not having consulted you upon my plans, but I beg you to remember that where there are so many rival claims to pre-eminence, and so much conflicting wisdom, a young and inexperienced stranger would have a difficult task in determining the truth."

A smile went around the audience, who appreciated the very palpable hit.

"I confess, however," he went on, "to having discovered in myself a certain inaptitude to work in an organization which I cannot myself direct. This may look to you like presumption, but I do not think it is. At any rate, I am satisfied with my experiment, so far as it has gone, and now, with your leave, I will give you a brief account of it."

Then Nicholas gave in detail the history of "The Atheneum" enterprise, with which the reader is already familiar.

Every friend and official representative of the charitable societies listened to the story with profound interest, trying to find something to ingraft upon his own enterprise. Each was alert to pick up suggestions which would add capital and practical working power to his own scheme, and, at the close of the narrative, Nicholas was almost overwhelmed with questions from the various dignitaries before him.

When these questions were answered, and the brief discussions to which they gave rise had died away, Nicholas said:

"Gentlemen, the story of my work here is but the prelude to a proposition which I have to make. It should come through weightier words than mine,—from an older

man and a man more widely known,—but if the proposition has any strength, it has it in itself and not in me. It is well, perhaps, that it will come to you without any great name and influence behind it, so that you may consider and handle it on its own merits.

"I have, during my few months of experience, become most discouragingly aware of the utter incompetency of the present modes of dealing with pauperism, and I have come to the profound, and what seems to me the irreversible, conviction, that there need not be one hundred willing paupers, at any one time, in the city of New York."

"Oh!" "oh!" "oh!" came up in tones of incredulity from every part of the hall.

Nicholas felt the sting, and it did him good.

"If there had ever been in this city," he went on, "a single great organization, either of benevolence or police, which embraced every district of the city in its surveillance and its offices of administration, and that organization had fallen into a hundred pieces, which had been grasped at and appropriated by opposing sects and rival guilds and associations, we could come to but one conclusion, viz, that the great enterprise of helping the poor was in a state of organized disorganization. That, as I apprehend it, is precisely the condition of this great enterprise to-day. Our organization is disorganization. These warring parts, informed and moved by discordant aims, vitalized by differing and often jarring motives, seeking incongruous ends, ought to be the factors of a harmonious whole. What are you doing now, gentlemen, but paddling around among palliations? What are many of you doing but nourishing—not designedly, of course, and not directly, perhaps, but still nourishing, in spite of yourselves—the very vice whose consequences you are endeavoring to assuage? What are you doing but trying to build up separate interests in a cause which, in its very nature, has but one? How much of private, church and political interest stands organized, aggressive and self-defensive at the head of your great charities? And what have you done? The station-houses are thronged every night with disgusting tramps and paupers who haunt your kitchens for food, who hold out their hands to you in the street, who refuse work when it is offered to them, and who shame the sun-light with their filthy rags. Does your work grow less with all your expenditures? Is pauperism decreasing? Is it not coming in upon you and beating upon your sympathies and your efforts in constantly augmenting waves?"

Nicholas was entirely aware that he had assumed a tone and directness of address that were unbecoming to him, but he had been stirred to them by the sneers and the quiet, amused glances that he witnessed before him.

"I do not intend to make myself offensive to you," he said, "and I beg you to forgive such extravagance as may spring from my deep feeling on the subject."

"Will Mr. Minturn kindly give us his scheme?" said a bland-faced gentleman who rose in the audience.

"With pleasure," Nicholas responded. "I would like to see every charitable organization existing in this city, including my own enterprise, swept out of existence. I would like to see established in their place a single organization whose grand purpose it is to work a radical cure of pauperism. I would like to see the city government, which is directly responsible for more than half the pauperism we have, united in administration with the chosen representatives of the benevolence of the city, in the working out of this grand cure. I would like to see the city divided into districts so small that one man can hold in each, not only a registry of every family living in it, but obtain and preserve a knowledge of each family's circumstances and character. I would have a labor-bureau in every district, in connection with this local superintendent's office. I would have the record of every man and woman even more complete than any that has ever been made by your mercantile agencies. I would have such vagrancy as we find illustrated by the tramps and dead-beats who swarm about the city, a sufficient crime for condemnation to hard labor in prisons and factories built for that purpose. I would make beggary on the street a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment. I would have every helpless person understand where help in emergencies can always be had by a representation of facts, subject to immediate and competent examination. I would see the matter so arranged that a premium would be put upon the truth, and a ban upon falsehood. Temperance and intemperance should always be considerations in dealing with the poor. There is no limit to the benefits which such an

organization as this would have the power to inaugurate and perpetuate, and, gentlemen, I verily believe that under its intelligent and faithful administration we could banish beggars from the streets, introduce a new era of prosperity and virtue among all the suffering poor, and save ourselves forever from the terrible pauperization that curses and almost kills the cities of the old world."

It was a great scheme, or a great dream, and the audience listened to it in profound silence.

"Such, roughly sketched and with but few details, is the outline of a plan in which I have such perfect faith that I am willing to pledge for its support all the money that I feel at liberty to spare from my fortune. I believe in it so entirely, that I should be willing to give my life to it. No argument could heighten my conviction, no demonstration could make me surer of my conclusion."

A curious change had passed over the audience during the quick sketching of this grand scheme. The men who had come in, representing various organizations and enterprises, were at once united in a common front against a plan which would abolish their offices, level the eminences on which they stood, and not only subordinate but destroy their hold upon the public. There was perfect mutual understanding among them in a moment.

One after another rose, uttered his little compliment to Nicholas, expressed his conviction that the people were not ready for so sweeping a measure as this, admitted that the policy of cure had not yet received the attention which its importance demanded, and then each agreed with somebody else that this great army of laborers in the field of public beneficence, fighting their way toward one great end, under different generals, with different motives and watchwords, was a most inspiring sight. Sentiment and rhetoric were harnessed together to draw the dead bull out of the arena, and flowers were tossed upon the carcass as it disappeared.

Nicholas was sick at heart. He had seen the old, shabby trick of attributing to the people the lack of readiness for a desirable reform by leaders whom such a reform would carry out of business too often to fail to gather its meaning. He had been complimented and tolerated; but the scheme from which he had hoped so much, and to which he was willing to sacrifice so much, had been carefully and politely pooh-poohed out of the realm of possibilities.

So far as he was concerned, the work of the evening was done; and he was about to say this to the audience before him, when an old gentleman in spectacles arose, and, in moving a vote of thanks to the young man to whom they were all so much indebted, begged the privilege of saying a word on behalf of his Master.

"I have deeply regretted," he said, "that in the whole course of the discussion I have heard no reference to the religious aspect of the matter before us. Christianity, as I apprehend it, is the only available cure for the evils which we are trying to mitigate, and so far as we may be able, to remove. There is a great harvest before us, and what we want is reapers. We want the truth preached to these benighted masses. We need to have the quickening motives of our holy religion implanted in these dead hearts and unworthy lives. When we accomplish this, we accomplish the only radical cure that seems to me to be possible."

Nicholas could not understand, with his view of the case, why these remarks should receive the secret approval and open applause with which they were favored, but he had no time to reply before a thin man with a thin voice rose to indorse the speech, in all its length and breadth,—a task to which a very small man was quite equal,—and to second the motion of thanks.

After the vote of thanks was rendered, Nicholas rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I accept your thanks for all that they mean, and more; and you will confer a still greater favor upon me if you will all go home and read the parable of the sower. I think that in it you will find that soil is quite as necessary as seed,—indeed that the seed is thrown away, where the fowls of the air pick it up, unless a soil is prepared in advance. I regard an able-bodied pauper as beyond the reach of Christian motives. You might as well preach to a dog as to a liar by profession, which is what every able-bodied pauper is. Christianity is for men and women, and not for those in whom the fact and sense of manhood and womanhood are lost. Don't comfort yourselves with the idea that you are doing what you can for the cure of pauperism by preaching to it. I have a friend who believes in external applications. I do not agree with him entirely, but if I am to choose between a sermon and a rawhide, I am inclined to think that the rawhide

will produce the deeper and more salutary impression. I believe in Christianity, but before I undertake to plant it I would like something to plant it in. The sowers are too few and the seed is too precious to be thrown away and lost among the thorns and the stones."

Strangely enough, this pertinent speech, with its very patent truth, received quite as much applause as the speech that drew it forth. Nicholas did not smile. He was not even pleased. He saw that his audience was ready to be moved in any way except that in which he had tried to move them with regard to his scheme. That scheme was dropped by unanimous consent; and while many pressed around him after the breaking up of the meeting, and tried to assuage his sense of disappointment, he was sick at heart. After all had departed, he went out into the street, weary and despondent. Whither should he go for comfort?

Whither does any young man go, in like circumstances, when there waits for him the affectionate and sympathetic welcome of one who believes in him, trusts him wholly, and never doubts the wisdom of his schemes any more than she doubts her possession of his heart?

(To be continued.)

"MOSES AN' AARON."

Moses and Aaron was, without doubt, the worst investment I ever made.

He came to me on this wise. When the late rebellion broke out, Aunt Ursula, who had been my husband's nurse, was yet on the old plantation home in the cotton-fields of "Dixie." Early in the war, I received from her, through the mail, a most pathetic appeal, imploring me to buy her "pore pickaninny" of Marse Louie—her owner at that time—and to take him home, lest the Yankee soldiers, of whom she stood in mortal terror, should capture her one lone treasure, and bring her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

At this later date I find myself often wondering whether in this thing Aunt Ursula showed herself more devotee or diplomate. In the sublime ignorance of that earlier period, I reflected only that but for Aunt Ursula's loving care for her helpless charge, I should never have had my husband; and I responded favorably. Marse Louie was willing to sell, and moreover, was not exorbitant in his price, seeing the not very remote prospect of a "contraband of war" edict, or an emancipation proclamation; and the money being forwarded, I was assured that my personal property had been duly shipped per river and railroad, and was on the way to point of consignment.

Time passed; the blockade was effected; the mails were very uncertain; and no farther news came to us from the old plantation home, or from the chattel. In the exciting events of those sorrowful days, I quite forgot all about poor Ursula's pickaninny, and was much surprised, to say the least, one Saturday afternoon, shortly after the siege of Vicksburg, by the sudden appearance, in the garden shrubbery where I was walking, of an ill-looking black boy, apparently about fifteen years of age.

"Good eben, Missy," he said, pulling at his hat, and making an attempt at the salute *à la militaire*. "Is you de lady dat dun bought a cullud boy ob Marse Louie—Aunt Usly's boy, 'bout fre' fo' yeahs ago?"

"Scarcely so long as that," I answered. "But, yes, I suppose I am."

"Well—I de boy."

"Indeed!" said I. "You've been long a-coming, at least. I supposed that the boy I bought was a little child—a pickaninny, his mother called him. You are ——"

"I de boy," insisted he.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Moses an' Aaron."

"Moses Aaron?"

"No, Mistis. Moses an' Aaron. Dat ar my name. Dat a 'ligious name. Ise pow'ful 'ligious, I is."

And he rolled his eyes and looked upward.

"When did you leave Aunt Ursula?" I asked.

"Yankee soldiers dun mawched me off, monst'ous time ago," he said. "Ise sich a pow'ful good body-survant. De Yankee lootenant wanted a mose oncommon good body-survant, so he dun tuk me." Then rolling his eyes, which were greenish-gray in hue, and of a villainous expression, he added in sepulchral tones, "Aunt Usly dun dead an' gone to tawment."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed. "How dare you?"

"Ya-as, mistis," replied he. "It de sollum fac'. She would git drunk an' swar; an' she wouldn't git 'ligion nohow; an' my pappy, he de Baptis' preacher, he whooped her, and whooped her 'bout it, but it wa'n't no use. So now she dun dead an' gone to tawment."

Remembering the serenity of Aunt Ursula's life, I was about to give the boy a shake when he continued:

"T'ings is pow'ful changed like, sense de Yankee soldiers dun come 'roun'. Usly dun changed monst'ous, too. But, ef you wants a boy to turn 'roun' an' 'complish wuk, why, I de boy. Ise jis wukked my way up from Vicksbuhg. Ise Ginerl Graint's body-survant all de time he befo' Vicksbuhg. De Ginerl gim me dis yer watch for 'member him by, when I dun come 'way." And he drew an immense silver watch from his pocket.

I hesitated before taking Moses and Aaron into my family. It was nearly night-time. If I did not take him in some one else must. Much as I disliked his looks, I yet felt that more than likely he was, after all, poor Ursula's boy, and for her sake I would give him a trial. So I bade him enter the house, assigned him a room and a place for his clothes, which he carried in a huge bundle, and then sent him to the barn to take a bath. In due course of time he returned to the kitchen quite freshened up, and asked what "wuk" he should "un'take." I bade him sit down and rest until supper-time, meanwhile I busied myself about certain domestic duties.

"Dat a pow'ful fine 'pearin' fiddle an' bow, hanging on de wall in dat dar room you dun put me in," presently remarked the boy.

"Yes," I replied. "It is a good violin. Do you play?"

He shook his head in a solemn way.

"No, mistis. My pappy, he de Baptis' preacher, he nebber 'lowed no such wickedniss. He dun fotch me up pow'ful 'ligious. But I dun heerd it heap o' times w'en de Yankee soldiers tuk me off. I dun tole you Yankee soldiers mawched me off. Marse Louie he dun jine the Southrin army. He Major-Ginerl, 'long o' Gin'l Beauregyard. Marse Louie he dun tole Aunt Ursly Miss Jinny she dun sint de money fur pay fur Moses an' Aaron, an' he gwine ter sind him to her fus chaince. But dat dar chaince nebber cum, kase de Yankee soldiers jis mawched up an' s'rounded de house, an' druv off all de fine stock an' tuk dey pick o' de niggers an' formed a hollow squar an' mawched we alls off in de middle ob it. Marse Louie he tuk to de bush, an' I nebber see him no mo' till I sees him 'longside o' Gin'l Beauregyard in de battle. Heaps o' Yankee soldiers played de fiddle. Spec I mout pick out dat ar Yankee Doodle ef I had a chaince at a fiddle. I dun heerd it heap o' times."

A few days before this new arrival my girl had gone away, sick. I was already beginning to feel her loss. As I was commenting upon the fact, Moses and Aaron hastened to re-assure me:

"Den I jis dun happen 'long in de proper time. Jis show me whar dem dishes is, an' I'll set de table, an' turn 'roun' an' cook de supper. All yo' hab to do, jis gib out de victuals."

I declined his assistance in the cooking department, but told him he might bring some water from the well. As he went out of the door, he said:

"Yer's some deesh-towels out yer, a-soakin' in de tub, I'll turn 'roun' an' rub em out when I dun totin' de water. Whar de rubbin'-bo'd, an' de b'iler? Dese yer towels'll be a hobblin' on de sto' while y'all's eatin' yo' supper; den arter I clars de deeshes I'll ine 'em up slick."

He took hold of the work deftly enough, and soon had the towels, as he said, "hobbling." After supper he insisted on showing me how he could "clar deeshes," and really managed that delicate but odious art with such neatness and dispatch that I was ready enough to surrender it. He scoured the kitchen table and sink, as well as the knives and the copper bottoms of kettle and coffee-boiler. When I commended his neatness he said he "dun learned dat ob de Yankee soldiers."

Sunday morning found me with a bad headache, and only too glad to let Moses and Aaron attend to the dish-washing and tidying of the kitchen. When the children were all off to Sunday-school, and I sat holding my throbbing head in my hands, the boy came to the sitting-room and solemnly advised me to lie down on the sofa and try "fur to git some sleep," assuring me that he would keep "puffickly quiet, an' watch de clock in de kitchin, so's to make de fire fo' de dinner, time dem chillens gits back."

And keep still he did, for the only sound I heard after lying down, was a sound of softly stepping feet, ascending, and then presently descending, the back stairs.

When the children came from church there was neither dinner, fire, nor Moses and Aaron to be seen. On Monday, my little son went to the familiar place for his violin, but it too had disappeared.

Three whole years passed before we heard again of Moses and Aaron. When next my "investment," as our folks facetiously styled him, appeared again, it was in pitiable guise indeed. Borne upon a shutter, with broken limbs, he was carried groaning and helpless to our door. He had been found under a choice pear-tree in a neighboring orchard, though how he came there he afterward declared himself unable to tell—"reckoned he'd been tuk wid a fit."

Somebody brought the doctor, and we had a season of it, nursing him through the serious illness that followed. After his recovery he made himself generally useful for about a month, and we began to have high hopes of him; but one day he suddenly disappeared again, and with him the market basket and three dollars with which he had been intrusted for the purchase of groceries. He was back again in about six months, saying that he had been robbed of the money, and knowing he would not be believed if he returned with such an account, had gone across the river and hired himself out to a farmer. In one way and another we have managed to put up with him until the present time. His last performance, however, renders it uncertain that we shall endure his peculiar style of demeanor much longer. He looks neither older nor younger than when I first saw him. Neither is he one whit more attractive-looking. He rolls his gray-green eyes in the most hideously solemn manner; his assumptions of piety are as disgusting as ever, while his faculty for lying is unsurpassed. His one redeeming trait is his neatness about household work. He has what some housekeepers call "knack," while others dignify it by the term "faculty." Whatever he undertakes of domestic work, he executes with "neatness and dispatch." Up to a late date it has been his misfortune never to be detected in any misdemeanor, though doubtless he has committed many. He is a born demoralizer,—and yet one never can fix the fact upon him. Since his advent in our community, the demoralization of the youthful portion of our colored population has been alarming. Yet through it all Moses and Aaron has successfully maintained a most virtuous and innocent guise, even expressing his utter disapproval of the young offenders, in the voice and manner of a Puritan. At last, however, he has been taken in a net of his own spinning.

For several weeks all the young persons held to service after the post-bellum fashion, *i. e.*, for board and wage, had been more than usually worthless and trying to the patience of their respective employers. They were never on hand when wanted. Not one of them ever had the remotest idea of where any other might be found. When it chanced that they were in their places, they were utterly valueless and trifling,—in fact demoralized to that degree that the whole neighborhood of employers were united on one point, and that was that the shortest way to be rid of the whole of them would be the best.

While this state of things was at its height we were visited by friends from abroad. During their stay Moses and Aaron was, if possible, more solemnly proper than usual. In general, he attended to his duties, which were but few, in such a manner that no fault could be found. In particular, he was always ready to forward any expedition for the entertainment of our guests. If an excursion was proposed, he would volunteer to stay at home and "tend de kitchin," and he was never more helpful than in the preparations for our departure.

Alas, one day we took a new departure of which he little dreamed! Early in the afternoon of a day on which our party had purposed to remain away all day, some of our guests desiring to return, we decided to shorten our journey and reach home in time for tea. As we neared the village on our way we made a slight detour from the carriage-road, and entered a lane but seldom traveled, in order to visit a charming old mill, now a vine-wreathed ruin, the mill-stream having long since dried up. The cottage in which the miller once lived stood yet hard by, embowered in a low, thick growth of ailantus trees. Several rods from the house we left our carriages and proceeded to a closer inspection of the ruin. As we drew near the cottage, our attention was attracted by strange sounds of music, laughing, stamping, and clapping issuing from the place.

"Some raree-show going on in there," suggested one of the party. "Let's steal a peep." And he darted forward into the ailantus thicket. In a few moments he returned with the report that there was indeed a show, and urged us to come and witness

it, as he had done, through the chinks in the wall. We followed his lead, and our eyes soon witnessed a sight most novel and surprising. Standing in rows in the fore-part of the room were three-fourths of the children belonging to the best people of our neighborhood. These were intently gazing upon the dozen rude chairs or stools on which were ensconced as many nondescripts gotten up in the most grotesque and varied fashion, and each furnished with some sort of an instrument of noise. In front of this "Gideon's Band,"—costumed in flowing white wig (which my first glance assured me had once been worn by my honored ancestor) and further accoutered in a flowered-velvet vest (the property of our Dutch gardener), wielding a baton that would astonish Theodore Thomas,—stood Moses and Aaron!

Before I could speak the leader's voice announced that "de aujunse now be intertained wid de exploitshons ob de sillybrated Marmselle Jermarree, in de monstressible can-can." Immediately in one corner of the room arose a curtain (my best Paisley shawl) and with indescribable gyrations the danseuse vaulted forth. My next neighbor at the chink in the wall gave me a little tug. "Our Cassy," she whispered. "And that is my Mechlin lace collar and bow that I've spent hours in searching for. Only this morning she innocently assured me that she 'dun seed it somewhars not so mighty long time back.'"

There are dances and dances; but I think this can-can of Ma'm'selle's must stand alone,—

"Like Adam's recollection of his fall."

I cannot describe it. I freely confess that "monstressible" comes as near to it as anything in my poor vocabulary.

When at last the Marmselle can-canned off to her Paisley corner, the baton announced:

"Now den, dis yer lustritious jamboree company troupe gibs dis awjunse a puffawmunse in de *u*nited consut style. Min' yo', dis yers a 'ligious servis, an' de member ob de awjunse dat is sassy-moufed enuf fo' to make spo't is dun boun' to go to tawment, *sho*."

This in Moses and Aaron's most solemn voice, and delivered to the white children with an awe-inspiring gesture, and a fearful rolling of the eyes.

"Now, Brudder Bones, start up dat ar awkistry."

Forthwith began a direful din, neighbor Baker's Sam beating on an old tin saucepan with a broken tea-bell; friend Crane's Joe rattling two pairs of the noisiest bones; one of the performers squeaking an ear-splitting accordeon; another blowing a piercing fife, and still another scraping a fiddle sadly in need of strings, with a bow equally in need of rosin, while my next neighbor's "contraband of war" stood vehemently blowing a French horn, my neighbor's particular pet and pride. This, in addition to a vocal performance of a youth who could imitate a Scotch bagpipe to perfection, came near routing the whole party of outsiders at the first, fierce blast.

All of a sudden the "awkistry" paused.

"Fus brudder, gib yo' sperience," solemnly commanded Moses and Aaron.

Promptly, in a rich, sweet baritone voice, neighbor Baker's Sam sang to a chanting tune by no means at discord with his theme:

"A Mefodis, Mefodis I was bawn,
An' a Mefodis I will die.
I was babtize in de Mefodis church,
An' I eat dat Mefodis pie."

The whole troupe then joined in the chorus:

"Oh, hard try-ulls, gr-reat tribulations—
Aint dem hard try-yuls,
Suvvin ob dell law?"

"Now den, brudder Hawn!" from the baton. Upon which the blower of the French horn, in a gruff, unmusical voice, sang:

"A Babtis, a Babtis I was bawn,
An' a Babtis I will be.
I was babtize in de Babtis fait',
So go 'way an' le' me be."

Cho.—"Oh, hard try-ulls, gr-reat tribulations," etc.

After which the baton signaled Brudder Bones, who was possessed of a fine falsetto voice, and moreover, had a gift of acting. His rendering of this "experience" was irresistibly droll:

"A Pris-be-te-rian I was bawn,
An' a Pris-be-te-rian I will be.
I was babtize in de Pris-be-te-rian fait',
An' de Pris-be-te-rian chu'ch fo' me."

Then the whole troupe gesticulating animatedly at one another, sang, each on his own account:

"Yo' pull dis way, I pull dat,
We pull from do' to do,'
But ef yo' aint got dat lub in yo' haht,
De debbil will git yo', *sho!*

Cho.—"Oh hard try-yulls, gr-reat tribulations—
Aint dem hard try-yulls,
Suvvin ob dell law?"

After this "'ligious puffawmunse," came some wonderful and really dangerous trapeze exhibitions, at which the young and impressible "awjunse" clapped and shouted enthusiastically—the whole concluding with some acrobatic feats by special artists, and a miscellaneous performance somewhat in the style of a Memphis Mardi Gras. The baton had evidently seen something in his day.

"Awdah!" he shouted suddenly and peremptorily. "Dis high-toned jamboree company troupe hab now de satumfaction ob receibin' de conterry-booshins ob de awjunse fo' de berry hi s'perior intertainment dey hab 'fo'ded um. De awjunse, big *an'* little, now chalk up to de cap'n's awfus."

The children crowded into line, and filed up past Moses and Aaron, who had taken a seat and spread out a large bandanna handkerchief over his knees. As they reached him, each deposited some offering in his lap, in many cases pulling it out from under jacket or apron. I am sure that Johnny Baker never came honestly by that lace necktie of his sister Kate's, nor did Queenie Laidlaw by her mamma's Japanese card-receiver.

After an inspection of the various articles the baton arose, and seizing a heavy umbrella-stick from which the silk and ribs had been stripped, he held it aloft, and bidding "de awjunse hole up de right han' fo' take de oaf ob secretsy," he began in a sepulchral voice the formula, "By de holy poker ——"

"By the holy poker," repeated the children, every little right hand up.

"I swars ——" continued he.

I did not wait to hear more, but, trembling with anger, darted around the house, burst open the door, and before the astonished group could comprehend the position, I wrested the "holy poker" from Moses and Aaron's hand, and with it let fall such a shower of blows upon my ancestor's white wig, as that once honored but now profaned relic had never before experienced. Moses and Aaron howled and begged, but mercy had no lodgment in my heart as long as the "holy poker" held its own.

The Jamboree troupe has never been re-organized, nor, I fear, has Moses and Aaron. As I said at the first, Moses and Aaron is the worst investment I ever made.

MADRIGAL.

(DORUS *to* LYCORIS, *who reproved him for inconstancy.*)

WHY should I constant be?
The bird in yonder tree,
This leafy summer,
Hath not his last year's mate,
Nor dreads to venture fate
With a new-comer.

Why should I fear to sip
The sweets of each red lip?
In every bower
The roving bee may taste
(Lest aught should run to waste)
Each fresh-blown flower.

The trickling rain doth fall
Upon us one and all;
The south wind kisses
The saucy milk-maid's cheek,
The nun's, demure and meek,
Nor any misses.

Then ask no more of me
That I should constant be,
Nor eke desire it;
Take not such idle pains
To hold our love in chains,
Nor coax, nor hire it.

Rather, like some bright elf,
Be all things in thyself,
Forever changing,
So that thy latest mood
May ever bring new food
To Fancy ranging.

Forget what thou wast first,
And, as I loved thee erst
In soul and feature,
I'll love thee out of mind
When each new morn shall find
Thee a new creature.

SWART AMONG THE BUCKEYES.

I.

CICERO CENTER, May 20th, 187–.

DEAR OLD FRED: So you are back again at last! It does my soul good to know it. The continent has looked quite deserted since you turned your back on it. Since your cheery old laugh died out of my ears, I have had strange misgivings regarding the wisdom of Providence; for it never was in the original order of creation that we two should dwell in separate pavilions.

I suppose you know that strange rumors are abroad about you. Your progress through the effete monarchies has, I understand, been verily a triumphal march. You have scratched the eyes of a blind nobleman (or prince, was it?) in such wise as to re-admit the broad light of heaven into his benighted Catholic soul; you have written a thesis on some polysyllabic medical subject which has made the ashes of old Hippocrates stir with envy in their urn, and performed sundry other miracles which have filled the German universities with the glory of your name. You see I have kept a friendly watch over you in spite of your silence; I know of all your far-resounding deeds, and what is more, I believe them. My faith, which, as you are aware, has always been of the mountainous sort, accepts your greatness as a fact of American history which in due time will have its place in "Bancroft" if Heaven is kind enough to spare him for another century. And even, leaving all your European achievements out of the question, you still possess a claim to greatness which our Concord sphinx has duly emphasized—I mean inconsistency; for your late career has, in my humble judgment, been an uninterrupted contradiction of the statement you had the audacity to make in your valedictory, viz.: that it was the mission of America to repeat on a larger scale the blunders which have sent European republics to the deuce. If you had been consistent—but I will spare you the sermon I had intended for you, until I can deliver it with due unction *in propriâ personâ*.

Now, dear Fred, the point I am coming to is this. After having sniffed so long the musty smells of the Vatican and Auerbach's "Keller" (for a little bird has sung to me that you have detected the charm of the Mephistophelean Johannisberger) a whiff of pure wholesome Ohio air is just the thing for you. It will, to use a medical metaphor, stimulate all the latent American juices in your composition, and bring you out a good sound patriotic spread-eagleist in less than a fortnight. And that fortnight you must spend with me. This point, I beg you to understand, admits of no argument. My demand is peremptory. The name of the town, I admit, does not sound very attractive (and if Europe has corrupted your Latin pronunciation and you insist upon calling it Kikero Kenter, which I hope to Heaven you wont, it is positively forbidding), but if you would kindly consent to regard me in the light of an attraction, I think you might find it endurable. By the way I took it for granted that you knew that I have lately added to my attractiveness by the introduction of the feminine element into my life, as it (I mean the element) is fond of asserting, for the purpose of protecting myself against the aggressions of the rest of its sex. May be it is true; my modesty forbids me to decide. Now this little wife of mine, who is at this moment standing at my elbow, begs to observe that she dotes on cigar smoke (*sotto voce*, except in bedrooms), that she cherishes a peculiar weakness for bachelor friends, that she will ungrumblingly keep your breakfast waiting for you until noon if you dislike early hours, that (this you understand is the climax) she will not even be offended if you criticise her cooking, that in short she possesses all the virtues and accomplishments which a well-trained clergyman's spouse should possess.

I will not deny that I have some ulterior aim in asking you to make this visit. Both my wife and I are hoping that you may be induced to make your home here among us, at least for some years to come. Like all Western towns, we are of course literally deluged with doctors of every conceivable stripe and variety, most of whom are equally deficient in spelling and gentlemanly breeding. My wife, who has a talent for making herself miserable in a quiet way, once spent a whole day in debating whether in case of illness she would not prefer dying modestly and resignedly rather than have Dr. L—— feel her pulse. "For then you would have to bow to him whenever you met him in the street, you know, and stop to shake hands with him in the vestry," etc., etc. For know that this obnoxious doctor is a parishioner of mine and really a very worthy man, even though he does chew tobacco. But without flattery, Fred, there is not one among our leeches who could hold a candle to you. It is my opinion that you would sweep the field before you, and my heart would rejoice to see you making havoc in the ranks of these mediumistic charlatans and Indian quacks, and whatever else they may be called—these impostors that prey upon the credulity of our people. If none of my former arguments have had the power to move you, then look upon this journey as a crusade against quackery and charlatanism; you see it is your plain duty to come and plant the standard of medical orthodoxy among us. Until then, allow me to embrace you (metaphorically speaking) and remain your devoted friend, countryman and lover,

LUTHER NORMAN.

II.

THE above letter had the effect of rousing in the bosom of Dr. Fred Swart some of the sentiment which, since his college days, he had carefully shelved. He spent an hour or two in mental debate of his friend's proposition, and ended with packing his trunk and starting for Ohio. He had no very fixed plans for the present, and a couple of weeks spent in the genial company of his old chum were sure to do him good.

Fred Swart was a young man of about twenty-seven, with a large, well-knit, and finely proportioned frame. He gave the impression of being strong, though not athletic; his strength was that of Apollo, not Hercules. The type of his face was Teu-

tonic, though softened and spiritualized by a century or more of American transplantation; and actually, a couple of generations back, it had its root in the soil of the Fatherland. The features were of a clear and decided modeling,—the brow high and well arched, the nose slightly curved, and the mouth drawn with a generous distinctness which was equally removed from sensuality and asceticism. The chin and the upper lip were covered with a full, blonde, Teutonic beard. The eyes were clear, blue, and sagacious, and with a pleasant suggestion of humor in them. On the whole, it was a strong, healthy face, such as Rubens would have delighted to draw, which Van Dyck would have been tempted to soften or sensualize, and which Fra Angelico would have pronounced to have too strong a flavor of earth in it.

As Dr. Swart emerged from his Pullman car at Cicero Center, he was received by his friend, the Rev. Mr. Norman, who was dithyrambic in his expressions of delight at seeing him.

"What a glorious old boy you are, Fred!" he exclaimed for the fifth or sixth time, as they were seated together in an open carriage, being jerked up and down over the uneven pavement. "I never felt so strongly the disadvantages of our American undemonstrativeness as I do at this moment. I should feel inclined to embrace you, if it didn't look so ridiculous. All the rest of the world looks sallow and dyspeptic by the side of your massive and genial health and good-nature. And then you always bring with you such an historical air of good breeding! I never look at your face without imagining a long procession of well-bred ancestors behind you. And here I have been living for three years seeing nothing but the angular and ungracious types which our Western civilization produces. Ah, Fred, if you would only conclude to stay with us now, we might just as well abolish our drug-shops. The daily sight of you would be enough to cure most of the disorders that flesh is heir to."

"Spare my blushes, Luther," retorted Swart, laughing (and his laugh was exactly what you would have expected from such a face and frame,—a mere audible epitome of his whole being). "The clerical cloth, I see, has not subdued your tendency to hyperbole, as I was afraid it would; and not even matrimony seems to have quelled your natural buoyancy. But how the deuce do you get on in the pulpit with your hyperbolical ardor? The old Luther himself, as I used to tell you, would hardly have been a match for you in that line, although I believe his intimacy with Satan and some of the other stories about him are gradually lapsing into the region of the mythical."

"You mustn't suppose that my cordiality toward you is a fair indicator of my everyday behavior," said Norman, gayly. "Moreover, I always preach from a manuscript; and any hyperbolical tendency that may be in me is duly restrained by the sobering effort of committing my thoughts to paper. And, as I have said, the sight of you rouses the boy in me again, and I promise myself many a glorious evening discussing old times with you, singing our old songs, and reviving the musical memories of former days. I suppose you play as well as ever?"

"Rather better, I hope. I have been taking up Chopin of late, and have been attending the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic regularly."

"Good. There is a mine with a golden ore of pleasure. My wife, by the way is a capital musician, although she can't muster much enthusiasm for Chopin."

"Never fear; I shall do my best to convert her."

The carriage now stopped in front of the parsonage, a two-story slate-colored cottage of a nondescript architecture, in which bay-windows, projecting gables, and Swiss balconies fairly ran riot. Norman dismounted first and conducted his friend over a neatly graveled garden-walk, and with fresh assurances of welcome, opened the door of his house before him. He was a tall, spare man, with dark and somewhat dreamy eyes, dark hair and a smoothly shaven face, to which the repressed beard on his chin and cheeks gave a slightly bluish tint. His dress was of the conventional clerical cut, and his whole manner and bearing had that air of gentlemanliness which pre-eminently distinguishes the clergy of his denomination. He was every inch an Episcopalian, and, I believe, cherished a well-bred, but well-concealed contempt for the noisier and less genteel religions. Although in no sense bigoted, he took care to confine his friendships and associations to his own church, while displaying at the same time considerable liberality toward those who stood outside the pale of all churches. Although ardent enough in other things, he seemed to have no taste for proselyting, and would probably have made a very indifferent mis-

sionary. He liked the good things of this world, preached sensible but not very remarkable sermons, was scrupulously honorable and conscientious in all his dealings, and had fine æsthetic tastes which were the result of culture rather than of native talent. During his college days his musical enthusiasm had drawn him strongly toward Fred Swart, whose magnificent tenor had made him a sort of local celebrity. In their junior year, he and Swart had agreed to try the experiment of rooming together, and as they had proved mutually congenial, they had continued the arrangement until both were graduated. Norman prided himself on knowing a good thing when he saw it, and Swart had struck him as being the finest combination of music and manliness that had ever come within his vision. Since the day of their separation when Swart went abroad to study medicine and Norman entered the divinity school, their correspondence had been rather desultory; but then the state of a man's affections can never be judged by the frequency of his letters; with women, I believe, the case is different, and with them the arithmetical ratio of love to letters, would at all events not be an inverse one.

III.

A FEW days after his arrival in Cicero Center, Swart was invited by his host to accompany him to what was termed a "church sociable." It was to be the last of a long series which had extended through the winter and usually closed with the beginning of the summer vacation. The entertainment consisted of music, singing and small talk *ad libitum*, and frequently a little dance was improvised with the pastor's consent. Twenty-five cents was exacted from each of the gentlemen in return for a rather scanty repast of sandwiches and coffee, the proceeds of which were employed for church purposes.

The present "sociable" was held at the house of Mr. Brewster, a prominent church-member, distinguished as the founder of various short-lived insurance companies. As Doctor Swart entered with Mrs. Norman, the host advanced to greet them with that dignified suavity of demeanor which was habitual with him on state occasions, shook them cordially by the hand and made some spasmodic remarks about the pleasure he felt at seeing such rare guests under his roof, about the wonderful growth of the country, etc.

"Isn't he dreadful?" sighed Mrs. Norman, as they retired into the comparative privacy of a sofa-corner. And she fixed those large, handsome eyes of hers upon the doctor with such an urgent appeal for sympathy that he could not find it in his heart to withhold it.

"Well, he is not attractive," he responded, somewhat guardedly.

The lady's face brightened. Crossing her hands in her lap and leaning forward in that peculiarly feminine attitude of confidence, she cast a reconnoitering glance around the room and continued in a tone of sympathetic distress.

"Do you know, Doctor, Lew wont allow me to criticise any of the queer people here at all. He always tells me that they are so worthy, and the queerer they act the surer he is that they have some exceptional Christian graces to compensate for their oddity. Now, if I had only happened to think of it before I married him, I should have stipulated that I was to have absolute liberty in finding fault with my neighbors, that is, of course, in a good-humored way. It takes half the spice out of life, if you are to be so dreadfully conscientious and shut your eyes to all the funny things you happen to notice. When I come home from a party of this sort, I like to talk over the people I have seen, but Lew always ruthlessly checks my advances in that direction. Now, don't you think that is cruel?"

"Cruel?" ejaculated Swart laughing. "Why cruel is no name for it. It is atrocious, it is immoral!"

"I knew you would say so," replied Mrs. Norman with a contented little pout. "And when you get a wife, Doctor, I hope you will act on my suggestion and give her all the latitude in that line that she may wish."

"Your advice is timely, although I have no immediate prospect. I promise to do everything in my power to stimulate with aid and sympathy all the latent feminine uncharitableness in her character."

"Good. You will make a model husband. Now, tell me, when Lew and you were in college together, didn't you use to have nice times ridiculing your friends? Or was the clergyman already then sufficiently developed in him to check his tongue when you knew he was laughing inwardly at other people's absurdities?"

"If I remember rightly, he at all events didn't extend his charity to the faculty."

"How charming! He shall have that as soon as we are alone to-night."

Mrs. Norman was a slender, graceful woman with brilliant eyes, blonde wavy hair and a perfect complexion. She was very girlish in appearance, and the severer matrons in the parish who took a motherly interest in the pastor's affairs asserted that she was "a mere chit of a thing" and deplored Mr. Norman's taste in having made such an injudicious choice. Some even insinuated that the attachment must have dated back to his unregenerate days, that he was too honorable to break his word, that possibly he could not get rid of her, etc., which was all very remote from the truth. The young lady having been but a few months married, had hardly had time, as yet, to assimilate with the less congenial elements of Western society; and perhaps found it a little hard to realize her novel responsibility as the wife of a man whom everybody (with all due respect for his blameless character) thought it his right and duty to criticise. Moreover, she had a good deal of the New England pride about her, and had been wont to look upon the West as a remote and barbaric region, including all that part of the continent which God had not seen fit to bless with the superiority of mind and culture which distinguished New England. Although not in the strictest sense "intellectual" herself, she had, nevertheless, a great reverence for the term and used it somewhat lavishly, indicating its presence or absence as the touch-stone of human worth. It was therefore, a great luxury to her to be able thus to sit down with her new friend and quietly discuss the people around her with a freedom which at home she would have pronounced unpardonable. But she had a vague idea that she was here living, as it were, under a new dispensation, and that the rules of etiquette which prevailed in New England could have no application to the crude society of the West.

"Now, Doctor," she was saying, "Lew tells me that you have a most wonderful talent for guessing at people's character,—that, in fact, you have mistaken your vocation, and that you ought to have been a novelist instead of a physician. I have no doubt you have analyzed me to the core already; but, as I don't like to hear uncomplimentary things said about me, I shall not ask you to tell me what conclusions you have arrived at. But I wish you would give me some proof of your power. Take, for instance, that young lady who is standing at the piano, there,—Miss Sylvia Grimsby is her name,—and tell me what sort of a person you would take her to be."

"I see she is just going to sing," answered the doctor, grateful to gain a respite. "When she has concluded her performance, I shall have better foundation for my judgment."

The young lady in question,—a very slight little body, with pale yellow hair, dark blue eyes full of hidden pathos, and a sweet, tender, and clear-cut face,—opened one of those popular green-covered music-books containing a ragout to suit the most miscellaneous tastes, from the Stabat Mater to Yankee Doodle and the latest Strauss waltz. She sat down at the piano, preluded with a few softly timorous chords, and began to sing a well-known sacredly sentimental song, in the accepted sliding and tumbling down style, which may be appropriately illustrated in something like the following manner:

o-o your mou-
as a bird to- ou-
"Fle—e a- oun-
tain,
ry of si-
ea- in,"
u who art wea-
Thou-u- etc.

It was not to be denied that, as regards execution, it was about as bad as it could be,—a protracted *legato* climbing, interrupted by sudden *staccato* descents, and little tremulous interludes which really belonged nowhere. And, for all that, when the young lady rose from the piano and modestly blushed in response to the enthusiastic applause of her audience, the doctor exclaimed, with an ardor which quite startled his fair interlocutor, "By Jove, that girl has a voice which a prima donna might envy her! Who would have supposed that such stores of melody could find room in that narrow little chest of hers?"

"You don't really think it was good, Doctor?" inquired Mrs. Norman, in amazement.

"Good? No. In one respect it hardly could have been worse. The style was of course hopelessly bad and sentimental. But the voice—why that voice has pathos and power enough in it to make the fame of ten singers. It has a marvelously genuine ring. I should like to know that young lady. I must help her. She needs teaching more than any one I ever met, and I think she would prove an admirable pupil, if I could only get the sentimentality out of her."

Swart was about to rise, when Mrs. Nor-

man laid her hand on his arm and reminded him of his promise.

"But really," he said, resuming his seat somewhat reluctantly. "I don't think we are quite generous in sitting here and having our amusement at the expense of the company."

"But this isn't a private party, you know," remonstrated his companion. "You pay for what you eat, and have consequently the right to amuse yourself as best you can."

"Well then," he began; "I think I have caught pretty accurately the key-note of the young lady's character, and you or Luther shall tell me whether I am right. First, she writes stories and prints them surreptitiously in the 'Waverley Magazine' and the 'Chimney Corner.' They all have frightfully tragic endings which explode upon you with the suddenness of a bomb-shell. Her heroes are all tremendously heroic, and her heroines terribly virtuous. She signs herself 'Rosalyn,' or 'Desdemona,' or 'Lucretia,' or something in that strain. Secondly, I should say that she dabbled in painting, producing landscapes with volcanic sunsets, and woods with mystic depths of gloom. On the whole, she deals largely in mystery. Once a year she sends three or four canvases to the County Fair. Her scrofulous peaches with opaque dew-drops on them are especially admired, because they look so natural. The art committee reward her industry with prizes ranging from a dollar and a half to three dollars, and her mother frames the certificates and hangs them up on the walls in the parlor, for the admiring inspection of friends and visitors. She is fond of ——"

"Hush, Doctor," whispered Mrs. Norman, suddenly. "Her sister is standing there right in front of you. I am afraid she has heard every word you have said. But it was all my fault. I hope you will forgive me."

"I should be sorry to pain the young lady," continued Swart in more subdued tones. "It was rather unfortunate; I didn't consider the possibility that I might have more listeners than I had bargained for."

The conversation was here interrupted by Mr. Norman, who apologized to Swart for his seeming neglect of him, and expressed the hope that his wife had been doing her duty as a hostess in his stead.

"Never you fear, Lew," said Mrs. Norman, in her peculiarly emphatic manner. "I have been very charming, Doctor, haven't I?"

"I should have been insensible as an oyster, were I to deny it," answered the gallant doctor.

"There now, Lew, do you hear that?"

"I do, my dear, and I should be the last to dispute the verdict. But, Fred, is there no one here whom you would like to be introduced to? You see I consult your own taste, although everybody here is anxious to know you."

"Thank you. I should like to make the acquaintance of the young lady who sang 'Flee as a Bird.'

"Poor thing! If she had known what a relentless critic she had among her audience, she would have sung even worse than she did, if that were possible."

They pressed their way through the crowd and stopped before Miss Grimsby, who was still standing at the piano, listlessly turning over some pieces of music.

"Miss Sylvia," said Norman, "this is my friend Doctor Swart, who wishes to make your acquaintance. He is my guest at present, so I hope you will treat him well."

She looked up gravely to the tall doctor's face, and extended her hand to him; but the moment his fingers touched hers, a slight shock seemed to be tingling through her frame, and her face became suddenly illumined, as if a strong light had been kindled within, shimmering out through its translucent surface. Swart noticed it, and a strange sense of wonder stole over him. It was as if he were standing in the presence of something vague and exalted, which he was forced to reverence, even though he did not know it. He had never seen such a complete expression of happiness upon any human countenance. All the ruthless criticisms he had been framing in his mind "to take the sentimentality out of her," died away before that ecstatic glance, and for the first time in his life he was conscious of something resembling timidity.

"You have a very remarkable voice, Miss Grimsby," he said, by way of introducing a topic of conversation. "I have been listening to you very attentively."

"But you did not like it," she answered simply. "I felt, the moment I sat down to the piano, that there was some one in the room who disapproved of me, and now I know that it was you."

"You are quite mistaken, I assure you," he replied, with a good deal of earnestness. "I did think that your style was capable of improvement; but your voice nevertheless pleased me. It has a very rare quality,—a quality of purity and sincerity, the absence

of which no amount of execution could have compensated for."

"I know very well my deficiencies," she said after a pause, still regarding him with a certain innocent directness which was as beautiful as it was unconventional. "No one ever taught me to sing, and, what is worse, there is no one here who can teach me."

"I can teach you, if you will grant me the privilege."

"I will ask papa, and I think he will give me leave. I once had a German music-master; but he could not sing at all, and he used to fly into a passion and tear around the room, whenever I made a mistake."

"You needn't fear any such explosions from me," said he, smiling at her mistake. "Moreover, I don't propose to take any pay from you. Teaching music isn't my profession, you know. I only wished to help you,—to give you some hints that you might profit by. Then I should like to give you a taste for better things than 'Flee as a Bird' and 'I cannot Sing the Old Songs,'—for I am confident you sing that, too. It is a pity that you should waste your fine voice on such trash as that."

He had expected her to show some embarrassment at her mistake in taking him for a music-master; but, to his astonishment, her face remained as placid as ever. When, however, he referred so contemptuously to the songs, upon which she had probably expended a good deal of admiration, an expression of vague bewilderment and distress spread over her features.

"Then you don't like them," she murmured appealingly. "Are they then so very bad?"

He saw that he had been cruel; but sincerity forbade his abandoning his position.

"Yes," he said, "from a musical point of view they certainly are bad. If you have the patience to listen to me, I will tell you why."

"My time is not valuable. I can listen to you as long as you will be kind enough to talk to me. We seldom see people here who know as much as you do."

He then gave her a little disquisition upon what he conceived to be the sound principles of art: upon the difference between sentiment and sentimentality in music, choosing his illustrations, as far as possible, from the life that was familiar to her. And she stood listening to him, at first with a sweet, troubled look, as he ruthlessly broke her cherished idols, then with a wide-eyed eagerness, as if a new world were opening before her. She started up as if roused from a trance when Mrs. Norman came to divert a share of her friend's attention to the rest of the company.

"Now, Doctor," she demanded, laughingly, "how does your sentimental little goose strike you?"

"I never dreamed," answered he, suppressing a look of displeasure, "that such a rare flower could blossom in such a barren soil."

IV.

FRED SWART was perhaps not what young ladies would call an ideal nature. He was not troubled with any excess of spirituality. In his college days he had been fond of saying that Venus rocking on the foam of the sea was to him the finest type of womanhood. He liked to talk about the healthy pleasures of the ancient Greeks, the perfect equilibrium of their physical and mental development, and the joyous philosophy of life which had bloomed on Mount Cithæron and in the vales of Tempe. Since then the spirit had been waging a disastrous war against the body, and had gained a series of Pyrrhic victories, from the effects of which the nineteenth century had not yet recovered. This was once a fertile theme of controversy between him and his friend Norman, who in his clerical capacity was bound to combat such heretical opinions. If, however, a man's principles invariably held the key to his affections, it would do away with a good deal of the needless tragedy which now encumbers our lives. In spite of all his admiration for "blooming and throbbing flesh," Swart could not banish from his heart the image of a shy and slender little maiden, who bore about as much resemblance to his cherished Venus as Fra Angelico's saints do to Rubens's and Titian's duchesses. He had now at last yielded to Norman's persuasions, and had determined to settle temporarily in Cicero Center; he had hired an office down on the square, but still retained his private rooms at the parsonage.

One morning early in July, about two weeks after his arrival, Swart had been called out to see a patient at a farm-house some two or three miles from the town. As the farmer's horses were in demand for the haying, he had good-naturedly consented to find his way home on foot. In his usual cheerful mood he was trudging along the dusty road, whistling softly a German student song, and allowing his thoughts to wander to things

remote and near. The last breath of the morning coolness had just vanished from the air, and the luxurious drowsiness of noon was settling over the landscape. Round about him the wide plains of fertile field and meadow spread out in long, undulating lines toward the dim horizon, and a warm, whitish shimmer hung low over the tops of the motionless wheat. Large blue and red butterflies hovered in aimless flight along the road-side, and the bees hummed in lazy contentment in the hearts of the flowers. Here and there clumps of beech and hickory broke the line of vision, tracing themselves with their broad crowns in massive relief against the pale-blue sky. Suddenly, amid all these languid summer sounds, a clear, silvery human voice was flung forth, vibrating for some moments upon some high note, then running rapidly through the chromatic scale, stopping abruptly, rising again with a sharp and clear accentuation, striking in quick succession the first and third, first and fourth, first and fifth in the scale of A, and at last resting upon the dominant, swelling it by a finely gradated *crescendo* until it filled the air far and near. Swart, who had instantly recognized the voice, leaped over the fence, and walked with long, eager strides toward a small hickory grove on the edge of the field. All of a sudden it had grown very still; but a faint memory of the voice, too subtle to be called an echo, seemed still to be quivering in the air, or in Swart's ears, or somewhere. Then the grasshoppers had a fresh attack of musical zeal, and the bees, who had apparently also stopped to listen, resumed their listless monotone. Swart, who for some reason found himself walking on tiptoe, bent aside the outer twigs of a hawthorn bush, and cautiously explored the grove. Leaning against the trunk of a huge tree he saw the lithe figure of Sylvia Grimsby, clad in a light, freshly-starched calico; her eyes were fixed upon the ground, and she was not aware of his presence until he was within a few steps of her.

"Why, Doctor Swart, how came you here?" she cried, while the pleasure of seeing him suddenly illumined her face. "If I had known that my critic was so near, I should never have dared to sing so loud."

"It was your singing which attracted me," answered he, extending his hand to greet her; "you have improved wonderfully since——"

But here a male personage, which he had come within an inch of stepping on, rose from the ground and loomed up between them.

"Excuse me, Sol," she murmured in confusion. "I quite forgot you. Doctor Swart, Mr. Solon Snell."

Mr. Solon Snell turned a round, surly face toward the intruder, and made him an elaborate bow with a vague intention of sarcasm in it. He was a tall, ungainly young man with long limbs and very sloping shoulders. His black hair was carefully combed down over his narrow forehead and pushed straight back from the temples in the accepted Ohio style. The outlines of his mouth were loose and indefinite, such as one invariably observes in people who lounge around railroad depots; his brown eyes were soft and watery, suggesting unfathomable depths of crude sentiment.

"Guess you have never been in these parts before, Doctor," began Mr. Snell, who felt it incumbent upon him to make himself agreeable. "If you could have seen the wonderful growth of this place since the new railroad was opened——"

Mr. Snell here lost the thread of his discourse and lapsed into silence.

"Mr. Snell means," said Sylvia, evidently with a sincere desire to make the latter's lack of ideas less conspicuous, "that if you had grown up with the place as he has, you would feel a sort of personal pride in its prosperity and that again would breed attachment."

"Precisely, precisely," answered the young man with energy. "Sylvy and I always understand each other; she always somehow knows what I mean, when I get hold of things by the tail end, and—and—choke up, you know," he concluded with a frank appeal to Swart.

"What an unutterable fool!" was the latter's mental comment. "How in the world can she endure his company?"

"It is very curious," began the girl, after a while, with a meditative little smile. "I went out here to be alone, and then first Sol finds me and then you, Doctor. You said sliding was very bad in singing and I have been trying hard since I saw you to learn to accentuate my notes clearly. I have been practicing here every day, and it seems to me that to-day I succeeded better than I even dared to hope. Am I right, Doctor?"

"You have accomplished wonders," answered he gravely.

"There is sincerity in the sound of your voice. I should be sorry if you thought it necessary to flatter me."

"I never was more in earnest."

"Then tell me," she resumed, after a pause during which her unobtrusive little face had been settling into pathetic seriousness, "how can you think so poorly of me, as you said you did the other night at Mr. Brewster's, and still believe that I can really accomplish something? I am not taking you to task, you know. Only when Lucy told me what you had been saying to Mrs. Norman, it made me appear so silly and ridiculous to myself that I couldn't help crying. It was wrong in Lucy to listen and I told her so. I wish she hadn't."

The frank simplicity of her words, the look of distress in her eyes, and the utter absence of anything like resentment touched Swart keenly. It made him feel as if he had wantonly hurt some defenseless creature that did not possess the power or the will to retaliate. His only excuse, that he had pronounced his judgment before he had known her personally, appeared so flimsy that he did not deign to utter it. His emotion seemed to be gathering in his throat and came near choking him. He had never in his life detested himself so cordially as he did at this moment.

"I was a brute," he murmured. "I know I was. I wont ask you to forgive me. I don't deserve it."

"I didn't mean it so, Doctor," she answered, in the same tranquil undertone. "What you said was true. I do write verses and even romances. I do send pictures to the County Fair and, and—" she whispered, blushing to the edge of her hair, "even what you said about the prize certificates—was true."

"Well, where's the harm?" he muttered doggedly. "It was no business of mine, and if I had been generous I should have interpreted it in a very different way."

They seemed both to have forgotten Mr. Solon Snell, whose great brown eyes had all the while been regarding them with a baffled air of mystification and vague jealousy like that of a dog who sees a rival establishing himself in his master's affections; but in the pause which now followed his presence once more became obtrusively prominent. He moved about restlessly upon the earth where he was sitting, and was ill at ease.

"I guess you don't want me any more, Sylvy," he broke forth at last, with a petulant groan. "I will go home, Sylvy, if you say so."

"Yes, do, Sol," she answered, sweetly. "You may come and see me to-night, if you like."

The young man rose, broke somewhat fiercely through the hawthorn bush, and swinging his long, uncouth limbs, sauntered away over the fields.

"Who is that man?" asked Swart, in amazement. He knew the question was inopportune, but for all that he could not forbear to ask it. Her answer, however, soon re-assured him.

"Why, Sol," she said, with her usual straightforwardness, "is a very good boy; but since he had the scarlet fever, people think, he hasn't been very bright. Since he was a little boy he has always had a strange fancy for me, and he follows me about like a big Newfoundland dog, as if he were afraid that I should come to harm if he didn't protect me. He isn't quite like other young men, as you see; but I suppose I am not quite like other young girls, either. So we fit well together. My mother is always so distressed because I don't like to act as others do, and I often try my best, just to please her; but I always fail miserably. There is something wrong about me, Doctor, but I don't know what it is. I am always dreaming that something strange is to happen to me, and I am always yearning for it to come; but it never does come. I want to do something great—something—I don't know what, and mamma says it is wrong for girls to wish to do anything that other girls don't do. I am sure I don't know why I tell you this; but somehow it came to me before I quite knew what I had been saying. You, too, seem so different from the people I have met, and I thought that perhaps you might help me. The thought flashed through my mind the very first time I saw you."

There was so much unconscious pathos in her words and look as she spoke, that all the grim struggle of her daily life rose with portentous realism before Swart's vision. She was evidently grappling bravely with the unsolved problems of existence, and the struggle was to him none the less pathetic from the fact that it is so common. She felt vague but strong forces stirring within her, but she did not know what they meant or whither they pointed. It is an easy thing to call this aspiration to rise above the commonplace sentimental,—to discover its comic side when coupled with inadequate strength; but for all that, it is inextricably interwoven with all that is noblest and best in our natures. It is the lingering spark of the Promethean fire which warms the human

clay into a closer resemblance to the divine image and likeness.

They sat long talking together in a subdued, eager fashion, quite heedless of the thrushes that warbled in the tree-tops above them, and the orioles that darted like golden flashes through the air. When at last they rose to return to the town, it was with a feeling as if a barrier had been broken down between them, and that, for the first time, they saw each other face to face.

V.

As the last long months of summer waned toward their end, it was becoming more and more evident to Mrs. Norman that the doctor had turned traitor to his Greek ideals. He talked no more of the healthy pleasures of artistic paganism, had no lofty rhetoric to waste on the superb physical splendors of Venuses and Junos and Ariadnes, and he even acquiesced with passive good-humor in Norman's exaltation of Christian asceticism and the mortification of the flesh. To Mrs. Norman this radical change of principles had a very ominous look; but with her usual tact she had soon (after a few cautiously experimental remarks) discovered that there was a certain newly opened region in the doctor's mind which it was not safe to pry into. There were, of course, moments when her curiosity nearly drove her distracted; when her destructive fingers itched to pick the lock to the forbidden sanctuary, but as she prized Swart's friendship highly, she would in the end conclude that the experiment was too hazardous. In the privacy of her own thought, however, she would take her revenge in pelting the unoffending Miss Grimsby with little volleys of acrimonious epithets, while she ardently defended the doctor against her own imputations of disloyalty. Miss Sylvia, she insisted, had guilefully alienated him from her, and she meant to make her feel it when the chance presented itself.

In a country town which depended almost solely upon its lovers, actual and potential, for social excitement, an attachment so pronounced as that of Swart for Miss Grimsby could not long remain a secret. When in the afternoon he walked with his usual well-bred nonchalance up toward Mr. Grimsby's dwelling, groups of feminine faces might be seen in excited converse behind the green window-shutters and ripples of feminine laughter would follow in his wake. And when he entered the grimly adorned parlor with its bad prints of General and Mrs. Washington, its big-eyed "Christian Graces," the everlasting chromos "Asleep" and "Awake," and sundry other barbaric ornaments, the garrulous Mrs. Grimsby would greet him with unceremonious cordiality as if already recognizing his prospective title to membership in the family. She had perhaps that very moment been discussing his many shining qualities with some sympathetic neighbor who like herself looked upon the inevitable consummation of his courtship merely as a question of time. Her presence always bewildered and distressed him as that of no other human being ever had. For in her maternal zeal she often chanced to forget that the much hoped-for event had not as yet actually taken place and she would at such times put the boldest questions to him which would drive the blood to her daughter's cheeks and make her seek a pretext to hurry out of the room. At other times, her vulgar anxiety to smooth the way for him, her transparent devices for hastening the *dénouement*, and her broad hints spiced with feeble humor nearly drove him to despair. Mrs. Grimsby unfortunately had been flattered into placing an unquestioning reliance upon her own sagacity, and amid all her bungling machinations plumed herself on being by nature the subtlest diplomatist. She moreover assumed that in affairs of the heart, the doctor, like most young men, lacked self-confidence, and her benevolence would not permit so slight an obstacle to stand in the way of his happiness.

It is only just to Swart to say that his manner toward Sylvia was never that of a lover. He had been drawn toward her, at first, by a sincere desire to benefit her, and he had, as he had expected, found her an apt and a grateful pupil. In the few months he had been with her, he had succeeded in revolutionizing her tastes, ever directing her toward better and nobler things in return for the things he had made her despise. His æsthetic judgment was unerring, and she had gradually come to look upon it as something absolute and final. From his decision there could be no appeal; she would as soon have thought of questioning the correctness of the planetary courses as the finality of his verdict. If he declared that "Flee as a Bird" was musically objectionable, she found herself wondering the next day how she could ever have liked it. If he condemned an author whose high-

colored sensationalism had but yesterday been her delight, she would ere long smile at her own simplicity in having ever countenanced him.

This ready adaptability of hers, however, had a certain serious side, which Swart, in his æsthetic zeal forgot to consider. It did not occur to him that he was unfitting her for the life and surroundings among which her lot was cast; that he was daily opening her eyes to the vulgarity of her own immediate associations, that in time she must apply the exalted standard of taste, which he had furnished her, to those whom Nature had placed nearest to her; that, unless he himself removed her from her lowly sphere, he was sowing into her life the seeds of future misery. For instance, how could that obtuse little mother of hers, with her impregnable conceit and her blundering cheerfulness, hope to keep her place in the affections of a daughter whose critical acumen had been sharpened by daily intercourse with a highly fastidious and accomplished man? Here was a tragical possibility which might puzzle the ingenuity of a greater philosopher than Swart. It was not his way to trouble himself much with the future. He obeyed the generous impulses of the moment, and left the morrow to take care of itself. He had, indeed, often wondered how so finely organized a being as Sylvia could have sprung from the union of such utterly coarse and commonplace elements; he would as soon have expected a sky-lark to have been hatched and bred by a pair of stolid respectable barn-yard fowls. But beyond that, his meditations had never extended.

VI.

It was early in December. A thin layer of snow covered the moon-lit square, but a languid dripping from the water-spouts on the roofs announced that it was not destined to last till morning. The air was raw and cold; great herds of clouds of fantastic shapes were sailing along the western horizon, but the upper regions of the sky were swept clear, showing a wide sea of deep nocturnal blue. Swart was walking rapidly down the main street toward the corner of the square where he had his office; the sound of his footsteps echoed dismally from the houses opposite. He had been sitting up with a fever patient who was in a critical condition, and he was only intending to take an hour's rest on the lounge in the office, expecting every moment to be summoned again. He unlocked the door, threw off his overcoat, rubbed his hands violently, and stooped down to revive the fire in the grate. He then lighted the drop-light on the table, drew his easy-chair close up to the fire and sat down, resting his heels on the fender. He had that very afternoon received a letter offering him in flattering terms a professorship of anatomy in an eastern medical college; but he had in the absorption of his professional duties been purposely checking every thought on the subject, until he should have a moment of complete solitude, when he might weigh the proposition fairly. He felt no disposition to sleep; and the hour seemed favorable for reflection.

"It is absurd enough for a novel," he muttered to himself, "my entangling myself with that little girl, who has evidently no more in common with me than a butterfly has with a rhinoceros. And," he reflected further, "it would be as unfair to her as it would be to myself, were I to act on the first foolish impulse. This offer is an evident godsend, it is the very thing I have been wishing for ever since my inclinations grew strong enough to formulate themselves. I shall accept. Yes, I must accept."

And he arose and began marching briskly up and down the floor.

"I must break loose from these cramping associations," he continued, half-aloud, "or my wings will be clipped before I shall have tested their strength."

At this moment there came a thump against the door, and a distressed voice seemed to be calling him from without. Swart, well accustomed to visits at this hour of the night, walked impatiently to the door and opened it. Then, as if he had received a blow, he sprang back in terror; it was Sylvia, pale, half-clad, and shivering.

"In heaven's name, what has happened?" he cried, lifting her up in his arms and carrying her to the easy-chair before the fire. But she bounded up instantly, and stood erect, panting and gasping for breath. Her bosom labored violently, but she could bring forth no sound. Swart stood aghast; a chilling fear—a presentiment of some dire calamity shook his strong frame; a great weight seemed to be pressing on his breast, and his breath stopped in his throat. A scarlet-striped shawl was drawn tightly across her shoulders; her long yellow hair streamed in wild disorder over it; one of her feet was bare, and the other half covered with a small slipper. Her whole figure looked so unnaturally thin and lithe, and her scant drapery

clung to her limbs, revealing their form as if they had been cut in marble.

"Something terrible must have happened, Miss Sylvia," he cried, as he regained the use of his voice. "Speak quick, that I may help you."

"Burglars—in—the house," she gasped, giving a little pant between each word. "I heard a scream—ran away—out of the window—through—the garden—saw light in your—window—mamma—mamma——"

"Remain here till I return," he said calmly, taking down a pair of loaded revolvers from the wall. "Now, be a rational little girl, and——"

"Oh, let me go—with you," she begged piteously.

"No; you must do as I tell you. Now, there. Sit down in this chair. Let me cover you up with my overcoat."

Before she could frame another protest, he was out of the door, and she heard him turn the key in the lock. She fell wearily back in the chair, and closed her eyes.

Mr. Grimsby's house was only a block from the square. As Swart was half-way up the street, he saw a figure sauntering along the pavement on the other side. He rushed toward it, and by the dim light of the moon recognized Solon Snell.

"Listen," he said, under his breath. "There are burglars in Mr. Grimsby's house. Come along with me. Here is a revolver."

Solon was too startled to answer; he stared blankly, first at Swart, then at the pistol, turning it slowly in his hand, as if wondering what its use might be.

"Come quick!" said Swart, grasping him by the shoulder.

"I—I am coming," stammered Solon, bewildered.

In another moment they were at Mr. Grimsby's door.

"Now, brace yourself up," whispered the doctor sternly. "Stand here at this door, and if any one tries to escape, shoot him down. But beware you don't shoot——"

A low whistle sounded around the corner; the doctor burst in through the door; then there was a brief, wild scuffle; the report of a shot reverberated through the house; then the noise of breaking and shivering glass. Somebody was seen darting out through a window and running up the street. In an instant the house resounded with voices calling and crying, with slamming of doors, hurrying footsteps, and universal commotion. Hearing the doctor calling loudly for help, Solon cautiously and hesitatingly entered the parlor. There in the dusk two men were seen struggling desperately on the floor.

"Tear the pistol from him!" Swart was crying. "There—under my knee—I have pinned him to the floor. The beast came within an inch of killing me!"

Solon obeyed, and succeeded in wresting the revolver from the hand of the prostrate burglar.

"Now, if you dare stir," roared his assailant, "you are a dead man."

The noise had now fairly aroused the neighborhood. Men and women, half-clad and with excited faces were hurrying in; and at last the tardy policeman arrived and the captive was well secured with ropes and removed to the police station. His confederate who had escaped, was arrested a few days later in a neighboring town.

Swart did not wait to receive the thanks of the family. After a few brief words of explanation to Mrs. Grimsby he hurried back to the office, unlocked the door and entered. Sylvia was standing in the middle of the floor with an unnatural glitter of excitement in her eyes. But suddenly as her gaze met his, the blood sprang to her face, she dropped her eyes, pulled nervously at her dress, and made a few spasmodic gestures to smooth her hair. He understood her unspoken thought, and with a quick, silent movement put out the gas. But the burning heap of coals on the grate still spread its vague, red glow through the room.

"Is any one hurt?" she asked, in an anxious whisper. "Are you hurt?"

"No one is hurt. I have a few scratches, but nothing serious."

"I must go home," she faltered, while a tear stole down over her cheek. "You will forgive me, Doctor, wont you? I don't know how it came about—I don't. I was so wild—and then your light ——"

"My dear child," interrupted he, warmly; "what have I to forgive?"

She looked so small, and slight, and helpless as she stood there before him, appealing to him with her large innocent eyes. A great wave of remorseful tenderness swept over him, and still a tenderness such as strength feels for helplessness, a man for a child.

"It is not the time to stand on ceremonies, Miss Sylvia," he said. "Of course you must be taken home. But it is snowing and you are but half-clad. Pardon me, if I take the law into my own hands."

He spoke gravely, almost commandingly; and still she detected a faint tremor, like a

warmer tinge breaking through the cool surface of his speech; and it quivered through her soul as a strong sound quivers through pure metal. Ere she knew it, he had lifted her up in his arms, wrapped a large plaid about her, and she felt his heart beating against her bosom.

As Swart stepped out upon the square, the clouds had spread over the sky, the snow was falling in large, wet, feathery flakes, and the street was silent and deserted. As he turned the corner, some one started out from the shadow of a wall, moved toward him, and then fell behind. It was Solon; he did not know why, but the sight of him suddenly made it dim before his eyes; the earth moved beneath his feet, and a remote sound as of rushing water broke upon his ears. He only felt that he was hurrying onward, onward. Then there was a sharp report,—something flew hissing past his ear, and again all was still. He was standing in Mr. Grimsby's hall. There was light in the upper windows, and some one was speaking agitatedly above. He thought he heard his own name mentioned. While he was trying to gather his senses, she had slipped out of his arms; he heard her rapid breath coming and going, and saw her head dimly outlined in the dusk.

"Who was it?" she asked, in a voice which the fright made unsteady.

"Some poor villain," he murmured. "Good-night!"

"You did not answer me."

"I cannot."

He had already laid his hand on the knob and the door was ajar. But some irresistible impulse drove him back. He caught her face between his hands and kissed her. He felt her arms winding tightly about his neck.

"Good-night!" he heard himself murmur, (for the voice hardly seemed to be his own) "and farewell! I leave to-morrow."

VII.

FOUR months had passed and the year was once more in its genial mood, though it was unsafe as yet to put any trust in the constancy of its good-humor. The day that was just sinking away out of sight had been brilliantly illustrative of what one might call metereological coquetry, one moment overflowing with tranquil happiness and in the next truculent with restrained wrath, venting itself in explosive little showers and unexpected thunder-claps—in fact a day as full of chaotic intentions as a page of Browning's blank verse. And Swart's temper had somehow caught its tone from the weather. He had begun in the morning with a lecture on shoulder-blades and clavicles and vertebræ, and had handled the clean-scraped bones with an affectionate and unprofessional touch, which must have convinced at least some of his students that his thoughts were wandering; by an unaccountable *lapsus* he fitted an arm-bone into the joint of the pelvis, attached it there by the wrong biceps, and made several other novel improvements in the anatomical system, all of which had the effect of throwing his audience into uncontrollable fits of laughter. He had of course the grace himself to join in their merriment, excused himself with a headache and broke off the lecture. The fact was he had waked up that morning with the resolution to pay a visit to Cicero Center, and during his anatomical vagaries his imagination had persisted in depicting with great vividness the reception he was to meet with in a certain stuccoed brick house on Main street. And all the day he went about, whistling, singing and talking in a restless, irresponsible mood, wondering all the while at his own strangeness as if he had been a sick and delirious patient intrusted to his own care. And at last, when the turbulent forces within him were spent, he yielded passively to his passion, as a man shakes hand with an adversary who has proved too strong for him. He had struggled long enough; he had protested with inward anger; he had ridiculed, reproached and pitied himself—but all the while the inexorable fact remained; he loved her and could love none but her.

In the evening he sat down to write to Norman. He felt anything but gay; but for the first time in his relation with his friend he felt it incumbent upon him to assume the comic mask. He feared that Norman might suspect the purpose of his visit, and he shuddered at the thought of exposing his darling to Mrs. Norman's scathing criticism. The letter ran as follows:

DEAR LUTHER: You know I never had anything against you,—except your name. And since, no doubt, feeling your deficiency in point of euphony, you have allied yourself with so much liquidly polysyllabic music in the name of Arabella, your spouse, I am conscious that you have abandoned the only vice with which nature endowed you. This, you understand, is to serve as an artful introduction to a request I have to make. I want you to invite me to come and see you. I am feeling terribly lonely here among my pickled anatomical specimens, and

I yearn for a glimpse of your face and the fragrant breath of the Ohio beach and hickory groves * * *

At this moment the door-bell was rung violently, and a telegraph messenger entered and threw a yellow envelope on the table. Swart tore it open, and read:

"Miss Sylvia is very ill. In Dr. L——'s opinion, your presence here may save her life. In her delirium she is constantly raving about you. I know you will come. Lose no time, or it may be too late. Of course you will stay with me.

"NORMAN."

Within an hour Swart was standing with his valise in his hand at the Erie depot, and the next evening he arrived in Cicero Center. He drove immediately to Mr. Grimsby's house, and was admitted to the sick-room.

A heavily shaded lamp was burning on the table, and a clear twilight pervaded the room. The nurse was dozing in a chair before the bed. A thin, sweet face, pallid as marble, lay in vague relief against the white pillow. She seemed to be smiling to herself, and her eyes were unnaturally large and brilliant. A splendid wave of yellow hair broke over her right shoulder, and shone with a dimly bright ripple on the coverlid. It seemed strange that so much golden magnificence should have drawn its strength from that poor, feeble little body.

Swart walked noiselessly up to the bedside and motioned to the nurse to go. He sat down, and ere long Sylvia's eyes sought his; they had a strange feverish glow in them that filled him with dread, but no sign of surprise; for, in her feverish imaginings, he had all the while been with her. She made an effort to stretch out her hand to him; he seized it; it was dry and hot.

"Ah," she whispered, "it is the same touch—the touch I knew when I met you long ago,—the first time. And it thrilled through me—through me. You saw it, didn't you? Yes, you did. I was afraid you would at the time. But now—now I am glad. For, long ago, when I was a child—I dreamed—dreamed that some one touched me in the dark—touched me like that—and I knew that it was he whom God had given to me. And I waited, Doctor,—waited for years for that touch,—and at last it came—it came with you. I have been so glad ever since."

"Hush, you must not speak," he commanded gently. "Close your eyes and sleep. You know I am here. I shall hold your hand all the while."

"Yes, hold my hand—so. What a good, strong, cool hand you have! But when you went away from me—how could I know but that God had forgotten—and the touch of your hand—the strange blessed touch I had felt in my dream—it was no more there to give me strength."

"Now, do as I bid you. Be a good child and close your eyes."

She caught her breath, heaved a little sigh, and her eyelids slowly drooped.

"Yes, the touch of your hand," he heard her murmur, "your strong—beautiful—hand."

An hour later, when the nurse entered, she found her sleeping the healthful sleep of a child. A light dew was resting upon her brow. Swart was sitting grave and watchful at the bedside, holding her hand. And I verily believe that there was healing in his touch.

May God grant that it be so!

GUESTS.

SUNFLOWER tall and hollyhock, that wave in the wind together,
Corn-flower, poppy, and marigold, blossoming fair and fine,
Delicate sweet-peas, glowing bright in the quiet autumn weather,
While over the fence, on fire with bloom, climbs the nasturtium vine!

Quaint little wilderness of flowers, straggling hither and thither—
Morning-glories tangled about the larkspur gone to seed,
Scarlet-runners that burst all bounds, and wander, heaven knows whither,
And lilac spikes of bergamot, as thick as any weed.

And oh, the bees and the butterflies, the humming-birds and sparrows,
That over the garden waver and chirp and flutter the livelong day!

Humming-birds, that dart in the sun like green and golden arrows,
Butterflies like loosened flowers blown off by the wind in play.

Look at the red nasturtium flower, drooping, bending, and swaying;
Out the gold-banded humble-bee breaks and goes booming anew!
Hark, what the sweet-voiced fledgling sparrows low to themselves are saying,
Pecking my golden oats where the corn-flowers gleam so blue!

Welcome, a thousand times welcome, ye dear and delicate neighbors—
Bird, and bee, and butterfly, and humming-bird fairy fine!
Proud am I to offer you a field for your graceful labors;
All the honey and all the seeds are yours in this garden of mine.

I sit on the door-step and watch you. Beyond lies the infinite ocean,
Sparkling, shimmering, whispering, rocking itself to rest.
And the world is full of perfume and color and beautiful motion,
And each new hour of this sweet day the happiest seems and best.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

More Protestant Vaticanism.

THIS time it is the Presbyterian body that undertakes to prove Dr. Blauvelt's charge of Protestant Vaticanism; and the Rev. John Miller is the victim. Does any one now doubt how this matter stands? Does any one now claim that there is anything like free thought, or free speech, within the precincts of a creed? Is there a Christian minister who does not realize that his brain is imprisoned and that his hands are tied? Can there be one who does not see that it is positively disastrous for him to look outside of his creed for truth? It is not a pretty position for a man to be in—much less for a man whom Christ has made free to be in. We do not wonder that ministers are vexed with us for alluding to it. It must be exceedingly humiliating, not only to realize one's bondage, but to feel bound to justify it; and we assure them that they have our profound commiseration.

Now let us see exactly what has been done. Mr. Miller, with a keen intellect, with competent learning, possessed by a great love of the Christian denomination with which he has for many years been associated, tenderly inquisitive of truth, and heroically loyal to conscience, investigates three questions suggested by the Bible. He comes to certain conclusions at variance with those that have found expression in his creed. Whatever these new opinions of his may be, they are "trophies, not traditions." He found them, and formed them, in the conscientious exercise of Christian liberty. He proclaimed them, knowing that they would harm him in the eyes of those whom he loved; but better than these he loved God and truth, or what he believed to be truth. The consequence did not lie far away. His case was taken up with a promptness worthy of the Inquisition, and he was suspended from the ministry. We do not learn that any flaw has been found in his moral character, or that any fault is discovered in his Christian spirit. Exactly what we do learn, is, that in this nineteenth century, inside of the Christian church, there is proscription for opinion's sake,—that, practically, Protestantism undertakes to fasten bands upon the Christian conscience and the Christian intellect. Men may try to disguise the nature of this act to themselves and the world in any way they choose, but proscription for opinion—an organized and instituted suppression of Christian liberty—is just what it is, beyond all possibility of denial.

We look back, in these days, upon the blunders of our fathers with pity; but as we turn the pages of colonial history, we find a touch of manliness about the old trials for heresy which our degenerate heresy-hunters do not seem to possess. When Mr. Pynchon of the Massachusetts Colony wrote a book in which he attempted to prove that "Christ suffered not for us those unutterable torments of God's wrath, commonly called hell torments," the authorities deposed him from the magistracy and publicly burned his book in Boston Market; and then they had the decency to appoint Mr. Norton of Ipswich, under very handsome pay, considering the times, "to write an answer to the book." Mr. Pynchon's heresy has become modern orthodoxy, and now, if any minister dares to assert that Christ suffered genuine hell torments, down goes his house! The whole matter is pitiful, because it is so childish. How does this case look, for another instance? Robert Breck, less than a hundred and fifty years ago, said: "What will become of the heathen who never heard of the gospel, I do not pretend to say; but I cannot but indulge a hope that God, in his boundless benevolence, will find out a way whereby those heathen who act up to the light they have may be saved." That utterance was considered such a breach of orthodoxy, that he was arrested by

an officer with a drawn sword, to be carried from Massachusetts to Connecticut for trial, and refused bail on the ground that the offense with which he was charged was "high treason not only against the King of England, but the King of Heaven!" And the poor ass who made this utterance, and compels us to laugh at him, was tremendously in earnest,—as much in earnest, say, as the bodies that have placed their little ban on Dr. Blauvelt and Mr. Miller! And the time is rapidly coming when the action of those bodies will be regarded precisely as we regard these mistakes of our forefathers. The world does move. Opinions are modified. Creeds are broadened or shortened or thrown away altogether, and a generation of preachers is even now coming forward who have discovered that the Christianity of the head is the Christianity of the past, and that the hold of our religion upon the world, and the hope of its progress and prevalence, are in the heart, the character, the life.

As for Mr. Miller, we congratulate him on the reception of his certificate of Christian manhood. Dismissal from the ministry, as a punishment for the independent study of the Bible, is getting to be quite common, and, barring its monotonousness, quite popular. People now would like to know what Mr. Miller has to say. They have heard all there is to say inside of the creeds, *ad nauseam*, and they are not fond of official mouth-pieces. There was a time when proscription for opinion tended to blast and blacken a man,—when there was a measure of disgrace connected with it. Now, it is an honor among all men who are free, and who are determined to be free. The best and brightest men in the world will rejoice in the spiritual enlargement of all who, breaking away from everything that hinders, investigate for themselves and come to their own conclusions. God gave them their reason for just this work, and all pity should be saved for those who, for any cause, consent to be hampered in its exercise.

The Tax for Barbarism.

THE world groans with poverty. Wherever, in the cities of the old world or the new, a well-dressed, comfortable man moves through a street, the hand that asks for alms is extended to him. He can hardly walk a block without being painfully reminded that there is a great world around him that lives in mean conditions, from hand to mouth. The tax upon a benevolent man's sensibilities is constant and most depressing. The consciousness that, while he is enjoying the reward of honest labor, there are millions whose minds are charged with anxiety concerning the barest necessaries of life, is full of bitterness. It matters not that the most of this poverty is the result of vice and improvidence, for that only makes the matter more hopeless. The immediate causes of this poverty are apparent enough, and great efforts are made in various directions for destroying them; but the reformers work against what seem to be almost hopeless disadvantages.

There is one cause of the world's poverty, however, which the ordinary mind very rarely considers. We recognize the personal vices of men, but we pay little regard to the vices of governments. To-day, the world is spending on war—on national contests for power, and on the preparations for possible contests in the future—enough to feed the poor of the world. England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, are full of soldiers. Russia and Turkey and the minor powers immediately interested are, at the present writing, absorbed in a great and awful war. The thoughts, policies, energies, resources of all Europe seem to be absorbed in this barbarous business. England is jealous of Russian progress in the East. France is smarting under the sting of lost prestige, and watching her opportunity for revenge. Germany, conscious that her old enemy is not yet humbled, holds her army organized, and ready for another trial. Italy is drawing the life-blood of her people to sustain a standing force that shall make her power respected by the subtle agencies which are contriving its destruction. Spain, herself the field for easy revolution, is pouring out her treasure and her blood in trying to preserve her precious island of Cuba. The American people are still staggering under the terrible burdens which their recent civil war laid upon their shoulders. The waste of life, the waste of labor, the waste of the materials of life, the waste of the hoarded results of labor, produced by these gigantic quarrels, and these stupendous preparations for quarrels, cannot be calculated.

It is easy to say this and see this; yet, right here in America, there are many men who look upon a European war as a godsend to our industry and our commerce! It is a grave mistake. The world is now so closely woven together in commercial interest and sympathy, that no war can occur without carrying its depressing influence to every nation, state, county, town, and fireside on the civilized globe. The country that, in the necessity of war, buys our goods to-day, will to-morrow, in consequence of its war, be either weakened or bankrupt, and our customer will be gone. The time of depression and adversity through which this nation has been passing for the past five years, and from which it has not yet emerged, has produced its result in Europe. Every country with which we trade has severely felt our reverses, and the hard times we talk of here have been the common topic in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Paris, Lyons, and the other commercial and manufacturing centers. Those producing and trading peoples of Europe thought they made something out of our war, but what they made is gone. If we make anything out of a European war, we shall lose it all in five years. Any war that cripples them will cripple us. In short, war is never profitable to anybody. It is not a legitimate business. It is a barbarous business. It is a constant drag upon the prosperity, not only of the nations immediately involved in it, but of the world; and the whole world has a vital interest in bringing it to an end. There is not a poor man in America who will not be made poorer by a European war. Its suspension of productive

industry, its destruction of vital resources, its waste of valuable material, are all losses from the world's wealth, and all the world will feel them. War, too, is a natural breeder of vice. What a legacy of vice, of idleness, of immorality, has war left to us! Where did all our wretched army of tramps come from? Whence has come all this overwhelming accession to the ranks of pauperism? These frequent murders and suicides and robberies, in what did they directly or indirectly originate? These are all the natural children of war. We cannot outlive them in a generation. We never can outlive them, entirely. Why, if we could do away with all war, and with all standing armies for half a century, the world would become so comfortable and respectable that it would not know itself.

Well, war, let it be remembered, is not the outgrowth of Christianity. It is its constant disgrace. It is a relic of that barbarism from which, in our vanity and self-complacency, we fancy that we have retired. It is the attempt to settle political and even religious questions by might. It rises in no essential dignity above the struggle which two dogs indulge in for a bone. It is the way in which savage tribes settle a dispute. It is the duel, now pretty universally under condemnation, undertaken by states. It is brutal, not human. It is the work of barbarous men or savage animals, and not of Christian peoples.

It has been the habit of the world to laugh at peace men and peace congresses, but they, after all, are right. It is, of course, the duty of a nation to defend itself; this we suppose all men will admit. The law of self-preservation is a law universally recognized; but in these days the cases are very few in which arbitration, honestly entered upon with a desire for the preservation of peace, cannot settle any question that may arise between different nations. Even if Christian considerations do not avail for the purpose, the absolute bankruptcy and ruin of the great governments of the world, through the taxes of barbaric war, must ultimately drive them to the settlement of international questions by international arbitration. The nations of the world are now too near together, and too strongly and immediately sympathetic, to permit the warlike and semi-barbaric among them to indulge in the arbitrament of war. We cannot afford war in this country, and we cannot afford to permit others to indulge in it. It is out of place in our civilization.

THE OLD CABINET.

Keats.

SOIL not with dark regret his perfect fame,
Saying, Had he but lived he had done so;
Or, Were his heart not eaten out with woe
John Keats had been a prouder, mightier name.
Take him for what he was and did—nor blame
Blind fate for all he suffered. Dost not know
Souls such as his escape no mortal blow—
No agony of joy, or sorrow, or shame?
"Whose name was writ in water!" What large laughter
Among the immortals when that word was brought!
Then, when his fiery spirit rose flaming after,
High toward the topmost heaven of heavens up-caught,
"All hail! our younger brother!" Shakspere said,
And Dante nodded his imperial head.

OUR recent remarks on the birds of our neighbor the barber have called forth the following letter from a reader:

To the Old Cabinet:— The "toucan" is a large family, consisting of, I suppose, some fifteen or twenty different species. I am familiar with only a few of these,—those of South America. They all have exceeding large and strong bills. Two of this family are very common in the Andes of northwestern South America, one of which is black, green and red, and very, very brilliant; the other is a larger bird, about the size of our crow, is of a pea-green on the back, changing gradually into yellow underneath and on the breast. Its bill is a yellow green, very large and strong, terminating with a short hook, and edged with teeth like a saw, fitting with neatness into each other when closed. The tongue is long, and they are capable of running it away out of the bill, I suppose to pick insects out from the crevices in the barks of trees. This bird is held in great reverence by the natives, and is known by the name of "Dios te dé" (God will provide). Its flight is high, and when it perches, selects some elevated limb of the highest trees, where it utters its peculiar cry "Dios te dé–te dé," commencing with the bill held upward toward heaven, and dropping it at each note until it points to earth. It says these words quite distinctly in the Spanish language. It has a habit of clapping the bill together with great force, the noise of which resounds to a wonderful distance. The natives do not like to kill it, but love to hear it in their lonely travels over the mountains,—will watch its flight and be delighted if it alights near at hand and assures them that "God will provide."

It impressed me as a peculiar fact that the birds of South America are not songsters in the general sense of the word. Some of the most gorgeous in plumage utter the most dismal, harsh or plaintive sounds imaginable. Those magnificent macaws known as the "guacamayo," when flying overhead cry "k-a-a-a" with a harsh, hoarse voice, unequaled by the dullest of saws going through a board. Señor

Ruiz had one, and I wanted to send it home to New York, but the captain told me that he would not have it on board for any amount of money, and in his exaggerated way said "it would gnaw all the rigging loose, and gnaw the masts down." Their strong beaks are dreadfully destructive. The "turpeal," however, is an exception; and there are some few other beautiful warblers. Señor Ruiz was termed a "curioso," he so dearly loved curious things; he had a turpeal that would imitate the notes of many birds. It might be called the mocking-bird of South America. This one carried the portion of a tune, and would also whistle some of the military bugle calls distinctly and accurately. It was lively, bold, and not easily intimidated by a much larger bird. The colors were orange and black; size a trifle smaller than our robin. He had among the rest a couple of parrots, which lived on a horizontal pole in the "Patio," and were about the "smartest" ones I have known; they would laugh, cry, hold dialogues together, scold and pray. All this would be jumbled up in a most ludicrous manner. Many times I have had a hearty laugh with them. A rain-storm seemed to excite their volubility; on such an occasion they would draw upon their stock of acquirements to the fullest extent. Among the South Americans many interesting parrot anecdotes are told, which would vie with our "fish stories." The Spanish language, on account of its numerous vowels, is more easily pronounced by parrots than English ever could be.

Yours truly,

HORACE BAKER.

The last time I was in at the barber's the cage of the mino bird was hung below that of one of the bull-finches. The bull-finch was singing its waltz. It began by giving a few notes, then stopping and repeating; after that it sang a little farther on into the melody, stopped and repeated; finally it went through with the entire waltz. But in the midst of this pretty performance, the mino bird called out in a deep and husky voice—"Go 'way there!" Whenever the mino bird made this ill-mannered speech—and he made it several times—the bull-finch stopped and looked about in great surprise, but immediately resumed its music. The barber's assistant told me that the mino bird did not like the bull-finch, because he could not imitate the little fellow's song.

The barber's wife passed around the shop and gave each of the birds a strawberry. She stopped and talked to the mino bird, who was delighted with the attention. It laughed, chattered and made strange motions with its head.

I should say that the barber is an Alsatian,—that is, by birth. By adoption and at heart he is one of the most thorough Americans I know. Those who believe in kings and aristocracies, he says, let them go to Europe and live, not as "foreigners," with plenty of money to spend, but as citizens.

WE fear that even musical readers will find it difficult to properly reproduce in sound the first of the three Japanese melodies printed in this number. When rendered with the delicacy and precision with which Miss Kellogg herself sings it, the song has a peculiar charm. It is to be hoped that some one will be able to supply the words which belong to it,—if, indeed, there are any. Since Miss Kellogg's little paper has been put in type the author of it has read an essay in two parts on "Japanese Music and Musical Instruments," in the June number of "The Leisure Hour," which has just arrived from London. The "Leisure Hour" essay, by Mr. Samuel Mossman, is based upon a German treatise by Dr. Müller, which appeared in the journal of the German Asiatic Society. An introductory letter is given in the "Leisure Hour," by Professor Lyle, of the Imperial University of Yeddo. Professor Lyle says:

"If my ear does not deceive me, the scale they use, as compared with ours, differs in the position of the semitones, or, rather, in not having true *semi*tones, but three-quarter tones instead.

European Scale.

Thus: | | | | ½ | | | | ½ |

| | | ¾ | ¾ | | ¾ | ¾ |

Chinese Scale.

"This you will understand at a glance, and if you will tune an instrument—say a harp—after this manner, and then play upon it the tunes noted by Mr. McGregor (L.H. 1875, p. 213), I think you will get the true effect of the melodies, which is greatly marred by attempting to reproduce them on our gamut. From the various specimens I have heard, my opinion is that the Egyptians, Turks, Arabs, Hindoos, and Siamese, and Burmese also, use this scale, which gives its peculiar character to all 'Eastern music,'—its half-minor effect having neither the plaintiveness of our minor mode nor the vigor and brilliancy of the major. They lose also the charm of contrast which comes from alternation of modes, and they are deficient also in variety of time, having no triple-time movements."

Professor Lyle remarks incidentally that his impression is that ancient music can be correctly noted on neither the major nor the minor scale, but on a scale intermediate to both.

But to return to Japanese music. Mr. Mossman says:

"Women and girls comprise the great bulk of players, being taught from their childhood to follow music as a profession. But it is not held in any great esteem, especially as the reputation of the women is indifferent, and the males mostly what we would term itinerant musicians. On this account few persons of the upper classes care to acquire a knowledge of music, either vocal or instrumental, yet all grades of society delight in the performance of their national airs by trained players. In this respect they prefer their own simple melodies, played or sung as solos, to the finest European music performed by bands of stringed and wind instruments, or a harmony of many voices. On being interrogated, many expressed their opinion that such were 'abominable,' and when Dr. Miller questioned a distinguished man of rank on the subject, he politely replied that 'European music might please women, children, and common people, but Japanese gentlemen may not endure it.'"

It would appear that the music and musical instruments of Japan are based on those of China.

"The Chinese fiddle is as much inferior to that of the Japanese as it is inferior to the European violin.—one of the most perfect and most powerful instruments that has been invented. Nevertheless, there are data to infer that the principle on which these are constructed originated in China, like those of the compass and gunpowder, with many other supposed inventions of the West that have come from the East."

Mr. Mossman sums up as follows:

"Concerning the character of Chinese and Japanese music and musical instruments, we consider both at their best to be barbarous, as compared with the grandeur and harmony of European instrumental and vocal compositions. At times it is of a plaintive nature and frequently stirring in its strains, but the tunes and songs partake more of a savage than what we would term a civilized character. Yet in these respects they have a charm that suits the ear which prefers a melody on some simple instrument or a song to the grandest orchestral music. We need not go out of our own country to find persons of this taste, who prefer the national airs of Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, to the finest Italian or German concerted pieces. But in that preference the element of nationality exists. May not this be the case among the Japanese and Chinese who prefer their own music and musical instruments to those of Europe? We are of that opinion, and if the subject was investigated on that basis much interesting information might be elucidated. Although our comments on the Japanese and Chinese method of singing in a falsetto voice, accompanied in unison by a tinkling stringed instrument, are not complimentary to the taste of composers, players, and hearers, yet we must admit that the themes of their favorite songs are sometimes of the most charming description."

The article in "Leisure Hours" closes with the poem published by Mr. Stoddard in SCRIBNER for October, 1876, and entitled "The Flown Bird." This is called by Mr. Mossman a "translation." The beautiful refrain "I have forgotten to forget" is Japanese, and so is most of the imagery, but the story is the poet's own.

Miss Kellogg writes with regard to Mr. Mossman's interesting and able paper: "This writer does not do justice to the beauty of their melodies. Either he has been unfortunate, or I have been particularly fortunate in the selections heard. The two given you by me play perfectly on our scale." The third melody is copied literally from M. De Rosny's work.

The White and the Red Rose.

I.

In Heaven's happy bowers
Blossom two flowers,
One with fiery glow,
And one as white as snow;
While lo! before them stands,
With pale and trembling hands,
A spirit who must choose
One, and one refuse.

II.

Oh, tell me of these flowers
That bloom in Heaven's bowers,
One with fiery glow,
And one as white as snow!
And tell me who is this
Here in heavenly bliss
That trembles and that cries
Like a mortal when he dies!

III.

These blossoms two
Wet with heavenly dew—
The Gentle Heart is one,
And one is Beauty's own;
And the spirit here that stands
With pale and trembling hands—
Before to-morrow's morn
Will be a child new-born,
Will be a mortal maiden
With earthly sorrows laden;
But of these two shining flowers
That bloom in Heaven's bowers,
To-day she still may choose
One, and one refuse.

IV.

Will she pluck the crimson flower
And win Beauty's dower?
Will she choose the better part
And gain the Gentle Heart?
Awhile she weeping waits
Within the heavenly gates—
Alas! the child new-born
Before to-morrow's morn—
Alas! the mortal maiden
With earthly sorrow laden:
Her tears afresh they start,
She hath chosen the Gentle Heart.

V.

And now the spirit goes,
In her breast the snow-white rose.
When hark! a voice that calls
Within those garden walls:
"Thou didst choose the better part,
Thou hast won the Gentle Heart—
Now to thee is given
The red rose of Heaven."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Blue India China.

Editor of Scribner's Monthly.

DEAR SIR: The article in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for January, on "Blue China *versus* White," has induced me to make some jottings upon the same subject. The household to which I belong has eaten from the blue India china for sixty-seven years, the head of the family, now over ninety-two, having begun his married life with a set of this ware, which has been in daily use ever since. I think I may therefore be considered competent to give an opinion founded on experience. And, first, I will speak of its durability. When a friend was dining with me, and said how delighted she was to see dishes like those familiar to her childhood, I remarked that this set had been in use over sixty years; "but," said she, "it must be like the Irishman's coat, not a piece of the original left." "On the contrary," I replied,

"though the smaller-sized plates and tea-cups have been often renewed, yet the great body of the dinner set is the same."

In all these years, it has not been stationary in one china closet; bought in Boston, it traveled first to New Hampshire, then back to Massachusetts, then to Maine, and thirty-five years ago to the neighborhood of Boston again. One reason for the durability of this ware is found in the fact that it is subjected to a very high temperature in firing (a degree of heat at which iron melts), so that the dishes are placed in the furnace not on the usual iron tripod but on beds of sand; this adhering to the base of every piece causes the roughness so perceptible, and makes the bottom of an India plate the knife-sharpener of the old-fashioned carver. It is only blue that can stand the furnace *en grand feu*, and it is painted directly on the biscuit, the glaze being made over it, so that the color never changes or wears off. The reader will readily see why this ware bears, without breaking, boiling water and the overheating that Biddy will subject the dinner dishes to. It was a former custom for Thanksgiving and Christmas pies to be baked on Canton china, so well assured was its owner that it would stand the heat of a common oven; but that was before the Irish reign.

In the earlier importations of India china, covered vegetable-dishes were unknown,—like handles to tea-cups, they are an English innovation; small, oblong, six-sided platters, and flat bowls with deep scollops were then used for that purpose, the only covered articles being the two large soup-tureens and their four children (exactly alike, except in size), which were used for sauces and gravies.

I cannot agree with the writer in the January number, when he says that the china produced to-day does not, so far as he can see, differ in the least from that which was made fifty or a hundred years ago. It is quite evident he has not used it for over half a century! When, by chance, a piece imported within the last twenty years comes into my hand, I can tell, without looking, that it is new. To a china-collector, the evidence of touch in distinguishing the old from the modern ware is greater than that of sight. Since the Chinese rebellion and the breaking up of so many of the ancient potteries, the ware has greatly changed; it is far heavier, rougher to the touch, and less delicate in decoration, and the employment of European colors has given us instead of the deep rich blue, a pale, faded hue, far inferior in beauty to the old.

Yet, notwithstanding this deterioration and the high price of India or Canton china, I believe it is still the most economical set a young housekeeper could purchase, as it bears overheating, a great deal of hard usage, and never changes color or shows the scratch of a knife.

Dealers in old articles, like Quigly and Sullivan, in Boston, always have it on hand, where one can generally find the genuine ware of fifty years ago, and Briggs annually imports it for his customers. I differ with the writer in SCRIBNER who thinks that there are tons of it stored in garrets and cellars near Boston. In the ancient town where I live, every one who has a set uses it and eagerly watches the breaking up of old families to replenish the stock if any is offered at auction, thus obtaining a better article at far less cost; for, if an old dish is neither cracked nor broken, it is far better than any Briggs can offer.

In 1850, there appeared in "Littell's Living Age," "The Story of a common China Plate." No credit was given to the magazine from which it was reprinted, though it was evidently written or translated, and probably published, in England. I have no doubt that the story is essentially Chinese, as in many different styles of blue India plates that I have collected, scenes of this story are depicted; that the whole is ever told on one plate, as in the Liverpool ware, called the "willow pattern," I am inclined to doubt; because, after diligent search for several years, I have been unable to find one.

In my series of these plates, covering a period of one hundred and fifty years, the earliest ones, known by the ancient six-sided form, have very elaborate scroll and butterfly borders, with the mandarin's palace near the water, its walled-in garden, a flock of swallows overhead, but neither bridge nor lovers. The next form shows, by six rounded notches, the gradual transformation of the angular plate to a circle; Koong See and Chang are seated on a highly ornamented rock in the garden, while over them wave the fan-like leaves of the ginko-tree; the peach-tree is in full bearing; the gardener's wife approaching in a large boat warns the lovers to fly.

My set of forty pieces is of a soft peculiar blue on a bluish-white ground; the decoration is rude but effective, and the figures are three inches high on the plates. I have never seen any of this pattern out of Philadelphia, where, in the breaking up of old families, a few pieces can occasionally be bought at auction. The china and the forms of the dishes are the canonical India, and I think the ware must have been brought direct to Philadelphia from some port in the China seas, in the latter part of the last century. (I should be glad to receive any further information about this old china.)

On the next plate in the series, still with six notches, Koong See is crossing the bridge with her parasol, watching a little boat containing her lover's message. On later plates the flock of swallows eventually change to the emblematic doves, and three small figures appear crossing the bridge.

The Canton china made during this century has neither doves nor figures; it is the survival in its barest outlines of the story which was crystallized on the Liverpool ware by the art of printing on clay.

Soon after the middle of the last century, several eminent potters experimented with this new idea of printing on earthenware, and the honor of bringing it first to notice is a subject of dispute. That the first printing was done in black all the early specimens attest; it is generally believed that Thomas Turner, at his potteries in Caughley, in Shropshire, England, invented the beautiful dark blue, and, in

1780, completed the first blue printed table service made in England.

I have a blue dish, English shape, with the Caughley mark printed with classical designs in a lovely blue, probably among the early efforts of Turner. The blue printed ware immediately came into favor, and many potteries were established for its manufacture in Liverpool, where, as early as 1756, Sadler & Green had begun to print earthenware tiles, and brought the art into notice.

The "willow pattern" soon became a favorite, and is, as far as I know, the only one of the old styles that obtained a permanent hold in public esteem,—probably from the fact that it is a poor imitation of a higher-priced article.

Thirty or forty years ago its place had been usurped in the American market by the Liverpool ware with printed views of the scenery of our country, and when the story of the "willow pattern plate" was published here, it was very difficult to obtain a plate of it in the neighborhood of Boston, as the older sets had descended to the kitchen and long before been consigned to the dust-heap. I understood at the time that it was still largely made and used in England, and during the centennial year it was imported in considerable quantities. The old ware may be recognized by its bright deep blue, and by the bottom of the plate, which is of a rounded form without a rim to stand on; the modern is a pale, washed-out, ugly blue, and the pattern mechanically exact as is the fashion of the day in English ware.

Very truly yours,

ISABELLA JAMES.

Budding Fruit-Trees.

OWNERS of suburban places, when confined to a limited space of garden, very often find it desirable as well as convenient to have growing on the same tree half a dozen or more sorts of fruit, each ripening at a different date. With one or two large trees of either apples, pears, cherries, or plums, one can have a liberal supply for family use of these different sorts,—extending through the season from midsummer until late in the fall. A plan of this kind properly adjusted would seem far more sensible than to have only a single pear or apple tree, with not more than one variety on either, giving a great abundance for a week or two, and the rest of the season none at all. Among regular fruit-growers it is very common to have six or eight different varieties on the same tree; but it is not often put in practice in private gardens, where such a plan would be so desirable, extending the luxuries of choice fruit over a much longer period.

There are two well-established methods now in very general use among experts in fruit-culture, for changing or multiplying varieties of the same class on the same tree, and both of these are simple and inexpensive. The first of these is known as *grafting*, and is only practiced on larger trees, and always in the spring before the foliage is developed. The other method, which is much more rapid, and quite as sure when properly done, is *budding*, and the time for doing this extends from the middle of July until the first of September. Whenever the bark separates easily from the wood, the buds may be set, with fair chances of success. The outfit for budding consists of some narrow strips of bass matting, such as comes on the inside of coffee-bags, and a pocket-knife with a single blade, with a small piece of ivory fastened in the end of the handle. When the incision is made the ivory is used to raise the bark up on either side, so that the bud may be pressed into place. The buds to be inserted should be cut from young, healthy trees, and always of the present year's growth, those that are most matured being selected. The leaves may then be clipped off the branch of buds, leaving say half an inch of the leaf stalk attached to the bud. Then with a keen-edged knife cut off each bud separately from a half to three-quarters of an inch in length, leaving a thin slice of wood back of the eye or bud. These should be kept moist and protected from the sun or air until set; exposure even for a short time may prove fatal.

When the whole top or any part of it is to be budded over, select the spot for each bud in a smooth part of the branch, not too large, say from one to two inches in diameter. On this part make an incision through the bark in the form of the capital letter **T**, and raise or separate the bark from the wood with the ivory on the handle of the knife. The bud may then be pressed into place, cutting off square the portion that goes above the cross incision. Then with a strip of the bass matting wrap firmly around the branch above and below the eye, fastening the end of the strip by a slip knot. This completes the operation, which can be successfully done even by a novice in less time than it takes to describe it. But even with failure, the branch is neither injured nor disfigured.

In case the bud "takes" it will appear fresh and plump later in the season, and the following spring the branch above the bud should be cut off, making a clean, smooth cut from the opposite side to the bud. On thrifty pear-trees, it is not unusual for the growth of a single year to attain a length of six or even eight feet of fully matured wood. With ordinary success, by the end of the third season, the top or new head is quite as bulky as the one removed. During this time, with judicious pruning, the trees may be thrown into fruit-bearing; producing the fourth year quite as much fruit as trees of the original varieties of equal size or age. There are numerous instances where the whole of the tops of large trees have been "worked" over, and, in one case, in the sixth year from the time the buds were set, the yield of Bartlett pears was from sixteen to twenty peach-basketfuls of fine, large specimens of fruit. Even leaving out of sight the profit of such an undertaking, there is nothing that will afford the owner of a few fruit-trees more pleasure than to set a few buds and watch their annual growth. After the first successful experiment in budding, one needs no urging to multiply sorts or replace inferior ones with those of better quality.

From the time the bud is set until the branch begins to bear fruit it is constantly an object of interest to the owner.

When once a success is made with fruit, then the operator may extend the art of changing and replacing a large variety of ornamental stock, which will lend still more interest to this simple method that is so extensively practiced by modern gardeners, in every department of useful and ornamental gardening. P. T. Q.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The "No Name" Series.*

AMERICAN novels, though really produced in great abundance, not long since came to be considered a difficult sort of books to obtain. This was partly, perhaps, because so many American novels are badly written, while English fiction of even the second and third class always has considerable technical merit. But Messrs. Roberts Brothers, in proposing an anonymous series, appear to have thrown out a bait which immediately filled the water with fish. They have secured and published in rapid succession five novels dealing with American life and character in diverse phases, and one ("A Modern Mephistopheles") evidently American in its origin, though dealing with beings of no particular time, place, or country, and belonging only to the ideal locality of romance, abstract and general.

"MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE" is an original and striking story of New England country life, but designed not so much to portray that life for its social aspects as to introduce us to a study of two or three kinds of individuality likely to occur in it. These again are treated in relation to the general theme of truthful living and false living. Mercy's almost excessive scrupulosity and frankness are put in contrast with Stephen White's confined, flaccid spirit, and the ease with which he descends into a course of deception. The discrimination of his weak traits and the noting of the steps by which he passes into a false position and for a time draws Mercy with him, are passages deserving special praise; for these negative forces and operations are among the most difficult to record successfully in a novel. The whole story grows out of this contrast. Stephen is tyrannized over by his jealous invalid mother, and restrained from taking the manly course of marrying Mercy; and this tyranny is due to the same weakness in his character that leads him to declare his love to Mercy, and to hold her for his own, while it is impossible for them to marry. The selfishness of this course is demonstrated by the entrance on the scene of Parson Dorrance, a high-souled man, the general benefactor of his neighborhood, who finds in Mercy the one person who could supply to his long-widowed heart the help it needs. It is clear that he is equally the complementary nature which *she* needed. But Stephen's underhand relation with Mercy, his crafty lien upon her love (to put it legally) frustrates all this. In the end, his selfishness and weakness react upon him: they make the catastrophe of the story, and leave him to a miserable destiny of life-long emptiness and desolation. An easy objection which will occur to many readers is: "How could she ever have loved such a man in the way she did?" But in depicting just this seeming contradiction, the authoress (?) has shown her familiarity with what she is describing, viz., human nature in the ardent, poetic, feminine form. Perhaps the most serious fault of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" is an intensity of tone and of expression which we feel to be untrue to life, and which certainly cloys upon the natural mind. The book is written throughout in the superlative degree; and the characters address each other in terms which shock the reader by their disregard of ordinary, self-respecting reticence. If it is claimed, in defense, that there are persons in New England who do talk and act in this sentimental manner, we can only say that they or their peculiarities must be subordinated in artistic fiction. Nor can we deny that the story is, with all its originality and force, wanting, otherwise, in loveliness. Even the æsthetic element seems to suffer from a hardness and constraint belonging to the traditional deformity of life in New England. The unnamed author of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" has the virtue of the "too-much," which is an important virtue and one that should produce, under proper restraint, individual and valuable artistic work.

But that foreign reviewers are mistaken in assuming this to be the most characteristic phase of our eastern American life might readily be disproved by opening the pages of "IS THAT ALL?" the next in the series. Nothing could be more cheerful, wholesome and vivacious than this clever little sketch of an amusing entanglement which took place in a small New England city, the description of which calls Hartford to mind. The characters are here taken from a different class—for it is useless to maintain that we have not in our society divisions that are absolute and clearly definable, though also more subject to change than distinctions abroad. These people exhale the tradition of riches, culture, and gentle breeding, and it is no small benefit to have them so unerringly pictured in the pages of a novel; for the fallacy we have just been combating has had a damaging influence on much of our native fiction. There has been a tendency on the part of our own story-writers, even when they have known the difference between one class and another, to slight the traits of unlikeness so as to make their writing perfectly acceptable to all

* No Name Series. 1. Mercy Philbrick's Choice. 2. Is That All? 3. Kismet. 4. The Great Match, and other Matches. 5. A Modern Mephistopheles. 6. Afterglow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

readers. "Is That All?" was attributed to Mr. Howells, by the newspapers, but we believe it is now agreed that Miss Harriet W. Preston is the author. She displays more skill in the plot than might have been expected from her "Love in the Nineteenth Century;" but her persons though, as we have said, well drawn, are not as substantial as we should like to have them. They are real in the sense of being probable and accurately observed, yet they are too airy. We see them, but do not *feel* them.

"THE GREAT MATCH," which we will next take up, is just as well studied as "Is That All?" and it also has the very quality of juiciness (so to speak) and solidity in the human beings put before us, which we constantly long for in Miss Preston's book. Even the reader unused to critical measurements must be aware of the contrast between these volumes. It is hardly possible to point it out further than to point out that they are quite unlike in this respect. The people who figure in "The Great Match" are not by any means perfectly drawn, but they affect us with a pleasant and vital *presence*, which calls out our sympathies in the right sort of way. This kind of heartiness in a novelist's representations depends, we suppose, on his or her personal constitution, for it involves humor. Humor the "Great Match" writer has; but "Is That All?" though amusing, appeals to the purely intellectual perception of the ludicrous, and therefore does not display humor. All three of these stories based on New England surroundings are true, and their dissimilarity arises from the separate points of view taken up by the several authors. But we cannot refrain from recognizing the hearty and unaffected enjoyment with which the author of "The Great Match" imbues his tale. He has, moreover, given us an entirely fresh glimpse of life in an American manufacturing town. We have seen criticisms taking this writer to task for letting his people talk slang; but this seems to us an evidence of how far away our newspaper critics have strayed from the healthy instinct which prefers real life to artificial bookishness, in current novels.

We have adopted the masculine pronoun for the "Great Match" author, mainly for variety's sake. One of the most interesting discoveries about the "No Name" novels is that it is impossible to decide positively whether or not any given one is from the hand of a male or a female writer. "KISMET" certainly does not betray what influence presided at the blending of the many-colored strands in its attractive web, whether that of a femininely endowed man, or a masculinely imaginative woman. It is enough that it is an entertaining story, full of the charm that lingers about a land so old, so strange, and so historic as Egypt. There is a tropic warmth of sentiment in its pages, never subsiding into a mere exploiting of aimless emotions; the descriptions are rich; of plot, there is just the right degree for an atmosphere so purely picturesque; and the characters are strongly delineated. But "Kismet" is a story to be read for the pleasure of the hour; it conducts us to no profound conclusions, and its characters do not profess to stand out as concentrated and overpowering types.

"A MODERN MEPHISTOPHELES," on the contrary, like some modern German frescoes, undertakes to compress within its outlines a significance of perhaps excessive pretensions as to profundity. It has exposed itself to the danger of being more allegorical than symbolic; two things often confounded with each other, but really widely apart. Symbolism offers only a part for the whole, and what it offers may be interpreted with a variety that opens sources of continually new enjoyment; but allegory tends to dryness, by attempting to condense in some unchanging form the utmost that can be found in a given theme or situation. Helwyze, in this strange story, has a hypertrophy of the intellect; he is an incarnation of cold, selfish deviltry, meant to be a humanized Mephistopheles. But he fails to take possession of one's fancy, as Goethe's devil does, because we are not free from a sort of moral responsibility, as we are in the case of the great German portrait of the negative spirit. We are constantly obliged to feel that Helwyze, without being really human, professes to be so. This throws an unmerited disgrace on our whole kind, and excites a desire to get hold of Helwyze and cultivate his moral nature a little, on our own account. Besides, Goethe's Mephisto is not his hero; Helwyze really is the hero here, for the ostensible one, Canaris, is too loose and ignoble a bundle of passions to gain our sympathy. In Helwyze, however, the author has endeavored to illustrate the baneful force of intellectual pride, and to show how this form of evil recoils upon itself. The wrong which the new Mephistopheles attempts to achieve is turned to right by the regenerating force of a pure woman's heart and soul. She dies loving and beloved by Canaris, whom Helwyze had so long enslaved; her love supports Canaris under this loss, but Helwyze is completely crushed by it. "Life before was purgatory," he exclaims; "now it is hell; because I loved her, and I have no hope to follow and find her again." This sentence closes the tragedy, which, in spite of a fervid intensity of passion, does not seem quite to belong to the earth. The writer, nevertheless, deserves credit for a very uncommon vigor in producing and sustaining this supernatural combination; for, although it lies beyond experience and the probable, it is still made consistent, and, as a whole, intelligible.

Either by accident or by clever arrangement, the books in this series have furnished striking contrasts in their monthly emergence from the press; and the latest, "AFTERGLOW," is at the very antipole from "A Modern Mephistopheles." Like "Kismet," it finds its heroes, heroines and supernumeraries among Americans sojourning in Europe. It has not the hazy effulgence that produces so captivating an effect in the Nile novel, though there is a slight touch of the picturesque here and there; but a certain ease in the handling of the characters recalls that trait of the earlier European-American story. But "Afterglow" differs from "Kismet" in having something of a moral drift. Much of

the characterization is lively, and the mapping out of the plot covers more of changeful surprise and positive incident than any other of the "No Name" books. In some degree it may be called, like "Vanity Fair," "a novel without a hero;" for Mr. Allen Bishop, who begins in the capacity of leading gentleman, is not wholly supreme in interest over the other men, and his successor is most lamentably removed from the scene. It hardly does the author justice, however, to make light of this, and in truth we believe that the majority of readers will find an elevating impulse in the culminating thought—or, rather sentiment—of this novel. The character of Ellen Lorother, we ought to say, is likely to make a deep and pathetic impression; and the author's habit of separating each person from the mass and enlarging him or her into a typical portrait, recalls a tendency which is perhaps passing too much out of lighter literature.

Thomas De Quincey.

THE most valuable writings of De Quincey are perhaps to be found in the "Opium Eater" and the volume of "Miscellaneous Essays," published in the edition of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. The latter of these books contains the essays upon "Joan of Arc," "Murder" and "The English Mail-coach." The writer of this notice knew these essays intimately years ago, and finds it interesting to compare the impression which he received from them in youth with that which they make upon him now. The essay upon "Murder" which we used to think vastly amusing and which it has been the custom to call a fine piece of "grim humor," seems now a wordy performance having little merit of any kind. De Quincey had humor, though it sometimes, perhaps usually, ran rather thin. The delusion which led him into believing that the sad twaddle which he was too frequently at the pains to write down, was really humorous, may perhaps have had a physical cause. We can understand that a weak state of the nerves might beguile a man into a kind of false activity of the fancy—for there certainly is a false light of fancy and humor, which to the artist himself is sometimes wonderfully like the true, and whatever might have been the cause of the mistakes in De Quincey's case, he took this for the true light nine times out of ten. There are few authors who have not written in this way. The light which we take for some brilliant yet substantial beacon is only a Jack-o'-lantern, luring us into strange pitfalls, flying before us into the forests of nonsense and shining diffusely over the ebony morasses. De Quincey was always following Jack-o'-lanterns; his wit is often to be found wandering in the moors and waste places. He was, no doubt, a man of humor; but he did not greatly excel in this vein even at his best. His humorous writing, when compared with that of the great humorists, is easily seen to be of no very great strength.

But when we turn to the essays upon "Joan of Arc" and "The English Mail-coach," we are again delighted at the same music which delighted us in youth. What a beautiful picture is that of his Fanny, the granddaughter of the mail-coachman, with whom he went down the country on his Oxford vacation. He calls her the "loveliest young woman for face and person that perhaps in my whole life I have beheld." The young scholar saw her when she came in the early morning to meet the coach. He says: "How else, for example, than as a constant watcher for the dawn, and for the London mail, that in summer months entered about daybreak amongst the lawny thickets of Marlborough Forest, couldst thou, sweet Fanny of the Bath Road, have become the glorified inmate of my dreams?" Fanny, it was said, had a hundred and ninety-nine admirers, and De Quincey says that there was probably not one of the number who did not excel himself in personal advantages. How then could he have hoped against such odds? His answer is, that woman is usually aristocratic; and that the fact that he was an Oxonian and a gentleman might have to her taste been an offset to the physical superiorities of his rivals. It has taken but two pages of such description to make this girl and her *entourage* a source of pleasure to the mind, during the fifteen years which have passed since first we read the essay.

On the ride which De Quincey describes in this essay, the coach carried with it the news of a great British victory in Spain. It is not often that De Quincey describes scenes except as connected with his own history, or as they take color from his own feelings. But he draws a dramatic and delightful picture of the coaches as they assembled on parade in Lombard street, which was then the seat of the Post-office. The hour was about eight of a brilliant summer evening in London; coaches were drawn up ready to go to all parts of the kingdom. Contemporaries tell us of the strength and brilliant cleanliness of the carriages and the harness, and of the royal magnificence of the horses, which were groomed with as much vigor as if they belonged to a private gentleman. On the night described by De Quincey, as the coach was to carry into the country the news of a victory, the horses, men, carriages, were all dressed in laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons. Read De Quincey's eloquent description of the "drawing off" as it was called, or, "the start." "Every moment you hear thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off, which process is the finest part of the entire spectacle. Then came the horses into play. Horses! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards? What stir!—what sea-like ferment!—what a thundering of wheels!—what a trampling of hoofs!—what a sounding of trumpets!—what farewell cheers—what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail, 'Liverpool for ever!' with the name of the particular victory,—'Badajos for ever!' or, 'Salamanca for ever!'"

This passage will give an idea of the flexibility and music of De Quincey's language, and of those

other gifts which are claimed for him by his enthusiastic biographer, Mr. Page.* We should say that the fault of Mr. Page's book is that the biographer is too fond of telling us how much he admires the subject. Still the book contains a great deal of such material as one wishes to have concerning any author in whom one is interested. Such information has been particularly needed with regard to De Quincey, of whom very little has been known. Considering the great number of literary people whom he knew, but very little concerning him has appeared in the biographic literature of the time. Mr. Page's work supplies the want. It contains an account of his family, which is a very old one in England. De Quincey, when a lad at Frogmore, once had an opportunity to tell George III. of the age of his family; the king asked the boy's name, and grieved De Quincey deeply by deeming him of French extraction. "Please your majesty," said he, "our family has been in England since the Conquest." The king asked how he knew that? The boy replied that his name was to be found in "The Chronicles of Robert of Gloucester."

The biography contains a very interesting portrait of De Quincey, representing him in costume of that age, and has also a great deal of his hitherto unpublished correspondence. These letters and the testimony from other sources which Mr. Page has been able to gather together, give the reader a satisfactory account of De Quincey's character, career, and literary associations.

New English Books.

LONDON, June 5.

NOW that the excitement attending the recognition of the fact that Eastern Europe is in a state of war has passed over, the subject rather flags, in a literary point of view. The campaign has, as yet, not been prolific of any sudden changes or great reverses of fortune on either side, but has rather been conducted with the decorous slowness of "marching and countermarching," such as characterized the warfare of the ante-French-Revolutionary times before Napoleon hurled nation against nation like a thunderbolt, in sharp, sudden, and decisive conflict. Almost the only books bearing on the subject of the past month are, "Two Months with General Tchernaieff in Servia," by P. H. Salusbury, a very naïve account of the experiences of a young volunteer of twenty-one, who joined the Servian army in the absence of more pressing business, saw enough real fighting to disgust him with his fellow-soldiers, and returned with a gold medal and a stock of adventures that will probably make him a provincial lion for some years to come. The other book is of a more durable kind—"Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe," by G. Muir Mackenzie, and A. P. Irby, with a preface by Right-Honorable W. E. Gladstone. The writers are two of the many English ladies who may be found with a rare devotion ministering to the wants and sufferings of the poorer populations in many regions of Eastern Europe. Bulgaria and Bosnia are the chief scenes of their experience extending over many years, and the tales of wrong and misery that they relate testify to the depth and reality of the movement now in progress,—a movement not to be quelled or quieted by diplomatic jugglery, but one that must be fought out until the power to oppress is taken from irresponsible hands. To this book and to Mr. Evans's "Through Bosnia and the Herzegovina" must be referred all who desire an authentic, unvarnished account of the causes predisposing to the present war.

While suffering from the acknowledged general dullness of business, other branches of literature are kept before the public by a fair supply of books not distinguished, however, by any works of striking eminence. Among theological books is the new volume of the Bampton Lectures for the current year, "Christian Evidences, Viewed in Relation to Modern Thought," by Rev. C. A. Row. 8vo. It will be found to be one of the most important of the series it belongs to, now numbering nearly one hundred volumes. The writer is well known to thinking men by his previous books, "Jesus of the Evangelists, his Historical Character," etc., and "Nature and Extent of Divine Inspiration." To them he owes the distinction of a prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral and the honor of being nominated by the heads of the Oxford colleges to preach, as Bampton Lecturer, the sermons contained in this volume. By some of his predecessors these lectures have been used principally as a peg to hang lengthy notes and dissertations upon. Mr. Row's plan has been different; he is a symmetrical and exact writer, and his works will be found to contain an eminently thorough and well-balanced examination of its important subject. The third volume of "Supernatural Religion, an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation," completes the work of its anonymous author. The excitement once caused by the audacity of his speculations—though carrying his two previous volumes through six editions—having died away, little notice has been taken of its conclusion. The questions discussed relate to the sources and authenticity of the "Acts of the Apostles," the witness of St. Paul to miracles, and the evidence for the resurrection and ascension. The author may justly lay claim to wide reading and acuteness, but his logic is anything but convincing in the deductions drawn from his premises. A book claiming attention, both as a work of literary history and of theology, is "The Authorship of the 'De Imitatione Christi,' with many Interesting Particulars about the Book," by Samuel Kettlewell, M.A. 8vo, containing a photographic engraving of the "De Imitatione," written by Thomas à-Kempis, 1441, and of two other MSS. As is well known, the true authorship of this famous little work has, since its first appearance from the Nuremberg press in 1494, engaged the pens of so many controversialists, that the different books on the subject number over two hundred, and form almost a library of themselves. Mr. Kettlewell is a strenuous partisan of the writer, who is now generally

* Thomas De Quincey: His Life and Writings, with Unpublished Correspondence. By H. A. Page. Two volumes. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

acknowledged to exhibit the best claims to its production, and his summing up of the whole question will probably suffice for the degenerate readers of the present day. Its interest is evident when it is considered that the "Imitation" is the only work except the sacred Scriptures, that every Christian sect and denomination delights to honor, while it has repeatedly employed the translators of every language of Europe and of many other parts of the world. A new posthumous volume of "Sermons on Various Occasions," by Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, bishop of Winchester, will keep alive the memory of a churchman of eminence, whose influence was widely felt in the social as well as professional topics of the day; and the veteran Dr. Pusey has completed, after an interval of nearly twenty years since its commencement, "The Minor Prophets; with a Commentary Explanatory and Practical, and Introduction to the Several Books," forming one volume, 4to. This is one of the works that English biblical students would naturally refer to as ranking with the classical productions of the great Continental divines and scholars. Its merit and value are acknowledged even by those who have no sympathy with the ecclesiastical tendencies of the writer. A painful chapter of history receives elucidation in "The Jews of Spain and Portugal and the Inquisition," by F. D. Mocatta. 12mo.

The cheapest philosophical works are Dr. Caird's "Critical Account of the Philosophy of Kant, with an Historical Introduction," 8vo,—a small but most valuable work in the "Ancient Classics for English Readers" series; "Aristotle," by Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of Edinburgh University, and the completion of the translation of Auguste Comte's treatise upon "Sociology or System of Positive Polity," comprising the "Theory of the Future of Man," translated by Richard Congreve, Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. To a small but devoted band of followers, this translation of Comte's great work is due. It forms four massive volumes, the previous ones comprising "The General View of Positivism and its Principles," "The Social Status, or, The Abstract and Aim of Human Order," and "The Social Dynamics, or, The General Laws of Human Progress;" the names of the translators, Dr. I. H. Budge, Frederick Harrison, and Professor Beesley, etc., are recognizable for their activity in diffusing the doctrines of their master through the various channels of the contemporary periodical press. Dr. William B. Carpenter's book on "Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., Historically Considered,"—the substance of his lectures, with preface and appendix,—will, as the production of an eminent man of science, obtain a degree of credence, hardly yielded to the more pretentious "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," by the famous D. D. Home.

Historical literature has to show the third volume of "The Life of Napoleon III. from State Records, Unpublished Family Correspondence, and from Personal Testimony," by E. Blanchard Jerrold. The writer's narration has now reached the climax of interest, and his present volume deals with the presidency, the *coup d'état*, and the establishment of the empire, including Louis Napoleon's marriage with Mlle. Montijo. As the inspiration of this work is acknowledged to be derived from the same source from which came its private and unpublished materials, it necessarily partakes of the nature of an apology, and strict impartiality can hardly be expected from it. The writer, however, maintains a bold front against the impugners of the nascent empire, and by a critical examination of the usually accepted narratives (especially that of Mr. Kinglake in his "Crimean War") shows how a much better case than is commonly believed may be made out for "the man of December's" conduct. The past, indeed, can only be properly read by aid of the present, and recent events show that France hardly yet has acquired that stable position that allows of an unprejudiced review of the motives and tendencies that have influenced the conduct of its public men. The popular series of "Epochs of History" has received two valuable additions in Mr. Morris's (the editor) clear and comprehensive survey of the English Augustan "Age of Queen Anne," where the literature of the period is not overlooked, and in the Oxford Professor, A. H. Johnston's, "The Normans in Europe," where a tangled skein of events is skillfully unwound and arranged. A curious subject is exhaustively treated in "Numismata Cromwellianæ," or the medallic history of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, by H. W. Henfrey. It forms a handsome quarto volume, with engravings of all the coins, medals, etc., issued during the protectorate. Many of these illustrate important points in the history of the republic, and are also curious as employing the talent of the first of modern medalists, Thomas Simon, who suffered for his professional services to the commonwealth when Charles the Second came in. "Celtic Scotland, a History of Ancient Alban," by W. F. Skene, is a work of a character rarely seen at the present time. The first volume was devoted to the civil history and ethnography of the country, the second (just published) to the rise and varying fortunes of the early church,—the great civilizer of barbarous nations,—and the learning and language that prevailed under its influence. The concluding volume, yet to come, will include the history of the land and the people. The volume now published comprises the life and mission of Columba, and the family of Iona, the Culdees, their origin, etc., and should be read in correction of the rose-colored views of Count Montalembert's "Monks of the West." The ancient history of Britain can never be thoroughly understood without a reference to Mr. Skene's great work.

That important series, "Bohn's Libraries," continues in the exercise of its peculiar functions as a medium for making the best books accessible and generally known, at the lowest possible prices. A lately established branch of it, "The Artist's Library," has brought out several books that will be eagerly sought for by students, as Leonardo da Vinci's "Treatise on Painting," the established translation by the Royal Academician, J. F. Rigaud, with Brown's account of the life and works of Leonardo, and

numerous plates. The old and imperfect editions of this work, necessary for artists, have always been rare, and would command $5.00 at any time, while the new and elegant one is attainable at less than half this price. There is also an "Illustrated History of Arms and Armor from the Earliest Period to the Present Time," by Auguste Demmin, with nearly 2,000 illustrations, translated by an official of the South Kensington Museum, C. C. Black. In the "Standard Library," one of the old masterpieces of literature is brought forward, Camoëns' "Lusiad, The Discovery of India, an Epic Poem," translated by W. I. Mickle, revised and corrected, in one volume, and other books of equal value are shortly to appear.

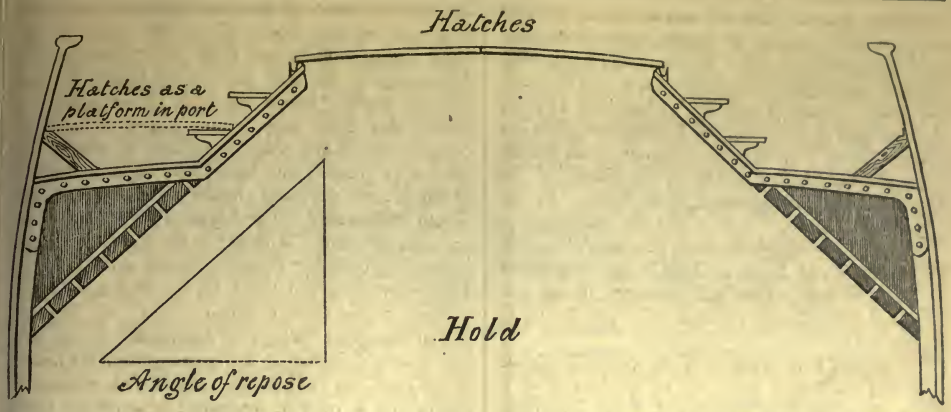
An elegant little volume of exceptionally classic style and decoration must not be overlooked, as it fills a place hitherto unoccupied in an important branch of culture,—"The Mythology of Greece and Rome, with Special Reference to its Use in Art," from the German of O. Seeman, edited by G. H. Bianchi, of Cambridge. It is a complete manual of its subject, beautifully illustrated, and altogether desirable. As most of the belle-lettres books of the day are reproduced in American editions, nothing is said of them here. A noble volume, however, is not likely to be reprinted: "The Mabinogion," or tales, romantic traditions, and legendary narratives of Wales, translated from the ancient MS. "Red book of Hergest," and annotated by Lady Charlotte Guest. Her attention was drawn to Welsh literature by her marriage with a gentleman of Wales, and she became one of the first scholars of it. These legends have sterling literary value as presenting the original source of the great Arthurian cyclus of romance, whence poets of all the modern ages have drawn inspiration, from the "trouveres" of Normandy to the poet laureate of Queen Victoria, who has really "raised the table round again" in strains that Scott only vainly hoped to have accomplished. Lady Guest's volume is one of the most appropriately and beautifully illustrated works of the present day, and should be read by all who would understand "The Idylls of the King," if not on other accounts. Another finely embellished and interesting book is "Precious Stones and Gems; an Exhaustive Practical Work for the Merchant, Connoisseur or the Private Buyer," by G. W. Streeter, one of the great "kings of diamonds" of the day. The diamond, indeed, is the principal subject matter of the book, for though the ruby is a more valuable stone, and a ruby of five carats is worth ten times the price of a diamond of the same weight, yet the commerce in the latter stones is so extensive that it forms ninety per cent. of the whole trade in gems, the colored stones forming only one-tenth of the amount. Though the market has been disorganized by an extraordinary supply recently obtained from South Africa, it seems that increasing wealth and luxury are able to absorb them all, and there has been no fall in the value of fine stones; while the superior size of the South African stones has thrown the old Brazilian diamonds quite into the shade. All who would be masters of this lore will find it in Mr. Streeter's book, as he gives the history, habitat, value and uses for ornament of every precious gem, with abundance of original anecdote connected with them.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Self-trimming Colliers.

THE commercial value of a carrier, be it freight-car or ship, depends largely upon the ease and speed with which it can be loaded and dispatched. In loading colliers another element appears in the necessity of trimming the cargo so that the ship will rest on an even keel and to make the loose cargo fit tight, so that it cannot move when the ship rolls in a heavy sea. In loading grain in bulk, in cars, it is also important to spread the load evenly on the floor of the car. To secure rapid loading in colliers, and to save the labor of the men now sent into the hold to trim and level the coal, some steam colliers have been built with a new form of hatchway that enables the cargo to trim itself as it is run into the ship. The flat iron deck is opened at the usual places nearly the whole width of the deck, and about this opening is built a hatchway raised above the deck and having sloping sides. Below the deck the angle between the ship's sides and the deck is boarded up so that the coal cannot run into the corner. Outside the sloping sides of the hatchway are steps for the convenience of the crew, and in port the hatch covers are laid on these and a ledge on the railing and thus make a convenient raised temporary deck. The accompanying cut exhibits a sectional outline of the deck and hatchway at the boarding below.

The slope of the sides of the hatchway, and the angle of the boarding below the deck, are alike, and both are adjusted so as slightly to exceed the angle of repose in the coal. The angle of repose (the slope of a heap of coal at rest) should be the angle for the finest quality of coal used, and then the ship will be safe with any quality. In loading the ship the first ton or two may be injured by the fall from the spout to the bottom of the hold; but as soon as a heap is formed, the rest of the coal slides in easily, and the whole cargo is stowed and trimmed without any hand labor except to level off the top when the hatch covers are put on. This mode of construction is equally available in wooden ships and barges, and is adapted to all kinds of goods in bulk. The angle of repose for different materials is readily found, and the shape of the hatchway and the inner boarding may be made according to the character of the cargo. For loading grain cars from elevators a new form



of delivery-pipe has been introduced. It is a flexible pipe, or elbow, that may be turned in the car, and send the load to the ends and corners of the car, and thus save the labor of leveling by hand.

Improvements in Organ Building.

In making wooden open-flue pipes for organs, a new method of constructing and grouping the pipes and a supplementary system of tuning has been brought into practical use that is worthy attention. In place of a row of pipes, each standing alone in its rank or register, an octave, or more, of the register is grouped together, all the pipes being cut from one solid block of wood. For the smaller pipes, the front and back walls and the sides of the pipes are of a continuous piece of wood. For larger pipes, say from middle C upward one octave, the front and back of the set or block of pipes are composed of single thin pieces of board, and the sides of the pipes are formed by inserting vertical strips between the front and back, giving two strips to each pipe and thus leaving a hollow space between each pipe. The wind-ways for a block of pipes constructed in this manner may be made by inserting horizontal strips between the front and back, and thus bringing all the wind-channels for the pipes to one end of the block together, or the foot of each pipe may rest on the wind-chest, as in the usual method of construction. The tuning is secured by cutting down the front and back of each pipe at the top. At the front, a thin sheet of metal is secured in guides over this opening, and by sliding this up and down the pipe is altered in length and is thus easily tuned. At the back of each set or block of pipes is placed a horizontal plate designed to extend over all the openings at the backs of the pipes. This slides freely up and down, and when it is raised, the pitch of every pipe in that block is lowered in exactly the same proportion. The set of pipes in a rank is supplied with this arrangement, and by means of suitable machinery all these plates may be moved at once by turning a lever at the organ-desk, and by lowering or raising the plates the entire rank is raised or lowered in pitch at the same time and in the same proportion. As each pipe is of a different length, one end of a block of pipes must be much longer than the other, and this difference may appear above or below. If it is below, the tops of all the pipes will be on a level, and the tuning-bar at the back will be horizontal. If the pipes rest on the wind-chest the tuning-bar will follow the slope of the pipes, but, in either case, all the bars in a rank will move together with a uniform motion. This ingenious and interesting method of construction is designed to furnish a compact and solid set of pipes for a reed-organ, when all the pipes must be securely in place so that the organ can be packed for transportation, and to supplement and enrich the reed-organ tone. In this case another bellows must be added to the organ, as the usual exhaust-bellows is not available. The tone of pipes made in this way is full and strong and resembles the common "Claribel" stop in pipe-organs, and in a reed-organ such a register adds greatly to the power of the instrument and gives an extra stop of a pleasing character. This method of making pipes out of single blocks or pieces might also be applied to other open stops, either flue or reed, in wood or metal, and this system of adjusting the tuning of a whole rank at once might find a use in pipe-organs constructed in the usual manner.

New Method of Making Mats and Rugs.

Felt is often employed for various forms of carpetings, and by a new process this material may be made up into a new style of door and carriage rug. A piece of felt of suitable thickness is cut into strips five to eight millimeters (from 3/8 to 5/8 in.) wide, and as long as the mat is wide. These are laid side by side on edge, and holes are made through them, and through these holes cords or fine wires are passed and the strips are then drawn tightly together and fastened in place at each end of the wires. This gives a fabric as thick as the strips are wide, and of a light, flexible and elastic character. The strips may be in various colors, and may be disposed in any desired pattern. These mats are reported to be strong and durable and able to resist heat, cold, dust and severe usage. The color keeps well, because in dyeing the felt, before the strips are cut, a uniform color may be obtained, and when finished the mats have a good face on either side.

Double Boats.

THIS old form of boat, modified to meet modern requirements, has been revived in a number of yachts in our eastern waters. The boat consists of two distinct hulls each exactly alike and placed side by side and securely joined by a deck that covers both and all the space between. The hulls are long and narrow with deep straight bows and very short stern-posts, the keel rising quickly at stern. Each hull may have a center-board or not as seems desirable, and the deck-frames for each extend over the space between the hulls. Extra timbers, braced by knees at the ends, are also put in, so that as far as possible the two hulls are united by one deck over all. Cabins are placed in each hull, and thus all the deck between the hulls is clear and open. The deck is square at the end and flush with the stern of each hull, and at the bows it is brought to a point, and at the end of this projection is placed the bowsprit. The masts are placed on a line with the center of the deck, and to furnish a step for the foot of the masts an iron frame extends from the hulls on either side below the deck and, if necessary, below the water. The standing rigging is brought to the outer side of each hull, and the single rudder is placed on a stern-post placed between the two hulls. When afloat such a boat as this is designed to rest high out of water, and to give a clear, dry deck. The advantages claimed for this class of yachts are, steadiness in the water under a side-wind, increased space on deck and increased speed. The steadiness of the boat admits of lofty masts and a very large spread of canvas favorable to high speed with increased safety. Two ocean steamers for the English Channel service, the "Castalia," and the "Express," built upon this plan, are now in active service. The paddle-wheels are placed in the center between the hulls, and the steamers are in favor on account of their steadiness, great capacity and light draft. This form of boat might also be useful in river barges where capacity and light draft are needed.

New Method of Dyeing.

A NEW system of printing in dye-stuffs has been brought out, that offers a simple method of decorating fabrics cheaply and quickly, and in a manner that admits of great variety in the pattern in a single piece of cloth. The fabric to be decorated is first dipped in a solution of bichromate of potash, which renders it sensitive to light. While still wet it is spread out in a strong light, and figures cut out of metal or paper or natural objects—leaves, flowers, etc.—are laid upon it in any desired pattern. The actinic effect of the light takes place whenever the cloth is exposed and the bichromate of potash renders the cloth more or less waterproof. Where the cloth is shaded by the patterns the salt remains soluble, and after remaining a short time in the light the patterns are removed, and before the light has time for further action the fabric is put in water and the soluble parts of the bichromate are washed out. On soaking the fabric in logwood or other dye-stuffs the salts remaining in the cloth act as a mordant and the fabric takes the dye. The other portions where the bichromate was not affected and has been washed out, the dye is rejected and the cloth retains its original color. In this manner the pattern is produced in color on a white ground (if the cloth is white), and the pattern may be varied by arranging the figures as desired when exposed to the sun.

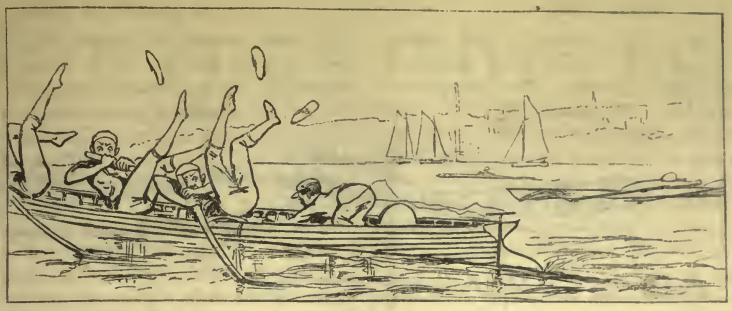
Watch-Making.

IN watch-making a new method of securing adjustment is announced. All the works of the watch, except the mainspring, are placed upon a circular frame supported at the center, and by means of a geared rim round the inside of the case this frame is turned entirely round once in two hours. This arrangement gives the works a circular motion round a common center independent of their own proper movement and secures a balance of all the parts by constantly changing their relative positions.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Da Capo.

SHORT and sweet, and we've come to the end of it,—
Our poor little love lying cold:
Shall no sonnet, then, ever be penned of it?
Nor the joys and the pains of it told?
How fair was its face in the morning,
How close its caresses at noon,
How its evening grew chill without warning,
Unpleasantly soon!



I can't say just how we began it,
  In a blush, or a smile, or a sigh:
Fate took but an instant to plan it;
  It needs but a moment to die.
Yet I think I recall the occasion
  When the flowers you had dropped at your feet
I restored. The Familiar Quotation
  Was—"Sweets to the sweet."

Oh, their delicate perfume has haunted
  My senses a whole season through:
If there was one soft charm that you wanted
  The violets lent it to you.
I whispered you, life was but lonely:
  A cue which you graciously took;
And your eyes learned a look for me only—
  A very nice look.

We were idle, and played for a moment
  At a game that now neither will press:
I cared not to find out what No meant;
  Nor your mouth to grow yielding with Yes.
Love is done with and dead; if there lingers
  A faint and indefinite ghost,
It is laid with this kiss on your fingers—
  A jest at the most.

'Tis a commonplace, stale situation,
  Now the curtain comes down from above
On the end of our little flirtation—
  A travesty-romance; for Love,
If he climbed in disguise to your lattice,
  Fell dead of the first kisses' pain,
But one thing is left us now: that is—
  Begin it again.

H. C. Bunner.

Breaking the News.

O, Love, at fate never bicker more,
For the stars o'er us shall flicker, more
  Bright than when
  In the moonlit glen
We sat 'neath the grand old sycamore,
And murmured in the twilight's mellow charm,
Words that now start to fire my spirit calm.

Naught, dear, but love, shall weary us;
Pray drown that look so serious,
  Let thy warm cheeks glow
  And thy blushes flow
To those passionate eyes imperious;
And eclipse the tender, envied flowers that rest
Tremulous on that snowy, innocent breast.

O, chaste and fair Miss Mallory
'Neath heaven's bejeweled gallery,
  Pray let me tell
  That all is well,
Your father's pleased with my salary,
And I'm the happiest mortal, dear, on earth.
A diamond ring? I wonder what one's worth?

R. K. Munkittrick.

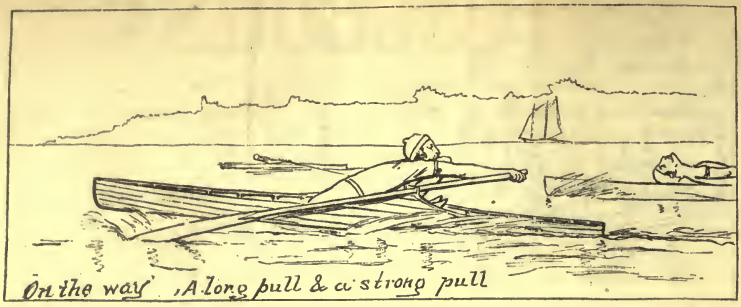
The First Client.

[A legal ditty to be sung without chorus to the air of "The King's Old Courtier."]

By Irwin Russell.

John Smith, a young attorney, just admitted to the bar,
Was solemn and sagacious as—as young attorneys are;
And a frown of deep abstraction held the seizin of his face—
The result of contemplation of the rule in Shelley's Case.

One day in term-time Mr. Smith was sitting in the Court,
When some good men and true of the body of the county did on their oath report,
That heretofore, to wit: upon the second day of May,
A. D. 1877, about the hour of noon, in the county and state aforesaid, one Joseph Scroggs, late of said county, did then and there feloniously take, steal and carry away



One bay horse, of the value of fifty dollars, more or less
(The same then and there being of the property, goods and chattels of one Hezekiah Hess);
Contrary to the statute in such case expressly made
And provided; and against the peace and dignity of the state wherein the venue had been laid.

The prisoner, Joseph Scroggs, was then arraigned upon this charge,
And plead not guilty, and of this he threw himself upon the country at large;
And said Joseph being poor, the Court did graciously appoint
Mr. Smith to defend him—much on the same principle that obtains in every charity hospital, where a young medical student is often set to rectify a serious injury to an organ or a joint.

The witnesses seemed prejudiced against poor Mr. Scroggs;
And the district attorney made a thrilling speech, in which he told the jury that if they didn't find for the state he reckoned he'd have to "walk their logs;"
Then Mr. Smith arose and made his speech for the defense,
Wherein he quoted Shakspere, Blackstone, Chitty, Archbold, Joaquin Miller, Story, Kent, Tupper, Smedes and Marshall, and many other writers, and everybody said they "never heered sich a bust of eloquence."

And he said: "On *this* hypothesis, my client must go free;
And: "Again, on *this* hypothesis, it's morally impossible that he could be guilty, don't you see?"
And: "Then, on *this* hypothesis, you really can't convict;"—
And so on, with forty-six more hypotheses, upon none of which, Mr. Smith ably demonstrated, could Scroggs be derelict.
But the jury, never stirring from the box wherein they sat,
Returned a verdict of "guilty;" and his honor straightway sentenced Scroggs to a three-year term in the penitentiary, and a heavy fine, and the costs on top of that;
And the prisoner, in wild delight, got up and danced and sung;
And when they asked him the reason of this strange behavior, he said; "It's because I got off so easy—for if there'd ha' been a few more of them darned *hypothesises*, I should certainly have been hung!"

Getting to the Point.

[*First Attempt.*]

"Miss Lelle, I've bought the nicest little cottage—
The snuggest nook, just big enough for two;
But ere I fit it up I'd like to ask you
If you—if you—
I mean, if you would paper pink or blue."

[*Second Attempt.*]

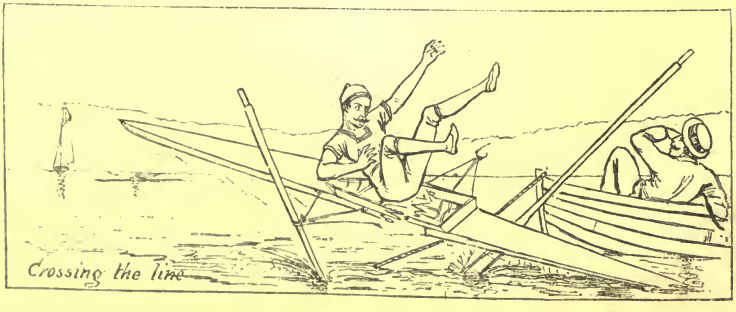
"I really think I'm getting rather ancient—
Was twenty-eight upon the first of May—
So I've resolved, that is, if *you* will help me,
To find—to find—
Something to keep my hair from turning gray."

[*Third Attempt.*]

"What would you say, if I—if I should tell you
That there is no one half so dear to me
In all the wide, wide world, or e'en in heaven,
As is—as is—
In these hot days, as is first-class iced tea."

[*Last Attempt.*]

"About this oak and vine affair, I'm thinking
I'd really like the vine—no, oak to act,
Provided some sweet girl, or *you* for instance,
Would act—would act—"
(*She.*) "The vine?"
(*He.*) "*That's it!*"
(*She.*) "I'd try."
(*He.*) "In fact?"
(*She.*) "In fact." QUIPPLE YARROW.



SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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THE IMMIGRANT'S PROGRESS.

GILES AND HIS FRIENDS AT THE VILLAGE INN.

THERE is scarcely a hamlet in all England which has not been invaded by the emissaries of one of the great steamship lines. Either in the tavern, the reading-room, or the apothecary's shop, a bold red-and-black placard is displayed, bearing the names of half a dozen vessels and the dates of their sailings. Honest Giles, sitting of an evening in his accustomed place by the fireside of the village inn, has it constantly before him, and makes it the text of many long chats with his neighbors about the wonderful land in the west. It is loosely tacked to the edge of a shelf, and rustles and ripples in the breeze every time the door is opened to admit a new-comer. The farrier's son is in America, and the glowing accounts he sends to his father of his new home are invariably read aloud to the assembled company. The general

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opinion of the villagers is favorable to "the States," but the sexton—a bluff, hectoring fellow with pronounced views in favor of church and state—bears no love for this land of liberty and law. Sometimes a queer paragraph appears in the newspaper relating an instance of lynch-law in Arkansas, or of party politics in Louisiana, and then the sexton cries out against Americans as a boastful and corrupt people. He succeeds in turning the current against them for a few days, but when next week's paper comes, Giles reads the eloquent words of praise spoken by Mr. Froude, Mr. Forster, Professor Huxley or Professor Tyndall, and is re-established to the old faith.

Some of the old villagers who formerly sat around the fire and drowsed away all the evenings of the year are settled in Australia, Canada or the United States. Letters often come to the village from them, with small amounts of money or photographs which represent the writers as brighter-looking and in better dress than they ever appeared at home. The most encouraging accounts of all come from "the States," and when honest Giles is sorely pressed with difficulties, and Mrs. Giles is fading for want of proper nutriment, and her boys are running to waste, after long deliberation and many regrets Giles resolves to sell his little all and embark for New York. When he announces his resolution to his cronies at "The King's Arms," the hostelry is stirred by a ripple of excitement such as it seldom experiences, but as the evening advances Giles is left to himself, and, contemplating the steamship placard through the clouds of his tobacco smoke, the gaudy printing reveals a series of dissolving views of happiness and prosperity awaiting him across the sea.

He selects one of the Liverpool steamers, as they have the best reputation and are the most convenient. His choice is the common one. More than half the whole number of emigrants coming to the United States, arrive at New York in vessels from the former port. One morning, then, Giles finds himself surrounded by his numerous family and baggage on the Great Landing-stage at Liverpool. The vast floating pier is crowded with departing emigrants, who are as confused and frightened as a flock of sheep. The majority are English, Irish and Scotch; but there are also bearded Russians and Poles, enveloped in frowzy furs; uncleanly Italians, some of them carrying dingy musical instruments, with a considerable number of Germans. It is a curious fact, by the way, that as many German emigrants come to America *via* Liverpool as come in the German steamers direct from Hamburg or Bremen. They are conveyed to Hull by water, and thence across England to Liverpool by rail.

Mr. Giles is a little dismayed by the appearance of his prospective traveling companions. A good many sinister men and loose women are noticeable, and Giles thinks sadly of the distant corners of the earth which must have been swept out in the gathering of them. But among the unclean outcasts the sturdy plowman rejoices to find a few who are like himself and his wife—neat in dress and cleanly in person. The busy, gold-laced interpreters and emigration agents treat all alike, however, answering questions gruffly or not at all, and often causing the hot blood to rush madly into Giles's indignant face.

After much worry and noise, the emigrants are taken from the landing-stage by a small steamboat and conveyed to the large vessel anchored in the stream. As they pass up the narrow gangway the tickets are scanned by one officer, while another orders "single men forrad," and "single women aft." So the crowd is divided into two streams, and in the course of an hour the decks of the big steamship are reduced to a condition of order.

Each emigrant has a contract ticket which stipulates for his transportation to New York in consideration of four, five or six guineas, according to the current rate of fare. The company engages to provide a full supply of wholesome provisions, cooked and served by its stewards, and the passenger is required to provide himself with bedding and cooking utensils. The weekly allowance of food for each adult is prescribed by the government and printed on the contract ticket as follows: "Twenty-one quarts of water, three and a half pounds of bread, one pound of wheaten flour, one pound and a half of oat-meal, rice and peas, two pounds of potatoes, one and a quarter pounds of beef, one pound of pork, two ounces of tea, one pound of sugar, two ounces of salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar."

The emigrants are berthed by the steerage stewards, and are then marshaled on deck again under the scrutiny of a government inspector who is in search of infectious diseases. Their tickets are also examined again, and some would-be stowaways are sent back to the shore in the little tender.

Piteous complaints are made by some unfortunates among the passengers that they have been robbed of their money in the town, or that they have lost their tickets; but their cries are unavailing and are drowned in the roar of escaping steam and the clangor of the bells. By and by the cabin passengers are brought on board, and with a full cargo and a thousand souls the great steamer leaves her moorings.

Let us preface all that we have to say against the manner in which Giles and his fellow-voyagers are treated with this frank admission: Constant improvements are being made in emigrant passenger vessels. Less than a hundred years ago the great majority of emigrants were very poor,—so poor, indeed, that they could not prepay their passage. Accepting advances, they were bonded to the ship-owners, who derived enormous profits from the sale of their bodies into temporary slavery. Charles Reade has given a vivid description of the emigrant traffic at this period in his delightful story of "The Wandering Heir." Whenever a vessel arrived at Philadelphia or New York, the steerage passengers were sold at public auction to the highest bidder. The country people either came themselves to purchase, or sent agents. Parents sold their children, that they might remain free themselves, and families were scattered never to be re-united. Old people and widows did not sell well; while healthy parents with healthy children, and youths of both sexes, always found a ready market. When one or both parents died on the voyage, the expenses of the whole family were summed up, and charged to the survivor or survivors. Adults had to serve from three to six years, and children until they became of age. Runaways had to serve one week for each day, one month for each week, and six months for each month of their absence. Technically, the emigrants were called "indented servants·" but in effect they were slaves.

The last sales of emigrants took place in Philadelphia during the years 1818 and 1819. The American government then interfered with the traffic, and encouraged the emigration of a superior class of people. But the accommodations for emigrants remained shamefully defective, and nearly twenty out of every hundred passengers died at sea of fever or starvation. The steerage deck was usually about five feet high, without ventilation or light, and in this space the bunks were ranged in two or three tiers.

The health of the passengers was further impaired by another evil which, up to a very recent date, prevailed on board emigrant vessels. The emigrants were expected to provide and cook their own food. Many embarked without any provisions at all, or an insufficient quantity, and others found no opportunity to cook what they had. On the upper deck of the vessel there were two small "galleys," about five feet wide and four feet deep, each supplied with a grate, and these were the only arrangements made for cooking the food of several hundred persons.

Thousands never lived to see their destination. Out of about ninety-eight thousand laborers sent from Ireland to Canada after the famine of 1846, nearly twenty-five thousand perished in consequence of the poor rations and defective ventilation of the ships. Later still, in 1868, on one vessel alone,—the "Leibnitz," from Hamburg,—over one hundred passengers died, out of five hundred.

Giles lives in better days. The mortality on vessels bringing emigrants to New York seldom exceeds one and two-thirds per cent., and in some instances is no greater than one-eighth per cent. But Giles is dissatisfied, and we mean to see whether or not he is justified in his ill-humor. The great steamer soon bids good-bye to the Mersey, and rolls on her way through the cross waters of the Irish Sea toward Queenstown. The sky is overcast and sullen; rain and spray patter on the deck; the wind shrieks in chilly blasts. Between the gray clouds overhead and the gray waters beneath, the black hull of the steamer tosses and groans uneasily. The great passengers of the first cabin and the small passengers of the steerage are afflicted with a common complaint, and are prostrate in their berths, or in a humiliating attitude on deck. The weather is always the same in the Irish Sea—always cold, wet, and windy. So while the most acute of Giles's present miseries may be alleviated, it cannot be altogether averted.

The emigrants are roughly driven hither and thither, and urged into their places by much hard swearing and abuse. Neither officers nor men consider them worthy of the least respect, and treat them as a drove of cattle. Some of the vagabonds and outcasts submit without complaint; but decent laborers, like Giles, feel indignant and are inclined to resent the savage words.

Giles can scarcely believe that the steerage is intended to be a house for human beings. It is cold, dark, and—at the very outset of

the voyage—foul-smelling. It extends nearly the whole length of the vessel beneath the saloon deck, and is divided into gloomy compartments. In each compartment there are four tiers of berths or bunks, two on each side. The lower tier is about two feet from the deck, and the upper tier is about three feet from the roof. The height of the steerage is about ten feet, which is advertised as unusually lofty by the steamship owners. In each tier there are six berths, eighteen inches wide and six feet long, formed of wooden boards, smelling faintly of chlorate of lime and carbolic acid. One-half of the passengers have never had softer or more spacious couches, and accept their lot in good part; but the other half have been used to a comfortable home, and are wretched.

There is no thorough classification of the passengers. The single men and women are separated; but Poles, Germans, English and French are thrown together without discrimination. A cleanly, thrifty English or German woman is berthed next to a filthy Italian woman. Mrs. Giles thinks her bed would be hard enough, even though it were isolated, but her misery is intensified by the presence of a dreadful hag in the next berth.

A dreary sight meets Giles as he comes into the steerage from the open deck. A feeble light streams through the ports, which are occasionally obscured by a wave dashing against them on the outside. He can dimly see the women and children sitting or lying in their berths, and hear the children's cries. The stewards are fussing about, or making coarse jokes. By and by preparations are made for supper, of which only a few eat, and when the meal is over, the tables are raised to the roof, leaving a clear space in the center of the steerage. Anon a few oil lamps are lighted, to be extinguished again at nine o'clock. The massive vessel quivers as she lurches between the waves, and her engines throb unceasingly as the long night passes away. Some time during the next morning she enters the beautiful harbor at Queenstown, and a few hundred weeping, laughing, forlorn Irishmen are introduced into the already overcrowded steerage. At sunset she has passed the Fastnet Light, and the ocean voyage has begun.

DINNER IN THE STEERAGE.

Giles is probably too much occupied with other grievances for thought about the life-saving equipments of the vessel, and would have no means of satisfying himself were he inclined to inquire. The vessel herself is as

stanch as iron and steel can make her, and the line to which she belongs has never lost the life of a passenger through the carelessness of its employés. Man has been faithful and fate kind to those old ship-owners at Liverpool. No serious accident has ever happened to their steamers, which have weathered the cyclones of summer and the continuous gales of winter for many years. But what if disaster should befall? Has every provision that human forethought and ingenuity could devise been made to meet it? The largest steamers in the trade carry ten open boats, each of which, under favorable circumstances, might accommodate about seventy persons. But when are circumstances so favorable that all a ship's boats can be launched successfully in a time of panic? Two or three are almost invariably capsized or dashed to pieces against the iron sides of the vessel; and even supposing that all are launched, what then? During a busy season, some of the larger steamers from Liverpool often bring as many as fifteen hundred emigrants to New York at a time. In some instances seventeen hundred persons, exclusive of the crew, have been packed in the steerage of one vessel. The ten boats will carry seven hundred at the most, and there are not rafts or buoys on board for a hundred more. The consequent loss, in case of fire or wreck in mid-ocean, would include the greater part of both passengers and crew.

The truth is, the owners trust to good luck in contemplating the subject, or treat the matter with indifference. The captains and officers are compelled to assume the responsibility. The master of a steamer told the writer that in leaving Liverpool with over a thousand emigrants on board, he remarked to the agent on one occasion how improbable it was that a single life would be saved, were it ever necessary to abandon the ship at sea. The agent dismissed the matter with the cool observation that the captain took a morbid view of things, and distressed himself about disasters which would never happen!

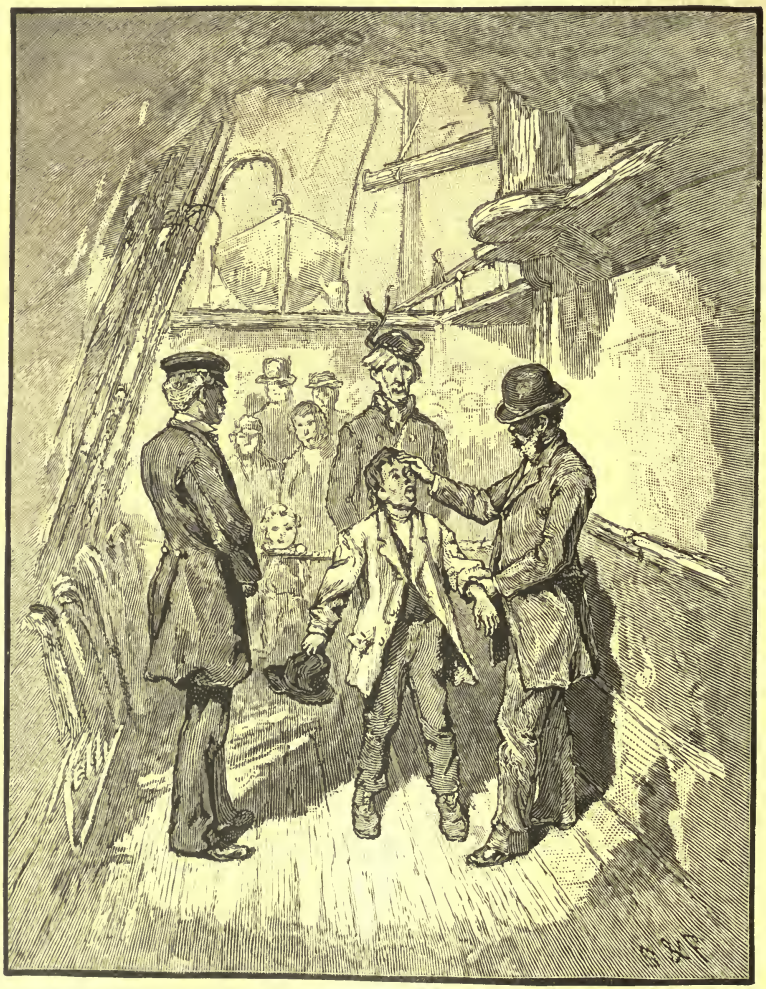
Giles and his friends, who have never been afloat before in their lives, are slow in settling down to the routine of the voyage. They complain to the captain of the narrowness of their quarters, the insolence of the stewards, and the quality of their food; and the captain listens to them, or growls at them, according to the mood he is in. While the weather is fine, their sufferings are not very great. Three meals are served every day, and both in quantity, which is unlimited, and in quality, which is variable, the rations are better than the law demands. Breakfast, at eight o'clock, consists of oatmeal porridge and molasses, salt fish, hot bread, and coffee; dinner, at twelve, of soup or broth, boiled meats, potatoes, and bread; and supper, at six, of tea, bread, butter, and molasses. But the manner in which the meals are served is careless and uncleanly. The beef, soup, and porridge are placed on the table in great, rusty-looking tins, which need scrubbing; and the passengers scramble for the first choice, often using their dirty fingers instead of their forks, in making a selection. Mrs. Giles finds her appetite gone after watching a filthy rag-picker plunge his hand into a dish of meat for a tender piece. The stewards themselves are greasy, and want washing. The potatoes are bad, and the bread is not baked enough. Still, while the sea is calm, Giles can take his family on deck and brace them with the glorious fresh air, which brings roses to pallid cheeks. Indeed, the emigrants are quite merry on deck during a warm summer's day. Some of the squalid Italians are dragged from their suffocating retreat over the gratings of the engine-room, and induced to give a concert with their harps and violins, to which the cabin passengers liberally subscribe. Card-parties are formed and checker-boards roughly made for the occasion. Giles lies basking at full length on a hatchway, and dreaming over an old newspaper.

It is when a storm comes that the emigrants suffer most. The hatches are battened down, the ports screwed in their places as tightly as possible, and the companion-ways closed. So long as the sea sweeps the decks, Giles and thirteen hundred others are confined to the steerage. It may be for a day, or two or three days. Each hour the atmosphere becomes more close, and in twenty-four hours it is loaded with impurities. The meals are served irregularly, or not at all, and the food is not cooked enough. In the darkness the ignorant and timid lose control of themselves, and pour out imprecations and prayers in shrill chorus. The terror spreads to others, and the bravest quail as the shrieks grow louder. The greater the number of emigrants, the greater the confusion and the worse the atmosphere. We have known of instances in which the sailors have refused to enter the steerage for the purpose of cleaning it after a storm until the captain fortified them with an extra supply

of grog. And sailors are not ridiculously sensitive, nor are captains in the habit of indulging them without reason.

Giles is pale and feverish when he reaches the open air again, and his wife and children are too weak to stand. The deck is still wet and the wind boisterous; but he cannot endure that "black hole" of a steerage. The thought of the filth he has seen and the made to insure their personal cleanliness, and they excite little sympathy when they are brought on deck and thoroughly drenched with water from the fire-hose.

In nine or ten days the voyage draws to a close, and hope is revived in Giles's breast. He has very hazy ideas of the country he is approaching, and believes that its characteristic features are Indians, buffaloes, and log-



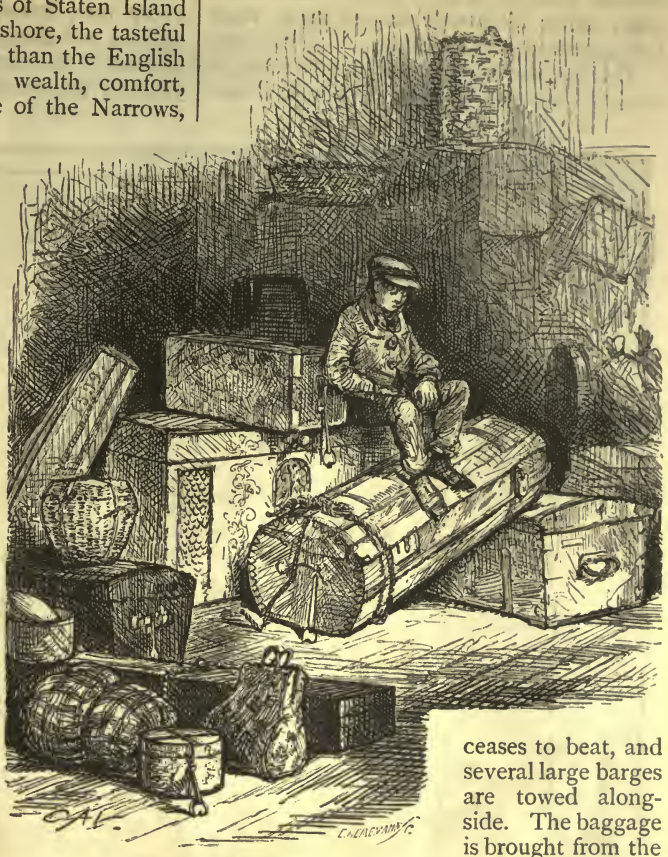
INSPECTION AT QUARANTINE.

dread of contamination sicken him. The company is to blame, he thinks, for crowding so many people together; but the habits of some of the emigrants are even more to blame than the overcrowding. The Italians will not wash themselves, and cling to their berths until they are peremptorily ordered out by the captain. They neglect every provision cabins. Very likely he expects to obtain a view of the Rocky Mountains from Chicago, see war-chiefs in their paint on the streets, and hunt for his supper before he eats it. He has heard much about the great cities, the wealth and liberality of the people, the profligacy of municipal government; but it never enters his head that

New York has any of the magnificence of London.

His surprise is unbounded when the steamer arrives at Quarantine. The cultivated lands on the heights of Staten Island and on the Long Island shore, the tasteful houses, prettier to his eyes than the English villas, the appearance of wealth, comfort, and beauty on each side of the Narrows, astonish him and excite his warmest admiration. If he is fortunate, the day is warm and sunshiny, and tempered by a delicious breeze coming from the sea. That cloud which looms at the head of the bay,—that, he is told, is New York, the gate-way to the land of promise, and he points it out to Mrs. Giles and the children to their intense satisfaction.

A little tow-boat brings the doctor on board,—not the ship's doctor, but the health-officer of the port, who inspects the steerage and the emigrants. As there are no cases of an infectious disease, the steamer is allowed to proceed to the city, and then another little steamboat appears, bringing the boarding-officer employed by the Commissioners of Emigration. The boarding-officer is an officious Irish-American gentleman, who ascertains the number of passengers on board and their health. He is also instructed to examine the steerage and to listen to all complaints made; but he retreats below as soon as he comes on board, and we are much mistaken if he may not be found at the bar taking a quiet "nip" with the chief steward. Meanwhile the emigrants on deck are looking wistfully toward the city, with its high roofs, spires and towers. Many of them are anxious and sick at heart, almost afraid to enter the new and unfamiliar world now that they are at its portals. Some happy ones expect friends to meet them and know all about the beneficent offices of Castle Garden, which they explain to others who are not so well informed. By and by the trees and lawns of the Battery Park come into view, with the curious-looking building, in the form of a rotunda, at the water's edge. The steamer's pulse



ALL THERE.

ceases to beat, and several large barges are towed alongside. The baggage is brought from the hold and transferred with the emigrant passengers to these tenders. There is the same confusion and uproar as at the outset of the voyage. The bewildered people are browbeaten and driven about in the most inconsiderate manner. A loud laugh is heard for an instant. An old lady from Ireland has put her tin cooking utensils underneath the cord that binds her heavy trunk. As the trunk is tossed down the gangway, the sailors fail to keep "this side up with care," and saucepans and basins suddenly collapse. As soon as the barges are loaded, a steamboat takes them in tow, while the great steamer proceeds to her pier in the North River.

Castle Garden has been famous for generations. First it was a fort, and then it was converted into a summer-garden for the sale of chocolate, soda and ices. In 1832 it was the scene of a grand ball given

to the Marquis Lafayette, and in 1843 a reception was given to President Tyler within its walls. Afterward it became a concert-hall, in which Jenny Lind and many other celebrated singers made their first appearance in America.

The Board of Commissioners of Emigration was created, in May 1847, and Castle Garden was afterward selected as a convenient and suitable *entrepôt* for immigrants, and such it remains. It was partly destroyed by fire on July 9, 1876, but it has been rebuilt with a few changes which do not materially alter its appearance. The lower walls are the same that formed the old fort, and the embrasures, through which the cannon peeped, are sometimes selected by the immigrants for smoke and rest, or meditation.

From May, 1847, to March 20, 1876, the laws of the state required the owners or agents of vessels arriving at the port with immigrants to give a bond of $300 for each passenger, conditioned to indemnify every city, town, or county in the state against any charge on account of the relief or care of the passenger during the first five years of his residence in the country. The same laws enabled the owners or agents to commute the bond by paying a certain sum known as "head-money" (which varied at different times, the highest being $2.50, and the lowest $1.50) to the Commissioners of Emigration, whose duty it became to pay the expenses incurred by the immigrant in any poor-house or hospital, owing to his infirmity or poverty. The large steamship companies were opposed to the exaction, and on March 20th, 1876, they obtained a

DEBARKING AT CASTLE GARDEN.

decision through the Supreme Court of the United States that the law was unconstitutional and void. The expenses of the Commissioners for the current year (1877) are defrayed by an appropriation of $200,000 made by the state; but an effort will be made at the next session of Congress to obtain further authority for the collection of head-money.

The barges are soon moored to the wharf at Castle Garden, where the custom-house officers are in waiting to examine the baggage. Battered old chests, barrels, and great bundles of clothes and bedding are packed together, much against the wishes of their owners, who are in terror of losing all their worldly treasure. The officers then set to work, with turned-up sleeves, and faces expressive of repugnance. Some of the bundles are uninviting, but they are explored and turned upside down and inside out with a degree of energy and speed highly creditable to the inspectors. Some of the unmarried men have no baggage at all, except a small bundle tied in a handkerchief and slung over a stick. Some forlorn women, who embarked at Queenstown, are without bonnets and have no shawls or mantles. The whole wealth of the Italians consists in their organs, harps, fiddles and the clothes they wear. They have traveled from country to country, and from town to town, earning their bread on the way, and in the same manner they will travel to their destination in America. Other immigrants with families are overloaded with baggage and have large sums of money in their pockets.

At one time all passengers were questioned at Castle Garden as to the amount of money in their possession; but they scarcely ever gave truthful answers. It is assumed on credible evidence, however, that one hundred dollars at least, is the average amount in the possession of each person, and that the average quantity of property brought by each is worth fifty dollars more. During 1869, two hundred and fifty-nine thousand immigrants arrived at Castle Garden, and thus the amount added by them to the national wealth was almost equal to thirty-nine million dollars. Large as this

A PEEP AT NEW YORK FROM A CASTLE GARDEN EMBRASURE.

sum is it becomes trifling in comparison with the capital value of the immigrant's labor. A well-known social economist estimates the capital value of the male laborer at one thousand five hundred dollars,

WHAT IS IT?

and the capital value of the female at seven hundred and fifty dollars, making the average value of persons of both sexes eleven hundred and twenty-five dollars. Between May, 1847 and January, 1870, four million, two hundred and ninety-seven thousand immigrants were deposited in New York. Adding to the capital value of each immigrant the estimated value of his personal property, we find that immigration increased the national wealth by more than five billions of dollars in less than thirty-three years. The total immigration into the United States for several years previous to 1874 was at the rate of three hundred thousand persons a year, and the country gained nearly four hundred millions of dollars annually from the traffic, or more than one million a day. Less than five per cent. of the whole number of immigrants are unproductive, but the worthlessness of these is more than counterbalanced by the large number whose education is superior to that of the ordinary laborers.

When the baggage has been "passed" by the inspectors, it is checked and sent to a room prepared for its reception. The immigrants are examined by a medical officer, who ascertains that no paupers or criminals are among them, and that no persons afflicted with contagious or infectious diseases have escaped the doctor at Quarantine. There is too much ordering about for Giles's liking, but he quickly takes his place. The immigrants are then ushered into the rotunda, a high-roofed circular building, into which ventilation and light are admitted by a dome seventy-five feet high. The floor is divided into small inclosures containing a post-office, telegraph-office, money exchange, and restaurant. As the crowd files in, each passenger is detained for a moment at the registration desk, where his name, age, nationality, destination, the vessel's name and the date of arrival are carefully recorded and preserved.

The whole number of immigrants landed at Castle Garden during 1873 was 267,000. The destination of 96,000 was the state of New York, of 44,000 the middle states, of 99,000 the western and north-western states, of 24,000 the eastern states, and of 2,000 the southern states. The whole number arriving in 1874 was 149,584, the destination of 52,444 being the state of New York, 22,630 the middle states, 56,615 the western and north-western states, 12,237 the eastern, 3,506 the southern states, and 2,152 Canada. In 1875 the total number of immigrants was 99,093, and in 1876 the total was 113,979.

When the registration is complete a clerk announces the names of the passengers who have friends waiting for them, or for whom letters, telegrams or remittances have been received, and delivery is made to the persons answering. Other passengers who wish to communicate with acquaintances or relatives are referred to clerks who speak and write their language, and their messages are transmitted from the telegraph desk or by mail. The railroad companies have agents in the building, and the passengers who wish to leave the city are shown to the ticket offices, while their baggage is rechecked and conveyed to the train or dépôt without charge. Those who want rest are permitted to remain in the rotunda, where a bowl of coffee, tea or milk and a small loaf of bread are supplied to them for ten cents. If they choose they can go to one of the boarding-houses licensed by the commissioners, which offer food and lodging at the modest price of a dollar or a dollar and a half. But we hope that Giles will not be induced to enter one of these dens. With a few exceptions they are located in an unhealthy neighborhood, frequented by

dangerous characters and conducted by reprobate men and women. We pity the immigrant who trusts himself to them. They are defective sanitarily and defective morally, and ought not to be sanctioned by the commissioners.

During his visit to America, eighteen months ago, Joseph Arch expressed his gratification at the care with which immigrants are treated at Castle Garden, but regretted that no provision was made for the accommodation of passengers who are detained in the city for a few days. "They are compelled to trust themselves to the licensed boarding-houses, which are not, I am assured, and can readily believe, very good places for their morals or comfort. * * * I have an interest, therefore, in suggesting to you the establishment of an Immigrant Home, where cleanliness and comfort would be combined with the protection so freely extended by the commissioners in other matters; this, I should imagine, might be rendered self-supporting."

Attached to Castle Garden there is also a labor bureau, and if Giles had not an opening in view for himself he might present himself as a candidate. Neither the laborer nor the employer is charged a fee, and the latter is required to prove his responsibility. During 1873 employment was found for 25,400 emigrants, including 14,400 agricultural or common laborers, 3,500 mechanics, and 7,000 house servants. In 1874 employment was found for 10,148 men, and 6,762 women; in 1875, for 7,008 men, and 5,432 women, and in 1876, for 5,394 men, and 4,821 women.

The immigrants are guarded against swindlers by a broker's office in the rotunda, where coin is exchanged for bills at the lowest current rates, and where valuables may be deposited without charge. So Giles ought to be grateful, and the vessel-owners ought not to begrudge the small amount of "head-money" which secures so many benefits to their best patrons.

The last stage of the immigrant's progress is accomplished by rail, and, as far as the vehicle is concerned, it is the least pleasant. An immigrant train is usually made up of dingy old passenger cars, with few

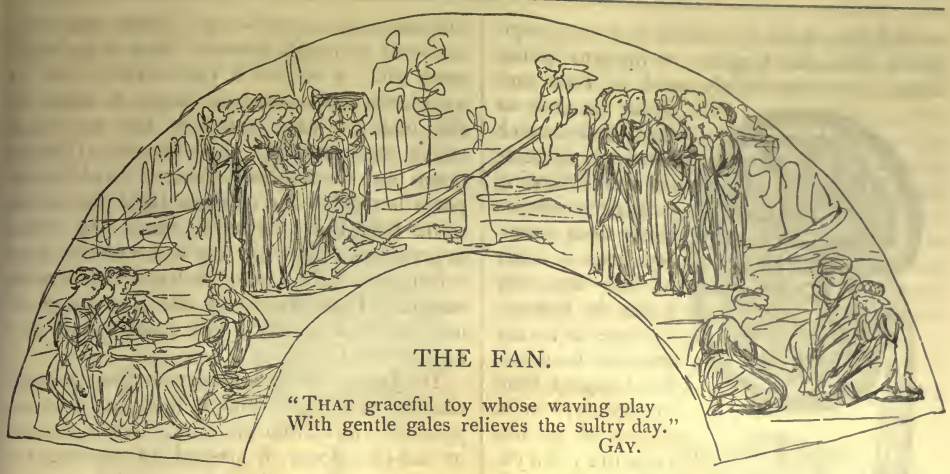
IMMIGRANT'S BOARDING-HOUSE NEAR THE BATTERY.

windows or means of ventilation. It runs on special time and is managed by conductors of more than ordinary brutality. Each seat has its occupant, and the atmosphere of the car soon becomes almost suffocating. Smoking is allowed in all the cars, which are filled with fumes of sickening density. At Albany, Rochester and Buffalo agents of the commissioners examine the passengers and assist them with information; but it is not their business to find fault with the railroad company, and they never do. The long, hot, dusty days lapse into long, hot and dreary nights. The passengers turn as well as they can in the narrow space of their seats and groan in the vain endeavor to get a wink of refreshing sleep. But after about fifty-six hours of misery Giles arrives at his new home, and with his wife and little ones, stands gazing at a broad expanse of untilled land. His work is before him, and it will not be complete until the waste has been cleared and the earth has yielded a tribute to his industry.

PLATE REPRESENTING THE LANDING OF GEN. LAFAYETTE AT CASTLE GARDEN.

THE CRICKET.

Oh! little cricket that the evening long
Dost tell thy story to the silent hours
While the dew falls upon the thirsty flowers!
What is the burden of thy ceaseless song?
A tale of love? or secrets that belong
To the dim solitudes of ruined towers,
Whose crumbling walls the ivy leaf embowers?
Or drolleries of Titania's shadowy throng?
Thou art a friend, so ancient legends tell,
That with the power of mystic sorcery
Guardest the hearth where thou dost love to dwell,
And with thy quaint and pleasant company
The night's deep loneliness thou dost dispel,
Thou merry chief of insect minstrelsy!



THE FAN.

"THAT graceful toy whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day."
GAY.

THAT "instrument of love" we use to "mitigate the fever of the sky," is as old as civilization itself. It had its origin in the East, where, as they say, the terrestrial Paradise was situated. And it must be so, no doubt, the fan being one of the weapons of coquetry, and coquetry having been born with the first motion of the first woman.

The law that bids man pass from the simple to the complex holds good in the history of the fan as well as in that of all other works of human ingenuity. Nothing, therefore, is more natural than that the leaves of the palm-tree, lotus, and banana-tree should have been employed as fans first in their original state, then should have been worked upon, ornamented and reduced to more suitable and elegant shapes. Cut No. 1 presents the form of the primitive fan as it is shown in the oldest Hindostanic bass-reliefs, and described by the poets of that literature. There is scarcely a single old Indian tombstone on which these three inseparable companions of tropical man—fan, fly-broom and parasol, are not sculptured. In the great Sanskrit epic poem, the "Mahâbhârata," it is related that King Kila had a daughter endowed with the rarest beauty. She had charge of the sacred fire: in order to further her father's prosperity, she endeavored to make the fire blaze by using her fan, instead of her delicate lungs and charming lips. "But it was of no use," concludes the poet; "the celestial fire not only would not blaze, but it almost expired; being taken with love for Nakarita, it could not live without her breathing." This primeval fan is still at present a part of the attire of certain Buddhist priests in the kingdom of Siam, and from it they take their name of Talapoins, the fan's name being talapat, or "palm-tree leaf," in the Siamese language.

NO. 1.
ANCIENT TALAPAT OR PALM-TREE FAN FROM HINDOSTAN.

An elegant improvement on the talapat is shown by cut No. 2; the peacock's feathers, "all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes," were called into requisition. The principle of caste, being the all-in-all of the Indian oligarchy, could bear no sign of equality between the highest classes and the lowest; and consequently we shortly afterward see people of rank using this new kind of fan, the handle of which was ornamented.

NO. 2.
INDIAN FAN FOR PEOPLE OF RANK.

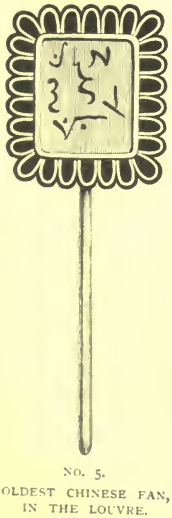
In the rich collection of the Baroness A. Rothschild, we have seen a peculiar kind of fan (cut No. 3), about which very little is known, but which probably belongs to the same period as No. 2, as monuments of the same period attest; it proves how man's ingenuity was already exercising itself in the manufacture of the fan. It is made of woven bulrushes, painted in various colors and ornamented with pearls; the handle is of jade, set off with large rubies. Very likely it was the property of some Brahmin or king.

Captain Basil Hall believed that the use of large fans hanging from the ceiling and

moved like bells by pulling a string, originated with the English in modern times. That they were widely used in Italy and Spain as early as the fourteenth century, appears from the following passage which we quote from memory, from a letter of the time by Guez de Balzac: "There is in my room an immense fan, hanging from the ceiling, which, during these hot summer days, does admirable service." Indeed, they are even of still greater antiquity, having been known to the Assyrians about three thousand years ago, as attested by the bass-reliefs found in the ruins near Nineveh. Their rather curious shape is shown by cut No. 4.

NO. 3. ANCIENT BULRUSH FAN.

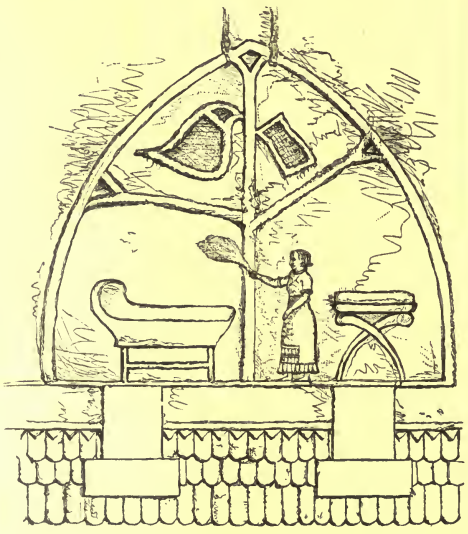
The fan is of equal antiquity in China and Japan, where it has always been extensively in use. In fact, it is an essential part of the national costume. It is on the fan that Japanese students take their notes; it is by waving the fan that people salute each other in the street; Chinese and Japanese soldiers handle the fan under the fire of the enemy; it is with his fan that the Japanese goes to the scaffold; with a motion of the fan the order for execution is communicated to the hangman, who does not part from his fan even in performing his duty. The form of Desima, an artificial little island of the Niphon archipelago constructed in 1635, and allotted as a residence to the Portuguese who had taken up their abode in Japan, is that of a fan, the question of its form having been determined upon by the emperor showing the engineers his fan.



NO. 5. OLDEST CHINESE FAN, IN THE LOUVRE.

The oldest Chinese fan now remaining is fourteen centuries old, and may be seen at the Louvre Museum in Paris. It is made of a bamboo-leaf, and ornamented with bulrushes, as in cut No. 5. Later they were made of plain silk framed, then of embroidered silk. Cut No. 6 represents a fan of wonderful workmanship, being a tissue of silk, feathers, and pearls so fine as not to weigh two ounces. In an old Chinese poem by Ouang-Sing-You, a bride compares herself to one of these light and handsome fans, the charms of which the owner appreciates only while the hot weather lasts. "But alas!" she cries, "I dread the coming season. How soon will the day come for me, in which my lord will consider me as a useless toy?"

In Japan the fan underwent the greatest change and improvement that was ever experienced in its manufacture. From its leaf or tail-like form it passed to assume the shape of the quadrant, and became handy, portable and folding, as shown in cut No. 7. Gay's poem "The Fan" refers to this change:

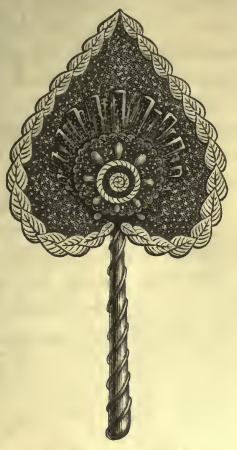


NO. 4. SWINGING FAN FROM ASSYRIAN BASS-RELIEF.

"That glorious bird have ye not seen
Who draws the car of the celestial queen?
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not seen him, in the sunny day,
Unfurl his plumes and all his pride display?
Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long trailing feathers sweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art;
Thin taper sticks must from one center part;
Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;
There shall the pencil bid its colors flow,
And make a miniature creation grow;
Let the machine in equal folding close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose.
So shall the fair her idle hand employ

And grace each motion with the restless toy;
With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,
While love in every grateful zephyr flies."

Since this improvement took place, bronze, ivory, sandal-wood, naker, tortoise-shell, silver and gold have been applied to the manufacture of the ribs which have thus been either enameled, inlaid, carved, or engraved; paper, linen, silk, feathers and transparent lac have been used for their cover, while painting in all its branches has contributed to ornament them. Since their appearance, white paper-covered fans have become fashionable in China, and upon them the Chinese have their friends' autographs inscribed. In 1866 some specimens of this kind were purchased in London at £900 apiece. They are now coming into favor among ladies of the European aristocracy, while in China they are only employed as presents to be offered to persons of distinction.



NO. 6. EARLY CHINESE.

With Asiatic nations the fan is also a symbol of authority. Generals in Japan carry a fan with carved iron ribs and silk cover, decorated with the rising sun—the coat-of-arms of Japan. When the commander of a corps orders the attack, he throws his fan into the air as far as he can, as the Prince of Condé threw his baton into the enemy's intrenchment during the bloody battle of Friburg in 1646.

NO. 7. MODERN JAPANESE.

In the Egyptian cosmogony the fan was an emblem of happiness and rest as well as of authority. That is why triumphal chariots were surrounded by fans and flowery boughs. The most ancient Egyptian fans known to us are thirty-five centuries old, and are of the form indicated by cuts Nos. 9 and 10. In a bass-relief at Nimroud is represented a slave in the act of cooling the liquid contained in a pitcher, by waving a fan shaped like a palm-leaf—a frequent subject of Egyptian decoration.

From India, through the Assyrians, the fan was handed down to the Medes and Persians, with whom, according to Xenophon, it became, together with the fly-broom, a symbol of royalty.

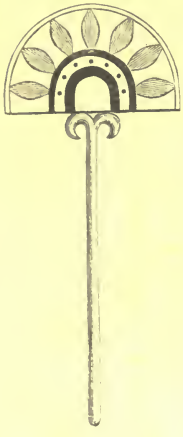
It was later that the fan was imported into Arabia. Toward the beginning of our era, the Arabians were accustomed to write inscriptions and religious sentences upon it; later on, they had ostrich-feather fans, as shown in cut No. 12. The stories of the "Arabian Nights" contain the first record of these fans. It is related in "The Sleeper Awakened" that, when Abou Hassan fancied himself to be the commander of the faithful, he was introduced into a splendid banqueting-room where a table was spread. As he sat at the table, seven beautiful women began to fan him assiduously with their feather fans.

NO. 8. JAPANESE GENERAL WAVING HIS FAN. (MODERN.)

On this side of the Atlantic also, the fan has been in use for centuries past. In Mexico, the Toltecs, a nation that preceded the Aztecs, held it as a symbol of command. *Ométenctli*, their god, and *Totec*, the military disciple of the founder of their monarchy, are pictured as having a feather

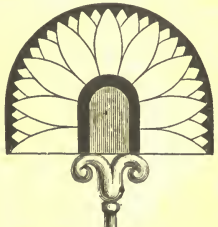
fan in their hand, similar to cut No. 13. Its name was *Tleoatrehuaquetzalli;* another kind of Mexican fan was called *Tsinescantlauquecholi*, and a third *Teocuytlayxcuaamatl.*

The Greeks received the fan from the Assyrians through intermediate trade with the Phœnicians. Though Homer and Anacreon do not speak of it, it is nevertheless a fact that it was used in Greece. Euripides mentions it in his "Orestes," and sculptors often put it in the hands of their goddesses and women. Cuts Nos. 14, 15 and 16 give fans as represented by the classical sculpture of the country.



NO. 9. EGYPTIAN.

To what excellence fan-making was carried by the Etruscans is shown by specimen No. 17, undoubtedly one of the handsomest fans of any age. From this nation the fan was handed down to the Romans, who, being by no means a people of artistic tastes, accomplished very little toward its improvement. Etruscan fans were held in great favor; though all varieties were known to the Romans. "Dost thou wish," Ovid asks of his beloved, "that a gentle breeze cool the heat of thy cheeks? This leaf, waved by my hand, will afford thee this pleasure, unless it be the fire of my love rather than the warmth of the weather that inflameth thee, and thy heart be burning with a more charming blaze." In Rome, as well as in Greece, the fan of the wealthy had a very long handle to prevent any one fanning himself, fashion decreeing that a young slave be employed for this purpose. These slaves were called *flabelliferi* or "fan-bearers."



NO. 10. EGYPTIAN.

Christians, as Pagans before them, applied the fan to liturgic ceremonies, and the first Christian fan-makers were some Syrian monks, St. Fulgence and St. Jerome. The oldest Christian fan transmitted to us dates from the sixth century, and belonged to Queen Theodelinda, the saintly princess who possessed a nail of the holy cross which was hammered and set in the interior of the Iron Crown of the kings of Italy. This fan is preserved in the Castle of Monza, near

NO. 11. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LADY WITH FAN.

Milan, and is shown to the tourist as a relic. It is of leather and is divided into two leaves, which, when the fan is not in use, are folded one upon the other (see cut No. 18); by means of a spring these leaves are opened out as shown in cut No. 19. The leaf is gilded and ornamented with pearls and rubies, and presents the traces of a Latin inscription (very likely a prayer) now illegible. The handle is of engraved gold inlaid with gems. Superstition has lent the fan a magical power: on a certain day in the year, girls from the country around go to Monza in pilgrimage for the purpose of touching it, as it is thought this will facilitate their marriages.

In the Apostolic Constitutions that are the fundamental laws of the Catholic church, it was ordered that during mass, from the oblation to the communion, two deacons standing on either side of the altar should wave each a peacock-feather fan, in order to add to the celebrant's comfort as well as to prevent flies and other insects from alighting on the consecrated offering. By Christians, too, the fan seems to have been regarded as a symbol of authority, because, while owing perhaps to its increasing ap-

plication to worldly purposes, during the fourteenth century it fell into disuse in the performance of religious ceremonies, the pope retained the privilege of using it, and, even at present, on state occasions, he appears preceded by two fan-bearers carrying each a fan made of ostrich feathers like that suggested by cut No. 20.

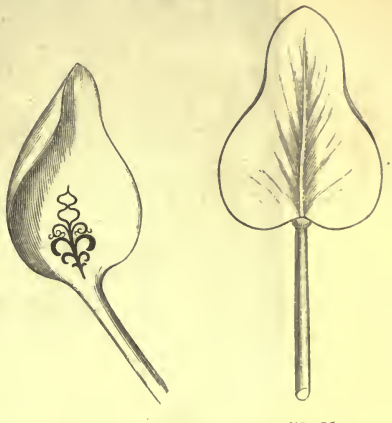
As stated above, the fan came again into fashion among ladies about the twelfth century. In the miniatures which adorn the most ancient books on chivalry, ladies are represented as carrying rice-straw fans like those still seen in Tunis and Algiers, and figured in cut No. 21. Later, fans made of plumes, arranged in tufts or disks, were more fashionable; the handle was either of naker or ivory, and often of gold enriched by costly jems. Ostriches, peacocks, parrots, pheasants, and Indian crows furnished plumage for them. All these fans, however, were soon replaced by the folding one.

NO. 12.
ARABIAN FAN.

Although fans were commonly used in France in the early part of the tenth century, as Étienne Boileau's manuscript book on "Trades" (1260) implies, the Italian fan, which had gained already a great reputation for excellence of workmanship, was introduced into that country by the Italian perfumers who followed Catherine de Medici to the court of St. Louis. As is the case with every novelty in France, the folding fan at once became very popular. "Ladies," Henry Estienne says, "would set it aside under no consideration; when of no use in summer to temper the violence of the sun, they would use it in winter as a screen against the fire."

Three new kinds of fans appeared in Italy about this time, two of which are represented by our cuts Nos. 22 and 23. The first was somewhat tufted, and was designated by its form; it was made of feathers and artificial flower leaves, and was very pretty.

The second took its name from the lovely Princess Eleonora d'Este, so celebrated in



NO. 14. NO. 15.

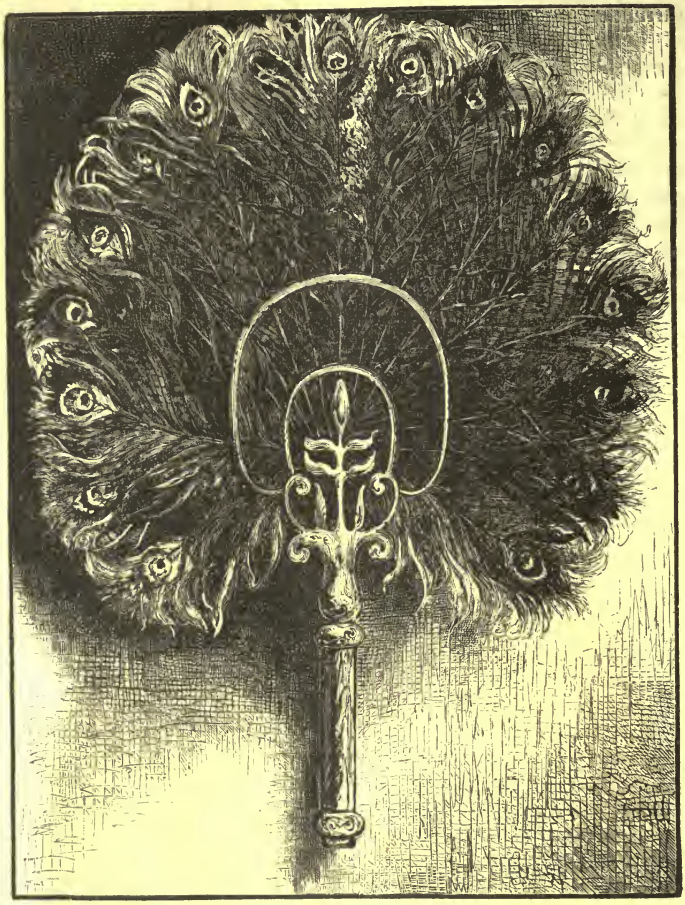
NO. 16.
GREEK FANS.

connection with Torquato Tasso's love and poems. The golden handle of this fan is split in ribs, between which gold embroidered silk of various colors is spread. Each rib is surmounted by a large ruby of rare beauty; the fan opens and closes by pulling up or down a ring which is fastened with a pretty chain to its handle. This fan was connected with perhaps the happiest moment in the eventful life of the great poet. The beautiful Eleonora loved him; though (no matter what slander may have insinuated

NO. 13. ANCIENT FEATHER FAN OF MEXICO.

to the contrary), bound by family duties toward her brother Alphonso, she had never allowed her feelings to become known. Poor Tasso could only infer, from occasional gracious glances, that his love was not entirely in vain. One day he was reading to her the portion of his "Jerusalem," in which the attachment between Olindo and Sophronia is described. The lovely woman was enraptured and for a moment seemed to have lost control over herself. Won by the poet, she was on the point of embracing the lover, when her noble self re-awakened to duty. But how could she escape entirely the fascination of such poetry? She hesitated a moment, grasped her fan, kissed it, threw it at the poet's feet, and fled. Poor Tasso! even the privilege of keeping the fan was denied him.

Another fan is called the flag, or turning fan, and is better known as "Titian's wife's fan," from the one held by her in the portrait in the Dresden Gallery. Fans of similar form are still in use in Spain, Turkey, Egypt and Morocco. This screen, as immortalized by Titian, was the one reserved for married women; another like it, but of perfect whiteness, was used by young ladies only, as its Spanish name *abanico de novia*, or "bride's fan," suggests. Only one authentic specimen of this variety remains —one in open-worked parchment and ornamented with the rarest Venetian lace, now in the collection of Mme. A. Jubinal of Paris.

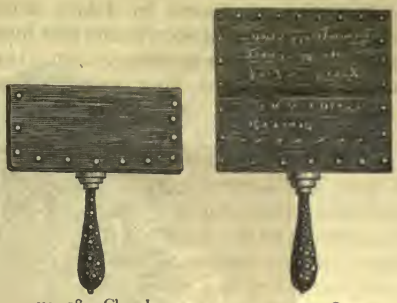


NO. 17. ETRUSCAN FAN.

The fan made its appearance in England during the reign of Richard II., and at the end of the fourteenth century it was widely used among ladies of rank. Elizabeth received it with so much favor that she

became known as the "Patron of fans." She established a rule that no present, save a fan, should be accepted by English queens from their subjects. Cut No. 24 is the standard of the English fan at that period; it is a reproduction of one that accompanied Mary Stuart through all the events of her miserable life. After that of the Italian princess above mentioned, no fan is so suggestive.

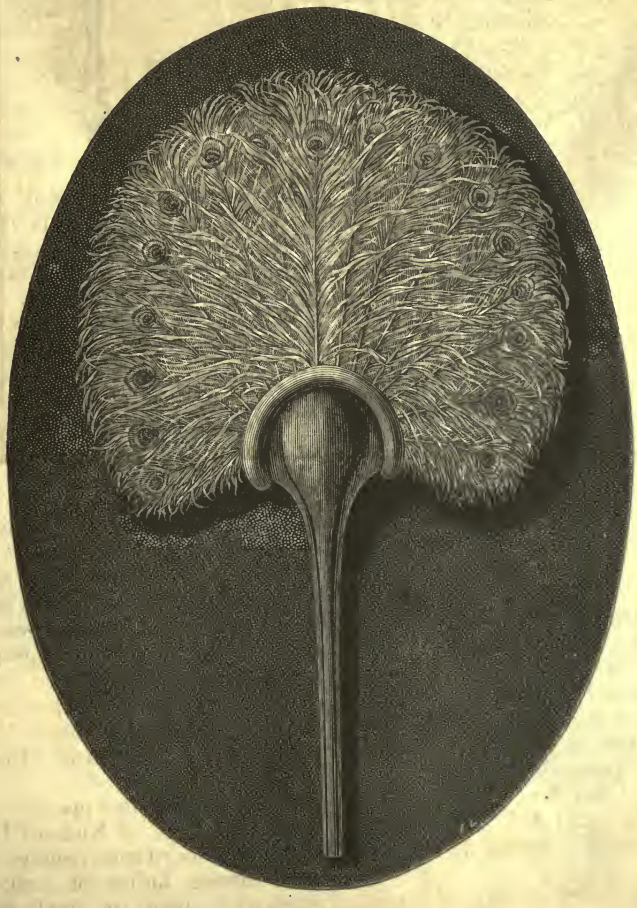
The handles of these fans were often of silver or gold, garnished with precious stones. No wonder, therefore, that they tempted too strongly the covetousness of thieves, as appears from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which Falstaff says to Pistol: "I'm damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Miss Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon my honor thou hadst it not."



No. 18. Closed. No. 19. Open.

QUEEN THEODELINDA'S FAN.

At the end of the sixteenth century water-color painting began to be applied to the decoration of paper and parchment fans in Europe too, and soon reached a high degree of perfection. Common Italian paper fans, though very elegantly finished, sold for an English shilling; the decoration was chiefly



No. 20. PAPAL FAN.

love scenes accompanied by a line or two of verse, or views of some remarkable landscape, with a short description. (Cut No. 25.)

In France, during the reign of Henry IV. and Louis XIII., the fan nearly gave rise to a civil war; the various corporations of artisans and dealers being opposed to the acknowledgment of fan-making as an art distinct from the others, as this would have deprived them of the privilege of manufacturing and dealing in the article. It was only during the reign of Louis XIV. that fan-makers succeeded in having their rights recognized and chartered.

NO. 21. FAN OF MIDDLE AGES.

D'Alembert, in his "Reflections and Anecdotes of Christine, Queen of Sweden," relates the following story:

NO. 22. XIV CENTURY, TUFTED.

"Many ladies of the court who were not fully acquainted with the haughty and bantering character of their sovereign, and her repugnance for everything connected with female attire, asked her whether they should carry their fans even in winter. Christine replied to them contemptuously: 'I do not think so; you are light enough to do without artificial wind.' These ladies, vexed at the gratuitous insult, determined not only to disregard the queen's opinion and adopt the most expensive fans to be had in every season, but to tease her also by generally increasing the extravagance of their toilets in all their details; and so well were their plans carried out, that her court, so far as luxury went, could soon compete with that of France, many a family being consequently reduced to poverty."

NO. 23. FAN OF ELEONORA D'ESTE, DUCHESS OF FERRARA

NO. 24. MARY STUART'S FAN.

It is curious to see how the historical development of our civilization has been epitomized in fan-painting. The relation between history and this branch of art is closer than has been the case with some objects of far greater importance. Mythology furnished the first subjects to the painters of fans; the Bible then took the place of mythology; the achievements of the cavaliers of the middle ages, both true and imaginary, the courts of love and all the chief features of that long and wonderful period next embellished the face of the costly trinket. Every episode in the "Jerusalem Delivered" was treated in a masterly manner.

NO. 25. EARLY ITALIAN FAN.

In the seventeenth century fans showed a striking tendency to increase in size. "The Mercury," a French paper of fashions, in a number of January, 1678, states that their size should be in keeping with the

volume of the dresses worn; at that time, as it is known, the *guardinfante* gave ladies the shape of immense demijohns,—no wonder, then, that fans were two feet square. But the reaction came; this style of fans was replaced by the "Lillipu-

NO. 26. FAN OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

tian," or "imperceptible" ones. These suggested to Mme. De Genlis, her saying—"When women were timid and blushed, they used to carry large fans and they hid their faces behind them. Now that they blush no longer and are intimidated by nothing, they do not care to hide their faces, and consequently they carry but microscopic fans."

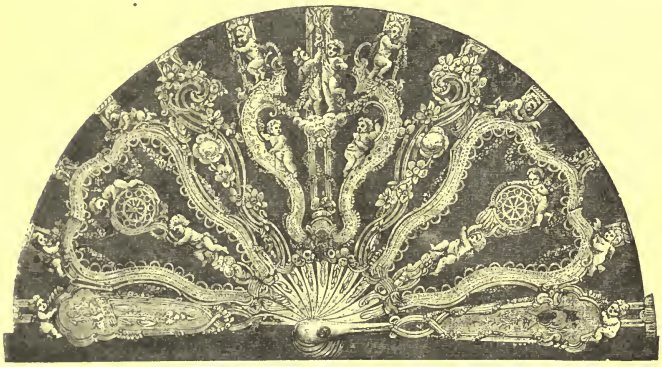
The two most beautiful fans that the writer has ever seen are one of lace that belonged to Madame de Pompadour (cut No. 26), now in the possession of Mme. A. Jubinal, and one of ivory, presented by the city of Dieppe to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, on the birth of her son, the dauphin, in May, 1785; the latter, shown in cut No. 27, is now the property of M. Eugene de Thiac, of Paris. The former, probably of Italian origin, is made of the finest embroidered lace; it took nine years to finish it, and the cost was about $30,000. A row of miniatures almost indistinguishable to the naked eye, but of infinite precision and finish, forms its border; it is divided into five sections, each one decorated with a painted medallion, and all fine masterpieces of miniature painting. The central medallion was suggested by an historical anecdote known by the designation of "The Flea of Miss Desroches." In 1579, Etienne Pasquier was one evening at the salon of the Misses Desroches, who gathered around them the greatest littérateurs and wits of their time. Perceiving a flea on Miss Desroches' shoulder, Pasquier cried that he would give anything to be that flea, and that he would willingly celebrate it in a poem. The suggestion was enthusiastically received by the company; every one offered to join in singing the praises of the "happy insect," and the result was that a volume of poems, in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish was soon published under the title, "The Flea of Miss Desroches." According to La Monnoye, the best of all these poems was written by the young lady herself.

Balzac speaks of Marie Antoinette's fan above mentioned, as "the handsomest of all celebrated historical fans." It belongs to the variety of the so-called "broken fans," by which name are distinguished those now widely in use that have no cover. This fan is of ivory, open-worked and carved; it was executed by Le Flamand (an ivory-carver who has, perhaps, never been excelled), after the drawing by Vien, first painter of Louis XVI.'s household. The subject is an episode in the life of Alexander the Great. Porus, an Indian prince, who reigned in 327, B. C., on the eastern banks of the Hydaspes, refused to submit to Alexander, but defeated in battle, was taken prisoner and brought before the conqueror. Alexander asked him how

NO. 27. FAN OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

he expected to be treated. "As a brave soldier and king!" daringly answered the prince. The great Macedonian, subdued by the firmness of his foe's countenance, gave him back his conquered states. The incident is engraved in a wonderful manner on the ribs of the fan.

Cut No. 28 represents the skeleton of a fan which belonged to Madame Dubois, a lady of the court of Louis XV. The ribs are of ivory, carved in bass-relief.



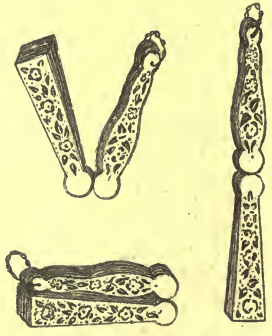
NO. 28. FAN OF MADAME DUBOIS.

The French Revolution, which changed everything, influenced even fan-painting. The favorite subjects for decoration were the convocation of the general states, the inauguration of the assembly, Mirabeau, and the three sisters, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Marat then had his turn, and when it was the fashion to boast of rags, the aristocratic fan of former times was replaced by a very coarse one, on which still coarser sketches were drawn, bearing the motto, "Freedom or Death." It will be remembered that Charlotte Corday carried a knife in one hand and the popular fan in the other, at the killing of Marat.

The Reign of Terror could but produce a reaction, and this, too, was felt in the manufacture of this toy, and gave rise to the satirical fans. Fans were then made of assignats—the greenbacks of the French Republic, famous for their worthlessness. Later on appeared the so-called "Fundholder's fan"—a clever epitome of the financial situation of the country. A fat, well-attired gentleman was shown on the right side of the fan, having the inscription underneath: "*I was, thou wast, he was*," etc. On the left, under a thin, ragged, starving citizen, was the inscription: "*I am, thou art, he is*," etc.

The Royalists' ingenuity and patriotism were stimulated by the danger they were exposed to, and in order to communicate their political sentiments without discovery, they devised the "weeping-willow fan," the leaves of which, when examined closely, holding the fan turned upside down, represented images of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and other members of the royal family. They contrived also transparent fans which only revealed their political meaning by being placed against the light. To such a fan Madame De Cevennes owed her death, and on the scaffold she bravely waved a similar one which she had procured nobody knew how.

The fashion of painting fans continued during the Empire. Since that time a number of new fans have been invented, which have been, and still are, more or less in use. To describe them would be an imposition on the reader's patience, as, owing to the recentness of their origin, they are well known, and we need only remark that they show how the spirit of the age tends to join in one as many things as possible. We have the "full fan" and the "fan-bouquet," both in great favor. Among the most fanciful fans may be reckoned the "doubled fan" (cut No. 29), which is very handy, the "pocket-book fan," the "dressing-case fan," the "parasol fan," and even the "pistol fan." We saw at the Vienna Exhibition in 1873, a peculiar kind of fan, each rib of which represented either a fork, a spoon, a knife, a comb or a pair of scissors, etc., each piece being easily taken out when needed, without disarranging the symmetry of the *ensemble*.



NO. 29. MODERN DOUBLED FAN.

NO. 30. MODERN FRENCH FAN. [AFTER DESIGN BY HAMON.]

Among the painters, sculptors, and carvers of high repute, who have not been above contributing to the decoration of fans, are Watteau, Rosalba Carriera, Boucher, Lebrun, Rosa Bonheur and Gérôme, Lami and Gavarni. The fan has also had its poets and dramatists. Goldoni, who, among the dramatic authors, ranks undoubtedly next to Molière, being one evening the guest of a Venetian lady, was complimented by her upon the productiveness of his genius.

"Why, my lady," he replied, "anything is a good subject for comedy."

"Anything?" rejoined the lady.

"Anything," emphatically replied the dramatist.

"Even this fan?" insisted the beauty.

At the question, Goldoni seemed struck by a happy thought, and exclaimed:

"I shall be indebted to you for life—you have suggested to me my best comedy; in a week you will read it." And he kept his promise; the toy in his hand became the nucleus of numberless intrigues and comical situations.

Rossi, the great Italian tragedian, in the players' scene in "Hamlet," produces a striking effect by playfully handling Ophelia's fan, and darting glances at the king "from the fan's ambush." "In the hand of a Spanish lady," says Benjamin Disraeli, "the fan is a weapon that puts to shame the strategy of a regiment of generals."

[Of the foregoing cuts, Nos. 2, 3, 6, 9, 12, 13 and 21 are from the collection of Madame A. Rothschild; Nos. 24 and 26, from that of Madame A. Jubinal.]

NO. 31. SIAMESE FAN.

بِسْمِ اللهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِيمِ

SINBAD THE PORTER.

THE LAND OF THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

TEN centuries ago, when the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid reigned at Bagdad, the pious Mussulman, journeying from Cairo toward that splendid metropolis on the banks of the Tigris, would have crossed the wide desert by caravan, stopping awhile at the then flourishing cities of Mecca and Medina, the birthplace and tomb of the founder of his religion; and ever after the honorary title of "Hadji," or "pilgrim," would have been prefixed to his name. To-day the traveler from the West embarks at Suez on a Clyde-built iron steamer, and after a seven days' voyage down the Red Sea, the most dis-

agreeable and treacherous piece of water on the globe, emerges through the narrow pass, called by the Arabs the "Gateway of Tears," into the Indian Ocean. He stops for coal at Aden, the half-way station between the Mediterranean and India, thence sails up the Arabian Sea and the Persian Gulf, past the deserted sites of many historic cities, once rich and populous, through which the wealth of Ormus and of Ind flowed from the East toward Europe. Sixty miles above the mouth of the Euphrates is the city of Bassorah, the port from which that famous voyager Sinbad sailed, to be cast away on enchanted islands, and find the roc's eggs and diamond valleys of "fairy-land." Here we leave our ocean steamer, and on a smaller boat adapted to the navigation of these swift and shallow streams, we push on toward Bagdad, 500 miles up the river. At the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates is the traditional "Garden of Eden," where we find nothing to remind us of the paradise of our first parents except a very old fig-tree. Diverging here to the right, we trace the sinuous course of the Tigris through a level country almost destitute of cultivation or inhabitants. This is a paradise for sportsmen, and there is a constant fusilade of guns and rifles from our deck. Besides water-fowl, such as pelicans, herons, cranes and ducks, which are in sight all day, we have frequent shots at wild boars, jackals and antelopes. During the last trip of this steamer four lions were shot from the deck. They were on a small island, and cut off from retreat to the main-land by a sudden rise of the water. The largest weighed about 350 pounds, and had the dark, shaggy mane of the African species, which is rarely found in Mesopotamia. The Arabs call this variety *kaffirs*, or "infidels." They say that by repeating a prayer from the Koran a Mussulman lion can be induced to spare one's life, but an "unbelieving" lion is inexorable.

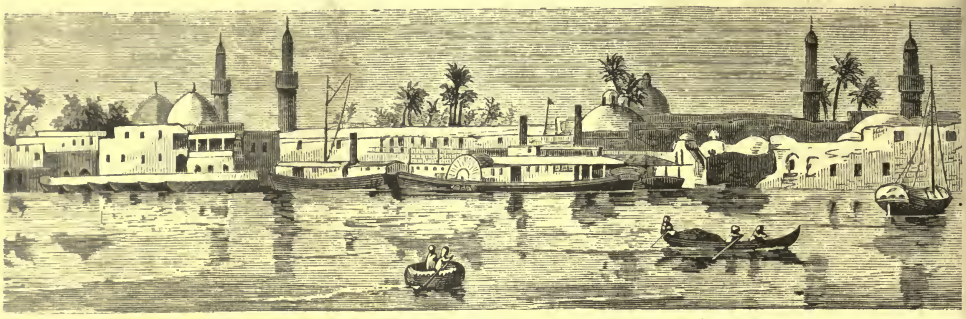
To receive a favorable impression of Bagdad, one should approach it, as it was my good fortune to do, in an early morning in spring. For miles below we had been passing through groves of dates, palms and orange-trees, and the fragrance of orange blossoms was almost oppressive. The Tigris is here nearly a thousand feet in width, and flows in a broad, full stream, washing the buildings and gardens on either side. The city seems half buried in palm-trees, which rise above the buildings in every direction; but far above the palms tower the domes and minarets of the mosques, ornamented with colored glazed tiles arranged in arabesque designs. The houses facing the river are not imposing in height or style of architecture. They are evidently dwellings and not places of business. The numerous lattices, projecting windows and verandas looking out upon the stream, give them a picturesque and agreeable appearance. Many houses have small gardens facing the river, where we can see the bright spring flowers, and under awnings of parti-colored canvas are seats and divans, suggestive of the comfort of an out-door lounge.

We steam slowly along, past the English

SHOOTING LIONS ON THE TIGRIS.

Residency with its beautiful gardens, in which we see the uniform of Sepoy soldiers from India. In the stream opposite is moored a British gun-boat, the "Comet." We drop anchor a short distance further up the river near the custom-house, where a floating bridge resting on boats spans the stream. We are at once surrounded by the most curious of boats called *goophas*, which have been used on these waters from

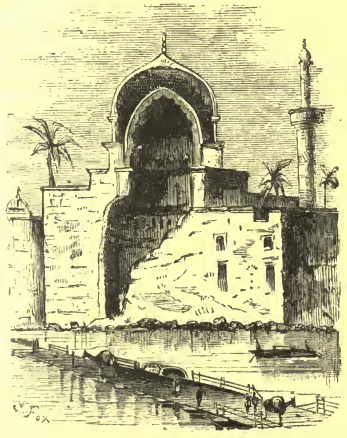
the earliest times. The goopha is made of a wicker-work of date sticks, light but strong, and covered on the outside with a thick coating of black bitumen, in which cowry shells are sometimes imbedded as ornaments. It is perfectly round; the top edge is lightly drawn in, and from eight to ten feet in diameter. To an inexperienced eye it seems the most unmanageable of boats, but two men with short paddles propel it quite rapidly across the swift stream, and being light, its carrying capacity is very great.



VIEW ON THE TIGRIS AT BAGDAD.

Above the floating bridge on the eastern bank extend for a long distance the gardens and low buildings attached to the pasha's palace. On the opposite shore are several large buildings with tall smoke-stacks, the only un-oriental objects within sight. These are the arsenal and machine shops. Still further up is the hospital, a large and handsome building of light-colored brick. On the same side, at a bend of the river, a curious object attracts our attention. It is a mosque cut in two by the undermining of the rapid current. One-half of its lofty dome still remains, leaving the innermost recesses of its places of prayer exposed to view. This is the only interior of a temple sacred to Moslem worship which an unbeliever can see in Bagdad. And yet the people here are not especially fanatics. The largest liberty in the exercise of their religion has been granted to Jew and Christian at Bagdad.

The highest attainable point whence the city can be viewed is the top of a half-ruined minaret, which overlooks the "cotton-thread market" and entrance to the bazaars. The mosque to which this minar was once attached has all crumbled away and disappeared. The sacredness of the place having departed, we are permitted to climb the broken stair-way to the gallery, about ninety feet from the ground, where, six hundred years ago, the *muezzin* called the faithful to prayer. From this point we command a view of the whole city and surrounding country for miles in every direction. We can trace the line of crumbling walls, with towers at short intervals, inclosing an area of about seven hundred acres, not over one-half of which is covered with buildings. Groves of palm and other trees fill large spaces in the south-eastern part of the city, once densely populated, among which we can see frequent ruins, as if Nature were trying to hide from sight these sad relics of former grandeur. To the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, the river glistening in the morning sun, winds through dense groves of palm and orange trees, but in



HALF A MOSQUE.

every other direction the desert sands come up to the very walls of the city. Six miles up the river the double gilded domes and four elegant minarets of Kathmane rise high above the somber foliage. This is the

burial-place of the two Imaums, direct descendants of Mohammed, and it is visited every year by many thousand pilgrims from Persia and Arabia. A short distance from this shrine we see a pine-shaped cone of snowy whiteness which covers the tomb of the lovely Zobeide. Ten miles away, standing alone in the desert, is a tower one hundred and fifty feet in height, called Akker-goof. A spiral way ascends on the outside, and its appearance is familiar from its being the common ideal picture of the tower of Babel. It is of great antiquity, and was regarded by early travelers as the work of the immediate descendants of Noah.

But while we have been scanning these interesting objects in the far distance, a scene is passing at our feet, too characteristic to escape notice. The houses here are usually built two stories in height, with ranges of apartments opening into a square, inner court. During the summer, subterranean rooms, called *serdaubs*, are occupied during the day for the shelter they afford from the intense heat, but as soon as the sun goes down the flat roofs are used for the evening meal and for sleep at night. At Bagdad, there is not a particle of dew, and for half the year the people all sleep in the open air without protection. From this lofty station hundreds of bed-rooms are exposed to view, and domestic scenes, illustrative of the habits and customs of the people, are open before us. Here in the East no such privacy of sleeping apartments is sought or desired, as is universal in western lands. These people are early risers, and as it is now a few moments after sunrise, in many cases the servants have rolled up the beds and carried them to the rooms below, to which the occupants have retired for the bath, and to commence the labors of the day. But a few late sleepers still linger on the terraces, and little suspect that the stranger is taking note of their movements.

On our way back to the *khan* of Messrs. Lynch & Co., the only English merchants in Bagdad, we pass a tall minaret, attached to a ruined mosque, called the "Minar of the Storks." On its summit these birds have built an enormous nest, and hold undisputed possession of the place. They are regarded as sacred by all Moslems, and never molested. During the winter months they migrate to some warmer clime, but it is firmly believed that at this time every year they make the pilgrimage to Mecca. These birds are so pious, say the Moslems, that if a number of persons cry out "Allah! Allah!" as they fly overhead, they will drop to the ground and bury their heads in the earth. If once

A MINARET IN BAGDAD.

touched by human hands they never rise again, but droop and die.

Soon after my arrival at Bagdad, on the evening of the first day in May, as we were dining on the terrace, we were startled by a most terrific din. We then noticed that there was a nearly total eclipse of the moon, and upon consulting an English almanac we found that it would be "invisible at Greenwich, but a total eclipse in Australia and some parts of Asia." The tumult increased, and soon the whole population seemed to have assembled on the house-tops, armed with pots, pans and kitchen utensils, which they beat with a tremendous clatter, at the same time screaming and howling at the top of their voices. Frequent reports of guns and pistols added to the turmoil, which was kept up for nearly an hour, until they had succeeded in frightening away the *Jin*, or evil spirit, who had caught hold of the moon. It was a most amusing scene, although it interfered seriously with the success of our dinner. Our own servants caught the excitement, and deserted the table without ceremony. Our host told us the next day that they well-nigh knocked the bottoms out from all his kitchen utensils. It was, however, a complete success, and when our servants returned to their duty, the moon was shining brightly as ever, and upon their faces was an air of complacent satisfaction.

The ignorant Mohammedan population of Bagdad are exceedingly superstitious, and the *fakirs*, *dervishes*, and other mendicant

orders, contrive to make a very comfortable living out of the charity of the faithful. The members of these societies do not openly or clamorously beg, but they elicit money from the ignorant by the performance of pretended miracles, giving charms against illness, wounds and evils of all kinds. Some of these professors of the "black art" pretend to know what is passing in their absence, to expel evil spirits, to cure diseases by laying on of hands, to calm tempests at sea, and to be able to say their noonday prayers at Mecca without stirring from their houses at Bagdad. To the astonished spectators they seem to pierce their bodies with spears, to strike sharp-pointed lances into their eyes, or to leap from the roofs of houses upon poles shod with iron, which appear to run through their bodies, after which they are carried like spitted victims through the streets. The dancing and howling dervishes of Cairo have often been described, but their brethren in Bagdad far surpass them in wildness and frenzy. Educated and intelligent Mohammedans everywhere repudiate these sects, but their hold on the superstitious masses is so strong, that not even the government dares interfere, except in extreme cases, to preserve the public peace.

SCARING AWAY THE ECLIPSE.

The bazaars of Bagdad are especially interesting, and seem crowded at all hours of the day with a most varied and heterogeneous mass of humanity. The attractions of bright colors and gaudy costumes all belong to the male sex. The street dress of the women is the extreme of ugliness, being a hideous wrapper of blue or white cotton, which completely envelops the wearer from head to foot. The females here wear in the street a peculiar black mask made of thinly woven horse-hair. It effectually hides the face, but allows a free circulation of air, and through it they can see all that passes before them. The lower class of Arab women go abroad unveiled. They are very ugly, their arms being tatooed with blue marks, and the married ones wearing on one side of the nostril a gold or silver ornament like a large filigree-work button, and anklets and bracelets of silver or brass, according to their means.

The principal bazaars are in a triple range, protected from the sun by a lofty arched roof of brick and mortar. Each kind of merchandise and branch of trade has its own section. Here can be seen the beautiful fabrics of Persia and Cashmere, the jewels of India, the spices and perfumes of Arabia, and the more familiar manufactures of Europe. The languages spoken are as various as the costumes of the people.

The bazaars are none of them more than twelve feet in width, and while we gaze about half bewildered at the curious scene, we are in danger of being trampled on by trains of loaded camels, mules or donkeys, or by the heels of a mettled Arab horse, whose rider, a Bedouin from the desert, looks neither to the right nor the left, but goes his way with an air of fierce independence as if lord of the soil.

The coffee shops are very numerous, and on the large benches outside covered with straw matting, there is always a crowd of loungers. I am told that wine, imported from Europe, but forbidden by the Koran, and a fiery spirit distilled from dates, called *arrack*, are sold in many of these places, but I have never seen a person here who seemed intoxicated.

Often when alone I have stopped at these coffee-shops, where room would courteously be made for me on one of the divans, and an attendant, without any special order,

would bring me a little egg-cup, holding not over a table-spoonful of strong, black coffee of most delicious flavor, and then a *narghileh*, a supply of which is always kept ready for use. This pipe, which in India is called a *hookah*, and in Persia a *killiou*, is made here in the form of the letter V, without the long flexible tube common in Damascus and Constantinople. The mouth-piece is a reed, and the perfumed water through which the smoke passes is held in a large cocoa-nut shell. The tobacco used in the narghileh is of a peculiar kind, and is wet before being lighted, in doing which a piece of live charcoal is always used. The smoke is deliciously cooled and purified in passing through the scented rose-water. For this entertainment I paid at the coffee-shops only one *piaster*, about five cents.

HOWLING DERVISHES.

The Pasha of Bagdad is the despotic ruler of the largest and most important province in Turkey. He has the command of a large army which is stationed at Bagdad and other towns within his pashalic, which is bounded on the east and south by the Persian frontier and the Gulf. More than once ambitious men holding this position, so remote from the home government, have been suspected of designs to render themselves independent sovereigns,—a design which was successfully accomplished in 1830, by Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt. At the time of my visit to Bagdad, the governor was the present Turkish Minister of War, Redif Pasha, a successful general and a man of unquestioned energy and ability. Once, while I was in Bagdad, he had an opportunity to show his power as a despotic ruler, and he acted with a nerve and energy worthy of all praise. The Tigris, which had been on the rampage for two months, at last broke through the dikes some ten miles above the city, and the torrent sweeping down with irresistible force, did great damage to the crops, and in a single day turned the broad plain back of the city into an immense lake. The water was only kept from flowing into the city by an embankment outside the walls, which in many places was out of repair. Great fear was felt of such an inundation as occurred in 1831—the year of the plague—when seven thousand houses fell in a single day. Here was an emergency calling for prompt action. The pasha issued an order closing all the bazaars and shops, and for four days impressed the whole male population (foreigners excepted) to work on the dikes. Half the force was sent up the river, and the balance set to work to repair the embankments around the city. I rode out in that direction one morning, and witnessed a lively scene. Several thousand men were at work, and the pasha himself was on the spot, surrounded by a brilliantly uniformed staff, superintending the operations. These energetic measures saved the city. The break in the dike up the river was stopped, and the water gradually subsided.

As there are no American ministers or consular agents in this part of the world, before leaving Cairo I had inclosed a letter of introduction to our minister at Constantinople, with the request that he would forward to me at Bagdad such credentials to the pasha as might be of service in any excursion I desired to make to Babylon or other places of interest in Mesopotamia. Upon reaching Bagdad I found awaiting me a *firman* from the Turkish government addressed to the pasha, and commending the American traveler in the strongest terms to his hospitality and protection. Upon my entrance to the audience-room of the pasha I found him seated at the further end of the apartment, near a large table covered with papers, and as I entered he rose and advanced toward me, shook hands, and courteously motioned me to a seat beside him. He is a large man, tall and quite portly, perhaps forty-five years old, with a full face, brown beard, and eyes sharp and piercing. His dress was entirely European, except the *fez*, without even a button to indicate his rank. His countenance indicates energy and firmness, and his manners are courteous and pleasing. Several officers of rank standing near were presented to me, but no one was seated except the pasha and myself. As he spoke only Turkish and Arabic, Mr. Stanno, a Levantine in the service of the government, was summoned to act as interpreter. Our

conversation was necessarily slow, but the questions and replies were very readily translated, and I felt quite at my ease. I found the pasha very intelligent as to the geography and government of foreign countries, and he seemed fully to comprehend that England and America were two distinct and separate countries. He offered me every facility for seeing Bagdad, and said that, as I was the only American who had ever visited him, he hoped I would receive a favorable impression of the country.

At a subsequent interview with the pasha he expressed the wish that President Grant would send a diplomatic or consular representative to Bagdad; and when I reminded him of how few Americans ever find their way to Turkish Arabia, and that at present we have no commercial intercourse with this country, he unrolled a map and pointed out the line of the Euphrates Valley Railway, already commenced, from the port of Alexandretta on the Mediterranean, *via* Aleppo, to a point on the Euphrates six hundred miles above Bagdad. "This road," said he, "when completed, will open a new route to India by way of the Persian Gulf, over which the tide of travel and commerce will soon find its way." Then, pointing through the open windows to the government shops on the opposite side of the Tigris, the pasha asked if I would like to inspect his new iron steamers and some of the public buildings. I gladly accepted his invitation, and an aid-de-camp, and Mr. Stanno as interpreter, were ordered to accompany me.

We were first taken across the river to arsenal, machine shops and foundry. Here about sixty men were employed under the charge of an English engineer. The machinery is all imported from Europe, but the workmen are natives, and seem skillful and intelligent. Some pieces of work were shown to me by the superintendent which to my inexperienced eye would be creditable to any workshop in Europe. I examined with much interest the two steamers which were built on the Clyde, sent out in pieces to be put together here and are nearly ready to launch. They are a hundred and ten feet long, flat bottomed, covered with thin steel plates, furnished with powerful engines,

THE DROMEDARY MAIL.

and were expected to draw but *one foot of water*. They are intended for service on the upper Euphrates when the river during the dry season is very shallow and rapid.

We were then rowed a short distance up the river to the military hospital, a large and handsome building with nearly two hundred patients. The rooms are lofty and well ventilated, the cots neat and clean, and the whole management as perfect as in any similiar institution in Europe. I was shown through the dispensary, bath-houses and well-shaded grounds, and then to the private office of the superintendent, where the usual refreshments of coffee, sherbet and cigarettes were tendered.

My conductors next took me to the pasha's palace, about two miles up the river on the eastern bank and beyond the city walls. It is an elegant modern villa, surrounded by a garden handsomely laid out in European style. It was built for the special use of the Shah of Persia, on the occasion of his visit to Bagdad four years ago, but is now only partially occupied, the pasha's family being absent. Elegant crystal chandeliers, French furniture and *bijouterie*, soft Persian carpets and silken hangings make it a palace worthy of the caliph in the palmy days of Bagdad. In the stables were a score of the finest Arab horses I ever saw, several of which were brought out for our inspection.

I was next taken to an institution by far

more interesting than any I had visited, an "industrial school" for orphan boys. Here are eighty boys, from ten to fifteen years old, dressed in a neat gray uniform, and, withal, as bright, intelligent-looking lads as any country can boast. Some were weaving different fabrics of silk and cotton on hand-looms, others making shoes and sewing garments, while, in an adjoining building, about a dozen were setting type. The manufactured articles were shown me, and they certainly were creditable to the industry and mechanical skill of the boys.

Adjoining the industrial school is the government printing-office, the next object of our visit. I had never suspected that such an institution existed in Bagdad. Here I found a steam-power press with the capacity of thirty-five hundred impressions an hour, besides several hand-presses and a machine for cutting and folding envelopes. All the type-setting and light work is done by the boys in the industrial school. They were working off an edition of a weekly paper, printed on one side in Turkish, and on the other in Arabic.

We afterward visited the barracks, a large and handsome building adjoining the *sérai*, which can accommodate several thousand troops. Having finished our tour of inspection, I said good-bye to my attentive and polite escort, with a much better impression of the civilization of Bagdad than I had ever before conceived of.

With the present facilities for travel, to reach the Mediterranean was almost as difficult for me, as to Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks. The shortest, but most dangerous route, is to Damascus and Beyrout, *via* Palmyra, the "city of the desert." The English residents of Bagdad maintain a fortnightly mail with Europe by this route, which is carried on a fast dromedary in eighteen days to Damascus, six or eight of which are without water. Occasionally both mail and rider disappear, never being heard from after they leave port, like a ship foundered at sea. They are supposed to be intercepted by the wild Bedouins, who care nothing for the letters or the Arab rider, but rarely miss a good opportunity to appropriate a fast camel or dromedary.

But the season was so far advanced that it was impracticable to cross the desert under the scorching heat of a July sun. So my best line of return was the same route by which I had come—down the Persian and Arabian gulfs, and up the Red Sea to Egypt, and thence across the Mediterranean.

ALADDIN AND THE AKKAM DEPARTING WITH THEIR MERCHANDISE.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

"THE DOG WAS GROWING MORE EXCITED, AND DIFFICULT TO HOLD."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE failure of Nicholas to interest the professional and other philanthropists of the city in his grand scheme of reformation and cure, did not leave him in good humor. He saw, or thought he saw, motives at the basis of their operations which were worthy only of his contempt. He failed, at least, to see, in any of their schemes, a recognition of the necessity of radical measures. It was true that many a faithful missionary of the Christian religion was endeavoring to change character and life. It was true that great efforts were making to implant good principles in the young, and to direct them into good habits. It was true that great good was done to the poor who were not paupers —men and women who, with manhood and womanhood intact, were bravely struggling to keep their heads above water, and rear their children to virtue and industry. To these the brotherly hand of religion was indeed a helping hand. To every angel of ministry in this field, he could heartily bid "Godspeed!" and wish that their number might be multiplied until their wings should whiten the air in every dark street and dismal dwelling.

The city presented itself to him in the figure of a huge sieve over whose meshes the swollen rich and the well-fed men and women walked with impunity and confidence, but into which the poor, thin men and women were momently slipping, some with brave and successful efforts to save themselves from falling through, and others giving up for lost, and weakly losing hold and dropping down among the helpless, inert mass beneath. It was this mass, diseased in body and mind, without ambition,

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beyond the reach of morality, with nothing but palsied hands and open mouths, that engaged his mind with an awful interest.

Could this mass be lifted into the light again? This was the great question. Were the existence and perpetuity of this mass necessary in the nature of things? In the harmony of the social instrument, was there a "wolf" forever to be hidden in this key?

There was no lack of benevolence—that was manifest on every hand; but there was not only a lack of concert, but an utter failure to comprehend the nature of the case, and to see anything to be done but alleviation. He saw a great weight to be lifted, and no harmony of action with regard to it. Every remedial agent was "patchy." There were hospitals for old men and hospitals for old women. There were "helping hands" for this, that, and the other. There were asylums for orphans and half orphans. There were out-door relief and in-door relief. There were general societies that were not only competing with one another for the privilege of distributing the funds of the benevolent, but invading one another's fields.

How to get the most out of these benevolent organizations was the great question among the pauperized and perjured masses. They were besieged on every hand by deceit, by ingenious and persistent lying, by all base means to secure what they had to give. They were looked upon as the repositories of prey, to be dragged for with nets, to be fished for with hooks, to be caught with snares and weirs.

A most significant fact which had fallen under the notice of Nicholas was that pauperism increased, not in the ratio of the public distress, but in the proportion of the public provision for it. During this winter of unusual severity, a benevolent gentleman had instituted soup-kitchens to feed the starving; and a week had not passed after the announcement of this measure when the city was full of new faces. Tramps from all the region near the city were attracted like vultures to a carcass. Worse than this, this benevolent provision had developed the pauper spirit among those who had the means of living, and they pressed in on all sides with lying pretenses by which they might save their money. It operated not only as a premium on lying, but a reward for improvidence and avarice alike.

Almost the only radical work that he saw in progress was the seizure of vagrant and ungovernable children by authority, their training in institutions, and their apprenticeship to farmers in different parts of the country. This was something, but how little it was among so many!

He was full of these thoughts and reflections, and a bitter sense of disappointment, when he called upon Miss Larkin, at the close of the meeting in "The Atheneum." He was indignantly impatient with the apathy he had met and found impossible to master. He had gone along so successfully with his experiment, he had demonstrated the truth of his theory so satisfactorily to himself, that, to find his progress barred and his scheme whistled down, chafed him sorely. He walked up and down the room, swinging his hands in his distress, and exclaiming:

"The idiots! the idiots!"

"Don't fret, Nicholas," said Miss Larkin, calmly. "The world was not made in a day."

"Man was made in a day," Nicholas responded, "and he can be made again. Why, Grace," he went on, "give me the authority and the money, and I will take the contract to cure three-quarters of the pauperism of the city in three years. The poor we have always with us, and whenever we will we may do them good, by helping them to help themselves. The physically helpless we have always with us. The sick we have always with us. You may call these a quarter of the pauper population, if you will; but the remaining three-quarters only exist by a crime—a crime of their own, and a crime of society that tolerates them for a day. If a man will not work, neither should he eat. I cannot bear to see an evil grow in this new country until it becomes a hopeless institution—a great ulcer upon the social and political body, eating toward its vitals year by year, with never an attempt at radical treatment—with nothing applied but emollients and sedatives. Well, it just makes me wild. Idiots!"

Miss Larkin gave a merry laugh.

"Now, Nicholas," she said, "I protest. Do you see what is coming to you? Do you see how impatient you are getting to be, and how uncharitable you are growing? That is the way with reformers the world over, and it is a very bad way. They butt their heads against the public apathy and misapprehension, and it hurts them; and then they stand back and say, 'idiots!' Don't do it any more. It will spoil you. Try to be charitable toward the mistaken and the selfish as well as toward the unfortunate and the vicious."

The calm voice, the rational and Christian

reproof, went straight to his heart, and taking a seat at her side, he said:

"Forgive me, my dear! May God forgive me! I am getting proud and willful, I suppose. What a child I am!"

"One word more, Nicholas," she said. "Be charitable toward yourself. Give your own motives a fair chance. If you don't, they may die."

The quick tears sprang to his eyes, and he seized her hand and kissed it as he said:

"And you are the woman who proposed to deprive me of words like these, and an influence which only you can exert upon me, because you would not give either your own or my motives a fair chance!"

Nicholas left Miss Larkin calmed and comforted, grateful for the change in his feelings, and grateful for the words that had wrought it.

The next morning as he issued from his lodgings, he realized for the first time that the winter which had been so full of interest to him, and so crowded with action, had spent itself, and that there was a prophecy of spring in the atmosphere. The sparrows were chattering and bustling at his feet; the few clouds in the sky had a look of restfulness and peace, as if the hard work of the year were done; men walked with unbuttoned coats; the girls he met looked more bright-eyed and beautiful; the buds in the parks seemed to have swelled in the night; and his heart responded to the new influence with a joy to which he was unaccustomed. The fancy came to him that the sleeping year had waked, but still kept its eyes closed, while it recalled some great and delightful dream.

He saw but little of the ordinary sights of Broadway that morning, for the mere suggestion of spring had brought back the thoughts of his home, or carried him forward to it. The prospective spring had become impersonated in his mind, and wore the breezy robe and bore the inspiring features of the woman of his love. She walked the broad piazzas leaning on his arm. She was a form of grace, trailing her train across his velvet lawns. He was sitting under the trees with her. She not only interpreted but created and informed the beauty of the landscape. To his susceptible heart, Spring and Grace Larkin were one.

With the advent of spring, however, there would come a cessation, or a great modification, of the labors of the winter, in the enterprise which had so engaged his enthusiasm. The lectures at "The Atheneum" had gone steadily on, with the best results. Jonas Cavendish had kept his personal hold upon the people of "The Beggars' Paradise"; for he was fertile in expedients, and he had been able to engage specialists who supplemented his labor by interesting lectures and experiments. There was really a new spirit in the district. Men and women had got a new hold upon life. There were stumbling and backsliding, there was still in many minds a weak holding-on to the idea of being helped, or of getting pay for being good, but, after all the drawbacks and discounts, there was indubitably a sum of improvement achieved.

What should be done next? How should this sum of improvement be permanently secured? How should it be made seminal and productive?

These were vexing questions to Nicholas, as his plans would take him away from the city during all the summer months. He was revolving these questions in his mind, noticing nothing around him, and seeing nobody, when his ears were saluted with the familiar greeting:

"Say!"

"Hullo, Tim! How are you, this pleasant morning?"

The pop-corn man, without his usual burden, paused and shook hands with Nicholas.

"Say! I wanted to see you," said Tim.

"We are near Glezen's office," responded Nicholas, "and we'll go in there and have a talk."

Bob Spencer, the new office-boy, heard his father's voice upon the stairs, ran quickly to the door, seized and shouldered his broom, and, as the new-comers entered, presented arms in military fashion, and with a countenance as grave as that of a grenadier.

"What does this little monkey mean by this?" inquired Tim, who was suspicious that his boy was overstepping the bounds of propriety.

"Oh, it is a bit of nonsense, contrived by our friend Jonas, for amusement," said Glezen. "I don't mind it."

Jonas was scratching away at his desk, with a quiet smile upon his face.

"Jonas," said Glezen, "put him through his manual."

Bob sprang to his broom again, and responded to the words of command with great promptness and exactness, while the

spectators looked on with much amusement, and rewarded the performance with cheers.

"Put me through my catechism," said Bob, who was excited by his new audience.

Jonas blushed. He had amused himself with Bob when Glezen was absent, but he had not expected to be called upon to give a public exhibition of his pupil's proficiency.

"Go on, Jonas," said Glezen, who was always ready for anything that promised a laugh.

"Make your obeisance," said Jonas.

Bob responded with a profound bow.

"Who is the greatest man living?" inquired Cavendish.

"Mr. Montgomery Glezen," said Bob.

"Who is the next greatest?"

"Mr. Jonas Cavendish."

"Who is the worst boy in the world?"

"Bob Spencer."

"What is Bob Spencer's chief duty?"

"To keep his hands and face clean, and show proper respect to his superiors."

"Who is the greatest woman in the world?"

"Miss Jenny Coates."

"What is the greatest reformatory agency known to man?"

"A woman's hand on a boy's ear."

"Make your bow, sir."

Bob made his bow with profound sobriety, amid vociferous laughter, while Cavendish resumed his pen.

Nicholas noticed with great amusement and with more interest than he would have been willing to betray, that at the mention of the name of Miss Coates a bright blush overspread Glezen's face. He evidently did not like to hear her name used so lightly and familiarly by his employés, and he grew sober quicker than his wont, after so absurd a scene.

"Say!" said Tim, "Mr. Minturn and I came in to talk, and I should like to say what I have to say before you all. Are you too busy, Mr. Glezen?"

"No," responded the lawyer. "Go on."

"I've been thinking," said Tim, "about 'The Atheneum.' The fact is, those people, according to my notion, have been fed with sugar-plums about long enough. I can see, too, that they are getting restive. They have been helped, but they must have something to do. They have been taught a great deal, but they have not yet been taught to take hold and carry on this enterprise for themselves."

"That is the very matter that has been passing through my mind this morning," said Nicholas. "Now, Tim, what have you to propose?"

"In the first place," Tim responded, "they have no rendezvous, where they can meet, keep each other in countenance, and talk over matters. They need organization, and they need especially to feel that this work is theirs, and that they are personally and collectively responsible for it. They need to feel that they are of some consequence in the world—in their world, at least. In other words, they need to be committed to reform in a way which involves their personal honor and their personal influence."

"Tim, you are a wise man," said Glezen.

"So my wife thinks," Tim replied, with a laugh.

"Well, what is your scheme?" inquired Nicholas.

"It involves money," said Tim, "and it involves me; and if you'll furnish the money I'll furnish the machinery."

"Let's hear what it is," said Nicholas.

"You know," Tim resumed, "that there are unoccupied rooms under 'The Atheneum,' and that in these times they can be had at a very modest rent. If I had the rooms, I could get a better living in them than I can get now. I could take care of them, give the most of them to public use, and have enough left to carry on a little trade in papers and periodicals, and knick-knacks of all sorts. We could have social parlors, reading-rooms, a coffee-room which my wife and daughter could take care of, and we could make it a pleasant place of resort under the control of an association, the president of which I see at the desk yonder" (pointing to Jonas Cavendish).

All looked at Jonas, whose eyes kindled at the thought of his new dignity.

"Tim, it seems very practicable, and very desirable," said Nicholas. "What do you think, Glezen?"

"The only thing to be done."

"Let's do it, Tim," exclaimed Nicholas promptly, rising. "Let's fix the matter today. It will cost me more money than I feel able to spare just now, but it is throwing good money after good, in this case. It will secure the original investment."

Before night, Nicholas and Tim Spencer had canvassed the whole matter. They had not only surveyed and apportioned the rooms to their purposes, but had hired them for a year.

The regular weekly meeting at "The Atheneum" occurred on the following evening. The house was full to overflowing, a

special notice having been posted during the day, which stated that important communications were to be made.

The lecture was briefer than usual, and then the lecturer made way for "one whom," as Mr. Cavendish expressed it, "the people were always glad to see."

There was something about this occasion which touched Nicholas very powerfully. His ingenuities, his purse, his labor, his sensibilities, had been under constant tribute for months. As he looked out upon his interested and grateful audience, eager-hearted to learn what he had to say to them, and realized that he had their friendship and their confidence, and remembered the last audience that he met in the hall, with its questions and doubts and protests, he was almost overcome. It was a minute before he could speak, and when he opened his lips, it was not with the usual form of address.

"My brothers and sisters," he said, "I am touched by a strange sense of weariness to-night. I have been at work all this winter for you, and others who are like you, in poverty and misfortune. I began with great hope and energy, and I have realized all my hopes with regard to you; but to-night, after a winter of observation, I feel so overwhelmed with the work to be done in this city, and the incompetency of the means for its accomplishment, that I acknowledge to you that I need your help. If I could take you all by the hand, and hear you say to me that I have done you good, and that you are glad I came to you, it would rest me, I am sure. I have had help of various sorts from more than one, but I feel now, and I have felt for a good many days, that I must have your help. The spring is almost here, and the time is not far distant when the meetings, that have been so full of pleasure and instruction for us all, must be suspended. What will you do then?"

"God knows!" said a deep voice in the audience.

"Yes," said Nicholas, "and so do I."

Then he went over in detail the plan that had been devised and initiated by Tim Spencer and himself. The broaching of the new project and the intense interest with which it was received, relieved him of his weariness, and he became eloquent upon the possibilities of the new enterprise.

"This affair is yours," he said. "The rooms are yours for a year. Perhaps, when the lease expires, you will be able to renew it for yourselves. I hope you will be very happy in them—that they will be the means of bringing you closer together and strengthening you. I shall have nothing to do with your organization. Choose your best men, and choose them from among yourselves. There are those among you who are quite capable and quite worthy of authority; and, above all things, stand together. As soon as I finish what I have to say to you, I shall leave you to make your organization and discuss your plans. I put the responsibility upon you, feeling sure, from the friendliness of the faces I see before me, that you wish to please and satisfy me.

"Before I leave you to-night,"—and Nicholas hesitated and his eyes grew moist,—"I have a word to say upon a topic concerning which I have not been accustomed to speak. The subject is a very sacred one to me. It is surrounded by a great many precious associations. It is so identified with my secret satisfactions, my source of inspiration and the history of my childhood, it is so profoundly important to the progress of the world, it is so sweetly wonderful in its nature and results, it is so marvelous in its promises and prophesies of the future, it has so much in it for you, that I can hardly trust my tongue to mention it.

"If you love me, or believe in me, don't turn away from me until you have heard me through. I know that this subject has sometimes been presented to you as a threat, sometimes in the form of cant, sometimes in the form of blatant or flippant declamation, sometimes as an appeal to your selfish desire for safety, but don't turn away from it."

The people saw that Nicholas was in a new mood, and that what he was saying came from the very depths of his heart. They were as silent as if they were anticipating the appearance of some wonderful spectacle behind the speaker.

"Nearly two thousand years ago," Nicholas went on, "a babe was born in a manger in the town of Bethlehem, in the province of Judæa. Some shepherds, watching their flocks, were startled by a great glory in the midnight sky, and the appearance of an angel, who told them what had happened and where to find the child; and there were wings all about them, and there was strange music in the air. No child of yours was ever humbler born; no woman among you, in your hour of sickness and trial, was ever more meanly entertained than was this mother upon her bed among the cattle.

"Well, the people in those days had very

strange ideas of God. They thought he was hard and fierce, and they killed cattle and sheep and burnt them upon altars as sacrifices to their deity; but a song was sung in heaven that night, which was heard upon the earth, and the words were 'Good-will toward men.' God had been misunderstood. He had a fatherly affection for his suffering children, and the angels put it into words, which swept over the hills like the sunrise; and they have been echoed all around the world. 'Good-will toward men!' God, who made this wonderful world, and all the stars, and made us, too, means well toward us. He loves us, and desires that we may not only be good but happy.

"Now this babe, the birth of whom gave occasion to the expression of these words, was born, as I have told you, very poor, and he grew up to manhood a poor, working man. He might have been born among you. One of you women, here, might have been his mother, if you had lived at that time. You might have had him in your arms, and tended and reared one who proved to be the greatest and best man who ever lived. Some of you men might have worked at the bench with him, for he was a carpenter, and you might have heard him talk, and gone home to your wives and reported his conversations, and told them how good and how remarkable he was. He belonged to your class. He was the unspeakable gift of poverty to wealth. He made poverty forever dignified, and if there are any people in this world who ought to be his lovers and followers, they are the working poor.

"Well, the babe grew up, and became a great teacher. He worked miracles. He healed the sick; he fed the hungry; he forgave the erring; and wherever he went, he preached the good news that God bore nothing but good-will toward the world. His life and character were spotless. He had the same temptations that we have, but he resisted them. He was oftentimes without where to lay his head, but he did not complain. He never forgot his class and his companions in poverty, and to them, especially, he preached the good tidings.

"The mistaken men of that day persecuted and killed him. They did not know what they were doing. They were blinded by their old ideas, and envious of his influence. But a little while afterward, he rose from the dead. He talked with his friends; he showed himself to them openly; and then, in the presence of a multitude of them, he rose up out of their sight.

"That is the story, and I believe it. You have learned something of the littleness of the world. It is only one among more than you can count; and does it seem so very strange to you that God should make him—the only sinless man who ever lived, the king of his race—the man who lived and died for it? Does it seem strange to you that he should have been raised from the dead, and placed in the charge of humanity,—to be its teacher, its inspirer, its leader, its ruler? Doesn't it look as if he were king? See how, for almost two thousand years, he has entered into the world's civilization! Think of the uncounted millions of dollars that have gone to the building of Christian churches, all over the world! Think of the numberless lives that have expended themselves in Christian service! Think of the poems, the hymns, the pictures, the architecture, that he has inspired! Think of the millions of good lives that have been shaped upon the model of his, and the millions of dying men who have gone out of life with triumph in their hearts, and a vision of their King in their eyes!

"Good friends, dear friends," and Nicholas leaned forward upon his desk, "what brought me to you? Had you any money to give me? Had you any honor to give me? I came simply in obedience to the command of my King. He told me that he was one with the poor, and that if I would do the smallest of them the smallest service, I should do that service to him. You do not know it,—you have not thought of it,—but Jesus Christ is looking at me out of your eyes to-night, and there is no service that I can render you that I do not render him.

"But I did not come here to preach. I did not intend to say as much as I have said already, although it has seemed necessary to say it in order to get at a proposition I have to make, and to prepare you for it. To me, religion is a very simple thing. To be a Christian is to be like Christ. I have no taste for talking about the machinery of the theologians, or about belief in this, that and the other. There are two or three things that I know. You need help. Many of you have determined upon industrious habits and reformed lives, and you need more help than I can give you, to enable you to persevere. Now, mark you, I don't believe—I know—that if you will take Christ for your pattern, if you will adopt his unselfish motives, if you will give him

your trustful affection and allegiance, and consent to be led by him, you cannot go wrong. He will take care of you in this world and the next. He was poor, and he can sympathize with you. He was tempted, and he can help you, and he can whisper to you in your darkest hours, 'God means well by you.' No matter how troubled you may be, those two words: 'good-will,' 'good-will,' will always be breathed upon your hearts as a balm and a benediction.

"Now I ask you the question: will you have this religion of Jesus Christ taught to yourselves and your children? I can lay my hands upon a hundred men and women, devoted to their Master and yours, who are willing to come here and teach you and your little ones. You can have preaching in this hall every Sunday, if you will; but I force nothing upon you. If you do not want this, it shall not come. I stand between you and all intrusion of offensive instructions and influences; but I am sure that you do not wish to have your children bred as you have been."

"God forbid!" exclaimed a voice in the audience.

Nicholas saw that his audience were very deeply affected. Indeed, it was the consciousness that they were sympathetically absorbed in what he was saying which inspired his utterances. Women were weeping, and many a strong man was unable to control his emotions. Some of the men sat hard and determined in their skepticism, or their crime—men who had not yet got beyond the motive of bettering their worldly condition, or who had come in, inspired only by curiosity.

"Will you have Christian instruction for yourselves?" inquired Nicholas. "All who desire it will be kind enough to stand upon their feet."

Every woman in the house rose, without hesitation. A few men stood up, here and there, but the majority kept their seats, while two or three left the hall.

"Will you have Christian instruction for your children? Inform me by the same sign."

The entire congregation rose to their feet.

Nicholas smiled, and said:

"Thank you!" adding: "A school for children will be organized in this room next Sunday morning, at nine o'clock. Classes for adults will also be formed at the same hour, if they will attend."

"And now," said Nicholas, "I leave you to yourselves, congratulating you on your new privileges and prospects. You have done me a great deal of good, and I am grateful for it."

As he turned to leave the stage, the audience, by a common impulse, rose to their feet, clapping their hands; and with the words, "God bless you!" ringing in his ears, he vanished through the wing of the stage, and left the building.

A great load had been lifted from his heart, and a great peace had taken possession of it. The conviction had been pressed upon him more and more, for several weeks, that he had only lifted his charge a single step toward reformation, and that moral and religious instruction and active responsibility were necessary to perfect the cure which had been so successfully begun. He had apprehended the fact that his work was running out into nothingness, that it must be supplemented by something of a different character, and that, somehow, by some new and vital motive, these men and women must be bound together in mutual sympathy and mutual service.

And now the way was clear. Now they had a common home, with common privileges and common responsibilities. They had asked for, or manifested their willingness to receive, precisely the things they needed. He had left them at perfect freedom, organizing and contriving for themselves, with a great trust and a great enterprise on their hands. More than he knew, or could realize, he had reinstated them in independent manhood and womanhood; for before they separated that night, after a debate that would have surprised him if he could have listened to it, they were an organic community, with conscious possibilities of development, and bright anticipations and glowing ambitions.

The happiest morning that Nicholas had ever seen was that of the following Sunday, when he found "The Atheneum" thronged by children with a generous sprinkling of adults, and furnished with teachers, and all the necessary machinery of instruction. "The Larkin Bureau" was all there, including Miss Larkin herself, who, after her long confinement, was once more engaged in her much-loved work. It is possible that this fact had something to do with the satisfaction that shone in the eyes of Nicholas as he observed, or mingled with, the noisy and happy throng.

Before the week expired, Tim Spencer

had installed himself and his family in the rooms under the hall, and busy hands had brought the public apartments into readiness for occupation. The interest that was centered upon these preparations was full of promise for the future. "The Beggars' Paradise" was all alive with the matter. They talked of it in their homes. They visited or hung around the place at night. They stole into the rooms during their brief noonings. It was all for them. They were charmed by it; they were proud of it. They infected the whole neighborhood and all their associates with their enthusiasm; and, on the evening of the grand opening, Tim Spencer and his family were quite overwhelmed with the demands upon their space and their modest entertainment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE affairs of Miss Larkin were transferred with remarkable ease to the hands of Mr. Glezen. It was with a measure of regretful hesitation that she cut herself loose from her old guardian; but the step was insisted on by Nicholas, who was sure that he was on the road to immediate ruin and disgrace. He had not, for a moment, relinquished his conviction that "the model man" had received and still held his own stolen property, and that at some time, in some way, his guilt would unmistakably be discovered.

Why Mr. Benson should surrender his trust so willingly was not apparent to any but the young men who knew him best. Glezen and Nicholas, however, had their own opinions, based on their knowledge of his history and his character. He undoubtedly wished to placate Nicholas, and remove, so far as he could, that young man's motives for his persecution. Mr. Benson had become aware, in some way, of the new relations that existed between Nicholas and his ward, and he wished to cut loose from all association with the pair in a way that would leave upon them a pleasant impression. The transfer had been made in Glezen's office, and Mr. Benson had not only been very dignified and bland during the transaction, but somewhat effusive in his expressions of pleasure at being relieved of so grave a trust in so dangerous a time. He even went so far as to profess his gratification that he had the privilege of passing his trust into such faithful, friendly and competent hands.

The young men had no difficulty in understanding all this. It was natural and characteristic; but there was another motive, which lay under the surface, that was not so easily divined. Mr. Benson still maintained a fondness for his own reputation. He had arrived at a point where he was conscious that he could not save it whole. He knew that the time was coming when the poor would curse him, and hold even his name in execration; but Miss Larkin was not poor, and he would do something that would be laudable and gratefully remembered in the circle to which she and her friends belonged. To separate her fortunes from his own, when he became sure that his own were falling, if not hopeless, would be an act sufficiently manly and Christian in the seeming to hang partisan praise upon, among those whose good opinion he most desired.

It was already whispered about that there was something wrong with The Poor Man's Savings Bank. There were grave suspicions of "irregularities" connected with that institution, but Mr. Benson's reputation, although not so high as it was, was still regarded as an honorable one. People knew him to be embarrassed, but they gave him credit for honesty. Was he not in his pew at church every Sunday? Was he not punctilious in his observance of all the proprieties of his position?

One sunny morning, more spring-like than any that had preceded it, Nicholas and Glezen joined each other in their walk toward the lower part of the town. It was soon after the events narrated in the last chapter, and after Glezen had assumed the charge of Miss Larkin's affairs. They were talking upon business, and discussing their plans for the summer, when, as they were passing one of the streets that crossed Broadway, their eyes were attracted by a crowd that revealed itself down the street upon their left. Both stopped and both exclaimed: "That is Benson's bank." It was before the hour of opening, and it was not "quarter-day." They could come to but one conclusion, viz., that there was to be a run upon the bank that day. New York was but a whispering gallery. What had been quietly spoken in counting-rooms and palaces had been heard in the hovels and the stews. The wind which, with one wing, had brushed the clouds, had, with the other, rustled the leaves of the poor man's bank-book.

They turned their steps toward the crowd by a common impulse, and noticed before

them, walking with strong, determined steps, the familiar form of Mr. Benson. Checking themselves, and falling slowly behind, they saw him make his way through the constantly augmenting mass. They heard the murmurs of the multitude as it parted to give him passage, and then, when he reached the topmost step of the stairs that led to the door, they saw him turn and face the cloud of distrust that had gathered around his beloved and long-honored institution.

He presented a bold and dignified front. Lifting his hat, and wiping his brow, he looked calmly around. His well-dressed figure, revealed by the morning sun, his strong features, his questioning, pitying, almost scornful, look, as his eye took in the scene before him, were more than those near him could bear. They slunk back, and hid themselves among their fellows, as if ashamed to be identified.

"My friends," he said calmly, but with a voice that was heard to the remotest edge of the crowd, "I do not know what this means."

"It means that we want our money," responded a far-off voice.

"Did The Poor Man's Savings Bank ever cheat one of you out of a dollar?" inquired Mr. Benson. "You can have your money if you want it, and we are bound to give it to you, to the last dollar. But what will you do with it? You will wait for a week, until this foolish excitement has subsided, and then you will bring it back to us, and beg us to take it again. You make us all this trouble, to your own hurt and our very great inconvenience. You damage the credit of the institution in which you are all interested. You have been made fools of by demagogues. I have advised a great many of you: have you ever been injured by my advice? Now let me advise you again. Go home to your business, and trust my word that your money is safe. Go home, and go now."

He looked at one and another, and one and another went, until it seemed as if the power of the man were quite equal both to the occasion and his own wishes.

But more than half of the crowd lingered. He saw that he had failed, and as he turned to enter the door, it was opened by an inside hand, and he entered, closing it behind him.

As it still lacked half an hour to the time of the public opening, Nicholas and Glezen turned away and resumed their walk.

"There's trouble there," said Glezen.

"Much as I despise that man, do you know I cannot help admiring him?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, I admire the old fellow, too, and bad as he is, I pity him. All that was necessary for him to pass through life, and pass out of it, with a spotless name, was to miss the circumstances which revealed him to himself and others, and the temptations which the hard times have brought to him."

"It makes one tremble for one's self," said Nicholas. "Who knows what unconscious weaknesses hide within him, waiting for the betraying touch of temptation?"

"Those fellows are not going away," said Glezen, recurring to the scene at the bank. "There's going to be a run there to-day, and a heavy one. I know these New York crowds, and the whole batch we saw there will come back, with recruited numbers. Well, I hope for their sake the bank can stand it, but nobody knows, nowadays, what will happen."

Glezen arrived at his office, and Nicholas went up with him.

"What are you going to do to-day?" inquired Glezen.

"I've nothing particular on hand. I want to hear from Benson's bank again. Perhaps I'll go back there," Nicholas replied.

"Oh, I'll send Bob up there. Sit down here, and amuse yourself in some way."

Nicholas amused himself for a while, looking down upon the throng of passengers in the street. Then he sat down and took up the morning papers; but he was uneasy.

"Look here, Glezen!" he said, "I am going round to the Guild, to see the operations. I was never there but once, and I was immensely interested."

"Very well," said Glezen, "I'll send Bob to you when he returns, and you may trust him to get all the news at the bank, with interest at a higher rate than a savings bank ever pays."

The two friends separated with a laugh, and Nicholas made his way to the rooms of the Guild, which he found thronged with applicants for aid. The conductors and almoners knew him, and invited him to a seat inside the rails, where he could witness the operations at his leisure.

It was a distressing scene, in comparison with which the anxious and eager crowd which he had just left at Benson's bank was an assemblage of kings. They were thinly clad and shivering. Many of them were known to the disbursing officers, and

had lived upon the pittance doled out to them by this and kindred institutions all winter. There were wrecks of men and wrecks of women. There were pinched-looking boys and girls. Each had a story of want and suffering, and each received, with an eagerness which had no apparent flavor of gladness in it, the gift bestowed. Each story bore the impress of familiar use, and was, patently, more or less tinctured with falsehood. Some went away with promises that their cases should have examination.

Nicholas was intensely absorbed in the abject tragedy transpiring before his eyes, when Bob burst into the door, his face glowing and his eyes ablaze with excitement. He was behind the crowd, but he caught sight of Nicholas, and at the top of his voice exclaimed:

"Say, Mr. Minturn! There's the greatest kind of a run on old Benson's bank. Everybody is there. Oh, there's a thousand—there's ten thousand people there! The street's full! You never saw such a row! They are knocking each other down, and they're yelling—just yelling like tigers! It's the bulliest kind of a row!"

Nicholas tried to stop the boy, but could not help laughing at his apparent enthusiasm.

"That will do! that will do, Bob! I understand it. Hush!" said Nicholas rising, and trying to impress his injunction by a gesture.

But there were others who understood it besides Nicholas. The applicants for aid ceased from their story-telling, and looked with strange alarm into each other's faces. Then one and another quietly made their way out of the door, and then came a general stampede. Not five of the miserable crowd were left in the room. The officers gathered around Nicholas, and, looking into each other's faces they burst into a laugh.

"It is too bad," said Nicholas, on whose honest mind the perjuries enacted there that morning produced a very depressing effect.

"Say! you fellers haint got nothing in Benson's bank, have you?" inquired Bob of the little group that lingered hesitatingly in the rear of the room.

"Not much!" exclaimed one of them.

This excited another laugh among the officers, one of whom said, addressing the group: "What bank do you deposit in?"

The men looked dumbfounded. They were ashamed of the company they had been in, and realized how natural the suspicions were that were excited concerning themselves; but they came up, and told their stories, and received with little questioning the aid they desired.

Nicholas returned to Glezen's office, sick at heart, thinking of what he had seen at the Guild, and of what was in progress at The Poor Man's Savings Bank. He found Glezen busy, and then, unable to control his uneasiness, went out, and bent his steps toward Mr. Coates's warehouse, hoping to find the old merchant, for whom he had gradually acquired an affectionate respect, at leisure.

As he entered the building, the first man he met was his protégé Yankton, busy in shipping goods. He gave him a cordial "good-morning," and was just about leaving him to go back to the counting-room, when Yankton said, fumbling his pockets, "I've got a paper here which may be of importance to you, though I don't know anything about it. I've had it a long time, but I have never thought to hand it to you."

Thus saying, he handed him a half sheet of note paper, which Nicholas quickly unfolded.

"Where did you get this?" inquired Nicholas, greatly excited.

"In the pocket of the coat you gave me," replied the man. "It was tucked down in a corner, and I had worn the coat a month before I found it."

As he talked, Nicholas had looked it through, and then, without stopping to place it in his pocket-book, or to make the call upon Mr. Coates which he had intended to make, or even to bid Yankton good-morning, he wheeled and left the store with the paper tight within his hand.

Strange that he had not thought of this before! He remembered it now with entire distinctness. That was the very coat he wore when he called on Mr. Bellamy Gold, with regard to taking the bonds to New York for registration, and he had put the record of their numbers into his pocket for some momentary reason or through some vagrant impulse, and there it had lain forgotten until Yankton discovered it. He even remembered that he had not told Mr. Gold that he had taken it, after that gentleman had returned it to its place. He walked straight to Glezen's office, possessed by his first excitement, and unmindful of the scenes through which he passed. The lawyer was closeted with a client, but Nich-

olas made his way unbidden into the room, unfolded the paper, and laid it upon Glezen's desk before his eyes.

"I understand it," said Glezen quietly, "and now that we may be sure, go directly and telegraph for Mr. Gold. Tell him we want him here to-night. I'll keep this, Nicholas, for, my boy, you are not in a fit condition to take charge of it."

Excusing himself from his client for a moment, Glezen took the paper to his safe, locked it in and came back.

Meantime Nicholas had vanished from the room, and was already on his way to the telegraph office.

To Nicholas, the day which opened so calmly was long and full of excitement. He could only walk the streets, and revolve the possibilities connected with the finding of the long-missing paper. Three or four times he found himself on the edge of the crowd around Mr. Benson's bank, watching the gratified faces of the depositors as they one by one emerged from the door, and hearing the questions propounded to them by those whose turn had not yet arrived. He could see that all looked less unhappy as the day wore on, and still the money did not give out. He noticed, however, that the proceedings were very leisurely, and that not half of the depositors assembled could be waited upon during the day.

The train on which Mr. Bellamy Gold was expected to arrive was not due until nearly evening, but Nicholas was at the station an hour before the time, and when, at last, the country lawyer stepped from the platform, he was literally received by open arms.

Nicholas took him to his rooms, and before dinner he had told him the whole story of the missing bonds, and the discovery of the lost paper. The lawyer's joy and excitement were hardly less than those which exercised his client. The loss of the paper had weighed upon him like a great personal bereavement, and now that his skirts were clean, he was as happy as a boy.

After dinner they found Glezen at his lodgings, and all went to his office, where the paper was fully identified.

"Nicholas," said Mr. Bellamy Gold, "what did I tell you about the model man? Eh?"

"We shall find out whether you were right," said Nicholas.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Benson, with a very quick instinct, apprehended the nature of the crisis upon which he had entered. He knew that the bank must succumb if the run should prove to be formidable and persistent. He knew, too, that the run upon the bank would involve a run upon himself, and that that run would meet with a disaster sooner than the one which threatened his institution. People had for several weeks ceased to deposit with him, and all who called upon him now wanted money. It was with the greatest difficulty that he had been able to meet the demands of the few previous weeks. The money of the new depositors was all gone to satisfy the old. Property had been sold at a sacrifice, and the proceeds of that were gone. It was more and more difficult to borrow from day to day, and lately he had felt himself obliged to deny himself to callers. He sat alone in his library, doing nothing, but too "busy" to see them. He absented himself until midnight from his home. He resorted to every wretched pretense to avoid meeting those who had trustingly placed their all in his keeping.

To his proud nature, the thought that his family should witness his humiliation was a galling one. He had been so infallible in his own house, he had carried himself so like a god in the presence of his wife and children, they had stood in such fear of him, they had been such slaves to him, they had so abjectly believed in his power, and their attitude toward him had so gratified and flattered him in his selfish and proud isolation, that the reflection that they were to witness his humiliation stung him to the quick.

The first business he transacted, on his arrival at the bank on the morning of the run upon that institution, was the writing of a letter to his wife, requesting or commanding her—they were interchangeable words in his vocabulary—to take her children to the home of her family in the country, and to remain there until she should hear from him. She was to leave no one behind but the cook and a man-servant. His messenger would assist her, and go with her to her destination. He knew there would be no protest to the arrangement. It did not make him particularly unhappy to know that she would be glad to go. He did not care for that. He was only anxious that Mr. Benjamin Benson should not be regarded with wonder and pity by those who had believed in his power and wisdom, and practically acknowledged his unbounded authority.

Two hours after this note left his hands, Mrs. Benson and her family were on their

way,—not greatly troubled by what they were leaving behind them,—pleased and excited by the prospect before them.

As the doors of the bank were opened, and the throng pressed in, Mr. Benson and the officers and clerks regarded them with a degree of merriment quite unusual in that institution. It was a huge joke. They laid out their money in massive piles, in sight of the crowd, went at their work leisurely, and at last settled down to their day's doings.

It did not seem so much of a joke when a little trio of bank commissioners entered, and were politely invited into the consulting-room by Mr. Benson.

What passed between Mr. Benson and the board of authority was not known outside, but it was not calculated to assure the president. In revealing the assets of the bank, and the shameful malfeasance of its officers, as he was obliged to do before the day closed, he was compelled, in order to justify the loan that had been made to himself to exhibit the securities he had pledged. As thorough an examination of the affairs of the bank as could be made in a single day was made, and when, at last, the doors were closed, and the run of the day was over, and the commissioners with grave faces had retired, Mr. Benson realized that the end was coming fast. What the morrow would bring forth the commissioners did not tell him, but he foresaw it with trembling.

As the crowd were pressed out of the anteroom and pressed back by the closing door, with the assistance of policemen, a menacing shout of rage went up from the disappointed assemblage, some of whom had stood in the street without food all day. Not an officer dared to stir from the bank, and it was not until the police had cleared the street and sent the disappointed people home, that the imprisoned men were released.

Instead of returning to his house, Mr. Benson took a cab and went to a distant restaurant of the highest sort for his dinner. There, at least, he should be beyond the contact of the crowd he dreaded. But there, alas! everybody seemed to know him. The waiter at his table called him "Mr. Benson." People were whispering together, and casting curious glances at him. The fact that he was there was a strange one to them.

A thought occurred to him.

"Bring me an evening paper," he said to the waiter.

The paper was brought, and under startling headings he read the doings of the day at his bank. Worse than this, he found stated with wonderful accuracy the condition of the bank. Where the information had come from, he could not guess; but somebody had betrayed him, and, undoubtedly, in a hundred thousand homes at that moment, his name was a synonym of dishonor.

His appetite was gone. He called for his bill, discharged it, and went out upon the street. Whither should he go? Not homeward, for he had a vision of a little crowd of anxious creditors, waiting at the door for his coming—stalwart working-men who had confided their savings to him; widows in their weeds who had gone to him as a Christian protector, and placed all their worldly possessions in his keeping; orphans who had lost their petty patrimony through his treachery. No, not homeward until an hour should arrive that would drive the haunting specters to their sleepless pillows!

The evening was damp and chilly, and he tied a handkerchief around his face and drew up his coat-collar. The muffling would at least help to shield him from recognition. The lamps were lighted; careless laughter rang in his ears; the brilliant restaurants were full of happy guests; men and women were passing into the open doors of the theaters; carriages and omnibuses rolled by with happy-looking freights, and life went on around him as careless of him as if he and his troubles had no existence. A great reputation had fallen, but nobody paused to contemplate the ruins. His life had practically ended in disgrace, and the great multitude did not care. The space that he had filled in society was closing up already, and soon he would be counted out of it altogether.

Wrapped in his bitter and despairing thoughts, and not knowing or caring where he was, he heard a church-bell. It sounded to him like a bell in heaven. He knew the tone, and knew that his Christian brothers and sisters were answering to its call. Ah! why should he who had responded to that bell so many times be left so shorn of reputation and happiness? Had he not paid his money? Had he not been in his place, in season and out of season? Had not his voice been heard in prayer and exhortation? Had not his influence been thrown constantly upon the side of religion? Why had God forsaken him?

The bell had a strange fascination for him. He arrived at the church, and, although it was late, he determined to go in.

Perhaps some word of comfort might come to him. Perhaps man's extremity would be God's opportunity. Perhaps some beam of light would illumine the way that seemed so dark before him. Perhaps some miracle would be wrought on his behalf, if, under such depressing circumstances, he continued true to his religious obligations.

He entered, and took his seat in the rear of the assembly-room, just as the minister gave out his text: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Every word of the searching discourse was a thorn pressed into his aching brow; and the prayer at its close, evidently inspired by the history of the day, crushed him with a penitence for wrongs which it was too late to remedy.

When the benediction was pronounced, he slipped out of the door, and encountered the sexton. He had forgotten that this modest functionary was one of his many victims.

The sexton stepped to his side quietly, and said:

"It's all right, I hope, Mr. Benson? When shall I call upon you?"

"Never. Take this: it is all I have."

He handed him a little roll of bank notes, and vanished. Then he thought what a good thing he had done—how it would be talked about in the church, and how much it would do to soften the judgments of those who had known him there. Perhaps, too, this little act would somehow turn the tide of adversity that was then piling its cruel waves upon him.

He stepped rapidly away to avoid the crowd. Passing into a side street, he saw a huge Newfoundland dog, seated upon a pile of ashes, howling for its lost master. He was struck at once with a sense of companionship, called the animal to him with kind words, and bade him follow. The dog licked his hand, and he stopped and patted his shaggy head. Coming to an open butcher's shop, he spent a few cents for meat, and fed him, and then they went on, man and dog together. Was he, a man who could be touched by the pitiful cry of a dog that had lost its master, an inhuman man? He felt that he was not, and that he had only made mistakes, and been forced by circumstances into measures that had compromised his reputation and his prosperities. He could see the mistakes, and if he had his life to live again, he should not make them; but he was helpless against the circumstances. The more he thought, the more he felt himself wronged. The more he thought, the more he grew angry with the world.

The huge dog hung to his heels like a shadow—past the street lamps, through the dark passages—everywhere—silent, content, trustful. He seemed to know that his benefactor was in trouble, and to wish to express his sympathy by his clumsy caresses. He assumed a sort of guardianship of his new master, and growled menacingly whenever they met suspicious-looking passengers.

It was midnight when Mr. Benson turned into his own street. He knew that by that time his discouraged creditors would have gone to their homes.

As he arrived at the foot of the steps that led up to his door, the dog stopped and began to growl. Then a dark figure stepped out of the area, and approached Mr. Benson.

"Who are you?" the latter inquired.

"Take care of your dog, or I'll shoot him," said the man.

Mr. Benson seized the dog by the collar, and held him quiet.

"Who are you?" he inquired again.

"A man as has business with you," said the stranger.

"This is no hour for business."

"It's the right time for my business, and it's the right time for the sort of business that you've done with me."

"Captain Hank?"

"Yes, that's what the boys call me."

"What do you want with me?"

"He steals a hard-workin' and a slow-savin' man's bonds from 'im, an' then axes him what he wants with 'im," said Captain Hank. "He steals 'em, an' he keeps 'em, He needn't say that he hasn't kep' 'em, for he knows he has!"

"I have not kept them. They are not in this house. It is just as impossible for me to give them to you as it would be to give you the money for them."

"Then you must git money for me, for I'm broke," growled Captain Hank.

"Captain Hank, I have no money to-night, and you must call again."

"No, you don't come no telegraph on me again. I'm here for money."

"Pick it up in the street, then, for I have none."

The dog was growing more excited, and difficult to hold.

"If you want money, come here to-morrow night, and go away now, or I will not

answer for the consequences. I will certainly let this dog loose if you do not leave me this moment, and he'll make short work with you."

The villain moved off, cursing both Mr. Benson and the dog, and promising to return at the appointed time.

Mr. Benson mounted the steps, and letting himself in with a latch-key, disappeared from the street.

He tied the dog in his library, and went to bed. It was nearly dawn before he slept, and he was awakened at last by a rap at his door.

"Well?" he exclaimed.

"Breakfast is waiting, sir, and the street is full of people, asking to see you," the servant responded.

Mr. Benson rose, and, parting the curtain sufficiently to see without being seen, scanned the darkening mass of eager, questioning men and women. There were more than his depositors there. There were those there who had never deposited a dollar with anybody. There were ruffians and pickpockets who had come not only to witness his disgrace, but to ply their trade,—a savage, rejoicing crowd, that gloated over a Christian's overthrow—so pleased and excited by it that the very house he lived in was an object to be looked at by the hour, as if some awful scandal in high life had been born there, or a murder had been committed.

He dressed himself with his accustomed care, and walked down-stairs to his breakfast, in a room at the rear of his house.

"Thomas," he said quietly to his waiting-man, "I am not well this morning. After breakfast, I want you to go to the bank, and tell them that I shall keep my room to-day. No one is to be admitted to the house, at either door."

"All right, sir," said Thomas. "I will go to the bank, but I'm not coming back. Cook gives her notice too, and is packing to leave."

"Very well, Thomas. Only see that no one gets in. I'm sorry I have no money for you. If you and the cook can find anything in the house that will pay you what is owing to you, take it away. I will trust you. The quicker you do it the better, for this crowd may become reckless after waiting."

Then Mr. Benson ate his breakfast without an appetite, from his old, automatic sense of duty, and then he sat back and read his newspaper. He read everything that he could find which did not relate to himself and his affairs. He read politics, the theater notices, the police record, and gradually worked up to the full, detailed account of the run upon his bank, and an editorial comment upon himself. There was a measure of respectfulness in this comment, but it closed with a hint that there were to be astounding disclosures, which menaced a character that had been held in high honor in the community for many years. He found out what this meant when, in looking over the advertisements, he saw one signed "Nicholas Minturn," giving a succinct account of the Ottercliff robbery, and the numbers of the bonds stolen. The advertiser warned all persons against purchasing the bonds, and offered a suitable reward for their discovery and delivery. Mr. Benson was calm no longer. Up to this point he had, so far as the public knew, come only to a most disastrous financial failure. It was true that he owed money to the bank, but his pledge was there. He had kept secret the loans of the other officers; but men had lived through such things,—stained somewhat, perhaps, but still with a flavor of their old respectability, and a few friendly partisans left.

For the first time in his life he realized that he was a criminal. The act which had made him such had not greatly horrified him. The results of the act, which were to make him a hunted man, which were either to place him in the hands of the law or to drive him into disgraceful exile, which were to load his name with ineffaceable opprobrium, which would make it forever impossible for him to hold up his head among honest and respectable men—these swept the world from under him. Realizing that he was already a prisoner in his own house, afraid to venture out to make one last attempt to get hold of and destroy the stolen bonds, measurably sure, under the circumstances, that his bank was already closed against him, and in the hands of a receiver—remorseful, rebellious, hopeless, helpless, he stormed about his apartment like a madman, or sat and groaned in his chair, and listened to the murmurs of the crowd from which he was hidden only by a curtain.

At last he thought of the dog, and went to release him. The animal was overjoyed, and, after he had been fed, clung to him affectionately as he wandered from room to room. This was all the friend he had left. Even a dog, to whom he had been

kind, clung to him in his hour of supreme adversity, but there was no human being in the wide world who, remembering some act of sympathetic kindness from him, would extend to him a thought of affection, or would drop a tear upon his memory. He had done many good things from a sense of duty,—to God and his own reputation,—but never one humane thing from an impulse of kindness and love. By his quickened apprehensions he saw the fatal flaw in his life and character for the first time. It was all a mistake. Oh, if he could but try it all over!

The dog knew that there was something wrong outside, and the outsiders were only too sure that there was something wrong within. Already the ignorant mass at the door and on the street, watching the silent, curtained house, were growing superstitious. They were filled with a creeping terror, as at one window and another a strange, black dog—strange to them and to the house with which they were so familiar—parted the curtains with his nose, and looked out upon them. This was the only living face that they could see. The door-bell was rung again and again, but there was no response. Policemen came and tried to persuade the crowd to go away, but as they were peaceable, no forcible attempts were made at their dispersion. Curious, fascinated, hoping that the door would be opened, seeing nothing alive but the black dog's face—now here, now there—they stood and gazed—gazed through the long morning, through the long afternoon—coming and going—until night fell upon them, and cold and hunger drove them away, almost forgetting their losses in the fearful contemplation of the mystery they were leaving behind them.

(To be continued.)

HOOKING WATER-MELONS.

THE train slackened, a brakeman thrust his head in at the door and shouted "Bah,"—a mysterious formality observed on American trains as they enter towns,—and an elderly lady, two drummers, and a young man with a satchel got out, followed by the languid envy of the other passengers, who had longer or shorter penances of heat and dust before them. The train got under way again, while the knot of loafers about the station proceeded to eye the arrivals as judicially as if they were a committee of safety to protect the village from invasion by doubtful characters. The old lady, apparently laboring under some such impression, regarded them deferentially, as nervous travelers on arriving in strange places generally do regard everybody who seems to feel at home. The drummers briskly disappeared down the main street, each anxious to anticipate the other at the stores. The young man with the satchel, however, didn't get away till he had shaken hands, and exchanged a few good-natured inquiries with one of the loungers.

"Who's that, Bill?" asked one of the group staring after the retreating figure with lazy curiosity.

"Why, didn't you know him? Thought everybody knew him. That's Arthur Steele," replied the one who had shaken hands in a tone of cordiality indicating that his politeness had left a pleasant impression on his mind, as Arthur Steele's politeness generally did.

"Who is he, anyhow?" pursued the other.

"Why, he's a Fairfield boy" (the brakeman pronounced it "Bah"), "born and brought up here. His folks allers lived right next to mine, and now he's doin' a rushin' lawyer trade down New York, and I expect he's just rakin' the stamps. Did yer see that diamond pin he wore?"

"S'pose it's genooine?" asked a third loafer, with interest.

"Course it was. I tell you he's on the make, and don't you forgit it. Some fellers allers has luck. Many's the time he 'n' I've been in swimmin' and hookin' apples together when we wuz little chaps," pursued Bill in a tone implying a mild reproach at the deceitfulness of an analogy that after such fair promise in early life had failed to complete itself in their later fortunes.

"Why, darn it all, you know him, Jim," he continued, dropping the tone of pensive reminiscence into which he had momentarily allowed himself to fall. "That pretty gal that sings in the Baptis' choir is his sister."

After a space of silent rumination and

jerking of peanut shells upon the track, the group broke up its session and adjourned by tacit understanding till the next train was due.

Arthur Steele was half an hour in getting to his father's house, because everybody he met on the street insisted on shaking hands with him. Everybody in Fairfield had known him since he was a boy, and had seen him grow up, and all were proud of him as a credit to the village and one of its most successful representatives in the big outside world. The young man had sense and sentiment enough to feel that the place he held in the esteem of his native community was a thing to feel more just pride in than any station he could win in the city, and as he walked along hand-shaking with old friends on this side and that, it was about his idea of a triumphal entry.

There was the dear old house, and as he saw it his memory of it started out vividly in his mind as if to attest how faithfully it had kept each detail. It never would come out so clearly at times when he was far away and needed its comfort. He opened the door softly. The sitting-room was empty and darkened to keep out the heat and flies. The latched door stood open, and, hearing voices, he tip-toed across the floor with a guileful smile and, leaning through the door-way, saw his mother and sister sitting by the cool, lilac-shaded window, picking over currants for tea, and talking tranquilly. Being a provident young man, he paused a minute to let the pretty peaceful scene impress itself upon his mind, to be remembered afterward for the cheer of bleak boarding-house Sunday afternoons. Then there was a sudden glancing up, a cry of joyful consternation, and the pan of currants rolled from Amy's lap like a broken necklace of rubies across the uncarpeted floor, while Arthur held mother and sister in a double embrace. And when at length the kissing had all been done, he established himself in his familiar boyish attitude on the window-seat, kicking his heels against the mop-board, with his elbows on his knees, and the three talked away steadily till the shop bell rang, and Mrs. Steele sprang up in a panic, exclaiming: "Father will be here in five minutes and the currants are on the floor. Come, Amy, quick; we must pick some more and you shall help, Arthur."

But though he went out into the garden with them readily enough, it was quite another thing to make him pick currants, for he insisted on wandering all over the place and demanding what had become of everything he missed, and the history of everything new. And pretty soon Mr. Steele also appeared in the garden, having found no one in the house on arriving home. He had learned on the street that Arthur had arrived and came out beaming. It was good to see the hearty affection with which the two shook hands.

The transition of the son from the pupilage of childhood and youth to the independence of manhood is often trying to the filial relation. Neither party fully realizes that the old relation is at an end, or just what the new basis is, or when the change takes place. The absence of the son for two or three years at this period has often the best results. He goes a boy and returns a man; the old relation is forgotten by both parties and they readily fall into the new one. So it had fared with Arthur and his father.

"You've got a splendid lot of water-melons," said the former as they arrived at the upper end of the ample garden in their tour of inspection.

"Yes," replied Mr. Steele with a shrug; "only thus far they've been stolen a little faster than they've ripened."

"What made you plant them so near the fence?"

"That was my blunder; but you see the soil is just the thing, better than lower down."

"Why don't you buy a bull-dog?"

"I think it's more Christian to shoot a man outright than to set one of those devils on him. The breed ought to be extirpated."

"Put some ipecac. in one or two. That'll fetch 'em. I know how sick it made me once."

"I did; but more were stolen next night. I can't afford to medicate the whole village. Last night I sat up to watch till twelve o'clock, when mother made me go to bed."

"I'll watch to-night," said Arthur, "and give 'em a lesson with a good load of beans from the old shot-gun."

"It wouldn't pay," replied his father. "I concluded last night that all the melons in the world weren't worth a night's sleep. They'll have to go, and next year I'll know more than to plant any."

"You go and help Amy pick currants, and let me talk to the boy a little," said Mrs. Steele, coming up and taking Arthur off for a promenade up the broad path.

"How pretty Amy has grown," said he, glancing with a pleased smile at the girl as

she looked up at her father. "I suppose the young men are making sheep's eyes at her already."

"It doesn't do them any good if they are," said Mrs. Steele, decisively. "She's only sixteen and a little girl yet, and has sense enough to know it."

"What had she been crying for when I arrived? I saw her eyes were as red as the currants."

"Oh, dear!" replied Mrs. Steele, with a sigh of vexation, "it was her troubles at the seminary. You know we let her go as a day scholar this summer. Some of the girls slight and snub her, and she is very unhappy about it."

"Why, what on earth can anybody have against Amy?" demanded Arthur in indignant surprise.

"I suppose it's because some of the little hussies from the city have taken the notion that they wont associate with a mechanic's daughter, although Amy is very careful not to say it in so many words, for fear of hurting my feelings. But I suspect that's about where the shoe pinches."

Arthur muttered something between an oath and a grunt, expressing the emphasis of the one and the disgust of the other.

"I tell Amy it is foolish to mind their airs, but I'm really afraid it spoils the poor girl's happiness."

"Why don't you send her away to boarding-school, if it is so serious a matter as that?"

"We can't afford it," said his mother, whereto Arthur promptly replied:

"I'll pay her expenses. I'm making a good deal more money than I know what to do with, and I'd really like the chance of doing a little good."

His mother glanced at him with affectionate pride.

"You're always wanting to pay somebody's expenses, or make somebody a present. It's really unsafe when you're around, to indicate that one isn't perfectly contented. But you caught me up too quickly. I was going to say that we couldn't spare her from home, anyhow. She's the light of the house. Besides that, if it comes to objections, I've my notions about boarding-schools, and I'd trust no girl of mine at one that wasn't within sight of her home. No, she'll have to keep on here and bear it as she can, though it's pretty hard, I know. The trouble to-night was, that Lina Maynard, who is one of the older girls, has invited nearly everybody at the seminary except Amy to a birthday party to-morrow. Little minx, I could shake her. And the worst of it is, Amy thinks there's nobody like Lina Maynard."

After tea it was still light, and Arthur and Amy went out to walk. In spite of the ten years difference in their ages, he always enjoyed her company as well as anybody's in the world, because she was so refreshingly child-like and natural. Every chord of feeling answered so true and clear to the touch, that to talk with her was like playing on a musical instrument, only far more delightful. Arthur had looked forward to walks and talks with Amy as among the jolliest treats of his vacation. She tried her best now to seem light-hearted and to entertain him with the local gossip, for which he always depended on her. But she couldn't simulate the vivacious and eager air that had been the chief charm of her talk. As he glanced down, he was grieved to see the sad set of the pretty child face at his side, and how still had grown the fountain of smiles in the hazel eyes that were wont to send their ripples outward in constant succession. It is to be feared that under his breath he applied some very ungentlemanly language to Lina Maynard and her clique, whose nonsensical ill-nature had hurt this little girl's feelings so sorely, and incidentally spoiled half the fun of his vacation.

"There, there, you needn't talk any more," he finally said, rather rudely, half vexed with her, as helpful people are wont to be with those they can do nothing to help.

She looked up in grieved surprise, but before he could speak again they came face to face with a party of girls coming from the direction of the seminary.

There were six or seven of them, perhaps, but Arthur only got the impression of one and a lot of others. The one was a rather tall girl of lithe figure and unusually fine carriage. Her olive complexion was lighted with great black eyes that rested on you with an air of imperturbable assurance, as penetrating as it was negligent. She was talking, and her companions were listening and laughing. As they came face to face with Arthur and Amy, he saw that they barely noticed her, while glancing at him rather curiously, with the boldness of girls in a crowd of their own sex. They evidently observed that he was a stranger to the village, and of quite a different style from that of the country bumpkins and rural exquisites they were accustomed to meeting. There was in the big black eyes as they had met

his a moment, a suggestion of interest that was strangely flattering, and left a trace of not unpleasant agitation.

"Who was that?" he asked, as they passed out of hearing.

He only thought of asking for one, although there were six, nor she apparently of answering differently.

"Lina Maynard. They are 'Sem.' girls."

It was a dulled voice she spoke in, quite unlike her usual eager way of giving information. She, poor thing, was terribly afraid he would ask her why they did not seem acquainted with her, and it would have been a painful humiliation to have explained. Arthur was conscious that he no longer had exactly the same feeling of merely contemptuous annoyance toward Lina Maynard, on account of her treatment of Amy. He sympathized as much with his sister, of course, but somehow felt that to be recognized by Lina Maynard was not such a childish ambition as he had taken for granted.

It was dusk when they reached home and found Mr. and Mrs. Steele on the piazza, which served as an out-door parlor in summer, with a neighbor who had dropped in to see Arthur. So he got out his cigar-case and told stories of city life and interesting law cases to an intent audience till the nine o'clock bell rang, and the neighbor "guessed he'd go home," and forthwith proved that his guess was right by going.

"'Gad, I'd forgotten all about the water-melons! Perhaps they're at 'em already," cried Arthur, jumping up and running around the end of the piazza to the garden.

When he returned, it was to meet a combined volley of protestations against his foolish project of keeping watch all night, from his father, his mother, and Amy. But he declared it was no use talking; and where were the gun and the beans? So they adjourned from the piazza, a lamp was lit, the articles were hunted up, and the gun duly loaded with a good charge of powder and a pint of hard beans. It was about ten o'clock when Arthur, with a parting protest from his mother, went out into the garden, lugging his gun and a big easy-chair, while Amy followed, bringing one or two wraps, and a shocking old overcoat hunted up in the garret, for the chill hours after midnight.

The front of Mr. Steele's lot abutted on one of the pleasantest and most thickly housed streets of the village; but the lot was deep, and the rear end rested on a road bordered by few houses, and separated from the garden by a rail fence easy to climb over or through. The water-melon patch was located close to this fence, and thus in full view and temptingly accessible from the road.

Undoubtedly the human conscience, and especially the boyish article, recognizes a broad difference between the theft of growing crops—of apples on the trees, for instance, or corn on the stalk, or melons in the field—and that of other species of property. The surreptitious appropriation of the former class of chattels is known in common parlance as "hooking," while the graver term "stealing" describes the same process in other cases. The distinction may arise from a feeling that, so long as crops remain rooted to the ground, they are nature's, not man's, and that nature can't be regarded as forming business contracts with some individuals to the exclusion of others, or in fact as acceding to any of our human distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*, however useful we find them. Ethical philosophers may refuse to concede the sanction of the popular distinction here alluded to between "hooking" and stealing; but, after all, ethics is not a deductive but an empirical science, and what are morals but a collection of usages, like orthography and orthoepy? However that may be, it is the duty of the writer in this instance merely to call attention to the prevalent popular sentiment on the subject, without any attempt to justify it, and to state that Arthur Steele had been too recently a boy not to sympathize with it. And, accordingly, he laid his plans to capture the expected depredators to-night from practical considerations wholly, and quite without any sense of moral reprobation toward them.

Closely adjoining the edge of the melon-patch was a patch of green corn, standing ten feet high, and at the fullest perfection of foliage. This Arthur selected for his ambush, its position being such that he could cut off the retreat to the fence of any person who had once got among the melons. Hewing down a hill of corn in the second row from the front, he made a comfortable place for his easy-chair. Amy lingered for a while, enjoying the excitement of the occasion, and they talked in whispers; but finally Arthur sent her in, and as her dress glimmered away down the garden path, he settled himself comfortably for his watch.

In the faint moonlight he could just descry the dark shapes of the melons on the ground in front of him. The crickets were having a high time in the stubble around, and the night air drew sweet autumnal exhalations

from the ground; for autumn begins by night a long time before it does by day. The night wind rustled in the corn with a crisp articulateness he had never noticed in daytime, and he felt like an eavesdropper. Then for a while he heard the music of some roving serenaders, down in the village, and grew pensive with the vague reminiscences of golden youth, romance, and the sweet past, that nightly music suggests,—vague because apparently they are not reminiscences of the individual but of the race, a part of the consciousness and ideal of humanity. At last the music was succeeded by the baying of a dog in some distant farm-yard, and then ere the ocean of silence had fairly smoothed its surface over that, a horse began to kick violently in a neighboring barn. Some time after, a man chopped some kindlings in a shed a couple of lots off. Gradually, however, the noises ceased like the oft returning yet steadily falling ebb of the tide, and Arthur experienced how many degrees there are of silence, each more utter than the last, so that the final and absolute degree must be something to which the utmost quiet obtainable on earth is uproar. One by one the lights went out in the houses till the only ones left were in the windows of the Seminary, visible over the tree-tops a quarter of a mile away.

"The girls keep late hours," thought Arthur. And from that he fell to thinking of Lina Maynard and the careless, almost insolent, grace of her manner, and that indifferent yet penetrating glance of hers. Where did she come from? Probably from California, or the far West; he had heard that the girls out there were of a bolder, more unconventional type than at the East. What a pity she did not fancy Amy!

What was that moving across the melon-patch? He reached for his gun. It was only a cat though, after all. The slight noise in the corn-patch attracted the animal's attention, and it came across and poked its head into the opening where Arthur sat. As the creature saw him its start of surprise would have shattered the nervous system of anything but a cat. It stood half thrown back on its haunches, its ears flattened, its eyes glaring in a petrefaction of amazement. Arthur sat motionless as marble, laughing inwardly. For full two minutes the two stared at each other without moving a muscle, and then, without relaxing its tense attitude, the cat by almost imperceptible degrees withdrew one paw and then another, and thus backing out of the corn-patch, turned around when at a safe distance and slunk away.

A few minutes later a dog, that enthusiast in perfumes, jumped through the fence and trotted across the melon-patch, his nose to the ground, making a collection of evening smells. Arthur expected nothing but that he would scent his neighborhood, find him out and set up a barking. But chancing to strike the cat's trail, off went the dog on a full run with nose to the ground.

Such were the varying humors of the night. After the episode of the dog, feeling a little chilly, Arthur enveloped himself in the tattered old overcoat and must have dropped into a nap. Suddenly he awoke. Within ten feet of him, just in the act of stooping over a huge melon, was a woman's figure. He saw the face clearly as she rose. Immortal gods! it was —— but I am anticipating.

The discipline at Westville Seminary had been shockingly lax since the long illness of the principal had left the easy-going first assistant teacher at the head of affairs. The girls ran all over the rules,—had private theatricals, suppers, and games of all sorts in their rooms at all hours of day or night. In the course of the evening whose events in another sphere of life have been narrated, several girls called at Lina Maynard's room to notify her of the "spread" at Nell Barber's, No. 49, at eleven o'clock. They found her sitting in a low rocking-chair with an open letter in her hand and a very pensive, discontented expression of countenance.

"Does he press for an answer, Lina? We're just in time to advise you," cried Nell Barber.

"Don't say yes unless his eyes are blue," drawled a brunette.

"Unless they're black, you mean," sharply amended a bright blonde.

"Make him elope with you," suggested Nell. "It will be such fun to have a real rope-ladder elopement at the Seminary, and we'll all sit up and see it."

"Oh, do, do, Lina!" chorused the others.

But Lina, apparently too much chagrined at something to be in a mood for jests, sat with her eyebrows petulantly contracted, her feet thrust out and the hand holding the letter hanging by her side, her whole attitude indicating despondence.

"Still pensive! It can't be he's faithless!" exclaimed Nell.

"Faithless to those eyes! I should say not," cried the blonde, whom Lina called

her sweetheart, and who claimed to be "engaged" to her according to boarding-school fashion.

"Don't mind him, dear," she went on, throwing herself on the floor, clasping her hands about Lina's knee and leaning her cheek on it. "You make me so jealous. Haven't you got me, and aint I enough?"

"Plenty enough, dear," said Lina, stroking her cheek. "This is only from my brother Charley."

"The one at Watertown 'Sem.'?"

"Yes," said Lina; "and oh, girls," she went on with gloomy energy, "we don't have any good times at all compared with those boys. They do really wicked things, hook apples, and carry off people's gates and signs, and screw up tutors' doors in the night, and have fights with what he calls 'townies'—I don't know exactly what they are—and everything. I thought before that we were doing some things too, but we're not, compared with all that, and I shall be so ashamed when I meet him at home not to have anything to tell except little bits of things."

A depressing pause followed. Lina's disparaging view of achievements in the way of defying the proprieties of which all the girls had been very proud, cast a profound gloom over the circle. The blonde seemed to voice the common sentiment when she said, resting her chin on Lina's knee, and gazing pensively at the wall:

"Oh, dear, that comes of being girls. We might as well be good and done with it. We can't be bad so as to amount to anything."

"Good or bad, we must eat," said Nell Barber. "I must go and get the spread ready. I forgot all about it, Lina; but we came in just to invite you. Eleven sharp, remember. Three knocks, a pause and another, you know. Come, girls."

The brunette followed her, but Lina's little sweetheart remained.

"What have they got?" demanded the former listlessly.

"Oh, Nell has a jar of preserves from home and I smuggled up a plate of dried beef from tea, and cook let us have some crackers and plates. We tried hard to get a water-melon there was in the pantry, but cook said she didn't dare let us have it. It's for dinner to-morrow."

Lina's eyes suddenly became introspective, then after a moment she rose slowly and stood in her tracks with an expression of deep thought, absent-mindedly took one step, then another, and after a pause a third, finally pulling up before the mirror, into which she stared vacantly for a moment, and then muttered defiantly as she turned away,

"We'll see, Master Charley."

"Lina Maynard, what's the matter with you?" cried the blonde, who had watched the pantomime with open mouth and growing eyes.

Lina turned and looked at her thoughtfully a moment, and then said with decisiveness:

"You just go to Nell's, my dear, and say I'm coming pretty soon; and if you say anything else, I'll—I'll never marry you."

The girls were in the habit of doing as Lina wanted them to, and the blonde went, pouting with unappeased curiosity.

To gain exit from the Seminary was a simple matter in these lax days, and five minutes later Lina was walking rapidly along the highway, her lips firm set, but her eyes apprehensively reconnoitering the road ahead with frequent glances to each side and behind. Once she got over the stone wall at the road-side in a considerable panic and crouched in the dewy grass while a belated villager passed, but it was without further adventure that she finally turned into the road leading behind Mr. Steele's lot, and after a brief search identified the garden where she remembered seeing some particularly fine melons, when out walking a day or two previous. There they lay, just the other side the fence, faintly visible in the dim light.

She couldn't help congratulating herself, by the way, on the excellent behavior of her nerves, whose tense, fine-strung condition was a positive luxury, and she then and there understood how men might delight in desperate risks for the mere sake of the exalted and supreme sense of perfect self-possession that danger brings to some natures. Not indeed that she stopped to indulge any psychological speculations. The coast was clear; not a foot-fall or hoof-stroke sounded from the road, and without delay she began to look about for a wide place between the rails where she might get through. Just as she found it she was startled by an unmistakable human snore, which seemed to come from a patch of high corn close to the melons, and she was fairly puzzled until she observed, about ten rods distant in the same line, an open attic window. That explained its origin, and with a passing self-congratulation, that she had made up her mind not to marry a man that

snored, she began to crawl through the fence. When half-way through the thought struck her: wasn't it like any other stealing after all? This crawling between rails seemed dreadfully so. Her attitude, squeezed between two rails and half across the lower one, was neither graceful nor comfortable, and perhaps that fact shortened her scruples.

"It can't be really stealing, for I don't feel like a thief," was the logic that settled it, and the next moment she had the novel sensation of having both feet surreptitiously and feloniously on another person's land. She decidedly didn't relish it, but she would go ahead now and think of it afterward. She was pretty sure she never would do it again, anyhow, experiencing that common sort of repentance beforehand for the thing she was about to do, the precise moral value of which it would be interesting to inquire. It ought to count for something, for if it doesn't hinder the act, at least it spoils the fun of it. Here was a melon at her feet; should she take it? That was a bigger one further on, and her imperious conscientiousness compelled her to go ten steps further into the enemy's country to get it, for now that she was committed to the undertaking she was bound to do the best she could.

To stoop, to break the vine, and to secure the melon were an instant's work; but as she bent, the high corn before her waved violently and a big farmer-looking man in a slouch hat and shocking old coat sprang out and seized her by the arm, with a grip not painful but sickeningly firm, exclaiming as he did so,

"Wal, I swan ter gosh if 'taint a gal."

Lina dropped the melon, and barely recalling the peculiar circumstances in time to suppress a scream, made a silent desperate effort to break away. But her captor's hold was not even shaken, and he laughed at the impotence of her attempt. In all her petted life she had never been held a moment against her will, and it needed not the added considerations that this man was a coarse, unknown boor, the place retired, the time midnight, and herself in the position of a criminal, to give her a feeling of abject terror so great as to amount to positive nausea, as she realized her utter powerlessness in his hands.

"So you've been a-stealin' my melons, hey?" he demanded gruffly.

The slight shake with which the question was enforced, deprived her of the last vestige of dignity and self-assertion. She relapsed into the mental condition of a juvenile culprit undergoing correction. Now that she was caught she no longer thought of her offense as venial. The grasp of her captor seemed to put an end to all possible hair-splitting on that point, and prove that it was nothing more nor less than stealing, and a sense of guilt left her without any moral support against her fright. She was only conscious of utter humiliation and an abject desire to beg off on any terms.

"What do you go round stealin' folks's melons for, young woman? Don't yer folks bring yer up better'n that? It's a dodrotted shame to 'em ef they don't. What did ye want with the melons? Don't they give ye enough to eat ter home, hey?"

"We were going to have some supper, sir," she replied, in a scared, breathless tone, with a little hope of propitiating him by being extremely civil and explicit in her replies.

"Who was havin' supper to this time er night?" he snorted incredulously.

"We girls," was the faint reply.

"What gals?"

Had she got to tell where she came from and be identified? She couldn't, she wouldn't. But again came that dreadful shake and the words faltered out:

"Over at the Seminary, sir."

"Whew, so yer one er them, are ye? What's yer name?"

Cold dew stood on the poor girl's forehead. She was silent. He might kill her, but she wouldn't disgrace her father's name.

"What's yer name?" he repeated with another shake.

She was still silent, though limp as a rag in his grasp.

"Wal," said he sharply, after waiting a half minute to see if she would answer. "I guess ye'll be more confidin' like to the jedge when he inquires in the mornin'. A night in the lock-up makes folks wonderful civil. Now I'll jest trouble ye to come along to the police office," and he walked her along by the arm toward the house.

As the horrible degradation to which she was exposed flashed upon Lina, the last remnant of her self-control gave way, and, hanging back with all her might against his hand, she burst into sobs.

"Oh, don't, don't! It will kill me. I'll tell you my name. It's Lina Maynard. My father is a rich merchant in New York, Broadway, No. 743. He will give you anything if you let me go. Anything

you want. Oh, please don't! Oh, don't! I couldn't! I couldn't!"

In this terror-stricken wild-eyed girl, her face streaming with tears, and every lineament convulsed with abject dread, there was little enough to remind Arthur Steele of the queenly maiden who had favored him with a glance of negligent curiosity that afternoon. He stopped marching her along and said reflectively:

"Lina Maynard, hey! Then you must be the gal that's down on Amy Steele and wouldn't ask her to the party to-morrow. Say, aint yer the one?"

Lina was too much bewildered by the sudden change of tack to do more than stammer inarticulately. I'm afraid that in her terror she would have been capable of denying it, if she had thought that would help her. Her captor reflected more deeply, scratched his head, and finally assuming a diplomatic attitude by thrusting his hands in his pocket, remarked:

"I s'pose ye'd like it dummed well ef I was to let yer go and say nothin' more about it. I reelly don't s'pose I'd orter do it; but it riles me to see Amy comin' home cryin' every day, and I'll tell ye what I'll do. Ef you'll ask her to yer fandango tomorrer, and be friends with her arterward so she'll come home happy and cheerful like, I'll let ye go, and if ye don't I'll put ye in jug overnight, sure 's taxes. Say yes or no now, quick!"

"Yes, yes!" Lina cried with frantic eagerness.

There was scarcely any possible ransom he could have asked that she would not have instantly given. She dared not credit her ears, and stood gazing at him in intense appealing suspense, as if he might be about to revoke his offer. But instead of that he turned down the huge collar of the old overcoat, took it off, threw it on the ground, and turning up the slouch of his hat, stood before her a very good-looking and well-dressed young gentleman, whom she at once recognized and at length identified in her mind as the one walking with Amy that afternoon, which now seemed weeks ago. He bowed very low and said earnestly enough, though smiling,

"I humbly beg your pardon."

Lina stared at him with dumb amazement, and he went on:

"I am Arthur Steele. I came home on a vacation to-day and was sitting up to watch father's melon-patch for the pure fun of it, expecting to catch some small boys, and when I caught you I couldn't resist the temptation of a little farce. As for Amy, that only occurred to me at the last, and if you think it unfair, you may have your promise back."

Lina had now measurably recovered her equanimity, and ignoring his explanation, demanded, as she looked around:

"How am I to get out of this dreadful place?" mentally contemplating meanwhile the impossibility of clambering through that fence with a young gentleman looking on.

"I will let down the bars," he said, and they turned toward the fence.

"Let's see, this is your melon, is it not?" he observed, stooping to pick up the booty Lina had dropped in her first panic. "You must keep that anyhow. You've earned it."

Since the tables turned so unexpectedly in her favor Lina had recovered her dignity in some degree and had become very freezing toward this young man, by whom she began to feel she had been very badly treated. In this reaction of indignation she had really almost forgotten how she came in the garden at all. But this reference to the melon quite upset her new equanimity, and as Arthur grinned broadly she blushed and stood there in awful confusion. Finally she blurted out:

"I didn't want your stupid melon. I only wanted some fun: I can't explain, and I don't care whether you understand it or not."

Tears of vexation glittered in her eyes. He sobered instantly, and said with an air of the utmost deference:

"Pardon me for laughing, and do me this justice to believe that I'm in no sort of danger of misunderstanding you. I hooked too many melons myself as a boy, not to sympathize perfectly. But you must really let me carry the melon home for you. What would the girls say if you returned empty-handed?"

"Well, I will take the melon," she said, half defiantly; "but I should prefer not to have your company."

He did not reply till he had let down the bars, and then said:

"The streets are not safe at this hour, and you've had frights enough for one night."

She made no further objections, and with the water-melon poised on his shoulder he walked by her side, neither speaking a word, till they reached the gate of the Seminary grounds. There she stopped and turning, extended her hands for the melon.

As he gave it to her their eyes met a moment, and their mutual appreciation of the humor of the situation expressed itself in an irrepressible smile that seemed instantly to make them acquainted, and she responded almost kindly to his low "good-evening."

Amy came home jubilant next day. Lina Maynard had invited her to her party, and had been ever so good to her, and there was nobody in the world like Lina. Arthur listened and said nothing. All the next week it was the same story of Lina's beauty, good-nature, cleverness and perfections generally, and above all her goodness to herself, Amy Steele. Lina was indeed fulfilling her promise with generous overmeasure. And after once taking up with Amy, the sweet simplicity and enthusiastic loyalty of the child to herself, won her heart completely. The other girls wondered, but Lina Maynard's freaks always set the fashion, and Amy, to her astonishment and boundless delight, found herself the pet of the Seminary. The little blonde, Lina's sweetheart, alone rebelled against the new order of things and was furiously jealous, for which she was promptly snubbed by Lina, and Amy taken into her place. And meanwhile, Lina caught herself several times wondering whether Arthur Steele was satisfied with the way she was keeping her pledge.

It was Wednesday night and Arthur was to return to New York Thursday morning. Although he had walked the street every afternoon and had met nearly all the other girls at the Seminary, he had not seen Lina again. His mother, whom he took about a good deal on pleasure drives, seriously wondered if the eagerness of city life was really spoiling his faculty for leisurely pleasures. He always seemed to be looking out ahead for something, instead of quietly enjoying the passing sights and scenery. He had consented to accompany Amy to a little church sociable on the evening before his departure. It was a species of entertainment which he detested, but he thought he might possibly meet Lina there, as Amy had said some of the Seminary girls would be present.

At once, on entering the vestry, he caught sight of her at the other end of the room among a group of girls. At the sound of the closing door she glanced up with an involuntary gesture of expectancy and their eyes met. She looked confused and instantly averted her face. There was plenty of recognition in her expression but she did not bow, the real reason being that she was too much embarrassed to think of it. But during the week he had so many times canvassed the chances of her recognizing him when they should meet that he had become quite morbid about it, and manifested the usual alacrity of persons in that state of mind in jumping at conclusions they wish to avoid. He had been a fool to think that she would recognize him as an acquaintance. What had he done but to insult her, and what associations save distressing ones could she have with him. He would exchange a few greetings with old friends and then quietly slink off home and go to packing up. He was rather sorry for his mother; she would feel so badly to have him moody and cross on the last evening at home. Just then some one touched his sleeve, and looking around he saw Amy. She put her flushed little face close to his ear and whispered:

"Lina said I might introduce you. Isn't she beautiful, though, to-night? Of course you'll fall in love with her, but you mustn't try to cut me out."

Arthur was Amy's ideal of gentlemanly ease and polish, and she had been very proud of having so fine a city brother to introduce to the girls. Imagine her astonishment and chagrin when she saw him standing before Lina with an exaggeration of the agitated, sheepish air the girls made such fun of in their rural admirers. But if that surprised her, what was her amazement to see Lina looking equally confused, and blushing to where her neck curved beneath the lace, although the brave eyes met his fairly? A wise instinct told Amy that here was something she didn't understand, and she had better go away, and she did.

"The melon was very good, Mr. Steele," said Lina, demurely, with a glimmer of fun in her black eyes.

"Miss Maynard, I don't know how I shall beg pardon or humble myself enough for my outrageous treatment of you," burst forth Arthur. "I don't know what I should have done if I hadn't had an opportunity for apologizing pretty soon, and now I scarcely dare look you in the face."

His chagrin and self-reproach were genuine enough, but he might have left off that last, for he hadn't been looking anywhere else since he came into the room.

"You did shake me rather hard," she said, with a smiling contraction of the black eyebrows.

Good heavens! had he actually shaken this divine creature,—this Cleopatra of a girl, whose queenly brow gave her hair the look of a coronet! He groaned in spirit and looked so self-reproachful and chagrined that she laughed.

"I don't know about forgiving you for that, but I'm so grateful you didn't take me to the lock-up that I suppose I ought not to mind the shaking."

"But, Miss Maynard, you surely don't think I was in earnest about that!" he exclaimed in strenuous deprecation.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she said, doubtfully. "You looked as if you were capable of it."

He was going on to protest still farther when she interrupted him, and said, laughingly:

"You take to apologizing so naturally that I'd nearly forgotten that it was not you but I who was the real culprit. I must really make a few excuses myself before I hear any more from you."

And then she told him all about her brother Charley's letter, and the spirit of emulation that had got her into trouble. It was easy enough to joke about certain aspects of the matter, but when she came to talk in plain language about her performances that night, she became so much embarrassed and stumbled so badly that Arthur felt very ill at ease.

"And when I think what *would* have happened if I'd fallen into anybody's hands but yours, you seem almost like a deliverer." At which Arthur had another access of humiliation to think how unchivalrously he had treated this princess in disguise. How he would like to catch somebody else abusing her that way! And then he told her all that he had thought and felt about her during the stealing scene, and she gave her side of the drama, to their intense mutual interest.

"Isn't it about time we were going home, Arthur?" said Amy's voice.

He glanced up. The room was nearly empty, and the party from the Seminary were waiting for Lina.

"Miss Maynard, may I call upon you in New York during vacation?"

"I should be happy to see you."

"*Au revoir*, then!"

"*Au revoir!*"

WELLS AND CISTERNS AS A SOURCE OF WATER-SUPPLY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the achievements of engineering skill, which have supplied to nearly all large cities, and to many small ones, an abundance of water from a distant and selected source, the great majority of the human race (as they always have done, and, in all probability, will continue to do) obtain their water for domestic uses from wells and cisterns.

An aqueduct system of water-supply makes absolutely necessary a system of sewerage, on account of the enormous increase of liquid sewage, and can only be adopted with safety in places having a water-front suitable for the discharge of sewers. It seems probable therefore that all places, whether large or small, which are not situated on the ocean or on some large river or lake, must continue to look to wells and cisterns for their water-supply. It is my purpose in this paper, to inquire into the evils which accompany these sources of supply, and, if possible, point out the remedy.

Until very recently, it seems not to have been suspected that wells and cisterns could furnish water deleterious in its effects, except in some very marked cases, and then they were supposed to be poisoned by some enemy. It was not deemed possible that water which bubbled from the earth, or fell from the clouds, could be otherwise than pure. But modern research, which has dispelled so many delusions, and overturned so many idols, has demonstrated that our oldest and most respected source of water-supply has been a very Borgia of destruction, passing the poisoned cup to thousands and millions of unsuspecting lips.

There is to-day no doubt in the minds of those who have studied the subject, that filth in its various forms, introduced into the system through the lungs, in the shape of sewer-gas or emanations from decaying organic matter, or through the stomach, mingled with drinking-water, is, if not the essential cause, at least an indispensable condition in the development of a large class of diseases.

That wells and cisterns, especially the former, have been in all past time, as they unquestionably are now, the sources of

disease, on account of the frequent admixture of some form of sewage with the water which they furnish, is not doubted by any who have kept pace with the progress of sanitary science, or are conversant with the medical literature of the last ten years. I am convinced, moreover, that the chances of the contamination of the water in wells and cisterns is much greater than is even now generally supposed, and that the means usually adopted to prevent the admixture of foreign matter are altogether incompetent to accomplish their object.

Let us first consider the manner in which foreign matter finds its way into wells. A well is too frequently a sort of drain for the ground in its vicinity, or more correctly, it is a receptacle, into which flows the surplus water from a region varying in extent with the depth of the well and the nature of the adjacent soil.

If a quantity of perfectly wet earth be placed in a basket, a portion of the water which it contains (surplus water) will obey the law of gravity and flow away; capillary attraction will cause the retention of the remainder. The facility with which this surplus water will flow off through a subsoil drain (see Fig. 1) is familiar to all. The open drain gives at every point on its surface an opportunity for the drops of water lying adjacent to obey the law of gravity and flow off, seeking a lower level; the drops immediately behind these follow closely, on account of the tendency of the first to form a vacuum, and so on indefinitely.

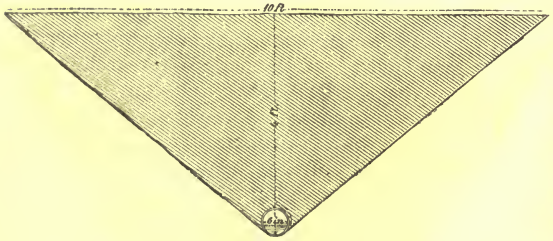


FIG. 1. SHOWING AREA OF DRAINAGE OF A SINGLE PIPE.

Thus a line of drops, varying in length, is set in motion toward the drain, and in a few hours the soil in its vicinity is freed of its surplus water. Looking upon a well as a kind of perpendicular drain (and under circumstances which frequently exist, it acts as such for the soil in its vicinity), we readily perceive how it may become the receptacle for surplus water, especially when copious rains follow a period of drought; for then the water being low in the well, and the upper stratum of the earth being saturated by a rain-fall, which though abundant, is not sufficient to affect the remote sources of supply, the surplus water from a great distance passes without obstruction into the well, carrying with it whatever impurities it may have acquired in its passage.

If the soil in the vicinity of a well could be kept perfectly free from foreign matter,—if it could be kept clean, little harm would come from this surface water, though it must be remembered that the surface soil is the home of countless insects and small animals, and that it is the universal burying place: this, however, is of small account compared with the danger to wells, which arises from their near proximity to dwelling-houses and the deposits of waste matter which so universally accompany them. By means of these deposits the soil in the vicinity of wells frequently becomes loaded with filth.

The cess-pool, the privy-vault, the pig-pen, the barn-yard, the place selected for the deposit of laundry and sink water, are frequently grouped about the well and become centers of deposit, in which filth accumulates from year to year, causing the saturation of the soil in constantly increasing areas, so that the neighboring well, which at first may have furnished water which was perfectly pure, in time begins to receive the soakage of these accumulations. Sometimes this soakage into wells does not take place for a long time and is then intermittent, depending upon rain-fall and other causes. Sometimes an accident like the breaking or obstruction of a drain will cause a well to be flooded with sewage; at other times, owing to the peculiar constitution of the soil and the conformation of the rock, sewage will find its way directly into a well even though situated at a considerable distance. A case in point occurred under my own observation. The water in a certain well (see Fig. 2) having acquired an unpleasant taste and odor, the owner, supposing that the trouble arose from surface water, had his well taken up down to the rock, and from this point had the wall laid in cement and a coating of hydraulic cement applied to its outer surface. Around this the earth was thoroughly packed. No benefit resulting from this change, the well was again taken up and (the season being favorable) it was sunk to as great a distance as possible into the rock,

making its total depth about thirty feet. The well was then walled up in the same manner as before. Water was carried from the bottom of this well into the house through a pipe, and was drawn from the surface with buckets. It was soon

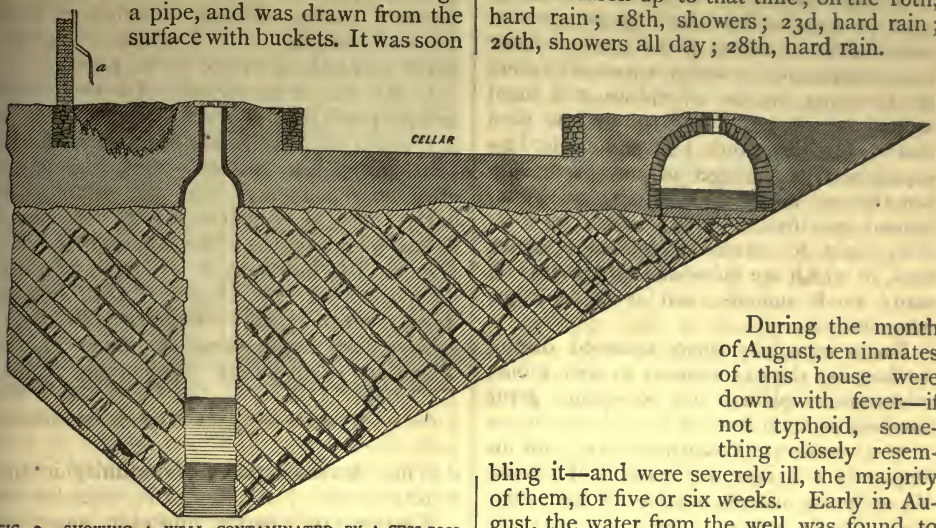


FIG. 2. SHOWING A WELL CONTAMINATED BY A CESS-POOL FIFTY FEET DISTANT.

noticed that water which was drawn with the pump was bad, while that drawn with the buckets was apparently good. The cess-pool was on the opposite side of the house, about fifty feet north-east from the well, and was excavated nearly to the rock (which is a red sand-stone with a dip of about 45° to the north-east). At first it seemed impossible that fluids could find their way from this cess-pool to the well, but the removal of the former to a distant part of the grounds was followed by the disappearance of all bad odor and taste from the water, forcing us to the conclusion that the contents of the cess-pool had found their way along the fracture lines of the red sand-stone for a distance of sixty or seventy feet, in sufficient quantity to render extremely unpleasant the water of an abundant and constantly changing well.

An example illustrating the contamination of wells which have done good service for many years, occurred in Montclair, N. J., about a year ago.

The pipe which conveyed the overflow from the laundry and water-closets of a large boarding-house to a cess-pool situated at a long distance from the house and well, became obstructed at a point about sixty feet from the well, and the ground in the vicinity of the obstruction became saturated with filth.

In July of that year there was an unusual amount of rain. On July 6, there was a thunder-storm; on the 7th, the hardest rain of the season up to that time; on the 16th, hard rain; 18th, showers; 23d, hard rain; 26th, showers all day; 28th, hard rain.

During the month of August, ten inmates of this house were down with fever—if not typhoid, something closely resembling it—and were severely ill, the majority of them, for five or six weeks. Early in August, the water from the well was found to have a disagreeable taste, and efforts were made to have its use discontinued. The advice of the attending physician, however, to have the handle of the pump removed, was not followed, and it is altogether probable that the water was used to some extent after it was suspected of being impure, especially as no other cause could be discovered to account for the attack of fever, and as the well was situated in the front yard and supplied with a drinking-cup. This water was found to contain twenty-four grains to the gallon of solid organic matter.

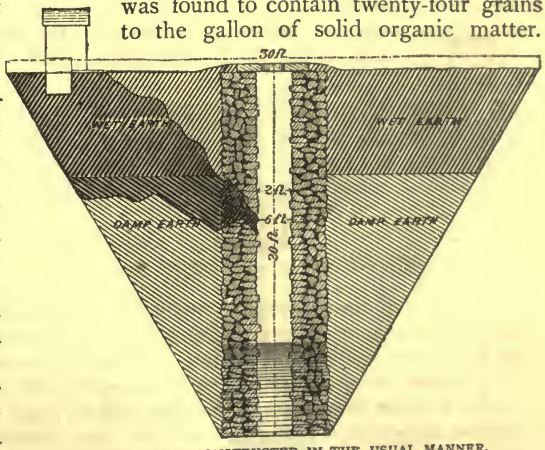


FIG. 3. A WELL CONSTRUCTED IN THE USUAL MANNER.

In this case it seemed certain to the committee appointed by the Sanitary Association to investigate the matter, that the frequent rains of July had washed from the

saturated ground above-named, a large quantity of filth into the well, and that the fever was the result.

An open well, built in the usual manner with a stone wall backed by two feet or more of loose stones (see Fig. 3), is liable to contamination in another way, viz.: from the decaying bodies of reptiles and small animals which have fallen into it and died there. On this point I have consulted an experienced well-digger of our place who has cleaned hundreds of wells, and he informed me that he usually finds in wells from eight to sixteen inches of offensive mud, in which are imbedded the remains of many small animals, such as toads, frogs, rats, cats, etc.

Toads especially seem attracted during the hot, dry days of summer to cool, moist, subterranean places, and sometimes great numbers of them burrow in the loose stones of which wells are constructed, and not infrequently fall into the water and perish. My authority informs me that he has sometimes found nearly a peck of toads in various stages of decay; that he often finds rats, and occasionally cats and dogs. On one occasion I saw three rabbits taken from a well, and my next-door neighbor while seeking for the cause of evident impurity in his drinking-water, has at different times taken from the well two birds—one a robin, and the other what seemed to be a squab. A well may have quite an accumulation of these remains at its bottom, and when the water is abundant it may be affected to a degree unappreciable by the senses, but when the water gets low the matter frequently becomes seri-

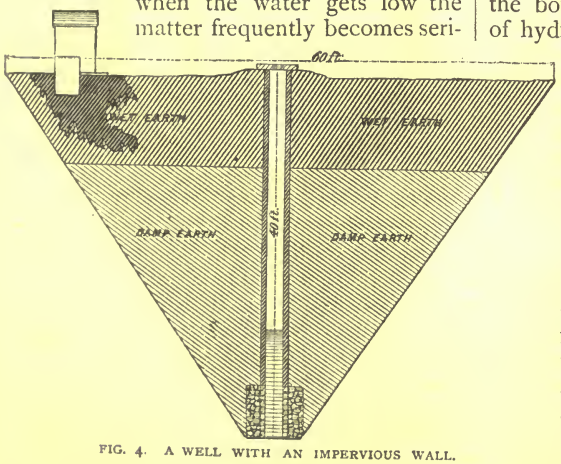


FIG. 4. A WELL WITH AN IMPERVIOUS WALL.

ous; but so gradually does the unpleasant odor and taste develop in such cases, that disease in the family is frequently

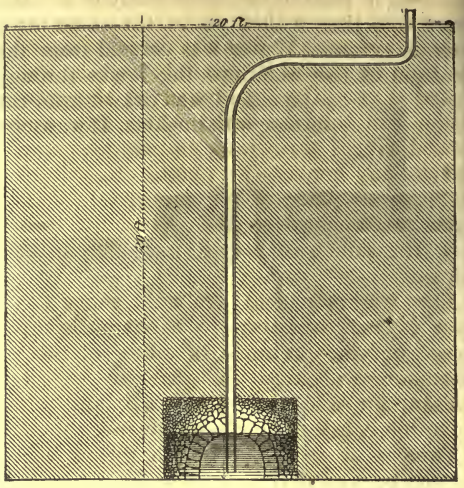


FIG. 5. A WELL ARCHED OVER TWO FEET FROM THE BOTTOM.

the first announcement of impurity in the water.

We now come to the important practical question, how shall a well be constructed so as to avoid or reduce to a minimum the chances of the introduction into it of foreign matter which is detrimental to health?

First, of course, the well must be so constructed that it cannot act as a drain for the neighboring soil. This can be done by making the wall above low-water mark of some material impervious to water, or by omitting this part of the wall altogether. The first can be accomplished by having the wall from a point two or three feet from the bottom made of brick with a coating of hydraulic cement (see Fig. 4) on its exterior, or of hydraulic well-tubing with the joinings well protected with cement; in either case the earth should be thoroughly packed around the wall, and a slight embankment should be made around the orifice to prevent the in-flow of surface or storm water.

In such a well the draining surface is so reduced, and placed at such a distance below the surface of the ground, that in the great majority of instances the introduction of foreign matter becomes impossible, except in so far as there is a chance that substances will fall into the well from above. To prevent this the well should be kept covered when not in use. In most cases, however, it is better to omit the upper part of the wall altogether. (See Fig. 5.) After the excavation is completed, the

wall can be built in the usual manner for a distance of two or three feet, more or less, as circumstances may demand; the service pipe can then be placed in position, and the well arched over. The remainder of the excavation can then be filled with earth, well packed as it is thrown in, and the pipe carried to any convenient point. It will be necessary to place above the arch several layers of stones successively smaller to prevent the falling of earth into the space below.

The workmen will probably suggest a layer of turf or straw to accomplish this object, but the presence of either of these substances will cause the water to be unpleasant for a considerable time, and will prove the cause of much annoyance.

There is a prevalent notion that a well should be ventilated for the purpose of allowing noxious gases to escape; and that water is better for being exposed to the air. I hardly need state that the only noxious gases in a well (*i., e.*, gases which render the water unwholesome) are the products of the decomposition of organic matter which has found its way into the well in ways which have been described above, and that water as it flows in its subterranean passages is more perfectly aerated than it can be in any other way.

In the case of a well more than thirty feet deep, it will be necessary, of course, to have the lifting apparatus placed at a point within thirty feet from the bottom, as water cannot be drawn by suction from a much greater depth than this. About two years ago, I succeeded in persuading some workmen to construct a well in the manner last described, and in spite of their predictions of failure on account of the impossibility of pumping water from a vacuum, and other causes, it has proved a perfect success. In favorable locations the driven well, as it is called, may be employed, and it fulfills all the necessary conditions.

CISTERNS.

RAIN-WATER, when collected in cisterns, is liable to contamination from the dust which collects on the roofs and in the gutters of houses. This dust, coming as it does from the street, is composed largely of the excreta of horses and other animals, and frequently, especially during a long period of drought, collects in such large quantities that the water containing it is abominably offensive and entirely unfit for use. To prevent this admixture it is necessary to have a shut-off in the leaders communicating with the cistern, so constructed that the water can at pleasure be prevented from flowing into the cistern and allowed for a sufficient length of time to wash thoroughly the roof and gutters, to discharge itself

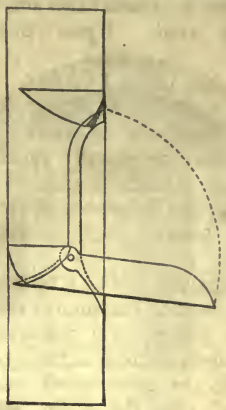


FIG. 6. SHUT-OFF.

upon the ground, or to flow away through some channel prepared for it. A convenient shut-off which can be made by any tinsmith is represented in Fig. 6.

In addition to this every cistern should be provided with a filter. A brick partition made in a circular form, as represented in Fig. 7, makes a very good filter, as ex-

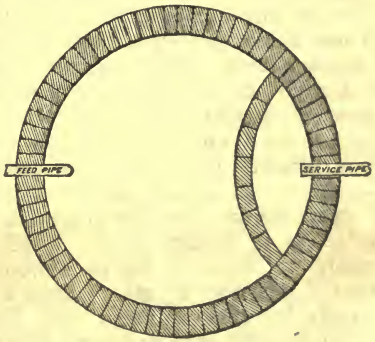


FIG. 7. TRANSVERSE SECTION OF CISTERN WITH BRICK FILTER.

perience has shown. The partition should be carefully built of bricks laid up in cement in such a way that there are no apertures between them, and of course should not be covered with cement. A better filter, however, can be made of charcoal, sand and gravel. The cistern should, as before, be divided by a circular partition, only in this instance the convexity should be toward the smaller compartment which contains the filter; and that portion of the partition which is above the filter should be

covered on its convex surface with cement. The first layer of bricks should be laid with spaces between them, as represented in Fig. 8. The filter may be made in this way:

Place in the bottom of the smaller compartment a foot or eighteen inches of charcoal, broken to about the size of what is called nut coal. Upon this place a

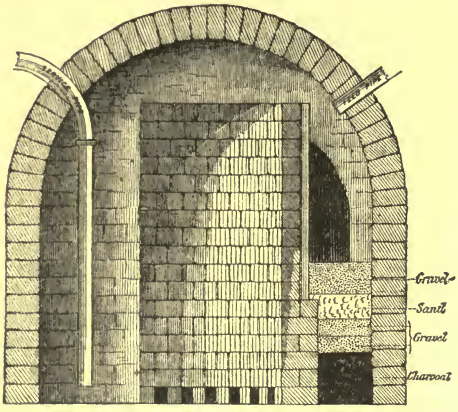


FIG. 8. VERTICAL SECTION OF CISTERN HAVING FILTER OF CHARCOAL AND GRAVEL.

layer of very coarse gravel about six inches deep, then a six-inch layer of ordinary gravel, then six inches of sand, then about a foot of coarse gravel. Water, in passing through a filter made in this way, will be so perfectly freed of impurities that it is suitable for any domestic use. It should be remembered, however, that any filter will in the course of time become clogged with foreign matter, rendering necessary its renewal or cleansing. The sand and gravel can be put in a condition for doing duty a second time by washing, and the charcoal by washing and heating in an oven.

With all the care possible to prevent the introduction of foreign matter, it will be necessary to have a cistern thoroughly cleaned at least once a year. Cistern water frequently becomes saturated with sewer-gas from the cess-pool or sewer into which the overflow-pipe of the cistern is made to terminate. Water has a great capacity for gases, and is sometimes rendered extremely offensive by the absorption of sewer-gas. I once saw a cistern through whose overflow-pipe not only sewer-gas, but the liquids from the neighboring cess-pool, had found their way, rendering the water such that it would hardly have been considered potable even by the defenders of the Passaic and Schuylkill waters.

The remedy for this evil is to have the overflow-pipe terminate at some lower point on the surface of the ground, or in a drain which conveys water only. No amount of care, however, in the construction of wells and cisterns lessens the importance which attaches to the proper disposition of refuse matter, for if it be allowed to accumulate in the soil it will in time find its way into the deepest wells and into the most carefully made cisterns. In some of the older communities, London for example, the ground is so saturated with filth that the wells contain nothing but what may fairly be called liquid sewage. The emanations from filth-sodden soil poison the air, as the soakage from it poisons the water of our wells.

It is time we had laws to protect us in our rights to pure air and water, and time we had a public opinion as sensitive in regard to these rights as it is to the rights of property. If my neighbor enter my premises and damage my property, or if his cattle enter my premises and damage my property, I have a remedy in the courts of justice, and public opinion sustains the verdict of the courts. But if the filth-accumulations of my neighbor invade my premises, if they pass the boundary line which separates my land from his, and poison my drinking-water, or if their effluvia enter my chamber at night and steal from me my health and vigor, leaving me a wretched invalid, the laws provide no remedy, and public opinion is indifferent to my wrongs.

INTO THE WORLD AND OUT.

Into the world he looked with sweet surprise.
The children laughed so when they saw his eyes.

Into the world a rosy hand in doubt
He reached;—a pale hand took one rose-bud out.

"And that was all,—quite all?" No, surely! But
The children cried so when his eyes were shut.

OLD STREETS AND HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

We are sure that many persons as they wander about the streets of our towns must wonder why it is that there should be such a fine art as architecture and yet that there should be so very few beautiful buildings. The dwelling-houses or houses of business which give one real pleasure to look at are very few in any of our towns. If there were really such an art as architecture, it would seem to be that one of all the arts which the world should be most anxious to acquire. Statues, monuments and pictures are not necessary, but buildings are. If it be true that every building, or that very many buildings, can really be made a work of art, what vast opportunity for the exercise of genius and for the delight of mankind we seem to have just at hand. Not only should churches and public halls give us fine impressions, but we should find a course of pleasure in every dry goods shop and private dwelling which the hammers of our architects produce in a summer. As a remote result we should have streets which please and do not tire or depress us. The impression made on the mind by the pretty faces of our women and by our bright atmosphere might be further enlivened by lines and angles as various as those of Chester. It is not merely, therefore, from its historic and romantic character that such a place as Chester should be interesting to us. It offers facts which we may imitate or at least apply. Apart from the mere, or we should rather say, the great, question of beauty, the comfort and convenience of the methods of building of which Chester is the result, challenge our imitation. The "Rows" with their covered arcades of unknown antiquity would be of even greater use in the heats of our summers and the snows of our winters than in any English town. An American gentleman, who has recently visited Chester, has given a decided opinion upon the commercial superiority of the antique method of building shops which the founders of Chester used, to that employed in our American towns. "Chester," he says, "is far beyond any city we possess in the New World, in point of convenience. Country towns are run up there on a uniform plan, and in some of the streets in the cities of the far West are great blocks of pretentious warehouses and stores that look like bankruptcy itself. A tradesman commencing business has but little option; he must either take one of these or else he is out of the world. And if he takes a place that is so much too large for him, he has to purchase more goods than he can pay for when the time of payment comes round. I speak," continues the American writer, "of no imaginary evil, but of one that actually exists, as I have found to my cost. But here in the Rows are shops and stores of all sizes, so that a tradesman commencing business may suit himself with premises to his proper requirements, and yet not be out of the business world." The writer of this article was walking through one of these Chester Rows on a lovely afternoon of September, 1870, when he observed a crowd of modern-looking human beings gazing intently at what appeared to be a very recent telegram. He approached and read the news of Sedan and the surrender of Louis Napoleon. The contrast between the novelty of this modern intelligence and the antique scene about him was interesting. But he was conscious of no incongruity, the arcades seemed to be quite as well suited to the life of the nineteenth as to that of any earlier century.

The English have a great deal of beautiful domestic architecture which their lovers of the picturesque desire to preserve. The work of demolition, however, goes on very fast. Mr. Alfred Rimmer, a gentleman living in Chester, has lately traveled over a large part of England, and has made sketches of many old streets and houses. These he has made a book of, and has accompanied his sketches by descriptions. Far too little has been done in England toward preserving the records of the ancient domestic architecture of the towns and villages. The churches and the great houses of England have been very well delineated. There has been no abbey nor cathedral nor scarcely a parish church, which has not had its antiquary. The ancient mansions have generally been lithographed, and these buildings usually belong to families which take a pride in the preservation of their records. But for the old streets in the towns and villages very little has been done. "This architecture," Ruskin has said, "is passing away like a dream, without any serious effort having been made to preserve it, or indeed even to delineate it. Old blocks are being constantly swept away, which a very little care

would have adapted to new requirements." "It is difficult," Ruskin remarks, "to understand the contempt and envy with which future generations will look upon us who had such things and allowed them to perish." It is to delineate the monuments which yet remain that Mr. Rimmer has published his "Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England." The engravings in the present article are taken from plates furnished us by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., the publishers of the work.

It is said that in the last hundred years there has been a great destruction of the architectural remains of England. One authority has declared that, rich as England at present is in architectural remains, since the accession of George III. an almost equal amount to that which remains has been destroyed. The waste and spoliation have been to a great extent due to the fashion of classic imitation which came in two centuries ago, and which lasted till within fifty years. It extended to every department of the arts. The poets gave the names of Phillis and Corydon to country boors, no better, of course, than the present agricultural laborers of England. Fellows who could not read were represented as playing on lutes to sheep, and composing iambics to sweethearts. The same fashion extended to painting. A gentleman had his portrait taken as Apollo, and a lady as Diana. The reader will remember the amusing story of the portrait in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Mrs. Primrose was painted as Venus, while the Doctor stood by in the character of Mars presenting to Venus his theological works. The same fashion had sway in architecture. The term Gothic, now used to express a romantic admiration, was used originally by Wren as a term of reproach. Goths and Vandals were the phrases applied to all spoilers and destroyers. Vandalism has retained the meaning with which Wren used it, while the other word, which he gave in contempt to all mediæval architecture, has come to signify something different. It has been asked how it happened that while, during this long rage for classical imitation, so many dwellings and other secular buildings were pulled down, the cathedrals and parish churches were generally spared. It is possible that this immunity of the churches may have been due to the fact, that things ecclesiastical shared the contempt into which the clergy fell during that period. A chaplain to a family of rank and wealth was hardly held in greater honor than the head game-keeper or huntsman, and the wealth of the bishops and other dignitaries seems rather to have isolated them than put them in a position to mingle on equal terms with the aristocracy of the country. Undoubtedly, had that age been a deeply religious one, the effect upon cathedral architecture of the classic furor would have been very disastrous.

In pursuing Mr. Rimmer in his journeys through England we shall go from south to north, keeping as well within this general direction as a somewhat zigzag path will permit. One advantage of this plan may be to induce the reader to look at his English map, a thing which few people in this country ever think of doing till they meditate a journey to England. We are greatly amused at English people who ask where Chicago is, and wish to know if the Rocky Mountains are visible from the city of New York; but we are quite as ignorant concerning the geography of England. I doubt if there is one man in ten who is graduated from an American college who knows where Devonshire is. A literary young person in America knows where Yorkshire is, because it is a very big county, and because Charlotte Brontë lived in it. He guesses Kent is somewhere near France, because Wordsworth said: "Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent." We know nearly as little of English geography as the English do of ours.

As we go from south to north, we may begin with Salisbury, which is in Wiltshire. Salisbury is said to be entirely an English city. Its origin dates from a period when the population of England was in point of blood already such as we now see it. It is neither Roman, Saxon, nor Norman, but purely English. It is without even the remains of a baronial fortress. It was indeed surrounded by walls, but these were the boundaries of the precincts of the ecclesiastics. The cathedral was begun in 1215. King Henry III. granted the church a weekly market and a fair of eight days' continuance. One interesting peculiarity of Salisbury is that its builders of the twelfth century intended it should be a place of importance, and laid it out much as we lay out towns in the West. The chronicler informs us that "the city was divided into spaces of seven perches each in length and three in breadth;" this accounts for the present symmetrical arrangement of the streets. Salisbury market, of which we give

a picture, has long been thought one of the most graceful stone structures, either ancient or modern, that adorn the kingdom.

At Winchester, which is in the adjoining county of Hampshire and near Salisbury, the traveler meets Cardinal Beaufort's tower. This was built in the early part of the fifteenth century, when the cardinal revived the foundation of St. Cross. This hospital still exists. The brewery also still stands, which was formerly called the Hundred Men's Hall, because a hundred of the poorest inhabitants of Winchester were daily entertained at dinner there, the repast being very bountiful, and the guests being permitted to carry provisions for their families. In the hospital this custom yet prevails of giving any wayfarer who may ask it, a horn of ale and a dole of bread; the ale is brewed on the premises and is said to be of the same kind as that brewed here hundreds of years ago. The hospital itself, with the black gowns and silver crosses of the brethren, presents perhaps a more vivid picture of ancient England than any other scene now left in the island.

The county of Gloucester is the next north of Wiltshire. In the town of Gloucester still stands what is called the New Inn, which is, however, very ancient. Further on, the reader will find an engraving of this house. These roomy inns must have been strangely pleasant havens in a time when the means of travel were so primitive. The New Inn was built about 1450, and stands to-day very much as it has stood for four centuries. It was built to accommodate the pilgrims to the shrine of Edward II., who is interred in the abbey church at Gloucester. Edward II. was cruelly murdered at Berkeley Castle. Lord Berkeley, it is said, would have protected him, but he was ill, and during his sickness, Edward was given over to the mercies of "two hell-hounds that were capable of more villainous despite than becomes either knights or the lewdest varlets in the world." These were Thomas Gurney and William Ogle. The chronicler says that on the night of the murder, "screams and shrieks of anguish were heard even so far as the town, so that many being awakened therewith from their sleep, as they themselves confessed, prayed heartily to God to receive his soul, for they understood by those cries what the matter meant." The New Inn was built to accommodate the pilgrims to the shrine; most of them brought some gift, and hence the pains taken that they should be well cared for. The buildings of the inn surround two square courts, and are ascended by rows of steps, leading to the two rows of galleries. The belief current concerning nearly all religious houses, of a subterraneous passage leading to the cathedral, also exists in Gloucester. There is a commonly received tradition among the country people about Chester that there is a tunnel, closed up at each end, between Chester Cathedral and Saighton Hall, a country seat of the abbots of Chester. The actual construction of such a work would be a creditable achievement even for the engineers of this age. This inn was, four hundred years ago, very much what it is at present. But the greatest contrast appears between the inns and the roads of that day. The inns were most commodious, roomy, and comfortable, while the ill condition of the roads forms the burden of the complaints of those of our forefathers who were compelled to set off on journeys. In the yard of this inn at Rochester in which Falstaff plans to rob the merchants, and in which Poins and the Prince plan to rob Falstaff, the conversation of the carriers gives us a rueful picture of the difficulties of getting about in those days. The carriers have only to go thirty miles to reach London. Yet they are up by four in the morning, and chide each other that the hour is so late:

1st *Carrier* (with a lantern). Heigh, ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles's wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, Ostler! etc.

Clocks are scarce, it will be seen from this. The wretchedness and querulousness of a man who has been got out of a good bed is evident in the remark:

I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

His companion who joins them says:

This house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

The first carrier, who is the liveliest of the lot, replies:

Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

The slowness of travel in that day is illustrated by the fact that even with this early start the travelers did not expect to reach London till dark. One of them had "a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger to be delivered as far as Charing Cross," and the other's panniers had turkeys which

were going to London. Yet they hope to be at their journey's end "time enough to go to bed with a candle." This describes the state of things nearly three hundred years ago; but even so late as the end of the last century, a gentleman of landed property, traveling from Glastonbury to Sarum in his carriage, told his footman to take along a good ax to cut away any branches of trees that might obstruct the passage of his vehicle. In "The Grand Concern of England, explained by a Lover of his Country," published in 1673, we read:

"What advantage can it be to a man's health to be called out of bed into these coaches an hour or two before day in the morning; to be hurried in them from place to place till one, two, or three hours within night, insomuch that, after sitting up all day in summer time stifling with heat and choked with dust; or in winter time starving or freezing with the cold or choking with filthy fogs, they are often brought into their inns by torch-light, when it is too late to sit up and get supper, and next morning they are forced into a coach so early that they cannot get breakfast? What addition is it to a man's health to ride all day with strangers,—oftentimes sick, ancient, diseased persons, or young children crying,—all whose humors he is obliged to put up with, and is often poisoned with their nasty scents, and crippled with the crowd of boxes and bundles? Is it for a man's health to be laid fast in foul ways, and forced to wade up to the knees in mire, afterwards sitting in the cold till teams of horses can be sent to pull the coach out? Is it for their health to travel in rotten coaches, and to have their tackle, or perch, or axle-tree broken, and then to wait three or four hours (sometimes half a day), and afterwards to travel all night to make good their stage?"

When one reads such accounts of the hard ways of the old times, one is reconciled to the locomotive. And yet undoubtedly, the stage-coach of England had arrived sixty years ago to such perfection that the use of steam-cars has been in almost every respect but that of speed, a retrogression.

The gentleman who was compelled at the end of the last century to carry an ax to cut away the branches which impeded his course, was probably not using a much-traveled road. The great roads of England were more used a hundred years ago than now. It was a gay scene which Thackeray paints before the eyes of young Warrington when he transports him from Virginia to England:

"The highroad a hundred years ago was not the grass-grown desert of the present time. It was alive with constant travel and traffic; the country towns and inns swarmed with life and gayety. The ponderous wagon with its bells and plodding team; the light post-coach that achieved the journey from the White, Salisbury, to the Swan with Two Necks, London, in two days; the strings of pack-horses that had not yet left the road; my lord's gilt post-chaise-and-six, with the outriders galloping on ahead; the country squire's great coach and heavy Flanders mares; the farmers trotting to market, or the parson jolting to the cathedral town on Dumpling, his wife behind on the pillion,—all these crowding sights and brisk people greeted the young traveler on his summer journey. Hodge, the farmer's boy, took off his hat, and Polly, the milkmaid, bobbed a curtsey, as the chaise whirled over the pleasant village-green, and the white-headed children lifted their chubby faces and cheered. The church spires glistened with gold; the cottage gables glared in the sunshine; the great elms murmured in summer, or cast purple shadows over the grass. Young Warrington never had such a glorious day or witnessed a scene so delightful."

The pleasant town of Ross, from which our engraving presents a scene, is in Herefordshire, and is situated on the left bank of the Wye. The streets are narrow and very steep, and the many remains of its old half-timbered houses give it the look of a Rhenish town. Ross is mainly famous as the birthplace of John Kyrle, the celebrated "Man of Ross," whose good deeds have been celebrated by Pope and Coleridge. This good man, with an income of only £500 a year, actually performed all the many worthy deeds ascribed to him by the lines of Pope. Mr. Kyrle died in 1754, aged 90, and was buried in the church of the parish. We quote from Pope's tribute the following:

"But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross.
Pleased Vaga thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock, who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveler repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies."
Etc., etc.

The lines of Coleridge are very inferior to these.

Hereford is in the same county with Ross and is beautifully situated on the Wye. While it is now generally admitted that Hereford has no claims to the Roman origin which was once accorded it, the town has still some old remains of interest. The Wye bridge, with its ancient gate-houses, was formerly among the most picturesque objects in England. Nell Gwynne's birthplace, in "Pipe Lane," might have been allowed to stand, as it was in no thorough-

fare. This cottage was but recently pulled down. It is described as a small four-roomed tenement, hardly beyond the needs of a farm-laborer.

Banbury is a very fine old English town in the northern part of Oxfordshire. Its noble church is said to have been destroyed by an alderman, who put up in its stead the present unsightly edifice. The Castle of Banbury, built by the Bishop of Lincoln in the twelfth century, stood a long siege during the civil wars of Charles the First's time. The Parliamentarians ordered the demolition of the castle as soon as it was in their possession. The bars, or gates, five in number, were standing till the present century, but they have now been destroyed. Their names were odd, somewhat different from those usually applied to city gates. They were St. John's Bar, Sugar Bar, North Bar, Cole Bar, and Bridge Gate. Banbury Cross, so famous in nursery rhyme, has been taken down. It is surprising how little there seems to have been connected with it to deserve the fame to which it has attained.

SCENE IN A CHESTER ROW.

There was never any story relating to this cross from which these verses were derived; the syllables suited the meter, and so no doubt came readily to the lips of the first poet who in fancy or in fact dandled his child to the air of "Ride a cock-horse."

There are two versions of the stanza. The first is:

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross
To see an old lady upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She will have music wherever she goes."

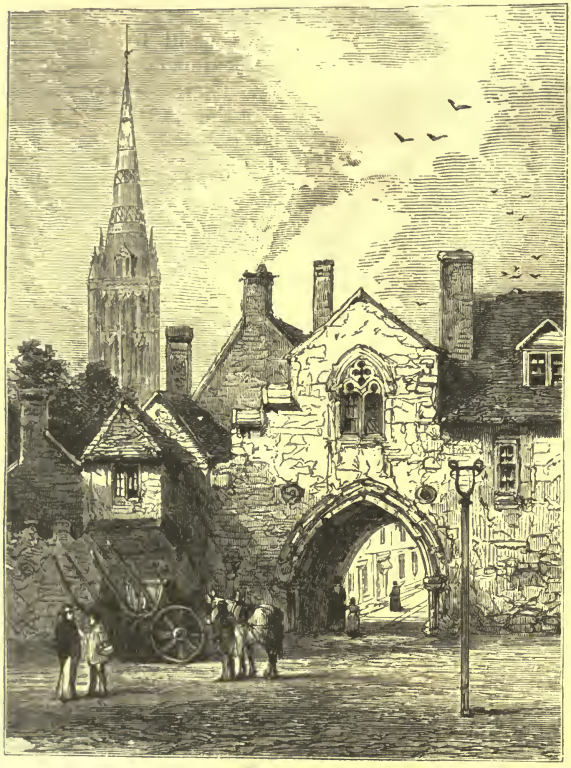
and the other:

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse:
It trots behind and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more."

The history and use of these crosses which have done so much to enliven and beautify the towns of England may be told very briefly.

They had various uses. Sometimes they were preaching crosses, from which in very warm weather, the vicar would address the congregation in the open air. Sometimes they were memorial crosses, like the grand Eleanor crosses, three of which only are left us out of the twelve. Proclamations were read from them and tolls collected from the market people. Then there were covered market crosses such as we see in the market-place at Salisbury (page 643). These were merely covered spaces for country people in the heat and the rain, and they were usually connected with some religious house near by. In a great many towns we find flights of steps which were once surmounted by a cross; and in some cases these steps are of such dimensions that the cross must have been a striking and noble object. These crosses were torn down by the Puritans, who permitted the steps to remain. There were at one time in England 5,000 of these crosses standing. Now, of course, there are

but few remaining. The few that stand are being imitated to such an extent that there is little danger of their outlines being lost. If the reader goes to Montreal, he will find in the cathedral yard a monument to a Bishop Fulford which is an excellent imitation of the cross at Waltham. The Charing cross which has been recently erected opposite the hotel is also an imitation of the cross at Waltham. It is not unlikely that some of these crosses may be recovered. They may have been buried by pious hands only a foot under ground, as was the case with the Chester cross which was discovered in front of St. Peter's church, after having lain only a few inches below the foot-walk for centuries. The imitations of the old crosses are said to be very successful. One mode of decoration anciently practiced it will be best not to attempt to revive; this was the gilding of the crosses. The magnificent cross at Coventry was regilded in the reign of James II., and the work is said to have taken 15,403 books of gold.

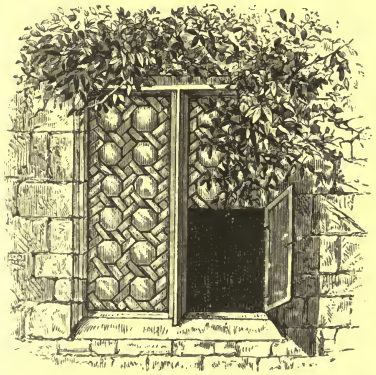


A GLIMPSE OF SALISBURY.

The Roebuck inn at Banbury has attained celebrity as the Parliament House of Cromwell, in which he held his council-chamber after the taking of Banbury Castle. The room in which the parliament or council was held was lighted by a great window and is considered one of the most beautiful left us by the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It is now used as a club-room, or for any large gathering that the inn—which is a very unassuming hostelry—may have to accommodate.

St. Albans is in Hertfordshire. The ancient name of the place was Verulam, a name taken from the little river Ver, upon the banks of which it stands. It was from St. Albans that Lord Bacon derived his title. Here was the abbey, the most famous and important in England, of which Mr. Froude gave the readers of SCRIBNER'S such an interesting account in his paper, "Annals of an English Abbey." The curious clock pictured on page 647 stands at the junction of two streets. This tower is not, as might be supposed, part of an old church; it is said never to have had any use except as a clock-tower.

In Hertfordshire also are very many interesting old houses dating from Elizabeth's time, the most interesting and best known among them being Hatfield. We may here mention a curious fact with regard to Thorpe, the builder of Hatfield, and the inventor, if any man may be so called, of that curiously broken classic style, now so popular, to which we give the name Elizabethan. Thorpe's name came within an ace of being forgotten forever, and was revived by an accident. He left



WINDOW IN OLD FARM-HOUSE NEAR SALISBURY.

behind him a large volume of designs which are now in the Soane Museum. This volume was lent by the Earl of Warwick to Horace Walpole, for his work on the "Anecdotes of English Art." Walpole writes concerning it:

"By the favor of the Earl of Warwick, I am enabled to bring to light a very capital artist who designed or improved most of the principal and palatial edifices erected in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., even though his name was totally forgotten."

It is believed that Thorpe's name was unknown to Wren, Vanbrugh, or Gibbs. Soane bought this folio of designs. Among the plans which it contains is one of a house, intended for his own; it is fantastically designed, forming the letters I T joined by a corridor. Beneath is the stanza:

"These two letters, I and T,
Joined together as you see,
Make a dwelling-house for me.
JOHN THORPE."

SALISBURY MARKET.

One story concerns a very brief epitaph which he composed for himself in his last illness. Some of his friends were asked by him to produce an epitaph which would rhyme and yet be very short; he outdid all their productions by himself composing "Thorpe's corpse."

Coventry is in Warwickshire. It is a very ancient city and has some historical importance. Henry IV. held a parliament here which was called the unlearned or lay-man's parliament, because the return of lawyers was prohibited and because it passed laws restricting the privileges of the church. It was a mayor of Coventry who committed Henry V., when Prince of Wales, to prison for disorderly conduct. Henry IV. and Queen Margaret were benefactors of the city. A few years before the Norman conquest Earl Leofric and his Countess Godiva built a convent, in which they are both buried. Godiva is, of course, the most famous personage in the history of Coventry. We all know by heart the poem of Tennyson's beginning:

"I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge
To watch the three tall spires, and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this."

The legend is given in the poem, though we believe the "grim earl's" name is not mentioned. Leofric, Earl of Marcia, Lord of Coventry, had imposed certain grievous services upon the place, which his Countess, Godiva, had in vain begged him to remit. He commanded her to speak to him no more of the tax. When she finally began again her entreaties, he told her that he would never consent to take off the exactions unless she would ride naked at noon from one end of the town to the other. To his astonishment, she merely said: "Will you give me leave to go?"

The Earl was, of course, obliged to say "Yes," and Godiva mounting her horse, naked, her long tresses making for her a covering, rode through the town. Until of late years there was in Trinity Church, Coventry, a window which was a memorial of this event. It represented Leofric and Godiva standing together, Leofric holding in his hand, and in the act of presenting it to the Countess, a scroll or charter, inscribed thus:

"I, Luriche, for the love of thee,
Doe make Coventrie tol-fre."

For many years past there has existed at Coventry a procession in honor of this event. It was the main feature of the celebrated Coventry Fair. This fair commenced on Friday in Trinity week and continued for eight days. It was of very ancient origin,—the charter having been granted by Henry III. in 1218. For many centuries it was one of the chief marts in the kingdom. But of late years it has been principally celebrated on account of the show or procession of Lady Godiva, which was exhibited at intervals of from three to seven years on the first day of the fair. This procession is believed to have been first founded in 1678, or at any rate the procession of Lady Godiva was then first introduced into the pageant. To the same period may be referred the introduction of the far-famed Peeping Tom of Coventry. The queen's command was that the chaste and loyal inhabitants of Coventry should go in-doors and remain during the hour set for the ride. But a certain tailor, who has passed into history as Peeping Tom, could not refrain from looking and had his eyes shriveled in his head. The figure of Peeping Tom is still to be seen at the corner of Hertford street in an opening at the upper part of a house. The figure is ancient and is rather larger than the usual proportions of a man. In its original shape it evidently represented a man in armor; but when brought forth to serve as an effigy of Peeping Tom, it underwent a considerable alteration with regard to clothing. It was painted with a large and long cravat, shoulder knots and other ornaments, which clearly point to 1678, the time of the inauguration of the enlarged procession, as the probable date of its erection.

MARKET-PLACE, ROSS.

The order of the procession was as follows: First came the city guards, an ancient, and in former times, an important body of men; next came a figure of St. George, who, it will be remembered, was a native of Coventry; then came the city streamer, bearing the arms of Coventry, and the two city followers. The next object of attraction was the renowned Lady Godiva, mounted on a white horse with rich housings and trappings. The city crier rode on one side of her and the beadle on the other. The woman representing the fair patroness of Coventry was usually dressed in a white cambric dress, closely fitted to the body. She wore also a profusion of long, flowing locks, adorned with a fillet or bandeau of flowers and a plume of white feath-

ers. The Coventry "Herald," in describing the procession of 1848, speaks of Madame Warton's performance of Godiva as "highly satisfactory." "She was attired," we are told, "in a close-fitting, elastic silk dress, of pinky-white color, entire from the neck to the toes, excepting the arms, which were uncovered; over this a simple white satin tunic edged with gold fringe completed her riding-habit. Her only head-dress was the perfectly unartificial and not very profuse supply of glossy black hair simply braided in front, and hanging down slightly confined behind." Mr. Warton, her husband, rode a short distance behind as Edward, the Black Prince. Queen Margaret, Sir John Falstaff, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, William and Adam Botoner (the celebrated mayors of Coventry), Sir Thomas White, its great benefactor, and Sir W. Dugdale, the eminent local historian, were also represented in the cavalcade. Last in this procession was a sylvan bower bearing the shepherd and shepherdess, a capacious platform furnished with flowers, fountains, and foreign birds in golden cages. The "Herald" continues: "The fleecy lambs and faithful dog formed an object which attracted all eyes, while the arbor of evergreens, rising and tapering off to a height of forty feet, formed a magnificent finish to the cavalcade. The show concluded at three o'clock." The shepherd and shepherdess, lambs and dog were exhibited by the wool-combers, one of the societies which took part in the procession. Though the town has generally taken great pride in this show there have always been some to despise it and to say with Queen Elizabeth:

"Ye men of Coventry,
Good lack, what fools ye be!"

NEW INN, GLOUCESTER.

In Leicester is Lady Jane Grey's house. Of Leicester Abbey, where Wolsey died, very little is left. Enough of the foundation remains to show how grand the building must have been, but the park and gardens have been turned into a market garden.

In the southernmost part of Lincolnshire is Stamford, a very ancient city. During the fourteenth century several parliaments met in Stamford, and it contained no less than five monasteries. The gables, of which we have a specimen on page 650, are to be seen in great variety in Stamford. The streets are irregular, but well paved and very clean; the red-tiled roofs, the quaint fronts which crowd each other down to the water's edge, and the gardens and trees, are reflected in the waters of the river Welland. The name is supposed to be derived from "Stean-forde"; the ford across the river here was paved with stones. There is a graphic description in "Nicholas

Nickleby" of a ride by night into Stamford. Dickens describes the striking appearance of the town in the snow-storm:

"The night and the snow came on together, and dismal enough they were. There was no sound to be heard but the howling of the wind, for the noise of the wheels and the tread of the horses' feet were rendered inaudible by the thick coating of snow which covered the earth and was fast increasing every moment. The streets of Stamford were deserted as they passed through the town, and its old churches rose dark and frowning from the whitened ground."

The George Inn, in Stamford, is an excellent example of a fine old hostelry, and the sign-board extending all the way across the street is characteristic of the old inns.

Lincoln, at the time of the Norman conquest, was one of the richest and most populous cities in England. It has passed through the hands of many rulers, and its commanding position has made it always important. It was a city of the ancient Britons before the Roman period. The Romans built a wall around it with posterns. One of these posterns, Newport Gate, yet remains and is called an extremely fine example of massive masonry. Newport Gate was the portal of the famous Ermine street. Ermine street is the great military road which the Romans built in a nearly straight line from London to Lincoln. Many traces remain of the Roman wall, which was quadrangular. The ancient street architecture of England may be well studied in Lincoln, for not only are there baths and many other remains of the Roman days, but the Normans, and of course later generations, have left their mark on the place. The situation is said to be very beautiful; no cathedral in England, save Durham, is so finely placed as that of Lincoln. As the town is entered from the south we soon come to Stone Bow, a very stately gate-way, which dates probably from the time of Henry IV. The view given on page 650 is after the arch has been passed for some distance. The house on the left is the celebrated Jew's house, which has for so many centuries figured in song and fable. It is a fine specimen of a Norman town house—the most perfect yet left, it is said.

It was in this house that little Sir Hugh of Lincoln was killed by the Jew's daughter. This legend exists in many countries; a Russian gentleman told me some time ago that it is to be found in Russia. It is easy to see why the legend should have been so widely known and should have lasted so long: it is so simple, grewsome, and dramatic. The writer, when a child, often heard his father repeat it, and without knowing anything about the fame and universality of the story, it impressed him in much the same manner as no doubt it has impressed every child who during the last thousand years has heard it. The line,

OUT-HOUSE, NELL GWYNNE'S BIRTHPLACE, HEREFORD.

"She took him by his lily-white hand,"

was so very grewsome, and the statement,

"She laid him on a dressing-board
And stuck him like a swine,"

was so very matter-of-fact. There is a version of the ballad in Percy's "Reliques," and a number have been taken down from popular recitation. The story—or at least one story—is that little Hugh of Lincoln was once playing ball, near the garden of the house in our picture. The ball falls into the Jew's garden. She asks him in to get it, and then puts him to death and throws him into a well. His mother comes to the well to seek him, and Hugh answers her from the bottom, telling her how the Jew's daughter has killed him. He tells her how she is to take him up and to put him in his winding-sheet and bury him in the church-yard. He says:

"Put a Bible at my head,
And a Testament at my feet,
And pen and ink at every side,
And I'll lie still and sleep."

The writer has followed Mr. Rimmer into Nottingham, which lies next to the west of Lincoln, with more interest in what he has to say of Sherwood Forest than of any of the architectural remains of Nottinghamshire. In Robin Hood's time, it is estimated to have been some twenty-five miles long and eight broad, so that this outlaw would have had two hundred square miles to roam about in and kill deer. The ax has been thinning the forest for generations, but many of the old trees yet stand as they stood in the times of Friar Tuck and of Robin Hood and his outlaws of the greenwood. Does the reader remember the meeting of the Black Knight and the clerk of Copmanhurst in the heart of Sherwood? It is midnight when the knight's steed reaches the friar's hut. He thunders at the door, but the friar bids him depart and disturb not the servant of God and St. Dunstan in his evening devotions. The knight finally gains admittance, and the holy man places before him a dish of parched peas and pure water from the well of St. Dunstan. The steed is feeding in one corner of the hut, and the two men sit looking at each other, each thinking that he had rarely seen so powerfully made a man as the other, and not knowing that one is Richard the Lion-Hearted, and the other Robin Hood's Friar Tuck. At length the knight says: "It seems to me, reverend father, that the small morsels which you eat, together with the holy, but somewhat thin, beverage have thriven with you marvelously." The clerk attributes this to a miracle, but at length admits that the keeper of the forest has left with him a venison pasty with which to refresh some valiant knight who might wander near his hut. The clerk goes to a closet and brings forth a pie, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This the knight at once opens with his poniard and attacks with an appetite which the foremost soldier of the age deserved, which it was worth going all the way to Palestine to acquire. It would be cruel not to add that before the platter had been half emptied the clerk had been persuaded for once to throw aside his scruples, and to thrust his clutches (there were no knives and forks in those days) into the bowels of the pasty. Think of these two sons of nature thus engaged. Scott has here with wonderful humor displayed his powers in a field to which only the male genius is adequate; women may write epics and tragedies, but they can never describe good cheer.

Nottinghamshire has a more immediate connection with another famous literary name. Looking over a history of the county, recently, I came upon a picture of Newstead Abbey. There was the abbey. There was the lake—a common English pond—which Byron called a "dearer shore" than Geneva. The most interesting thing about the pictures was that the history was printed in 1797, before the death of the uncle, when the poet was still a boy at an obscure school in a Scottish village, and when the fame of

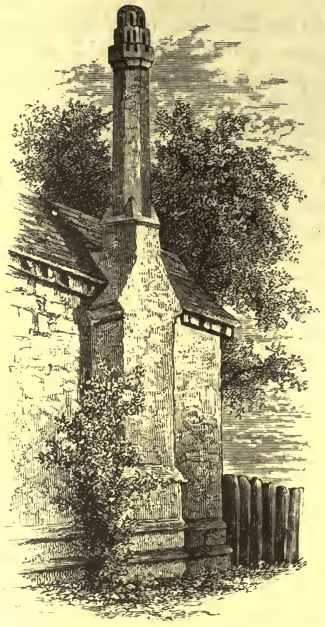
ST. ALBANS CLOCK TOWER.

Byron was a thing as little dreamed of as that of Tennyson or Count Bismarck.

If now we cross from the east to the west of England we come to Chester and Shrewsbury, and other towns of Cheshire and Shropshire, which, of all the towns in England, are perhaps the most celebrated for their old streets and houses. The great towns of counties so distant from London were naturally more important than such as were nearer the capital. Chester and Shrewsbury in former days contained many houses which were the town residences of the most distinguished families of the neighborhood. At one time, nearly all the great county families of Cheshire had houses in Chester. The county families preferred their own towns to London, on account of the great difficulties of a journey of two hundred miles, and also on account of a law which prohibited, as far as it was possible to do so, any country gentleman who was not in parliament from

ANCIENT BRICK-WORK, LINCOLN'S INN.

residing in London. There was in former days a great dread of an overgrown London. Constantly, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., proclamations were issued against the erection of new houses. James I. notices "those swarms of gentry, who, through the instigation of their wives, did neglect their country hospitality and cumber the citv, a general nuisance to the kingdom."



CHIMNEY AT SOUTHWELL.

He said on one occasion: "Gentlemen resident on their estates are like ships in port, their value and magnitude are felt and acknowledged; but, when at a distance, as their size seemed insignificant, so their worth and importance were not duly estimated." It is difficult for us to conceive how the interference of government with such strong social currents could be successful even for a short time. But it appears to have been very successful. Two centuries ago, a Mr. Palmer, a Sussex squire, was fined a thousand pounds for preferring to reside in London rather than to live on his own estate, and that in the face of the fact that two years before the trial, his country house had been burned to the ground. This explains the great number of large mansions in small country towns. The habit once formed, people continued to live in their country towns long after it would have been safe to have come to London. We find up to the Hanoverian period large houses in country towns, which look, as Dickens says, as if they had been put there in infancy and had grown to their present size. Many excellent town houses of a date so recent as Queen Anne's time are to be found in the remote villages of Cheshire and Shropshire. At the

beginning even of the present century, it is evident from the accounts in the novels of the times, that the country towns were much more important than they are to day. There are those living who can yet look back upon the solemn country balls, such as were described by Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen, which appear to have been quite as difficult of access as any court festivity of later times.

There is a charming poem by Sir Richard Fanshaw, on the proclamation which commanded gentlemen to reside on their own estates rather than in London. These are some of the verses:

"Nor let the gentry grudge to go
Into those places whence they grew,
And think them blest they may do so.
Who would pursue

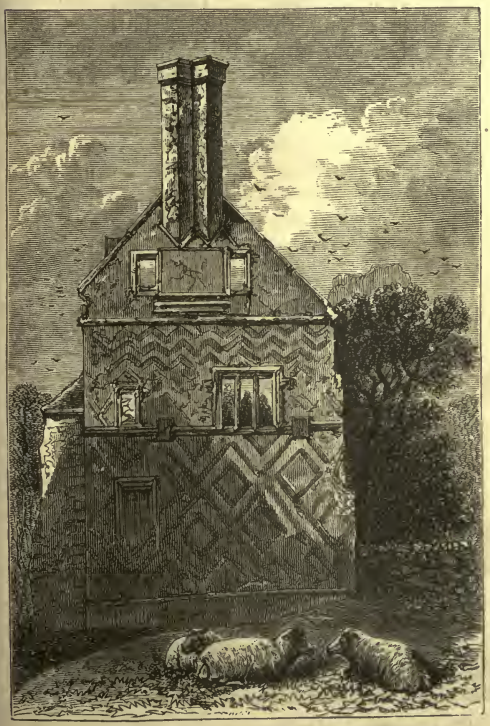
"The smoky glories of the town
That may go till his native earth,
And by the shining fire sit down
On his own hearth!

* * * * * *

"Believe me, ladies, you will find
In that sweet life more solid joys,
More true contentment to the mind
Than all town toys.

COVENTRY, WARWICK.

"Nor Cupid there less blood doth spill,
But heads his shafts with chaster love;
Not feathered with a sparrow's quill,
But with a dove."



LADY JANE GREY'S HOUSE, LEICESTER.

On page 651 will be found a picture of Durham Cathedral, an edifice which has the noblest situation of any cathedral in England. The Wear sweeps round a bluff, covered with noble trees; from these rise the three vast cathedral towers, the towers and the trees reflected in still broad waters below. Durham is the tomb of the famous St. Cuthbert, who was in his youth a cowherd, but through a strong sense of his right vocation, left his sheep and became a priest. He was marked out for high office by his piety and austere life, and he became in time bishop of Lindisfarne. Lindisfarne was the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British christianity. The saint himself indicated the site of his tomb and the site of the cathedral which was to rise over it. His body, having been buried at Lindisfarne, remained there until the descent of the Danes, about 793, when the monks were compelled to fly with it. He was a very *exigeant* kind of corpse, for, appearing

GABLES AT STAMFORD.

to have preserved some kind of miraculous consciousness during all this time, he had himself carried all over Great Britain on the shoulders of his companions. The monks paraded him through Scotland for several years. He at length made a halt at Norham, whence he went to Melrose, where he consented to rest for a short time. There he caused himself to be launched in a stone coffin upon the Tweed, and in this he came to Tilmouth. The boat still lies, or did fifty years ago, in two pieces before the ruined chapel at Tilmouth, and being ten feet long, three and a half feet broad, and but four inches thick, might easily, with some assistance, have floated. From Til-

JEW'S HOUSE, LINCOLN.

mouth Cuthbert went to Yorkshire. It was while journeying on the shoulders of the monks through a forest that the coffin suddenly became immovable. When the monks

DURHAM, FROM AN OLD HOMESTEAD ON THE WEAR.

endeavored to pass, the saint showed such unmistakable evidences of anger, that they were compelled to rest. Here the site of the tomb was fixed, and here the cathedral and the seat of the see were fixed. The story of St. Cuthbert will be found told in the foot-notes to "Marmion." The second canto of that poem, which is entitled "The Convent," is a description of the sail of the Abbess of St. Hilda and the novice Clare to Lindisfarne:

"It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,
For far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew and strong,
Where from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
Bound to St. Cuthbert's holy isle,
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stooped her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;

The merry seamen laughed to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the sea-green foam."

The writer has rarely had an hour of pleasanter reading than when, with a map open before him and the poem of this Scottish Homer in hand, he followed the track of this vessel through the "sea-green foam," and along the virgin shores of mediæval Northumbria.

CHIMNEY IN NEWARK.

AN ISLAND OF THE SEA.

At the mouth of the St. John's River, which, taking its rise in the wonderful springs and impassable swamps of southern Florida, rolls its waters four hundred miles due north to the Atlantic, lies the island of Fort George. It is one of that chain of Sea Islands—so famous for their long-fiber cotton in the old times before the war—which stretch along the coast from Savannah to St. Augustine.

Of the throngs of tourists who every winter pass this island in their search for health or pleasure in the land of Ponce de Leon, comparatively few even know of its existence. Yet it would be hard to find a spot combining more advantages and delights than this. More tropical in many respects in the character of its scenery than even the upper St. John's or the Oclawaha, its climate is free from the enervating effects

THE SOUTHERN END OF FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

EDGEWOOD AVENUE, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

of their greater heat; its soil, of sand and shell "hammock," precludes the fear of malarious influences; and the fresh breezes of the Atlantic which blow through its quiet woods bring not only repose and healing, but life and vigor as well.

The island of Fort George received its name from a fortification of some kind, probably not very considerable, which stood in colonial times upon a point of land on the northern shore, built to withstand attacks from the Spanish, who were similarly fortified at Fernandina. Some slight remains of earth-works alone show where it stood.

This island, lying very near the shore, forms one side of the mouth of the St. John's. It is about twenty-five miles from Jacksonville, well known as the largest and most important town in Florida, and is the gate-way to its various points of interest, and is distant from Fernandina eighteen or twenty miles. From the former town the steamer "Water Lily" makes a daily trip to the island. Four days of sea voyage by way of Charleston bring the traveler here directly from New York.

The island has an area of some twelve hundred acres of low wooded plateau, surrounded mostly by a band of salt meadow of varying width, beyond which, on the eastern and southern sides, three or four miles of fine beach stretch along the sea. Toward the northern end the land rises somewhat irregularly, culminating in Mount Cornelia, the highest point on the coast south of Cape Hatteras. An observatory upon its summit, one hundred and fifty feet above the sea, affords a superb view of the island and the surrounding country, and the Government is about to establish here a Signal Service station, connected by telegraph with Jacksonville and Fernandina.

For long years before the war, the island was owned and occupied by one family, who had received it from the crown, and about one-half its surface was cleared and under cultivation, chiefly in cotton and sugar. When the progress of the war and the emancipation of the negroes broke up this industry, the place fell into decay; the family became impoverished and removed elsewhere; such of the negroes as were able went away to seek for something better; the old and feeble and the very young, ignorant and unthrifty and unable by themselves to make much of the new boon of freedom, fell into sore want and distress, and the island went rapidly to ruin and desolation.

About eight years ago, however, it was purchased by a gentleman from the North,

PALMETTO AVENUE, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

who fitted up the old mansion for the dwelling of his family; supplied work, help and protection for the two or three scores of colored inhabitants; secured to himself neighbors by selling out some portions of the land, and entered upon the task of making the wilderness once more blossom as the rose. Orange-groves are taking the place of the old plantations of sugar, cotton and rice, giving, so far, the fairest promise of success. That the climate is also adapted to other tropical fruit is shown by the fact that upon the neighboring island of Talbot, having similar soil, is a group of ancient fig-trees, some of which have attained the size of twenty inches in diameter, and last year yielded a crop of two hundred bushels of fruit. Orchards of peach and plum trees, blooming luxuriantly in February, yield later their abundant fruits; grapes, strawberries and mulberries find here a soil and climate well adapted to their growth. Clearings in the woods have made place for the pleasant homes of the few new owners of the soil,—for that northern energy which in all parts of Florida is awakening a new life and hope for the future of the state is here blended with taste and culture,—and "The Cedars," "The Oaks," "The Bend," "The Moorings," are seats of a simple, refined and healthful life. A pleasant, home-like hotel affords excellent accommodation for

THE BAR AND THE PELICANS, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

visitors to the island; boats are at hand for sailing or fishing, or excursions to the neighborhood; miles of avenues have been cut with fine taste and discrimination in all directions through the woods, and connected with the drive upon the beach; a part of them are covered with the quickly crumbling oyster-shells, making the splendid "shell road" so famous in the south; and, upon a plot of land set apart for the purpose, there will soon be erected a beautiful little church.

But, although man is here and there regaining the upper hand, Nature still claims the island chiefly for her own, and with that persistent grasp that never willingly relinquishes one inch where she has once borne sway, re-asserts her claim wherever she can find the slightest hold. Over disused plantations she has called up a fresh young growth of trees and shrubs; over deserted and ruined buildings she has thrown a kindly veil of trailing honeysuckle and ivy; on felled and uprooted trees she has hung her soft gray moss, or has made the old prostrate trunk shoot up new branches in a young and vigorous life. And to Fort George nature has been very bountiful. About forty kinds of trees grow upon its surface, our northern pines and cedars—their foliage becoming softer and finer in this southern latitude—mingling with the huge live-oak, the luxuriant magnolia and the stately tropical palm.

POINT ISABEL, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

Indeed, it is the latter tree,—found here in an abundance unknown to southern Florida,—which, in its various forms and

stages of growth, gives to the scenery its peculiarly tropical appearance. Where a tall cabbage-palm, stretching its slender, sinuous trunk far above all surrounding objects, defines each waving leaf-point clearly against the brilliant midday sky; or where, in strong relief, a group of those round heads stands out distinctly in the uncertain moonlight, we recall scenes and stories of oriental lands. Where the scrub palmetto covers the woodland spaces and stretches out to us its palmated leaves like huge, weird hands of welcome all along our path, while its brown and scaly roots lie like sleeping serpents upon the ground, we listen shudderingly for the creeping tiger of far-off tropical jungles. Where, between two palms, clad in spiral rows of pointed scales, which stand like mailed sentinels guarding the entrance of our forest avenue, we look across a bit of glittering sand-beach out upon the still, blue ocean, we dream of those bright enchanted islands of the sea which the poets tell us no storm can reach, and where life is ever beautiful and young.

Here, however, no tropical monsters lie in wait. The wild creatures upon the island are mostly the "'coons" and "possums," so dear to the negro heart, otters and a few squirrels and an occasional wild-cat; while those in search of larger forest game will find deer in plenty within a distance of five miles upon the main-land, and bears within a space of fifteen or twenty miles.

The air and the sea teem with life in inexhaustible variety. Through the late winter and early spring flocks of birds of passage, seeking their northern haunts, stop awhile to enliven our woods with their successive songs; the cardinal-bird flashes its gorgeous plumage in and out among the branches; and later, all through the summer, the mocking-bird makes the woods ring by day and by night. Bald and gray eagles, with many smaller birds of prey, soar above the tree-tops. Aquatic birds of numerous kinds, flocks of wild ducks,—canvas-backs and mallards,—sea-gulls, pelicans, cranes and herons and hosts of others, tempt the sportsman along the shores and creeks; while the fisherman finds little trouble in bringing home abundance of spoil,—shad, bass, sea-trout, sheep's-head, not to speak of the myriads of oysters that line every accessible bit of shore.

THE ROAD, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

While speaking of oysters, let us notice the vast quantities of oyster-shells, bleached and brittle with time, which are found upon

Fort George Island in common with other parts of the coast, and which give it claims upon the antiquarian no less than the sportsman and the seeker after pleasure or health. About fifty acres of the surface is covered with these deposits, sometimes two or three feet thick, sometimes in huge mounds rising to a height of forty feet. Scattered through them are found human bones, stone implements, and great quantities of broken pottery—a coarse clay-ware decorated upon the outer surface with reticulated lines. In one instance a layer of shells several feet thick covered a mound of sand, in which were found seated two concentric circles of human skeletons, their limbs drawn up in the same position as in the remains found in the western burial mounds. The origin of these "shell-banks"—whether produced by natural causes, such as continuous deposit, and heaping up by ocean currents, or whether the work of oyster-eating aboriginal tribes—is an unfailing subject of discussion. Probably every individual upon the island adheres firmly to one or the other of these theories, and would give you full and convincing proof that the contrary opinion is utterly untenable. The subject is certainly one of much interest, and there are strong arguments upon both sides; but let us leave their discussion to learned antiquarians and enthusiastic Fort Georgians, and turn to those scenes of natural beauty which are, after all, the island's special charm.

Come to the shore on a bright afternoon. Miles of level, sandy beach stretch before us, facing the east and south, so hardened by the waves that it scarcely shows foot-print or wheel-track. The fine sand is marked in tiny lines by the receding waves that splash idly at our feet; beside us are whitest drifts that no sun can melt, thrown up by winds that seem now to have fallen asleep; some way out from shore another snowy line bared by the ebbing tide, on which swarms of sea-gulls are resting; beyond this a long and ever varying line of white, where the breakers dash with incessant roar against the outer barrier; and still beyond, the broad Atlantic, dotted here and there with a gleaming sail, stretches on and on till it meets the overarching sky. Fleecy clouds float gently overhead through the clear blue; another line of breakers defines itself far off at our right. A soft, mild warmth is in the air. It is early March by the almanac; but what care we for almanacs? At home the north wind is howling; snow perhaps is drifting across our fields; bare limbs of trees are tossing and creaking in the blast; but what care we for wind or snow? We have forgotten what they mean; it is summer. Strawberries are a part of our daily fare. Beyond the sand-dunes just behind us the violets are blossoming and stately palms lift their stems against the sky crowned with a royal crown of plumage, through which the winds whisper soft and low. Home and winter seem very far off; tedious and wearying work and care are for the time forgotten; it is perfect comfort and rest. Yet the air is not warm enough to enervate; with all its softness mingles still the fresh breath of the sea.

Life is indeed a busy thing for the countless tribes of living creatures in sight, to which the sea gives life and food. A school of porpoises goes by, flashing now and then above the surface. A group of pelicans stands in line on the outer bar, like soldiers at drill, while the sea-gulls chatter and strive over their prey. A fish-hawk flies by bearing the fish which he has just snatched from the waves, and, with a great swoop, the huge bald eagle that has been soaring above our heads bears down upon him and forces him to release his prize. Crowds of little sand-pipers with their tiny twinkling feet run up and down with the rising and falling waves, seeking their food. Strewn along the shore, among beautiful shells and bits of drift-wood and other sea spoil, is food for countless wild creatures, and of all the hosts of sea and air none seem to lack.

A few years ago a steamboat was by negligence stranded upon a bar at the river's mouth, far out from our island's beach. It still remains a striking object, with its massive walking-beam projected boldly against the sky, a symbol of the energy of man struggling in vain with the powers of nature. The sea is gaining the mastery here, and the old wreck, sinking slowly in the sand, is lowering its iron arms like some ancient gladiator, in token of submission to the overwhelming waves.

A stray breeze from inland wafts to us the perfumed breath of the jasmine, and turning we see just across the sand behind us a thicket of myrtles and yucca overrun with its yellow luxuriance. Who can resist this fragrant invitation to the woods? By their palm-guarded entrance we stroll into the shady avenues through whose interlacing arches sunshine and shadow fleck the path below. Vistas of endless variety look out,

now to the sea, now into an open space or a noble pine-grove whose soft brown carpet keeps down all undergrowth; now we walk through groves of palmettos whose scaly trunks are hung with shreds of their inner cloth-like bark and little creeping, clinging vines; now under huge gnarled limbs of the live-oak hung with funereal-looking Spanish moss, and clumps of mistletoe clinging among its branches, beneath which are smaller trees of the thorny-leaved holly, which at Christmas-time hang so full of berries that the avenue gleams scarlet through all its length; and here again, where three roads converge, stands, like a lofty pyramid, a magnificent magnolia with large, glossy leaves, which a month later will be full of splendid bloom. Later, too, come the scarlet trumpet-creeper, the passion flower and the wild honeysuckle, and the "Spanish bayonet," with long, needle-sharp leaves, will give out the heavy fragrance of its large cone of snowy flowers. Now, the blue violet blossoms beside our path, and tiny white star-like flowers; the fragrant yellow jasmine is just dropping its bloom, and running blackberries blossom in profusion along the ground. Beautiful lichens, from palest gray to rose-pink and red, cling upon the trees, and the "resurrection fern" covers the upper surface of their larger branches with an exquisite feathery green. This curious little plant withers in very dry weather, and is brown and apparently dead, but rain or moisture restores its color and revives all its freshness. Everywhere are lovely bits of color and form, and little nooks which give you the very spirit of the place and stamp it deeply into your memory.

To reach the principal one of several springs of fine water found upon the island, you follow a narrow path through water-oaks and myrtles, and as you turn to go down several steep steps formed upon projecting roots, a little tropical picture meets your eye which might be placed in South America with scarcely a change. The low hill-side whence the water flows into its basin is covered with scrub palmetto, whose huge leaves stand and hang and sprawl in wildest confusion, while its brown, hairy roots seem to writhe and twist around and through them. Among them small palms uphold their spreading fans, and larger ones raise their scaly stems. Wild vines wreathe and loop among the foliage and upon the ground, and over all an old live-oak gnarled and contorted like one of Doré's trees in the "Inferno," stretches out and droops to the earth a long, enormous branch, fringed with feathery fern and dashed with spots of blood-red lichen, and hung with rags and tatters of long gray moss.

The stranger treading the drives and foot-paths of these lonely woods is startled at coming suddenly near the northern shore upon two tombs, low structures shaped somewhat like sarcophagi and green with a thick growth of moss and tiny ferns. No names show what mortals found their last resting-place in this secluded spot, no date tells us how many years have bloomed and faded over their lonely sepulchers; but the records of the island show that, whoever they were, there they have lain for nearly four score years.

Passing westward we emerge from a grove of tall pines into a broad avenue of enormous ancient cedars. In other parts of the island the Spanish moss occurs only occasionally, but here every branch is hung with its long, waving streamers, contrasting well with the soft, dark foliage of the cedar. Before us stands the old mansion-house of the island plantation, approached on three sides by these stately avenues, while the western front overlooks the smaller islands and inlets which lie between Fort George and the main shore. The house is formed of one large quadrangle and four smaller squares touching the main building only at the corners, the rooms connecting by means of piazzas which fill in the four spaces. The great chimney tells outside of the huge old fire-place within, six feet at least in width, where there is room for great, unsplit logs of live-oak, that would make cheer and comfort for the coldest northern Christmas. In this climate such a fire can only be endured by opening the doors and windows. A latticed passage leads back to the "kitchen-house," ivy and jasmine mingle upon the walls, the perfume of orange blossoms is in the air, and the delicate fragrance of the wild olive flower. A large bitter-orange tree hangs full of gleaming fruit; knotted old trees, which will by and by be full of luscious figs, are putting out their leaves; roses are blooming in the borders.

At the distance of an eighth of a mile are the remains of the old negro quarters, some of them still in repair. Here, in a semi-circle of five hundred feet diameter, are thirty-two cabins of a material called "tabby," a concrete of shells and lime. The

extremes and the two center ones are larger than the rest, containing four good-sized rooms. These were the drivers' houses. Except a few still used, all are unroofed and in a state of greater or lesser ruin. Situated thus, they were under the master's eye, and he could see with a glass from the piazza any one going out or in at any door.

Beyond the "quarters," through fields reclaimed from their wildness and once more under cultivation, curves a magnificent avenue of palms, the boast of the island and unequaled upon the continent. For more than a thousand feet the two rows of stately trunks lift their round tops fifty or sixty feet in air, and here and there in the neighboring field, still older ones tower up and up above them. There are several of these whose age can scarcely be guessed, but an inhabitant of a neighboring island, now nearly eighty years old, remembers that in her earliest childhood they looked just as they do now. The avenue is said to have been planted under the direction of an overseer during the absence of his master, and was to have extended across the island. But the planter returned, and was so enraged at the "waste" of time and labor that the unlucky overseer was discharged upon the spot. Whatever may have been his name, the present occupants can but hold him in grateful memory, and wish that a contrary wind had detained his master a month longer—for they are now extending the avenue according to the original plan. Taken altogether, the place is said to be as good a specimen of the old-time plantations of the better class as can be found in the South.

For a hundred years the old mansion was the residence of the lords of the soil, and the scene of many a strange and romantic story. Traditions of crime and cruelty could hardly be wanting in a spot where at times the destinies of over six hundred have hung upon a single will, where the whipping-post and the stocks may still be seen,—happily now only as curiosities,—and prisons, where one refractory slave woman was forgotten and starved to death, and nail-prints in the door-post, where others were nailed fast by the ear for punishment. Stories of dark deeds and terrible calamities have been handed down among the always superstitious negroes, and there are spots upon the island where not one of them could be induced to go alone at night. Toward the southern shore stands a large unfinished house of cement and shell. It was begun long ago by one of the planters for the home of his married daughter, but the work was interrupted by his sudden and violent death, and never completed. The roofless walls stand near the road, with tall trees filling their inclosures and waving far above their tops; a background of dark woods throws their whiteness into strong relief, and every old uncle and aunty upon the island, as well as many a younger one, has seen the apparition that haunts the "ghost house" and the "ghost woods."

"Bless yer heart, honey, 'taint allus de same; dat's 'cordin' to yer sins. Sometimes it's a woman all in white, a-standin' upon de front platform, an' a-wavin' her arms at you; but if yer heart is dreffful black an' yer sins awful heavy, why, den it's a great wolf wid eyes like fire."

A number of these people were here under the old *régime*, and some have interesting stories to tell. Not long ago died "Uncle Oliver," too old and feeble to do much but sit and bask in the sun. He had been born free in Pennsylvania, but was kidnapped when quite young and sold into Virginia. Making repeated efforts to escape, he was sold further south and still further, till finally he reached Florida, where there seemed at length no hope.

"So I done gib it up at last, and jiss make up my mind to be a good darkey; an' when I gib it up, den de Lord He done took it in hand, an' Glory Hallelujah! he set us all free!"

Longer ago, however, than any of these people now living can remember, this old plantation was the scene of a strange romance. The young owner of the island, cultivating hundreds of acres and raising enormous crops of cotton and sugar, used to build schooners in a ship-yard of his own, and imported slaves directly from the African coast, selling to his neighbors such as he did not want. He was unmarried. Perhaps no one of the daughters of the neighboring planters could be persuaded to share the lonely life which could hardly have appeared attractive in any woman's eyes; perhaps he preferred a life of freedom and independence. However that may have been, he was in the habit of going occasionally to Africa himself, and of buying his slaves from the native chiefs, who disposed in this way of their prisoners of war.

During one of these visits, while engaged in bargaining, he was struck with the grace and beauty of the chief's young daughter, a child of ten years old. He

proposed to buy her, but she was a favorite child and her father could not part with her. Persuasions were for a time unavailing, but at length the savage father, unable to resist the glitter of the white man's gold, agreed to part with his child upon condition that she should be treated with consideration and brought up as becomes a king's daughter. The planter promised, and, strange to say, he kept his word. She was kindly cared for and well educated, and in course of time became the planter's lawful wife. She had, according to tradition, with the exception of a dark skin, none of the usual negro characteristics. Her handsome features were regular, her hair smooth, her presence dignified and commanding. Her husband seems never to have regretted his unusual course, and her influence over her captive countrymen was unbounded. In addition to her position and superior intelligence was the consideration of her native rank, which to them at least was a source of unquestioned right.

The establishment was kept up in almost princely style. The sons were sent to England to be educated; for the daughters French and English governesses were procured, and established in separate houses near the mansion; white artisans of various kinds were constantly employed, making quite a large community aside from the hundreds of slaves upon the island. And over all this, in her husband's long and frequent absences, reigned our dusky princess, as absolute in her insular domain as her savage father in his native wilds. She had a strong and powerful mind, and womanly kindness and sympathy as well. One old negro, who died some time since, so old that no one could remember him as other than old, used to tell how he was brought over when young to this island, where he had lived ever since, and how he and others, sick and exhausted, were ministered to by the "missis'" own hands, and how they all loved her and always prayed, "Lord bless Ma'am Hannah!" Every morning as she stood upon this very spot the field hands passed in review before her, each gang with its driver, going to their daily work. She inspected them all, picking out such as were unfit for labor and sending them to the hospital or to lighter tasks; and every night in the same spot she heard a report of the day, examined into all complaints, and with strict justice adjudged each offender's punishment; and without her order not a lash could be given.

Master, mistress and slaves all went to dust long ago. At the planter's death, his wife retired to a plantation which he had given her in Hayti, and there ended her days, and her descendants still live and honor her memory.

Turn away now to the north, and, leaving the broader road, climb up a narrow path through the tangled brush, where wild grape-vines festoon the trees above us. The island abounds in wild grapes of delicious flavor. From here, indeed, were sent the first seedlings of the well-known Isabella grape, which took its name from another former lady of the island. For her was named, too, the high point looking out to the north-east, to whose top we now climb —Point Isabel. A rude seat invites to rest, and the foliage curving away at each side of the narrow opening frames a picture of perfect loveliness. At our feet the bank slopes precipitously down thirty or forty feet to the border of a little sea-side lake which lies partly in the shadow of the higher ground. Tall rushes fringe its banks, and clumps of dark sedge and light-green marsh grass mirror themselves in spots where it catches the sunshine. Upon the reedy bank stands solemnly a solitary crane. Between the pool and the sea, a line of low, white sand-hills, with patches of brown weeds that shine golden in the afternoon light, while from a palm-grove at the right stretches out to meet it a narrow green strip, at whose point a group of graceful palms outline their heads against the sky. Beyond these a bar of dazzling sand where flocks of sea-gulls are disporting themselves, the white foam of the breakers and infinite distance. A great eagle soars majestically above us, the only speck in a cloudless sky; the calm ocean is of a bright, celestial, luminous blue, that almost pains the eye with its intensity of color, and the flocks of gulls rising together with a screaming cry, catch upon their white breasts the brightness of the western sky and throw it back, broken into a silvery constellation.

On again, by a steeper path, we reach the tower upon Mount Cornelia, and, ascending to its top, see the sun sinking behind the green woods of Florida, and take a last look upon our island. To the north lies the beautiful island of Talbot and the point of Fernandina in the distance; at the east, the Atlantic, whose white strand is dyed with rose from the sunset; at the west, the main-land of Florida, and at the south, across the variegated expanse of salt

meadow, embayed in dark-green woods and dotted with palm-grown oases and little pools which reflect the glowing sky, are seen the St. John's River and the light-house upon the opposite bank. The prevailing dark green of the forest tops—which, from the preponderance of glossy foliage and the peculiar fineness of all, has a soft, velvety look—is varied with every possible shade. The new green of the live-oaks, the delicate freshness of the hickory and other deciduous trees, the tops of the pine-groves here and there, with a score of other shades which the practiced eye can recognize, blend together in one harmonious, beautiful mass. Faint wreaths of smoke rise here and there to remind us that it is not all our own, that mankind is again, for the third time at least, trying to wrest this beautiful kingdom from mother Nature's hand—say rather, to share with her its delights, as dutiful children may.

Over wood and plain and sea and sky the sunset throws a glory of its own. The scene is one of perfect repose and peace. Standing here, we cannot wonder that a universal sentiment has inspired the poets of all times to find their ideal of peace and felicity in far-off islands of the sea; that Pindar sang in sweetest numbers of the "Islands of the Blest," or our own Whittier:

> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air,
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

A PORTRAIT.

I KNOW not wherein lay the charm
  She had in those remembered days.
The Olympian gait, the welcoming hand,
  The frank soul looking from her face,

The manly manners all her own—
  Nor yet coquette, nor cold, nor free:
She puzzled, being each in turn;
  Or dazzled, mingling all the three.

Out of those gowns, so quaintly rich—
  They grew, unshaped by Milan's shears!—
Rose, like a tower, the ivory throat
  Ringed with the rings the Clytie wears.

But, when you sought the Roman face
  That on such columns grew—and grows!
You found this wonder in its stead—
  The sea-shell's curves, the sea-shell's rose!

Her eyes, the succory's way-side blue;
  Her lips, the wilding way-side rose:
But, Beauty dreamed a prouder dream,
  Throned on her forehead's moonlit snows.

And, over all, the wreathèd hair
  That caught the sunset's streaming gold,
Where, now, a crocus bud was set,
  Or violet, hid in the braided fold!

But, she, so deep her conscious pride,
  So sure her knowledge she was fair—
What gowns she wore, or silk, or serge,
  She seemed to neither know, nor care.

She smiled on cat, or frowned on friend,
  Or gave her horse the hand denied.
To-day, bewitched you with her wit,
  To-morrow, snubbed you from her side.

Loyal to truth, yet wed to whim,
  She held in fee her constant mind.
Whatever tempests drove her bark,
  You felt her soul's deep anchor bind.

In that dark day when, fever-driven,
  Her wits went wandering up and down,
And seeming-cruel, friendly shears,
  Closed on her girl-head's glorious crown,

Another woman might have wept
  To see such gold so idly spilled.
She only smiled, as curl and coil
  Fell, till the shearer's lap was filled;

Then softly said: "Hair-sunsets fade
  As when night clips day's locks of gold!
Dear Death, thy priestly hands I bless,
  And, nun-like, seek thy convent-fold!"

Then slept, nor woke.
  O miser Death,
What gold thou hidest in thy dust!
What ripest beauty there decays,
  What sharpest wits there go to rust!

Hide not this jewel with the rest—
  Base gems whose color fled thy breath—
But, worn on thine imperial hand,
  Make all the world in love with Death!

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER IV.

"I'LL BE THE FIRST TO MEET YOU WHEN YOU COME IN."

THE wagon in which Blossom is hidden is by daylight the shabbiest in the train. No one looking upon it from the outside would fancy for a moment that any precious thing had been committed to its keeping. A time-worn, dust-stained "tilt" is stretched over its ribs, showing many a rent and clumsily bestowed patch, the wheels protest loudly against each revolution and the joints seem about to wrench themselves apart at every lurch over the uneven ground. But this shabbiness after all is not weakness. It has been added to and heightened by Stubbs as a snare and a delusion. For Stubbs is not the first man whom love has made ingenious, and even artful. One incongruity in the arrangement of the team did awaken comment for a time. The shabby wagon was not drawn by oxen, as were most of the others in the train, but by stout, strong mules capable of great speed if put to the test. But as they never have been put to the test, and as the size and general appearance of the wagon gives the impression of weight, comment gives out after the first day or two, and goes to sleep again without arousing suspicion.

But it is over the interior arrangements that Stubbs's ingenuity has spread itself and borne fruit. The outer covering may be torn, dexterously and never to the windward; the inner—save where some provision has been made for ventilation—is whole and laughs at the rain. If any one were curious enough to search beneath this he would still be baffled by the craftiness of the little sutler. To all appearance it is filled with rough deal boxes packed so closely together as to leave hardly a crack between. But really, each one has been sawed off a few inches from the end, and all having been fastened firmly together, they form a stout wall rising half-way about the interior. One of the rough planks when unfastened from within swings back to form a door to the tiny apartment which is thus secured from all surprise. The narrow walls inside are hung about with scarlet blankets, the floor covered with fine buffalo-skins—a wise precaution, for the cold has been strengthening every day. A pile of wolf-skins in one corner serves for a lounging-place by day and a warm couch by night, or a hammock, hanging from one loop now, can be stretched across the diminutive apartment if need be. A swinging shelf and glass serve for a toilet-table, a box, deftly concealed, for a wardrobe, while another shelf holds a few books, and thrust into pockets which the girl has amused herself by attaching to the hangings of her apartment, are all the little knickknacks of use or fancy which a thoroughly indulged young person of delicate tastes might gather about herself, fancying them after a time indispensable. A frail work-basket, built it would seem upon a foundation of blue ribbon and straws which the wind might blow away, hangs suspended over the wolf-skin couch where at this moment lies a half-completed mystery in worsted work. The needle is thrust in as though it had been hastily deserted; the bright wools have fallen in a neglected tangle upon the floor. Ah, Blossom! Blossom! are these the neat habits and orderly ways you are carrying home after so many years of training in the states? But where is the little mistress of the place?

She is standing before the glass, if the truth must be told, enveloped in a very faint glory from the rays of a flickering candle. The curtains and screens so carefully provided, shut in the feeble light from any stray passer outside. A soft gray gown and little fur-lined sacque, from which she seemed to have slipped just now, lie on the floor at her feet. She is arrayed in a pair of full dark-blue trowsers and a belted blouse. Under the stars this might well pass for the dress of a boy. She is drawing her brown hair at this moment into a loose twist upon the crown of her head, covering it at last with a broad-brimmed, low-crowned felt hat. Then she surveys herself in the glass. Not with curiosity or a shadow of coquettish amusement at the odd, piquant little figure reflected there. She turns about, sets her hat more firmly upon her head with a grave, critical air, and with even a touch of sadness or foreboding in the childish countenance, from which time has scarcely smoothed away the baby-dimples yet. At a peculiar tap upon the wall be-

hind her she starts hurriedly and covers the candle with a screen, when the knock is repeated. She draws the bolt fastening her into her hiding-place. The door swings into the little room, and Stubbs follows it.

"See; I have dressed as you bade me," Blossom says. She uncovers the candle and stands in its trembling light. Her eyes are dark, and her face is pale under its yellow, flickering rays. "Must I really go, and without you? I am afraid when I think of it." There is a break in her voice—the slipping of a string to jar the melody. "The night is so dreadful, and I heard the men outside, while you were gone, say that the Indians had risen all along the trail. Is that why you are sending me away?" She threw her arms about her father, and tried to read the truth in his face.

"They lied, child; there wa'n't no truth in it. They were just tryin' to scare one another. That's all." And yet should he let her go away with no suspicion of the truth? She would be sure to learn something of it from her companions. Would it not be better for him to tell her now? "There aint any Injuns within a dozen miles. Some o' the boys reckoned they saw smoke off t' the so'th'ard, where there's a camp most likely."

"Then there is a camp? and so near!"

He felt the girl tremble in his arms. No; he could not tell her.

"Mebbe," he said slowly. Oh, the artful simplicity and doubt in his voice! "A peaceful kind o' camp, with women an' children."

Blossom breathed again. But still she hung upon his neck.

"Let me stay with you," she pleaded. "I wouldn't be afraid with you."

"Aint I been a good father to ye, child?" The man's breath came hoarse and heavy, as though the weight upon his breast was more than he could bear. "Not as though I'd had advantages an' lived t' the States; but aint I been as good as I've know'd how t' be?"

"Oh, better than anybody in the world!" sobbed the girl.

"And couldn't ye trust me, Blossom? jest this once, and go like a good gal? I ought never to 'a' brought ye. This aint no place for ye. But, I wanted ye so, child; ye don't know," and he stroked the shoulder of the girl with his broad, rough hand.

Only Blossom's low sobs broke the silence for a moment. Then she raised her head. "I'll go, father; and I'll try not to be afraid. You'll be coming soon?" she added timidly.

But Stubbs had turned his back upon her.

"Don't mind about me; you'll have yer mother; I ought to 'a' fetched her oftener t' see ye. She's an uncommon woman, yer mother is. She'll do more for ye 'n ever I could." But his voice broke over the last words.

"But you speak as if—as if you were not coming at all!" burst out poor Blossom, frightened at she knew not what.

"To be sure I'm coming," said Stubbs, with a hoarse, broken laugh. "You'll be lookin' out for us at sunset to-morrow, ef there don't no storm set in. Or don't be watchin', child, p'r'aps we shan't get in till daylight." He was kneeling on the floor as he spoke, before a box bound about with iron and with a padlock hanging to it. Out from its depths he now brought a small pistol, beautified with chased and frosted work in silver. He put it into her hands. "Don't be scairt," for she had nearly cried out when she saw what the bauble was. "I bought it for ye, child. I thought 'twould please ye. See, there's silver an' shinin' stones on it." He loaded it with careful, trembling hands. Then he came and stood beside her and showed her how it was to be held and cocked and fired. Twice over he did this.

"But what am I to do with it, father, dear?"

"I've known o' women's putting 'em to their heads sooner'n t' fall into the hands o' the Injuns," he said carelessly, while he fitted a cap to it, but great drops of sweat started out on his forehead. "Just wear it in yer belt, child, so; 'twont do no harm, an' I thought 'twould look kind o' neat." He took her face in his hard hands and kissed her tenderly—her smooth forehead, her soft, pretty hair, from which the hat had fallen. "It's time ye were settin' off," he said; "ye'll think sometimes of yer poor old father?"

"I shall think of you all the way," said Blossom, "and I'll be the first to meet you when you come in."

"I wouldn't be lookin' out. 'Taint good luck, they say. But it's time ye were leavin'. I'll just see if they're ready for ye." He put the little fur-lined jacket upon her with clumsy tenderness. It brought back her baby-days when he had dressed her many a time. "My little gal!" he said softly, as his hand brushed her cheek. He had raised the blanket to leave her, when a

new thought seemed to strike him. "There aint any such thing as a Bible among your traps?"

Blossom's eyes opened wide, but she silently handed him a Testament from the swinging shelf above her.

He shook his head. "Ye might read a a word or two before ye start. My old mother set a store by that book. She used to read it to me when I was a little un. There's somethin' in it about 'long-sufferin' an' tender mercies.' 'Long-sufferin,'" he repeated slowly. "That's a good word. It sounds kind of encouragin' to a man that's been roughin' it here for most twenty years." Then he went out by the way he had come in, carefully closing the door after him.

Blossom sat down upon the pile of skins after he had gone. Her fears had been much more over the darkness through which she must journey, and the dread of making it with strange companions, than of any actual danger. But she was accustomed to obedience, and she had promised to go, so now she put aside her terrors as well as she could, and set herself to obeying his parting injunction. She opened the Testament at random and read the chapter her eyes first fell upon. It was not at all appropriate to her situation, but she read it carefully to the end, while her fears crept away with soft-shod feet, and her anxiety over her father gradually followed. That had lingered last—an indefinable pain and fear connected with him. But this, too, slipped away as she read. While he, searching about in the darkness for Captain Elyot and the scout, answering the challenges of the sleepy sentinels, and making hasty, thoughtful preparations for her departure, had bidden her already a last farewell in his heart.

When still she was not summoned, she busied herself quite simply putting her apartment in order, as though she were to return to it again. These natural, every-day duties helped to compose her mind, and she was ready and quite calm when her father came a few moments later with a cup of coffee in his hand. He brought out some simple food and set it before her. "Ye must eat and drink, child, or ye'll be faint an' give out before ye git there." He held the cup while she drank. It was Baby-Blossom again in his arms. "D'ye remember how I carried ye all night long when ye were down wi' the fever? There couldn't nobody else give ye so much as a drop o' water."

She was gentle and dainty, and not like him or his ways, but she had chosen him before all the rest in that time so long ago! Yes, Blossom remembered well. But it brought the tears to her eyes to-night. Why did he recall it now?

He pressed her to eat. He waited upon her like a servant. No; he served her like a slave—a slave who loved his chains. But the bread grew more and more bitter every moment to Blossom, who swallowed her tears with it.

Every sound was still; even the animals within the corral seemed sleeping as they crept out of the wagon. The darkness was only a dusky gray. The great, white stars were pale to-night. The sleeping men did not stir at the sound of their feet as they passed. A sentinel sprang up in their way. But at a low word he fell back. Three horses were tied to one of the wagons. Cogger and the scout and another figure stood by them.

"Is that you, Stubbs? This way."

Black Jess gave a whinny of welcome as the girl brushed by. Some one lifted her into the saddle. She was trembling with fright or cold.

"You'll take care of her?" Stubbs said hoarsely.

"I will," replied a suppressed voice at her elbow, as her foot found the stirrup. "With my life," it added.

"An'—if the wust comes——"

"I'll do by her as though she were my own sister," and Captain Elyot sprang into the saddle and took Blossom's bridle in his hand.

"I b'lieve ye."

"Come, come," and Cogger pressed in between them. "'Taint no time for manners. The moon'll be up afore ye know it. I hope ye aint one o' the screechin' kind?" to Blossom.

"I—I don't know."

"Ye'll keep quiet, little gal, whatever comes?" said Stubbs, stroking the horse upon which Blossom was seated (with what tenderness!)

"Yes, father."

"Because," Cogger went on, "I've known a whole camp o' red-devils turned out jest by the screech of a woman. Not that I was meanin' t' speak ha'sh t' ye," he went on apologetically, examining her bridle and giving a critical shake to the saddle, "but ye see, fur myself, I'm powerful skeert ov Injuns, and hate most awful to wake 'em up. Wall, that's about all. Ye can tell

the major," addressing himself to Captain Elyot, "ef he could spare us a company o' reg'lars, we'd be obleeged to him."

"To-morrow," whispered Blossom, leaning down and throwing her arms around her father's neck. "Don't tell me not to watch for you. I'll be the first to meet you."

Poor Stubbs tried to speak, but the words would not come. He felt her warm kisses on his face, then she was gone. The three figures moved off slowly until the darkness shut Blossom from her father's sight.

He strained his eyes till they could serve him no longer. Then he dropped upon the ground and listened to the muffled sound of the horses' hoofs, till that too died away. Cogger moved uneasily about at a little distance and finally joined him.

"Ye'd better sleep while ye ken," he said, ostentatiously wrapping his blanket about himself.

"Thar aint no sleep for me," replied the little sutler, resting his face upon his hands and staring straight into the darkness where Blossom had disappeared.

"Kind o' low in yer mind, aint ye?" queried Cogger. "But Lord, man, they'll git in. I'll trust Toney for that."

"I ought never to 'a' brought her," pursued Stubbs gloomily.

"Thet's so," said the wagon-master. "Thet's what I said t' the Cap'n. 'Twarn't quite the squar' thing. Howsomever, I don't bear no grudge ag'in ye."

But even this generous concession failed to comfort Stubbs.

"You see, I kind o' hankered after her," he went on, partly to himself.

"I s'pose so," said Cogger. "They seem to; though I don't know much about wimmin, myself. They 'pear mostly to be gittin in folks' way. There was a gal, once, down Washita way,"—he added after a reflective pause. "Hm, ye should 'a' heerd that gal laugh! But I aint much to look at myself," he went on, "an' that goes a long way with wimmin. Though I hev thought—but thar, most likely she wouldn't 'a' looked at sech a poor-sperited creeter."

And after this remarkable piece of confidence, Cogger did at last roll himself into a gray cocoon and resign himself to sleep.

When he was still, Stubbs rose quietly and strolled off to his wagons, entering the one Blossom had occupied. There was no confusion of hurried departure here. Everything was tidy and in its place. Even the gray gown, hardly yet cold from her form, was folded neatly, and lay upon the pile of wolf-skins where the little figure had rested so many times. He took the soft fabric between his hands. It was like Blossom, it was almost a part of herself, and he stroked it gently until in the working of his mind his hand forgot the motion. No one had thought to put out the candle. It burned low and there was a winding-sheet about it if the man had but looked to see. After a time he roused himself, searched around for a moment, then took an old memorandum book from his pocket and began to write.

It was a brief record which he made, but he hesitated long over it and finished it with a sigh at last. He tore out the leaf and after a moment of consideration pinned it to the little gray gown. Then he went out and lay down with the rest.

CHAPTER V.

"A GIRL! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?"

THE moon has been up for an hour, and shines white and cold over the level stretch of sandy plain around Fort Atchison. The river sleeps in its shallow bed under a thin coverlet of ice. The very night itself seems sleeping—or would but for this one open eye coldly staring down. The sentinels, with the capes of their coats muffled about their heads, pace off the weary time, longing for the hour of relief, yet stolidly going their rounds.

One, more alive than the rest, suddenly halts in his steps to listen. A faint, continuous and increasing sound has scattered the stillness hanging over the fort. It breaks at length into the thud of hoofs upon the frozen ground. A dark speck upon the eastern horizon is growing each moment. It divides into two—or three?—moving objects. "Buffaloes," mutters the man with faint interest. A detour throws the figures, still drawing near, against the pale sky. "Injuns!" he utters aloud, and begins to feel the stirring of a soul within his torpid body. Other ears have caught the sound. Heads are thrust out of hastily opened windows, voices follow; nearer and nearer stretch the mounted figures in a straight line for the gate. "Tony Baird, by ——!" exclaims the sentinel, and calls for the corporal of the guard, as the scout, followed by Captain Elyot supporting what seems to be a boyish figure upon the horse beside him, sweeps up to the gate.

In a moment they are within and sur-

rounded. Even Mrs. Bryce, wife of the major commanding at the post, follows her husband, having donned those articles of apparel first in hand, and which, it must be confessed, are neither numerous nor becoming. But she is an old campaigner, and knows the advantage of being to the front at once.

Claudia Bryce, the major's daughter, and Miss Laud, who is paying her a long visit, run out muffled up to their eyes and join the gathering crowd about Captain Elyot, just as the young man has told his story and delivered his dispatches into the hands of the major. "We crept by their camp not six miles from the wagons, but what with the distance and the darkness we could not estimate their number."

The bugle sounds "to horse!" rousing the last sleeper and awakening general confusion. There are calls and shouts and a hasty running to and fro, with the trampling of iron-shod feet, while the women press curiously around Captain Elyot, who is lifting Blossom from her horse. They stare at her nondescript dress, when all at once her hat falls off, and her pretty brown hair comes rolling down over her shoulders.

"A girl! Who would have thought it?"

"Scandalous!" whispers Miss Bryce, who would have been a fright in such a costume.

"Poor child; what a sweet face!" says another.

"Who is she?" rustles all through the little crowd. Even her strange dress and unconscious condition cannot hide the attributes of a lady. She must be some one of distinction, bound for a post farther on.

"Nae gude, I dare say," ventures Jinny, Mrs. Bryce's overgrown Scotch maid, who stands on the outskirts of the assembled company, her hands upon her hips, prepared to defy the devil and all his works as displayed in the person of Blossom.

But there is no end to the officiousness of those near by. "Bring her to our house," says the major's wife, bustling up with an air of command. "Get your salts, Claudia, quick, she seems to have fainted."

"Where is her mother? Will nobody call her mother?" Captain Elyot exclaims impatiently, trying to push his way as well as he can for the burden in his arms through the crowd of females, each one of whom, unless it be strong-minded Jinny, has something to suggest or offer. "She's only frightened half to death." Then in the silence that has dropped on the little company, he explains hastily, "She is Stubbs's daughter; where is her mother?"

"Oh!" and the crowd fell back, to a woman. Literally, to a woman. For Jinny alone stood her ground.

"Who'd 'a' believed it! Stubbs's lass! I'll fetch her mither, mon, if ye'll bide here. Or may be ye'd best follow. An' t' think," said she to herself, when she had started off at a galloping pace more swift than graceful, "t' think I should 'a' ta'en her to be the devil's ain! But beauty's aye deceitfu'," she added by way of excuse. "An' who'd 'a' thought Stubbs's lass would 'a' been sae bonnie!"

Half way to the sutler's quarters they met Mrs. Stubbs, to whom the birds of the air had perhaps carried the news.

"An' did you bring her in, Cap'n Elyot?" said the woman, receiving the girl in her strong arms, without a word of love or welcome over the unconscious form. "It's a good night's work you've done for yourself. We shan't be forgetting it in a hurry. But is it true that the Injuns are out on the trail?"

She was holding the girl close in her arms. The rising wind had seized the red shawl she had thrown hastily over her head, when she ran out at the exciting news. It caught the long, loose locks of her straight black hair, and blew it about her face where the color came and went, as she asked this question, like the pale and glow of the iron under the hammer.

"Yes; we passed a large camp less than a dozen miles from here. But the wagons were safe enough a couple of hours ago. I'm going back now with re-enforcements to bring them in. Any message for your husband?"

The woman was moving off already with her burden. There was no change in her countenance at this corroboration of her fears.

"You might tell him not to throw himself into the thick of it. He aint so spry as he used to be," she added as an apology for the caution. "But man, come on to the house, and I'll get ye a bite an' something to keep the cold out."

"Thanks, but we're off now," and he took the bridle of the fresh horse from the servant, who led it up at the moment.

"Bide at our house, mon. I'd set ye out something in a wink, an' the leddies ud be proud to see ye," said Jinny, who lingered near.

"Thanks, Jinny, but I shall fare as well

as the rest of them. I'll pay my respects to the ladies to-morrow if we have good luck. Take care that Sergeant McDougal doesn't run his head against a bullet, Jinny, and good-bye to you."

At this thrust, the girl threw her apron over her head with a bashful giggle.

"Oh, Jinny!" He reined in his horse. "Look in on Mrs. Stubbs, by and by, and if you can do anything for the daughter—I'll make it up—to the sergeant!" and his horse's hoofs rattled over the ground as he dashed to the head of the troop and rode out at the gate.

The clank and jingle of accouterments with the thud of hoofs died away, and the company of riders was soon only a cloud of dust under the paling moon. The gates were closed and securely fastened, the crowd scattered, the ladies suddenly aware that broad daylight would hardly find presentable a costume which might be picturesque enough at a midnight alarm. Reveille sounded; the routine of the day began, the garrison being quickened into unusual activity by the news Captain Elyot had brought in. Sleep was not to be thought of in the midst of such excitement. Even the ladies at head-quarters had no intention of seeking sleep again, though daylight had hardly streaked the east.

"We may as well make ourselves comfortable," said Claudia Bryce, the major's daughter, wrapping a plaid about her shoulders and curling herself upon the outside of the bed in the low narrow room that was Claudia's "bower," while waiting for Jinny to come and light her fire.

"My flesh fairly creeps," said Miss Laud, preparing to follow her example. "Are you sure, Claudia, there is no danger of their attacking the fort?"

"Perfectly sure," Claudia responded coolly. "It is only a thieving expedition—after the wagons."

"But if they attack the wagons there will be fighting."

"Perhaps; though they are much more likely to run when they see the troops and know that the post is aroused."

Then they came back to the incident which had so startled them.

"It was quite dramatic," said Miss Laud lightly. "Really, Claudia, in a play nothing could be more effective. And what an odd dress! One would have taken her to be a boy, but for that unlucky hat. Pray do you army ladies affect such costumes?"

"Not at all," Claudia replied with emphasis. "No lady in the army or anywhere else would think of wearing such a dress."

"Then I conclude, my dear, that you do not consider this young person to be a lady."

"A lady!" repeated Miss Bryce in scorn. "What are you thinking of, Kitty. You heard him call for her mother. She is the sutler's daughter. You remember Mrs. Stubbs? You bought your worsteds of her yesterday."

"It can't be possible, Claudia! That dreadful woman! But the daughter is very pretty," Miss Laud persisted,—"far prettier than any girl at the post—unless, dear, we except ourselves, as is quite proper and right," she added with a laugh.

"She is extremely artful," retorted Miss Bryce, who did not smile over her friend's pleasantry. "Did you see how her hair fell down just at the right moment, when Captain Elyot lifted her from her horse?"

Miss Bryce's own locks were heavy and blonde, but they lay for the most part upon the dressing-table before her.

"Oh, Claudia! you can't believe that she pulled out the pins!"

"I can believe anything of that class of people," Claudia answered scornfully.

"My dear, you are at odds with your conditions. You should have been born an English duchess, to talk of 'that class of people!' Whatever the cause, the tableau was very effective," yawned Miss Laud, pulling the wrap up to her pink and white chin, for the morning was chilly and Jinny unaccountably delayed, "and Mademoiselle, the sutler's daughter, has come to stay?"

"Yes, I believe so, unless some unexpected piece of good fortune removes the whole family."

"You will hardly think it necessary to call?"

"To be sure, not."

"I am afraid it will be rather dull for the poor thing—she certainly had the appearance of a lady."

"I am not responsible for such a misfortune," Claudia responded coldly.

"And that was Captain Elyot," Miss Laud went on meditatively. "Claudia, why did you never tell me how handsome he is?"

"And he never looked at me, though I stood directly before him," burst out Miss Bryce, who could keep back no longer the cause of her extraordinary ill-humor. "He has been away three months and comes back to ask for—Mrs. Stubbs!"

"Be reasonable, dear. Think of the excitement of the moment, his haste, the errand he had come on, and that girl in his arms to be disposed of. He was bewildered with questions——"

"But he was not blind."

"And even if you were close beside him, he might not have recognized you—in the dark——"

"Oh, Kitty, it was a bright moonlight."

"Between moonlight and dawn, dear, and we wrapped up like Esquimaux." (And really Claudia was very plain and not at all like herself in a neglectful or hurried toilet, thought Miss Laud in the very depths of her soul.) "Still he might have given you a look—a word, and you almost engaged to him," she added inconsistently.

"I never said that, Kitty."

"But you told me of his constant visits and his devotion before he went east. If such conduct has any meaning—which it frequently has not, I must confess," she added frankly.

"How do I know that he may not have been equally devoted to this girl?" asked Claudia, hot and suspicious. "Think of the long journey across the plains together! Chance, rather than choice, breeds love, Kitty. Oh, you know it does! And though he rode in, before my eyes, he never gave me a thought. It was all for this girl and her mother."

"To get rid of her, dear. But don't cry, pray don't. Jinny will come and everybody will wonder at your red eyes. And will you let me give you a piece of advice?"

Claudia regarded her friend inquiringly.

"Go and call upon this girl—at once—to-day. Oh, there is nothing in it. She looked like a child."

"Go and call?" repeated Miss Bryce. Indignation dried up her tears. "Never!"

"No. I don't suppose you will," Miss Laud said slowly, entirely unmoved by Claudia's wrath directed now to herself. "I don't suppose I should, myself. But I am convinced that would be the best thing to do—although very likely I shouldn't do it. But at least you will not show any annoyance when he comes back? You will appear the same as usual to him?"

"Why shouldn't I appear the same?" replied Claudia, turning upon her friend. "He is nothing to me," she added, with a rather late assumption of dignity. Then she had nearly broken down again. "There are others more mindful of me than he shows himself to be," she said, with a choking voice.

"To be sure there are." Miss Laud hastened to concur with her. "Lieutenant Gibbs, for instance, who would cut off his head for you any day. I am not so sure that he would sacrifice his mustache."

"Why do you speak of that idiot?" Claudia said, crossly.

And then Jinny did at last appear, to light the fire; an interruption Miss Laud secretly rejoiced in. Claudia's manner had become decidedly disagreeable, and she was glad that the conversation had come to an end. She hastened to dress in order to leave the room before Jinny had finished her task. Left to herself, Claudia might recover her usual tolerable humor, and even consider her advice. It could not be that she was so weak as to show herself mortified and angry to her friends,—who would easily divine the cause,—and above all to Captain Elyot himself!

CHAPTER VI.

COMING HOME.

All day long Blossom lay upon the bed her mother had aired and spread with her own hands in expectation of her coming. Much of the time she was alone, lying with close-shut eyes, hearing her mother's sharp, quick voice, and the half-breed Tolee's muttered replies through the thin partition, as in a dream. Tolee moved about lazily among her pots and pans in the kitchen. Not even the coming home of her young mistress, or the expected arrival of her master with the friends he might bring to sup with him, could rouse her. But Mrs. Stubbs was alert and everywhere—tasting of the simmering preparations for a feast already under way in the kitchen, peering with curiosity and pride over Blossom's pillows, and answering the constant summons to the store. Was there always this strange, loud restlessness about the woman, moving the very air perceptibly? Blossom felt her coming before she drew near; her heart beat quickly; involuntarily she closed her eyes and feigned sleep. She was half afraid of this mother with her sharp voice and abrupt ways, so unlike the gentle manners to which the girl had become accustomed. Had she really come home? Do our friends come to us when they stand before our glad eyes and lay their hands in ours? Are not the distant often nearer, the dead even, more truly present? Blossom's heart with the first moment of consciousness had traveled

back over the trail to the wagon-train. The brown, rolling land was around her again. Again she heard the creak of the slow-moving wheels. Screened by the darkness, she had mounted black Jess and rode by her father's side. Then her dream vanished as she opened her eyes and saw her mother standing by the bed with a tray in her hand. The woman had come in with careful step, almost afraid that a breath might blow away the pretty creature lying on the pillows, and whom she could hardly yet realize to be her own.

"You must try to eat a bit," she said, setting down her tray. "It's wearing toward night, and not a mouthful have you taken to-day."

"Night?" repeated Blossom, sitting up in a little flurry of excitement. "I ought not to have slept so long, they'll be coming in, and I promised ——"

"There's time enough," said the woman, but her hand shook nervously as she set out the tray and gave the little bowl of steaming broth to Blossom. "It's a long hour to dark yet, and they wont come before that."

She moved about restlessly while Blossom sipped her broth. More than once she pulled the curtain and looked out upon the waning day. A fierce wind swept by, the great snow-clouds that had been rolling up for hours, now spread out a solid phalanx.

"There's snow in the air," she said with a shiver, "I've felt it all day. There'll be a storm to-morrow."

"But they'll be in before that."

Content and a hope that was like assurance had come to Blossom with the spoonfuls of warm broth she was sipping.

"Yes, long before that," the mother repeated hastily. She left the window, and from the foot of the bed watched the girl as she ate, but with an ear for every sound outside. They ought to come in now, this moment. They should have been in an hour ago, if no harm had befallen them. If she could but see and know the worst! If she could have borne the brunt of it instead of Stubbs, who was not indeed, as she had told Captain Elyot, the man he had been once. Ah, to wait and listen was like being bound with chains! The wind seemed to bring strange frightened voices; the air was full of cries as she moved to the window again. The dog in his kennel, just outside, howled a warning for somebody. Blossom, unconscious of her mother's anxiety, had begun to lose something of her timidity, She prattled like a child, now of her father, of the train, of her joy at coming home.

"I should have been quite happy," she ran on, "if Aunt Julia had not been so sad over my coming away."

"She's no aunt of yours," Mrs. Stubbs said sharply, suddenly recalled from her own thoughts. "And she's forgot it most likely by this time."

"I think she can't have quite forgotten it so soon." Tears had come into Blossom's eyes at this rough-shod comfort. "And she was very kind, and wished me to call her Aunt. Nobody could have been so kind," the girl went on—"unless," she added suddenly mindful to whom she was speaking, "it were you or dear father." Her tears were falling now.

"Don't cry, child," Mrs. Stubbs said, impatiently. "She set a store by you, I don't doubt; but that's past and gone."

"She has hardly any one in the world but me," Blossom persisted, little dreaming of the jealous pain she aroused in her mother's heart.

No one but her! And did this woman who had cared for Blossom so many years really lay claim to the child! She had been hired to shelter and teach her. The term of service was over. There was an end of it.

"But I shall see her again. She will come to us, or we shall go there," and Blossom wiped away her tears.

"You're low from the fright and all," Mrs. Stubbs said evasively. Come to them? or they go to her? Never!—the woman said in her heart, losing sight of everything for the moment but that this woman had won the child's love to herself. But Blossom would forget. Her own life had been too full from day to day to hold repinings. So it must be with the child, and she held in the bitter words on her lips. "You'll be better in the morning. The scare was too much for you. Lord! when I was your age I'd have thought nothing of a gallop of twenty miles or a brush with the red-skins either. But girls aint now what they used to be. Why, I've heard Miss Claudia here screech out at a striped snake I could 'a' killed with the heel of my shoe."

"Miss Claudia!" Blossom caught at the name.

"Yes; the major's daughter. You must have seen her. She was out with the rest of 'em when you came in this morning. But I forgot. You didn't know anything about it. She's a friend of the cap'n's—Cap'n Elyot." Blossom's face warmed into inter-

est at this name. The mother marked it. "They did say he was paying attention to her before he got leave and left for the states, but I never believed it. He can see as far as the best of 'em; and she's false, Miss Claudia is." Mrs. Stubbs made this damaging statement against the major's daughter as calmly as though it had been the mildest innuendo. "But I reckon you saw a good deal of the captain on the way out," she added slyly, watching the girl, whose face was turned toward her.

"Yes," Blossom said slowly, unconscious of this espionage, "I saw him often riding with the others. I came to know his face quite well."

"He's a pleasant-spoken young man. Many's the evening he's spent here, smoking a pipe with your father, or taking a hand at cards with the rest of 'em."

"I never heard him speak," Blossom said thoughtfully, "or only once. It was the night before we left the train—last night. How long ago it seems! I climbed down from the wagon—it was dark, you know—for a breath of air and—and I met him face to face."

"He had a pleasant word for you, I'll warrant."

Blossom did not say that she had given him no opportunity to offer such a word. "He apologized and went away," she said, but she blushed a little, remembering how she had begged him to go. She must have appeared very silly in his eyes.

"But there was the long ride to the fort," persisted the mother, anxious to know how far this most fortunate acquaintance had progressed. "It don't stand to reason that he never spoke to you once on the way."

"I hardly know; I cannot remember; but I was so frightened at last!" Blossom forgot everything else in the recollection of it. "We rode close to their camp, so close that we thought we had roused them. I shall never forget it!" and the girl began to tremble, covering her face.

"There, don't think about it," said the mother, who hardly knew how to deal with fancies and fears so unlike her own. "It'll pass out of your mind when you've slept on it. Yes, he's a real gentleman, Captain Elyot is," she went on, going back to the first subject. "Stubbs'll give him something handsome when he comes in; though ten chances to one he wont take it. He's that proud, Cap'n Elyot is. But we'll ask him to supper. Your father'll know I'm getting ready for 'em and'll bring him here, I don't doubt."

"And you think there is no danger?" Blossom asked in a trembling voice. The ride of the night before had come back to her so vividly as to arouse her fears again.

"How can that be with the troops to back 'em? Why, the Injuns'll fly like smoke before the wind." Blossom was assured by the bold words; the more perhaps because she remembered who rode at the head of the company from the fort. "You just make yourself fine, child, and don't worry about your father. Put on your prettiest ribbons, for I'm greatly mistaken if we don't have a handsome young man to supper to-night."

"But they're bringing my ribbons in with them," laughed Blossom. "I shall have no time to put them on. And oh, mother, I have no clothes but these!" And the girl looked ruefully at the odd dress which she had worn into the fort.

"Never you mind, child. You've that in your face that's better than fine clothes," the mother said proudly. "An' Captain Elyot has seen 'em a'ready, so it wont signify. You don't happen to know if there's any one else your father'd be likely to bring home with him?"

"There was a Captain—I have forgotten his name. He had charge of the train."

"Luttrell, perhaps. He's expected about this time."

"Yes; and there was the wagon-master," Blossom said hesitatingly; "he seemed to be a friend to father."

"Cogger? They've been back and forth together a good many years now," the woman said indifferently. "But he wont come, nor Captain Luttrell, if I have my way. Thank God, we've done keeping open house, and being at the beck and call of anybody who'd a mind to come. I made 'em a grand supper before your father set out, and told 'em 'twas the last they need look for here. We'll keep to ourselves, now that you've come home. 'Twouldn't be seemly to be having everybody hanging about the house. We'll pick and choose among 'em. And Stubbs may open the store to the rest, if they must have their pipe and their game, and something to wash down their losses. For they do play high sometimes, though it's not for me to say so. Not that it's worse than at any of the other posts," she added with quick caution. "And what can you expect of men who've nothing else to do the most of the time? Whatever'll become

of 'em when they've killed off all the Injuns the Lord knows!" The woman had worked herself into a cheerful humor over the derelictions of those about her. "I'll just take one more look into the kitchen," she said, "and then go and dress myself. For it's wearing toward night." The clouds seemed to drop lower and lower until they shut out every gleam of light. "Yes, it's wearing fast toward night;" and she sighed as she hastened away. Her cheerfulness had been only on the surface after all.

She was detained as she passed through the store. Perhaps the odors from the feast in preparation—savory and growing stronger—had stolen through the fort, for more than one idler dropped in to pay a tribute to Stubbs's popularity, and express a hope that all would go well with the train. They might perhaps look in later in the evening when he had really come, which must be soon now; it would be too dark to follow the trail in an hour. But Mrs. Stubbs was deaf to all such suggestions. She had not prepared her banquet, roasting and broiling over the fire, to serve those who had staid at home. It would be time enough to gather whoever chose to come when her expected guests failed her. So she made but brief answer to all the congratulations over her daughter's coming home. Yes, she was quite recovered, since they were so polite as to ask. But though more than one of the young officers had brushed up his uniform, it was all in vain. No invitation to walk into the parlor they all knew so well followed this cool reply. They began to realize at last that the door of that mild paradise was indeed closed upon them.

Then Mrs. Stubbs hastened away to dress. She laid by the common dark print worn ordinarily, and brought out a high-colored silk of old-fashioned make which had been folded away for years. Some young ambition, outgrown later, some womanly desire to be dressed like the best of those about her, had given it a place among her stores. It was creased in odd squares from lying folded away and rattled like paper when she shook it out, but she arrayed herself in it with trembling hands. A thoughtless word, never intended to give pain, which Blossom had dropped carelessly about Aunt Julia's tasteful dress, had brought this from its hiding-place. The girl should see that her mother, too, could be fine if she chose. The bright colors heightened her dark beauty. She stood before the glass and smoothed her sleek hair and pinned a handkerchief across her bosom, a deeper red than usual flushing her brown cheeks at this late consciousness of her good looks. It was years since such a thought had crossed her mind. She was shy of showing herself to Blossom when all was done. What if the girl should laugh at her for her pains! She hesitated at the door of the parlor. There was a flash of warm color in the room as the fire flamed up. Odd, incongruous pieces of furniture were ranged stiffly against the walls. The pipes and the well-stained rickety card-tables, that had been the chief ornaments of the apartment, were gone. The sanded floor was covered now with a gay carpet. The roses upon it bloomed into sudden summer as the fire-light touched them. It had all been made gay and ugly in anticipation of Blossom's coming. Comfort had been scared away, and stiff conventional propriety sat bolt upright in the heavy arm-chairs, or propped itself primly upon the high-backed sofa. The girl for whom all this sacrifice had been made—if sacrifice it was—had curled herself upon the hearth-rug within the circle of flickering light, her loose pretty hair making a kind of dusky nimbus about her head. The quiet of the room, broken only by the shrieking wind outside, oppressed her. The forebodings which waiting and listening bring to the stoutest heart began to weigh upon her. There came a cheerful rustle at the door as Mrs. Stubbs in her paper gown stepped into the room. The yellow, dancing light struck the bright colors and stretched up to the handsome crimsoning face under the smooth dark hair. Blossom started as though she had seen a vision.

"How beautiful you are!" she exclaimed, her eyes opening wide, her hands unclasping.

"As fine as your friends t' the states?" And Mrs. Stubbs laughed a shy, awkward laugh as she busied herself over the fire.

"Oh, much finer," Blossom said gravely. "It was only because she was so good to me and dear, that Aunt Julia was beautiful to look at."

She brought out from its corner one of the heavy old arm-chairs. It squeaked and groaned as she set it before the blaze. It burst out into hideous sprawling flowers as the light touched it, blue and yellow and purple, which the paper gown crushed and covered ruthlessly as Mrs. Stubbs took her place in it. There were companionship and cheer in the fire, though they sat in silence before it. The wind swept around the

house and wailed in the chimney as they waited in silence. All at once there was a tramp of feet outside. Blossom caught her mother's arm and listened,—her heart still, her lips apart, while the red glow died on the woman's face. A moment and it passed by. It was only the relieving guard. Suddenly in a lull of the wind an icy tap struck the window pane. Mrs. Stubbs started from her seat and hurried to the window. Not a dozen rods away lay the broad, frozen river, and beyond, the endless stretch of sandy plain. But her eyes, blinded by the fire, saw only the thick darkness shutting them in.

"I must go out," she said half wildly. "I'll be back soon." For her own fears were thrown upon Blossom's face. "Don't be frightened. It's nothing at all. Only I've an errand down to the major's. I forgot it before."

"But, can't Tolee go? The storm has begun."

"No, no; I'll go myself," the woman said, putting Blossom by and beginning to wrap a shawl about her head.

"Take me with you, then." It was dreadful to be left alone. What was it her mother feared? Could something have befallen the train? But her father had said that they might not get in till hours later than this,—till morning even. "Do let me go." But her mother would not listen. "I'll be back soon," she said; "keep the fire bright, against they come, and if you mind staying alone you can go to the kitchen." Then she closed the door after her and went out into the night. Yes, the snow was falling. It was that which had struck against the window. The wind still raged. It beat on her head and pulled at her shawl and threw a mocking laugh after her as she struggled on. Already she had forgotten Blossom. She and Stubbs were alone again, in her excited imagination, as they had been before Blossom came to them. Ah, many a dark night with the wind and the wolves howling about her had she waited for him! The snow must have been falling softly for some time. It covered her feet as she pushed through the light drifts. She had known a storm like this to sweep down and bury horses and men from sight. The river would be hidden in an hour. The trail would be lost. A lantern went hurrying by in the darkness. There was the tread of feet, the trample of hoofs muffled by the snow. Others watched as well as she. She hastened on,—where, or to what end she hardly knew herself; the snow and sleet struck her face like a stinging hand. There were lights in the windows she passed. From one came a ringing laugh. Let them laugh! Housed safe and warm they had no thought of those who might be lying stiff and stark under the snow or pressing on to their death. There was a faint, answering wail from a distance as the wind shrieked and was still for a moment. Was it the wind, or the call of belated men borne in upon her bewildered ears? Again it came. It was caught up and echoed with a great shout below her. The shawl blew back from her head as, her arms thrown free, she struggled toward the gate. There were voices and cries and lanterns swinging high in air. A dozen mounted figures dashed away with a cheer. Thank God! The wagons were coming in at last!

Blossom went back to the fire where her mother had left her. It was better to be alone than with stupid Tolee in the kitchen. She sat down to wait as patiently as she could. She had no presentiment of harm that could have befallen her father when she had put away the nervous terrors that fluttered about her and gave herself really to consider the subject. Had he not assured her that there was nothing to fear! She remembered now that she was hungry. It might be late before their grand supper was served, if, indeed, it was not spoiled in waiting,—for already a faint alarming scent of burning stole in from the kitchen. She begged a cake of Tolee, who, stupid or ungracious, would have put her off; then she came back to her post to eat it, and listen, and wait. The dancing fire-light made her yawn. In spite of herself she grew drowsy and dozed. It might have been a few moments, it might have been hours, when the wind blew down the chimney with a screech, flapping a sudden gust in her face, putting out the candle she had lighted, and sending the ashes scurrying over the hearth. She sprang up frightened and wide-awake. Her mother had not returned. She was still alone. Was she dreaming yet? or were strange confused sounds tossed back and forth outside—a new awakening at the post, like that upon which she had closed her eyes early in the morning? She lit the candle, but before her eager hands could set it in its place, or the shadow had been driven to the corners of the room, these sounds drew near. She flew to throw the door wide open at the tread of feet outside. He must have come! Had she not

said that she would be the first to greet him? All the confused, far-off voices flew into the room as the wet wind struck her face. The long red rays from a lantern swung zigzag on the snow. Voices were calling, shouts replying, a rider galloped by, lights were dancing in the distance. But what was this the men were bearing past her into the house,—this dragging heavy burden wrapped from sight? And why did her mother follow, weeping and wringing her hands?

The blanket dropped from the dead face, and Blossom fell like a snow-flake where she had stood aside to let them pass. For it was Stubbs—dead, shot through the heart.

And this was Blossom's coming home.

(To be continued.)

LODUSKY.

THEY were rather an incongruous element amid the festivities, but they bore themselves very well, notwithstanding, and seemed to be sufficiently interested. The elder of the two—a tall, slender, middle-aged woman with a somewhat severe, though delicate face,—sat quietly apart, looking on at the rough dances and games with a keen relish of their primitive uncouthness, but the younger, a slight alert creature, moved here and there, her large, changeable eyes looking larger through their glow of excitement.

"Thet gal thar," drawled a tall mountaineer who supported himself against the chimney and spat with placid regularity into the fire. "They tell me thet gal thar hes writ things as has been in print. They say she's powerful smart—arns her livin' by it. 'T least thet's what Jake Harney says, 'n' they's a-boardin' at Harney's. The old woman's some of her kin, 'n' goes 'long with her when she travels 'round."

There was one fiddler at work sawing industriously at one tune which did good service throughout the entertainment, there was a little furious and erratic reel-dancing and much loud laughter and good-natured, even if somewhat personal, jest. The room was one of two which formed the house, the walls were of log, the lights the cheery yellow flare of great pine-knots flung one after the other upon the embers.

"I am glad I thought of North Carolina," Rebecca Noble said to herself. There is a strong hint of Rembrandt in this—the bright yellow light, the uncouth figures. Ah! who is that?"

A short time after, she made her way through the crowd to her relative's corner among the shadows. She looked eager and excited, and spoke in a quick, breathless fashion.

"I want to show you something, if you have not already seen it," she said. "There is in this room, Aunt Miriam, the most wonderful creature your eyes ever rested on! You must prepare yourself to be startled. Look toward the door—at that tall girl standing with her hands behind her."

She was attired in a calico of flaunting pattern and leaned against the log-wall in an indifferent attitude, regarding the company from under the heavy lashes of her eyes, which had a look of stillness in them which was yet not repose. There was something even secretive in her expression, as if she watched them furtively for reasons of her own. At her side stood a big discontented-looking young man who confronted aggressively two or three other young men equally big, if not equally discontented, who seemed to be arguing some point with him and endeavoring to engage the attention of his companion. The girl, however, simply responded to their appeals with an occasional smile, ambiguous, if not scornful.

"How I wish I could hear them!" exclaimed Miss Noble.

It was her habit to utilize any material she chanced to find, and she had really made her summer jaunt to North Carolina in search of material, but she was not thinking of utilizing this girl as she managed to keep near her during the remainder of the evening. She had merely found something to be keenly interested in, her interest in any human novelty being, on occasion, intense. In this case her interest increased instead of diminished. She found the girl comporting herself in her natural position as belle, with a calm which was slightly suggestive of "the noble savage." Each admirer seemed to be treated with indifference alike, though there were some who, for reasons best known to themselves, evidently felt that they stood more securely than the rest. She moved through game

and dance with a slow yet free grace; she spoke seldom, and in a low, bell-like monotone, containing no hint of any possible emotional development, and for the rest, her shadow of a disdainful smile seemed to stand her in good stead. Clearly as she stood out from among her companions from the first, at the close of the evening she assumed a position actually dramatic.

The big young mountaineer, who, despite his discontent, was a very handsome fellow indeed, had held his own against his rivals stubbornly during the evening, but when, after the final dance, he went in search of his charge, he found that he was not first.

She had fallen into her old attitude against the wall, her hands behind her, and was listening to the appeal of a brawny youth with a hunting-knife in his belt.

"Dusk," he was saying, "I'm not such a chicken-hearted chap as to let a gal go back on me. Ye sed I mout hev yer comp'ny home, 'n' I'm a-gwine to hev it, Dave Humes or no Dave Humes."

Dusk merely smiled tolerantly.

"Are ye?" she said.

Rebecca Noble, who stood within a few feet of them, was sure that the lover who approached was the Dave Humes in question, he advanced with such an angry stride, and laying his hand on his rival's shoulder, turned him aside so cavalierly.

"No he aint," he put in; "not an' me about. I brought ye, an' I'll take ye home, Lodusky, or me and him 'll settle it."

The other advanced a step, looking a trifle pale and disheveled. He placed himself square in front of Lodusky.

"Dusk Dunbar," he said, "you're the one to settle it. Which on us is a-gwine home with ye—me or him? Ye haint promised the two of us, hev ye?"

There was certainly a suddenly lit spark of exultation in the girl's coolly dropped eyes.

"Settle it betwixt ye," she answered with her exasperating half-smile again.

They had attracted attention by this time, and were becoming the center figures of a group of lookers-on.

The first had evidently lost his temper. She was the one who should settle it, he proclaimed loudly again. She had promised one man her "comp'ny" and had come with another.

There was so much fierce anger in his face that Miss Noble drew a little nearer, and felt her own blood warmed.

"Which on us is it to be?" he cried.

There was a quick, strong movement on the part of the young man, Dave, and he was whirled aside for a second time.

"It's to be me," he was answered. "I'm the man to settle that—I don't leave it to no gal to settle."

In two seconds the lookers-on fell back in dismay and there was a cry of terror from the women. Two lithe, long-limbed figures were struggling fiercely together and there was a flash of knives in the air.

Rebecca Noble sprang forward.

"They will kill each other," she said. "Stop them!"

That they would have done each other deadly injury seemed more than probable, but there were cool heads and hands as strong as their own in the room and in a few minutes they had been dragged apart and stood, each held back by the arms, staring at each other and panting. The lank peace-maker in blue jeans who held Dave Humes shook him gently and with amiable toleration of his folly.

"Look 'ere, boys," he said, "this yere's all a pack of foolishness, ye know—all a pack of foolishness. There aint no sense in it—it's jest foolishness."

Rebecca cast a quick glance at the girl Lodusky. She leaned against the wall just as she had done before; she was as cool as ever though the spark which hinted at exultation still shone steadily in her eye.

When the two ladies reached the log-cabin at which they had taken up their abode, they found that the story of the event of the evening was before them. Their hostess, whose habit it was to present herself with erratic talk or information at all hours, met them with hospitable eagerness.

"Waal now," she began, "jest to think o' them thar fool boys a-lettin' into one another in thet thar way. I never hearn tell o' sich foolishness. Young folks *is* so foolish. 'N' they drord knives?" This in the tone of suggestive query.

"Yes," answered Miss Noble, "they drew knives."

"They did!" benignly. "Lord! What fools! Waal now, an' Dusk—what did Dusk do?"

"She stood by and looked on" was the reply.

"Lord!" with the inimitable mountain drawl; "ye don't say so! But it's jest like her—thet is. She's so cur'us, Dusk is. Thar aint no gettin' at her. Ye know the gals ses as she's allers doin' fust one quare thing

'n' then another to get the boys mad at each other. But Lor', p'r'aps 'taint so! Dusk's powerful good-lookin', and gals is jealous, ye know."

"Do you think," questioned Miss Noble, "that they really would have killed each other?"

"Lord! yaas," placidly. "They went to do it. Both Dan'l and Dave's kinder fiery, 'n' they'd nuther on 'em hev give in with Dusk a-lookin' on—they'd hev cut theirselves to pieces fust. Young folks *is* so foolish; gettin' mad about a gal! Lord knows gals is plenty enough."

"Not girls like this one," said Miss Noble, laughing a little.

"Waal now, she *is* good-lookin', aint she? But she's cur'us, Dusk is—she's a cur'us creetur."

"Curious!" echoed Rebecca, finding the term vague even while suggestive.

"Yaas," she said, expansively, "she's cur'us, kinder onsosherble 'n' notionate. Now Dusk is—cur'us. She's so still and sot, 'n' Nath Dunbar and Mandy they think a heap on her, 'n' they do the best they kin by her, but she don't never seem to keer about 'em no way. Fur all she's so still, she's powerful sot on fine dressin' an' rich folkses ways. Nath he once tuk her to Asheville, 'n' seems like she's kinder never got over it, but keeps a-broodin' 'bout the way they done thar, 'n' how their clothes looked, 'n' all thet. She knows she's handsum 'n' she likes to see other folks knows it, though she never says much. I hed to laugh at my Hamp once; Hamp he aint no fool, an' he'd been tuk with her a spell like the rest o' the boys, but he got chock full of her, 'n' one day we was a-talkin', 'n' the old man he says, 'Waal now, that gal's a hard wad. She's cur'us, an' thar's no two ways about it.' An' Hamp he gives a bit of a laugh kinder mad, 'n' he ses, 'Yes, she's cur'us—cur'us as ——! May be he felt kinder roughed up about her yet—but I hed to laugh."

The next morning Miss Noble devoted to letter-writing. In one of her letters, a bright one, of a tone rather warmer than the rest, she gave her correspondent a very forcible description of the entertainment of the evening before and its closing scene.

"I think it will interest him," she said half aloud, as she wrote upon the envelope the first part of the address, "Mr. Paul Lennox."

A shadow falling across the sunshine in the door-way checked her and made her look up.

It had rather an arousing effect upon her to find herself confronting the young woman, Lodusky, who stood upon the threshold, regarding her with an air entirely composed, slightly mingled with interest.

"I was in at Mis' Harney's," she remarked, as if the explanation was upon the whole rather superfluous, "'n' I thought I'd come in 'n' see ye."

During her sojourn of three weeks Rebecca had learned enough of the laws of mountain society to understand that the occasion only demanded of her friendliness of demeanor and perfect freedom from ceremony. She rose and placed a chair for her guest.

"I am glad to see you," she said.

Lodusky seated herself.

It was entirely unnecessary to attempt to set her at ease; her composure was perfect. The flaunting-patterned calico must have been a matter of full dress. It had been replaced by a blue-and-white-checked homespun gown—a coarse cotton garment short and scant. Her feet were bare, and their bareness was only a revelation of greater beauty, so perfect was their arched slenderness. Miss Dunbar crossed them with unembarrassed freedom and looked at the stranger as if she found her worth steady inspection.

"Thet thar's a purty dress you're a-wearin'," she vouchsafed at length.

Rebecca glanced down at her costume. Being a sensible young person, she had attired herself in apparel suitable for mountain rambling. Her dress was simple pilgrim gray, taut made and trim; but she never lost an air of distinction which rendered abundant adornments a secondary matter.

"It is very plain," she answered. "I believe its chief object is to be as little in the way as possible."

"'Taint much trimmed," responded the girl, "but it looks kinder nice, 'n' it sets well. Ye come from the city, Mis' Harney says."

"From New York," said Rebecca. She felt sure that she saw in the tawny brown depths of the girl's eyes a kind of secret eagerness, and this expressed itself openly in her reply.

"I don't blame no one fur wantin' to live in a city," she said, with a kind of discontent. "A body might most as soon be dead as live this way."

Rebecca gave her a keen glance. "Don't you like the quiet?" she asked. "What is it you don't like?"

"I don't like nothin' about it," scornfully. "Thar's nothin' here."

Very slowly a lurking, half-hidden smile showed itself about her fine mouth.

"I'm not goin' to stay here allers," she said.

"You want to go away?" said Rebecca.

She nodded.

"I *am* goin'," she answered, "some o' these days."

"Where?" asked Rebecca, a little coldly, recognizing as she did a repellant element in the girl.

The reply was succinct enough:

"I don't know whar, 'n' I don't keer whar—but I'm goin'."

She turned her eyes toward the great wall of forest-covered mountain, lifting its height before the open door, and the blood showed its deep glow upon her cheek.

"Some o' these days," she added; "as shore as I'm a woman."

When they talked the matter over afterward, Miss Thorne's remarks were at once decided and severe.

"Shall I tell you what my opinion is, Rebecca?" she said. "It is my opinion that there is evil enough in the creature to be the ruin of the whole community. She is bad at the core."

"I would rather believe," said Rebecca musingly, "that she was only inordinately vain." Almost instantaneously her musing was broken by a light laugh. "She has dressed her hair as I dress mine," she said, "only it was done better. I could not have arranged it so well. She saw it last night, and was quick enough to take in the style at a glance."

At the beginning of the next week there occurred an event which changed materially the ordinary routine of life in the cabin. Heretofore the two sojourners among the mountain fastnesses had walked and climbed under the escort of a small, tow-headed Harney. But one evening as she sat sketching on her favorite flat seat of rock, Miss Noble somewhat alarmed this youth by dropping her paper and starting to her feet.

"Orlander" Harney sat and stared at her with black eyes and opened mouth. The red came and went under her fair skin, and she breathed quickly.

"Oh," she cried softly, "how *could* I be mistaken!"

That she was not mistaken became evident immediately. At the very moment she spoke, the advancing horseman, whose appearance had so roused her, glanced upward along the path and caught sight of her figure. He lifted his hat in gay greeting and struck his horse lightly with his whip. Rebecca bent down and picked up her portfolio.

"You may go home," she said quietly to the boy. "I shall be there soon; and you may tell Miss Thorne that Mr. Lennox has come." She was at the base of the rock when the stranger drew rein. "How is this?" she asked with bright uplifted eyes. "We did not think ——"

It occurred to Lennox that he had never recognized her peculiar charm so fully as he did at this moment. Rebecca Noble, though not a beauty, possessed a subtle grace of look and air which was not easily resisted,—and just now, as she held out her hand, the clear sweetness of her face shadowed by her piquantly plain hat of rough straw, he felt the influence of this element more strongly than ever before.

"There was no reason why I should not come," he said, "since you did not forbid me."

At sunset they returned to the cabin. Lennox led his rather sorry-looking animal by the bridle, and trusting to its meekness of aspect, devoted his attention wholly to his companion.

"Thet's Nath Dunbar's critter," commented "Mis'" Harney, standing at the door. "They've powerful poor 'commodations fur boardin', but I reckon Nath must 'a' tuk him in."

"Then," said Rebecca, learning that this was the case, "then you have seen Lodusky."

But he had not seen Lodusky, it seemed. She had not been at home when he arrived, and he had only remained in the house long enough to make necessary arrangements before leaving it to go in search of his friends.

The bare, rough-walled room was very cheery that night. Lennox brought with him the gossip of the great world, to which he gave an air of freshness and spice that rendered it very acceptable to the temporary hermits. Outside, the moon shone with a light as clear as day, though softer, and the tender night breezes stirred the pine-tops and nestled among the laurels; inside, by the beautiful barbarous light of the flaring pine-knots on the hearth, two talkers, at least, found the hours fly swiftly.

When these two bade each other goodnight, it was only natural that they should

reach the point toward which they had been veering for twelve months.

Miss Thorne remained in the room, drawing nearer the fire with an amiable little shiver, well excused by the mountain coolness, but Rebecca was beguiled into stepping out into the moonlight. The brightness of the moon and the blackness of the shadows cast by trees and rocks and undergrowth, seemed somehow to heighten the effect of the intense and utter stillness reigning around them,—even the occasional distant cry of some wandering wild creature, marked rather than broke in upon the silence. Rebecca's glance about her was half nervous.

"It is very beautiful," she said, "and it moves one strongly; but I am not sure that it is not, in some of one's moods, just a little oppressive."

It is possible Lennox did not hear her. He was looking down at her with eager eyes. Suddenly he had caught her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"You know why I am here, Rebecca," he said. "Surely, all my hoping is not vain?"

She looked pale and a little startled; but she lifted her face and did not draw herself away.

"Is it?" he asked again. "Have I come on a hopeless errand?"

"No," she answered. "You have not."

His words came freely enough then and with fire. When Rebecca re-entered the cabin her large eyes shone in her small, sweet face, and her lips wore a charming curve.

Miss Thorne turned in her chair to look at her and was betrayed into a smile.

"Mr. Lennox has gone, of course," she said.

"Yes."

Then, after a brief silence, in which Rebecca pushed the pine-knots with her foot, the elder lady spoke again.

"Don't you think you may as well tell me about it, Beck, my child?" she said.

Beck looked down and shook her head with very charming gravity.

"Why should I?" she asked. "When —when you know."

Lennox rode his mildly disposed but violently gaited steed homeward in that reposeful state of bliss known only to accepted lovers. He had plucked his flower at last; he was no longer one of the many; he was ecstatically content. Uncertainty had no charm for him, and he was by no means the first discoverer of the subtle fineness her admirers found so difficult to describe in Miss Noble. Granted that she was not a beauty, judged rigidly, still he had found in her soft, clear eye, in her color, in her charming voice, even in her little gestures, something which reached him as an artist and touched him as a man.

"One cannot exactly account for other women's paling before her," he said to himhimself; "but they do—and lose significance." And then he laughed tenderly. At this moment, it was true, every other thing on earth paled and lost significance.

That the family of his host had retired made itself evident to him when he dismounted at the house. To the silence of the night was added the silence of slumber. No one was to be seen; a small cow, rendered lean by active climbing in search of sustenance, breathed peacefully near the tumble-down fence; the ubiquitous, long-legged yellow dog, rendered trustful by long seclusion, aroused himself from his nap to greet the arrival with a series of heavy raps upon the rickety porch-floor with a solid but languid tail. Lennox stepped over him in reaching for the gourd hanging upon the post, and he did not consider it incumbent upon himself to rise.

In a little hollow at the road-side was the spring from which the household supplies of water were obtained. Finding none in the wooden bucket, Lennox took the gourd with the intention of going down to the hollow to quench his thirst.

"We've powerful good water," his host had said in the afternoon, "'n' it's nigh the house, too. I built the house yer a-purpose, —on 'count of its bein' nigh."

He was unconsciously dwelling upon this statement as he walked, and trying to recall correctly the mountain drawl and twang.

"She," he said (there was only one "she" for him to-night)—"she will be sure to catch it and reproduce it in all its shades to the life."

He was only a few feet from the spring itself and he stopped with a sharp exclamation of the most uncontrollable amazement, —stopped and stared straight before him. It was a pretty, dell-like place, darkly shadowed on one side but bathed in the flooding moonlight on the other, and it was something he saw in this flood of moonlight which almost caused him to doubt for the moment the evidence of his senses.

How it was possible for him to believe

that there really could stand in such a spot a girl attired in black velvet of stagy cut and trimmings, he could not comprehend, but a few feet from him there certainly stood such a girl, who bent her lithe, round shape over the spring, gazing into its depths with all the eagerness of an insatiable vanity.

"I can't see nothin'," he heard her say impatiently. "I can't see nothin' nohow."

Despite the beauty, his first glance could not help showing him she was a figure so incongruous and inconsistent as to be almost *bizarre*. When she stood upright revealing fully her tall figure in its shabby finery, he felt something like resentment. He made a restive movement which she heard. The bit of broken looking-glass she held in her hand fell into the water, she uttered a shamefaced, angry cry.

"What d'ye want?" she exclaimed. "What are ye a-doin'? I didn't know as no one was a-lookin'. I ——"

Her head was flung backward, her full throat looked like a pillar of marble against the black edge of her dress, her air was fierce. He would not have been an artist if he had not been powerfully struck with a sense of her picturesqueness.

But he did not smile at all as he answered:

"I board at the house there. I returned home late and was thirsty. I came here for water to drink."

Her temper died down as suddenly as it had flamed, and she seemed given up to a miserable, shamed trepidation.

"Oh!" she said, "don't ye tell 'em—don't—I—I'm Dusk Dunbar."

Then, as was very natural, he became curious and possibly did smile—a very little.

"What in the name of all that is fantastic are you doing?"

She made an effort at being defiant and succeeded pretty well.

"I wasn't doin' no harm," she said. "I was—dressin' up a bit. It aint nobody's business."

"That's true," he answered coolly. "At all events it is not mine—though it is rather late for a lady to be alone at such a place. However, if you have no objection I will get what I came for and go back."

She said nothing when he stepped down and filled the gourd, but she regarded him with a sort of irritable watchfulness as he drank.

"Are ye—are ye a-goin' to tell?" she faltered, when he had finished.

"No," he answered as coolly as before. "Why should I?"

Then he gave her a long look from head to foot. The dress was a poor enough velveteen and had a cast-off air, but it clung to her figure finely, and its sleeves were picturesque with puffs at the shoulder and slashings of white,—indeed the moonlight made her all black and white; her eyes, which were tawny brown by day, were black as velvet now under the straight lines of her brows, and her face was pure dead fairness itself.

When, his look ended, his eyes met hers, she drew back with an impatient movement.

"Ye look as if—as if ye thought I didn't get it honest," she exclaimed petulantly, "but I did."

That drew his glance toward her dress again, for of course she referred to that, and he could not help asking her a point-blank question.

"Where *did* you get it?" he said.

There was a slow flippancy about the manner of her reply which annoyed him by its variance with her beauty—but the beauty! How the moonlight and the black and white brought it out as she leaned against the rock, looking at him from under her lashes!

"Are ye goin' to tell the folks up at the house?" she demanded. "They don't know nothin', and I don't want 'em to know."

He shrugged his shoulders negatively.

She laughed with a hint of cool slyness and triumph.

"I got it at Asheville," she said. "I went with father when they was a show thar, 'n' the women stayed at the same tavern we was at, 'n' one of 'em tuk up with me 'n' I done somethin' for her—carried a letter or two," breaking into the sly, triumphant laugh again, "'n' she giv' me the dress fur pay. What d'ye think of it? Is it becomin'?"

The suddenness of the change of manner with which she said these last words was indescribable. She stood upright, her head up, her hands fallen at her sides, her eyes cool and straight—her whole presence confronting him with the power of which she was conscious.

"Is it?" she repeated.

He was a gentleman from instinct and from training, having ordinarily quite a lofty repugnance for all profanity and brusqueness, and yet somehow,—account for it as

you will,—he had the next instant answered her with positive brutality.

"Yes," he answered. "Damnably!"

When the words were spoken and he heard their sound fall upon the soft night air, he was as keenly disgusted as he would have been if he had heard them uttered by another man. It was not until afterward when he had had leisure to think the matter over that he comprehended vaguely the force which had moved him.

But his companion received them without discomfiture. Indeed, it really occurred to him at the moment that there was a possibility that she would have been less pleased with an expression more choice.

"I come down here to-night," she said, "because I never git no chance to do nothin' up at the house. I'm not a-goin' to let *them* know. Never mind why, but ye mustn't tell 'em."

He felt haughtily anxious to get back to his proper position.

"Why should I?" he said again. "It is no concern of mine."

Then for the first time he noticed the manner in which she had striven to dress her hair in the style of her model, Rebecca Noble, and this irritated him unendurably. He waved his hand toward it with a gesture of distaste.

"Don't do that again," he said. "That is not becoming, at least"—though he was angrily conscious that it was.

She bent over the spring with a hint of alarm in her expression.

"Aint it?" she said, and the eager rapidity with which she lifted her hands and began to alter it almost drew a smile from him despite his mood.

"I done it like hern," she began, and stopped suddenly to look up at him. "You know her," she added; "they're at Harney's. Father said ye'd went to see her jest as soon as ye got here."

"I know her," was his short reply.

He picked up the drinking-gourd and turned away.

"Good-night," he said.

"Good-night."

At the top of the rocky incline he looked back at her.

She was kneeling upon the brink of the spring, her sleeve pushed up to her shoulder, her hand and arm in the water, dipping for the fragment of looking-glass.

It was really not wholly inconsistent that he should not directly describe the interview in his next meeting with his betrothed. Indeed, Rebecca was rather struck by the coolness with which he treated the subject when he explained that he had seen the girl and found her beauty all it had been painted.

"Is it possible," she asked, "that she did not quite please you?"

"Are you sure," he returned, "that she quite pleases *you?*"

Rebecca gave a moment to reflection.

"But her beauty ——" she began, when it was over.

"Oh!" he interposed, "as a matter of color and curve and proportion she is perfect; one must admit that, however reluctantly."

Rebecca laughed.

"Why 'reluctantly?'" she said.

It was his turn to give a moment to reflection. His face shadowed, and he looked a little disturbed.

"I don't know," he replied at length; "I give it up."

He had expected to see a great deal of the girl, but somehow he saw her even oftener than he had anticipated. During the time he spent in the house, chance seemed to throw her continually in his path or under his eye. From his window he saw her carrying water from the spring, driving the small agile cow to and from the mountain pasturage, or idling in the shade. Upon the whole it was oftener this last than any other occupation. With her neglected knitting in her hands she would sit for hours under a certain low-spreading cedar not far from the door, bare-footed, coarsely clad, beautiful, every tinge of the sun, every indifferent leisurely movement, a new suggestion of a new grace.

It would have been impossible to resist the temptation to watch her; and this Lennox did at first almost unconsciously. Then he did more. One beautiful still morning she stood under the cedar, her hand thrown lightly above her head to catch at a bough, and as she remained motionless, he made a sketch of her. When it was finished he was seized with the whimsical impulse to go out and show it to her.

She took it with an uncomprehending air, but the moment she saw what it was a flush of triumphant joy lighted up her face.

"It's me," she cried in a low eager voice. "Me! Do I look like that thar? Do I?"

"You look as that would look if it had color, and was more complete."

She glanced up at him sharply.

"D'ye mean if it was han'somer?"

He was tempted into adding to her excitement with a compliment.

"Yes," he said, "very much handsomer than I could ever hope to make it."

A slow deep red rose to her face.

"Give it to me!" she demanded.

"If you will stand in the same position until I have drawn another—certainly," he returned.

He was fully convinced that when she repeated the attitude there would be added to it a look of consciousness.

When she settled into position and caught at the bough again, he watched in some distaste for the growth of the nervously complaisant air, but it did not appear. She was unconsciousness itself.

It is possible that Rebecca Noble had never been so happy during her whole life as she was during this one summer. Her enjoyment of every wild beauty and novelty was immeasurably keen. Just at this time to be shut out, and to be as it were high above the world, added zest to her pleasure.

"Ah," she said once to her lover, "happiness is better here—one can taste it slowly."

Fatigue seemed impossible to her. With Lennox as her companion she performed miracles in the way of walking and climbing, and explored the mountain fastnesses for miles around. Her step grew firm and elastic, her color richer, her laugh had a buoyant ring. She had never been so nearly a beautiful woman as she was sometimes when she came back to the cabin after a ramble, bright and sun-flushed, her hands full of laurel and vines.

"Your gown of 'hodden-gray' is wonderfully becoming, Beck," Lennox said again and again with a secret exulting pride in her.

Their plans for the future took tone from their blissful, unconventional life. They could not settle down until they had seen the world. They would go here and there, and perhaps, if they found it pleasanter so, not settle down at all. There were certain clay-white closely built villages, whose tumble-down houses jostled each other upon divers precipitous cliffs on the wayside between Florence and Rome, toward which Lennox's compass seemed always to point. He rather argued that the fact of their not being dilated upon in the guide-books rendered them additionally interesting. Rebecca had her fancies too, and together they managed to talk a good deal of tender romantic nonsense which was purely their own business, and gave the summer days a delicate yet distinct flavor.

The evening after the sketch was made they spent upon the mountain-side together. When they stopped to rest, Lennox flung himself upon the ground at Rebecca's feet, and lay looking up at the far away blue of the sky in which a slow-flying bird circled lazily. Rebecca, with a cluster of pink and white laurel in her hand, proceeded with a metaphysical and poetic harangue she had previously begun.

"To my eyes," she said, "it has a pathetic air of loneliness—pathetic and yet not exactly sorrowful. It knows nothing but its own pure, brave, silent life. It is only pathetic to a worldling—wordlings like us. How fallen we must be to find a life desolate because it has only nature for a companion!"

She stopped with an idle laugh, waiting for an ironical reply from the "worldling" at her feet; but he remained silent, still looking upward at the clear deep blue.

As she glanced toward him she saw something lying upon the grass between them and bent to pick it up. It was the sketch which he had forgotten and which had slipped from the portfolio.

"You have dropped something," she said, and seeing what it was, uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

He came back to earth with a start, and, recognizing the sketch, looked more than half irritated.

"Oh! it is that, is it?" he said.

"It is perfect!" she exclaimed. "What a picture it will make!"

"It is not to be a picture," he answered. "It was not intended to be anything more than a sketch."

"But why not?" she asked. "It is too good to lose. You never had such a model in your life before."

"No," he answered grudgingly.

The hand with which Rebecca held the sketch dropped. She turned her attention to her lover, and a speculative interest grew in her face.

"That girl,"—she said slowly, after a mental summing up occupying a few seconds,—"that girl irritates you—irritates you."

He laughed faintly.

"I believe she does," he replied, "yes, 'irritates' is the word to use."

And yet if this were true, his first act upon returning home was a singular one.

He was rather late, but the girl Lodusky

was sitting in the moonlight at the door. He stopped and spoke to her.

"If I should wish to paint you," he said rather coldly, "would you do me the favor of sitting to me?"

She did not answer him at once, but seemed to weigh his words as she looked out across the moonlight.

"Ye mean, will I let ye put me in a picter?" she said at last.

He nodded.

"Yes," she answered.

"I reckon he told ye he was a-paintin' Dusk's picter," "Mis'" Harney said to her boarders a week later.

"Mr. Lennox," returned Rebecca, "yes, he told us."

"I thort so," nodding benignly. "Waal now, Dusk'll make a powerful nice picter if she don't git contrairy. The trouble with Dusk is her a-gittin' contrairy. She's as like old Hance Dunbar as she kin be. I mean in some ways. Lord knows, 'twouldn't do to say she was like him in everythin'."

Naturally, Miss Noble made some inquiries into the nature of old Hance Dunbar's "contrairiness." Secretly, she had a desire to account for Lodusky according to established theory.

"I wonder ye haint heern of him," said "Mis'" Harney. "He was jest awful—old Hance! He was Nath's daddy, an' Lord! the wickedest feller! Folks was afeared of him. No one darsn't to go a-nigh him when he'd git mad—a-rippin' 'n' a-rearin' 'n' a-chargin'. 'N' he never got no religion, mind ye; he died jest that a-way. He was allers a hankerin' arter seein' the world, 'n' he went off an' staid off a right smart while,—nine or ten year,—'n' lived in all sorts o' ways in them big cities. When he come back he was a sight to see, sick 'n' pore 'n' holler-eyed, but as wicked as ever. Dusk was a little thing 'n' he was a old man, but he'd laugh 'n' tell her to take care of her face 'n' be a smart gal. He was drefful sick at last 'n' suffered a heap, 'n' one day he got up offen his bed 'n' tuk down Nath's gun 'n' shot hisself as cool as could be. He hadn't no patience 'n' he said, 'When a der-derned man had lived through what he had 'n' then wouldn't die, it was time to kill him.' Seems like it sorter 'counts fur Dusk, she don't git her cur'usness from her own folks; Nath an' Mandy's mighty clever, both on 'em."

"Perhaps it does 'count for Dusk," Rebecca said, after telling the tale to Lennox. "It must be a fearful thing to have such blood in one's veins and feel it on fire. Let us," she continued with a smile, "be as charitable as possible."

When the picture was fairly under way, Lennox's visits to the Harneys' cabin were somewhat less frequent. The mood in which she found he had gradually begun to regard his work aroused in Rebecca a faint wonder. He seemed hardly to like it, and yet to be fascinated by it. He was averse to speaking freely of it, and still he thought of it continually. Frequently when they were together, he wore an absent, perturbed air.

"You do not look content," she said to him once.

He passed his hand quickly across his forehead and smiled, plainly with an effort, but he made no reply.

The picture progressed rather slowly upon the whole. Rebecca had thought the subject a little fantastic at first and yet had been attracted by it. A girl in a peculiar dress of black and white bent over a spring with an impatient air trying in vain to catch a glimpse of her beauty in the reflection of the moonlight.

"It's our spring, shore," commented "Mis'" Dunbar. "'N' its Dusk—but Lord! how fine she's fixed. Ye're as fine as ye want to be in the picter, Dusk, if ye wa'n't never fine afore. Don't ye wish ye had sich dressin' as thet thar now?"

The sittings were at the outset peculiarly silent. There was no untimely motion or change of expression, and yet no trying passiveness. The girl gave any position a look of unconsciousness quite wonderful. Privately, Lennox was convinced that she was an actress from habit—that her ease was the result of life-long practice. Sometimes he found his own consciousness of her steady gaze almost unbearable. He always turned to meet her deep eyes fixed upon him with an expression he could not fathom. Frequently he thought it an expression of dislike—of secret resentment—of subtle defiance. There came at last a time when he knew that he turned toward her again and again because he felt that he must—because he had a feverish wish to see if the look had changed.

Once when he did this he saw that it *had* changed. She had moved a little, her eyes were dilated with a fire which startled him beyond self-control, her color came and went, she breathed fast. The next instant she sprang from her chair.

"I wont stand it no longer," she cried panting; "no longer—I wont!"

Her ire was magnificent. She flung her

head back, and struck her side with her clenched hand.

"No longer!" she said; "not a minute!"

Lennox advanced one step and stood, palette in hand, gazing at her.

"What have I done?" he asked. "What?"

"What?" she echoed with contemptuous scorn. "Nothin'! *But d'ye think I don't know ye?*"

"Know me!" he repeated after her mechanically, finding it impossible to remove his glance from her.

"What d'ye take me fur?" she demanded. "A fool? Yes, I was a fool—a fool to come here, 'n' set 'n' let ye—let ye despise me!" in a final outburst.

Still he could only echo her again, and say "Despise you!"

Her voice lowered itself into an actual fierceness of tone.

"Ye've done it from first to last," she said. "Would ye look at her like ye look at me? Would ye turn half way 'n' look at her 'n' then turn back as if—as if—. Aint there"—her eyes ablaze—"aint there no *life* to me?"

"Stop!" he began hoarsely.

"I'm beneath her, am I?" she persisted. "ME beneath another woman—Dusk Dunbar! It's the first time!"

She walked toward the door as if to leave him, but suddenly she stopped. A passionate tremor shook her; he saw her throat swell. She threw her arm up against the logs of the wall and dropped her face upon it, sobbing tumultuously.

There was a pause of perhaps three seconds. Then Lennox moved slowly toward her. Almost unconsciously he laid his hand upon her heaving shoulder and so stood trembling a little.

When Rebecca paid her next visit to the picture it struck her that it appeared at a standstill. As she looked at it her lover saw a vague trouble growing slowly in her eyes.

"What!" he remarked. "It does not please you?"

"I think," she answered,—"I feel as if it had not pleased you."

He fell back a few paces and stood scanning it with an impression at once hard and curious.

"Please me!" he exclaimed in a voice almost strident. "It should. She has beauty enough."

On her return home that day Rebecca drew forth from the recesses of her trunk her neglected writing folio and a store of paper.

Miss Thorne, entering the room, found her kneeling over the trunk, and spoke to her.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Rebecca smiled faintly.

"What I ought to have begun before," she said. "I am behindhand with my work."

She laid the folio and her ink-stand upon the table, and made certain methodical arrangements for her labor. She worked diligently all day, and looked slightly pale and wearied when she rose from her seat in the evening. Until eleven o'clock she sat at the open door, sometimes talking quietly, sometimes silent and listening to the wind among the pines. She did not mention her lover's name, and he did not come. She spent many a day and night in the same manner after this. For the present the long, idle rambles and unconventional moon-lit talks were over. It was tacitly understood between herself and her aunt that Lennox's labor occupied him.

"It seems a strange time to begin a picture—during a summer holiday," said Miss Thorne a little sharply upon one occasion.

Rebecca laughed with an air of cheer.

"No time is a strange time to an artist," she answered. "Art is a mistress who gives no holidays."

She was continually her bright, erect, alert self. The woman who loved her dearly and had known her from her earliest childhood, found her sagacity and knowledge set at naught as it were. She had been accustomed to see her niece admired far beyond the usual lot of women; she had gradually learned to feel it only natural that she should inspire quite a strong sentiment even in casual acquaintances. She had felt the delicate power of her fascination herself, but never at her best and brightest had she found her more charming or quicker of wit and fancy than she was now.

Even Lennox, coming every few days with a worn-out look and touched with a haggard shadow, made no outward change in her.

"She does not look," said the elder lady to herself, "like a neglected woman." And then the sound of the phrase struck her with a sharp incredulous pain. "A neglected woman!" she repeated,—"Beck!"

She did not understand, and was not weak enough to ask questions.

Lennox came and went, and Rebecca gained upon her work until she could no longer say she was behindhand. The readers of her letters and sketches found them fresh and sparkling, "as if," wrote a friend, "you were braced both mentally and physically by the mountain air."

But once in the middle of the night Miss Thorne awakened with a mysterious shock to find the place at her side empty and her niece sitting at the open window in a quiet which suggested that she might not have moved for an hour.

She obeyed her strong first impulse, and rose and went to her.

She laid her hand on her shoulder, and shook her gently.

"Beck!" she demanded, "what are you doing?"

When the girl turned slowly round, she started at the sight of her cold, miserable pallor.

"I am doing nothing—nothing," she answered. "Why did you get up? It's a fine night, isn't it?"

Despite her discretion, Miss Thorne broke down into a blunder.

"You—you never look like this in the day-time!" she exclaimed.

"No," was the reply given with cool deliberateness. "No; I would rather *die*."

For the moment she was fairly incomprehensible. There was in the set of her eye and the expression of her fair, clear face, the least hint of dogged obstinacy.

"Beck ——" she began.

"You ought not to have got up," said Beck. "It is enough to look 'like this' at night when I am by myself. Go back to bed, if you please."

Miss Thorne went back to bed meekly. She was at once alarmed and subdued. She felt as if she had had a puzzling interview with a stranger.

In these days Lennox regarded his model with morbid interest. A subtle change was perceptible in her. Her rich color deepened, she held herself more erect, her eye had a larger pride and light. She was a finer creature than ever, and yet—she came at his call. He never ceased to wonder at it. Sometimes the knowledge of his power stirred within him a vast impatience, sometimes he was hardened by it, but somehow it never touched him, though he was thrown into tumult—bound against his will. He could not say that he understood her. Her very passiveness baffled him and caused him to ask himself what it meant. She spoke little, and her emotional phases seemed reluctant, but her motionless face and slowly raised eye always held a meaning of their own.

On an occasion when he mentioned his approaching departure, she started as if she had received a blow, and he turned to see her redden and pale alternately, her face full of alarm.

"What is the matter?" he asked brusquely.

"I—hadn't bin thinkin' on it," she stammered. "I'd kinder forgot."

He turned to his easel again and painted rapidly for a few minutes. Then he felt a light touch on his arm. She had left her seat noiselessly and stood beside him. She gave him a passionate, protesting look. A fire of excitement seemed to have sprung up within her and given her a defiant daring.

"D'ye think I'll stay here—when ye're gone—like I did before?" she said.

She had revealed herself in many curious lights to him, but no previous revelation had been so wonderful as was the swift change of mood and bearing which took place in her at this instant. In a moment she had melted into soft tears, her lips were tremulous, her voice dropped into a shaken whisper.

"I've allers wanted to go away," she said. "I—I've allers said I would. I want to go to a city somewhar—I don't keer whar. I might git work—I've heerd of folks as did. P'r'aps some un ud hire me!"

He stared at her like a man fascinated.

"*You* go to the city alone!" he said under his breath. "*You* try to get work!"

"Yes," she answered. "Don't ye know no one——"

He stopped her.

"No," he said, "I don't. It would be a dangerous business unless you had friends. As for me, I shall not be in America long. As soon as I am married I go with my wife to Europe."

He heard a sharp click in her throat. Her tears were dried and she was looking straight at him.

"Are ye a-goin' to be married?" she asked.

"Yes."

"To—*her?*" with a gesture in the direction of the Harneys' cabin.

"Yes."

"Oh!" and she walked out of the room.

He did not see her for three days, and the picture stood still. He went to the Harneys' and found Rebecca packing her trunk.

"We are going back to New York," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because our holiday is over."

Miss Thorne regarded him with chill severity.

"When may we expect to see you?" she inquired.

He really felt half stupefied,—as if for the time being his will was paralyzed.

"I don't know," he answered.

He tried to think that he was treated badly and coldly. He told himself that he had done nothing to deserve this style of thing, that he had simply been busy and absorbed in his work, and that if he had at times appeared preoccupied it was not to be wondered at. But when he looked at Rebecca he did not put these thoughts into words; he did not even say that of course he should follow them soon, since there was nothing to detain him but a sketch or two he had meant to make.

By night they were gone and he was left restless and miserable. He was so restless that he could not sleep but wandered down toward the spring. He stopped at the exact point at which he had stopped on the night of his arrival—at the top of the zigzag little path leading down the rocky incline. He stopped because he heard a sound of passionate sobbing. He descended slowly. He knew the sound—angry, fierce, uncontrollable—because he had heard it before. It checked itself the instant he reached the ground. Lodusky leaning against a projecting rock kept her eyes fixed upon the water.

"Why did you come here?" he demanded, a little excitedly. "What are you crying for? What has hurt you?"

"Nothin'," in a voice low and unsteady.

He drew a little nearer to her and for the first time was touched. She would not look at him, she was softened and altered, in her whole appearance, by a new pallor.

"Have ——" he began, "have I?"

"You!" she cried, turning on him with a bitter, almost wild, gesture. "*You* wouldn't keer if I was struck *dead* afore ye!"

"Look here," he said to her, with an agitation he could not master. "Let me tell you something about myself. If you think I am a passably good fellow you are mistaken. I am a bad fellow, a poor fellow, an ignoble fellow. You don't understand?" as she gazed at him in bewilderment. "No, of course, you don't. God knows I didn't myself until within the last two weeks. It's folly to say such things to you; perhaps I say them half to satisfy myself. But I mean to show you that I am not to be trusted. I think perhaps I am too poor a fellow to love any woman honestly and altogether. I followed one woman here, and then after all let another make me waver ——"

"Another!" she faltered.

He fixed his eyes on her almost coldly.

"You," he said.

He seemed to cast the word at her and wonder what she would make of it. He waited a second or so before he went on.

"*You*, and yet you are not the woman I love either. Good God! What a villain I must be. I am an insult to every woman that breathes. It is not even you—though I can't break from you, and you have made me despise myself. There! do you know now—do you see now that I am not worth ——"

The next instant he started backward. Before he had time for a thought she had uttered a low cry, and flung herself down at his feet.

"I don't keer," she panted; "I wont keer fur nothin',—whether ye're good or bad,—only don't leave me here when ye go away."

A week later Lennox arose one morning and set about the task of getting his belongings together. He had been up late and had slept heavily and long. He felt exhausted and looked so.

The day before, his model had given him his last sitting. The picture stood finished upon the easel. It was a thorough and artistic piece of work, and yet the sight of it was at times unbearable to him. There were times again, however, when it fascinated him anew when he went and stood opposite to it, regarding it with an intense gaze. He scarcely knew how the last week had passed. It seemed to have been spent in alternate feverish struggles and reckless abandonment to impulse. He had let himself drift here and there, he had at last gone so far as to tell himself that the time had arrived when baseness was possible to him.

"I don't promise you an easy life," he had said to Dusk the night before. "I tell you I am a bad fellow, and I have lost something through you that I cared for. You may wish yourself back again."

"If you leave me," she said, "I'll kill myself!" and she struck her hands together.

For the moment he was filled, as he often was, with a sense of passionate admiration. It was true he saw her as no other creature had ever seen her before, that so far as such a thing was possible with her, she loved him—loved him with a fierce, unreserved, yet narrow passion.

He had little actual packing to do—merely the collecting of a few masculine odds and ends, and then his artistic accompaniments. Nothing was of consequence but these; the rest were tossed together indifferently, but the picture was to be left until the last moment, that its paint might be dry beyond a doubt.

Having completed his preparations he went out. He had the day before him, and scarcely knew what to do with it, but it must be killed in one way or another. He wandered up the mountain and at last lay down with his cigar among the laurels. He was full of a strange excitement which now thrilled, now annoyed him.

He came back in the middle of the afternoon and laughed a rather half-hearted laugh at the excellent Mandy's comment upon his jaded appearance.

"Ye look kinder tuckered out," she said. Ye'd oughtn't ter walked so fur when ye was a-gwine off to-night. Ye'd orter rested."

She stopped the churn-dasher and regarded him with a good-natured air of interest.

"Hev ye seed Dusk to say good-bye to her?" she added. "She's went over the mountain ter help Mirandy Stillins with her soap. She wont be back fur a day or two."

He went into his room and shut the door. A fierce repulsion sickened him. He had heretofore held himself with a certain degree of inward loftiness; he had so condemned the follies and sins of other men, and here he found himself involved in a low and common villainy, in the deceits which belonged to his crime, and which preyed upon simplicity and ignorant trust.

He went and stood before his easel, hot with a blush of self-scorn.

"Has it come to this?" he muttered through his clenched teeth—"to *this!*"

He made an excited forward movement; his foot touched the supports of the easel, jarring it roughly; the picture fell upon the floor.

"What?" he cried out. "Beck! You! Great God!"

For before him, revealed by the picture's fall, the easel held one of the fairest memories he had of the woman he had proved himself too fickle and slight to value rightly.

It was merely a sketch made rapidly one day soon after his arrival and never wholly completed, but it had been touched with fire and feeling, and the face looked out from the canvas with eyes whose soft happiness stung him to the quick with the memories they brought. He had meant to finish it and had left it upon the easel that he might turn to it at any moment, and it had remained there, covered by a stronger rival—forgotten.

He sat down in a chair and his brow fell upon his hands. He felt as if he had been clutched and dragged backward by a powerful arm.

When at last he rose, he strode to the picture lying upon the floor, ground it under his heel and spurned it from him with an imprecation.

He was, at a certain hour, to reach a particular bend in the road some miles distant. He was to walk to this place and if he found no one there, to wait.

When at sunset that evening he reached it, he was half an hour before the time specified, but he was not the first at the tryst. He was within twenty yards of the spot when a figure rose from the roots of a tree and stood waiting for him—the girl Dusk with a little bundle in her hand.

She was not flushed or tremulous with any hint of mental excitement; she awaited him with a fine repose, even the glow of the dying sun having no power to add to her color, but as he drew near he saw her look gradually change. She did not so much as stir, but the change grew slowly, slowly upon her face and developed there into definite shape—the shape of secret, repressed dread.

"What is it," she asked when he at last confronted her, "that ails ye?"

She uttered the words in a half whisper, as if she had not the power to speak louder, and he saw the hand hanging at her side close itself.

"What is it—that ails ye?"

He waited a few seconds before he answered her.

"Look at me," he said at last, "and see."

She did look at him. For the space of ten seconds their eyes were fixed upon each other in a long, bitter look. Then her little bundle dropped on the ground.

"Ye've went back on me," she said under her breath again. "Ye've went back on me!"

He had thought she might make some passionate outcry, but she did not yet. A white wrath was in her face and her chest heaved, but she spoke slowly and low, her hands fallen down by her side.

"Ye've went back on me," she said. "An' *I knew ye would.*"

He felt that the odor of his utter falseness tainted the pure air about him; he had been false all round,—to himself, to his love, to his ideals,—even in a baser way here.

"Yes," he answered her with a bitterness she did not understand, "I've gone back on you." Then as if to himself, "I could not even reach perfection in villainy."

Then her rage and misery broke forth.

"Yer a coward!" she said, with gasps between her words. "Yer afraid! I'd sooner—I'd sooner ye'd killed me—*dead!*"

Her voice shrilled itself into a smothered shriek, she cast herself face downward upon the earth and lay there clutching amid her sobs at the grass.

He looked down at her in a cold, stunned fashion.

"Do you think," he said hoarsely, "that you can loathe me as I loathe myself? Do you think you can call me one shameful name I don't know I deserve? If you can, for God's sake let me have it."

She struck her fist against the earth.

"Thar wasn't a man I ever saw," she said, "that didn't foller after me, 'n' do fur me, 'n' wait fur a word from me. They'd hev let me set my foot on 'em if I'd said it. Thar wasn't nothin' I mightn't hev done—not nothin'. An' now—an' now——" and she tore the grass from its earth and flung it from her.

"Go on," he said. "Go on and say your worst."

Her worst was bad enough, but he almost exulted under the blows she dealt him. He felt their horrible sting a vague comfort. He had fallen low enough surely when it was a comfort to be told that he was a liar, a poltroon and a scoundrel.

The sun had been down an hour when it was over and she had risen and taken up her bundle.

"Why don't ye ask me to forgive ye?" she said with a scathing sneer. "Why don't ye ask me to forgive ye—an' say ye didn't mean to do it?"

He fell back a pace and was silent. With what grace would the words have fallen from his lips? And yet he knew that he had not *meant* to do it.

She turned away and at a distance of a few feet stopped. She gave him a last look—a fierce one in its contempt and anger, and her affluence of beauty had never been so stubborn a fact before.

"Ye think ye've left me behind," she said. "An' so ye hev—but it aint fur allers. The time'll come when mebbe ye'll see me ag'in."

He returned to New York, but he had been there a week before he went to Rebecca. Finally, however, he awoke one morning feeling that the time had come for the last scene of his miserable drama. He presented himself at the house and sent up his name, and in three minutes Rebecca came to him.

It struck him with a new thrill of wretchedness to see that she wore by chance the very dress she had worn the day he had made the sketch—a pale, pure-looking gray with a scarf of white lace loosely fastened at her throat. Next, he saw that there was a painful change in her, that she looked frail and worn, as if she had been ill. His first words he scarcely heard and never remembered. He had not come to make a defense, but a naked, bitter confession. As he made it low and monotonously, in brief, harsh words, holding no sparing for himself, Rebecca stood with her hand upon the mantel looking at him with simple directness. There was no rebuke in her look, but there was weariness. It occurred to him once or twice and with a terribly humiliating pang, that she was tired of him,—tired of it all.

"I have lost you," he ended. "And I have lost myself. I have seen myself as I am,—a poorer figure, a grosser one than I ever dreamed of being, even in the eyes of my worst enemy. Henceforth, this figure will be my companion. It is as if I looked at myself in a bad glass, but now, though the reflection is a pitiable one, the glass is true."

"You think," she said, after a short silence, "of going away?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"To Europe."

"Oh!" she ejaculated, with a soft, desperate sound of pain.

His eyes had been downcast and he raised them.

"Yes," he said, mournfully. "We were to have gone together."

"Yes," she answered, "together."

Her eyes were wet.

"I was very happy," she said, "for a little while."

She held out her hand.

"But," she added, as if finishing a sentence. "You have been truer to me than you think."

"No—no," he groaned.

"Yes, truer to me than you think—and truer to yourself. It was I you loved—I! There have been times when I thought I must give that up, but now I know I need not. It was I. Sometime, perhaps,—sometime,—not now ——"

Her voice broke, she did not finish, the end was a sob. Their eyes rested upon each other a few seconds, and then he released her hand and went away.

He was absent for two years, and during that time his friends heard much good of him. He lived the life of a recluse and a hard worker. He learned to know his own strength, and taught the world to recognize it also.

At the end of the second year, being in Paris, he went one night to the *Nouvelle Opéra*. Toward the close of the second act he became conscious of a little excited stir among those surrounding him. Every glass seemed directed toward a new arrival who stood erect and cool in one of the stage-boxes. She might have been Cleopatra, Her costume was of a creamy satin, she was covered with jewels and she stood up confronting the house, as it regarded her, with *sang froid.*

Lennox rose hurriedly and left the place. He was glad to breathe the bitterly cold but pure night air. She had made no idle prophecy. He had seen her again!

There hung upon the wall of his private room a picture whose completion had been the first work after his landing. He went in to it and looked at it with something like adoration.

"Sometime," he said, "perhaps now," and the next week he was on his way home.

A RUSSIAN FUNERAL.

I AM sitting in my study at Moscow. A slow chant shows me that a funeral is approaching. I look out of my window and notice that the pavement has been strewn with bits of fir and hemlock, and soon see four men in long, rusty black gowns and broad-brimmed hats, each carrying a candle in a lantern. Next comes a bare-headed man with a holy picture which he carries in front of him against his breast, the frame being carefully wrapped in white cambric so as to avoid the contact of his hands. Then comes the coffin-lid, borne by two men, and on it a cocked hat and sword, for this it seems is the funeral of an officer. With this are men and boys carrying on velvet cushions the crosses and medals of the deceased. The priests and deacons follow, dressed now in robes of black velvet, trimmed with silver and covered with silver crosses. The deacons have candles and censers, and, together with the choir, are chanting a funeral hymn. Immediately next, with candle-bearers on either side, is the coffin, carried by the nearest relatives and friends. It is very shallow and open so as to show half of the body of the deceased, with his face uncovered and his hands clasping a cross over his breast. The coffin itself is covered with rich blue and silver brocade, very different from the polished rosewood and the black pall we always see at home. It must be on its way to the church, for when it goes to the graveyard it will be carried on a hearse,—a sort of gorgeous triumphal car, in the form of a temple hung with gold and silver brocade,—where it will be raised up on a lofty platform. The relatives and friends then follow, not in a formal procession, but in an irregular and confused crowd. Every one but the lantern-bearers in front is bare-headed, and all passers-by uncover themselves as they meet the procession, and crossing themselves, mutter an inaudible prayer. Were it winter, these bare-headed mourners would have handkerchiefs tied over their ears, and as each man seems to prefer a different color, the motley effect would be odd enough.

There is to me something inexpressibly soothing in the Russian services for the dead. From the time when the body is laid out to the funeral, the Psalter, interspersed with prayer, is read aloud day and night in the same room with the corpse. The readers take turns, so that this low, dull, mournful sound never ceases. Twice a day there are prayers in the house by the priest and church-assistants, at which all the friends

of the family are expected to be present. The gentlemen are always in full dress, the ladies in black. All hold lighted candles and stand around the body, which lies on a table in the center of an empty room,—for most of the furniture has been removed, and all the mirrors have, from superstitious motives, been covered up. The chants are very sacred and mournful, and there is one passage, the "Everlasting Remembrance," when all kneel and touch their foreheads to the floor. If any are too infirm for this, they at least touch the tips of their fingers to the ground. After praying for the repose of the soul of the deceased and for the forgiveness of his sins, voluntary and involuntary, the priest says: "With the saints let the soul of thy deceased servant Ivan (always naming him), O Lord, rest in peace, and keep him in everlasting remembrance!" This prayer is then taken up by the choir and sung to a very sad air. At this mention of the name of the dead man, it is difficult for the friends to keep dry eyes, and sobbing is infectious. This very repetition of the prayers, this solemn and impressive meeting twice a day of all the friends, acts as a sort of opiate on the feelings, and the mourners reconcile themselves sooner to the fact of death.

The actual funeral ceremony at the church is no less impressive. The cold upturned face in the coffin between the wax-lights in the middle of the church, the clouds of incense, the low prayers, the solemn gospel and epistle, the sweet hymns and weird chants sung by pure voices without admixture or accompaniment of organ or instrument, the lighted tapers in the hands of the standing and kneeling mourners,—all produce their peculiar effect. After the mass is said there is a short address or sermon in the case of any one of distinction, and the priest reads aloud a prayer, or rather a form of absolution, a printed copy of which is placed in the folded hands of the dead man,—a custom originating in Kief eight centuries ago. All present then kiss the hand of the deceased; the officiating clergyman pours on the body the wine and oil which had been used in the extreme unction, and sprinkles it with the ashes of the incense, or with simple earth; the lid is placed on the coffin, which is carried to the grave, the accompanying friends usually walking all or a greater part of the distance. There are several cemeteries outside of the city; but most people prefer to be buried in some of the outlying monasteries, if they have the means to afford a grave there. The grounds of the Donskoi, Semenof and Novo-Devitchi monasteries are full of the tombs of the great and rich of Moscow. Few are pious or fortunate enough to obtain burial in the hallowed soil of the great monastery of Troitza.

On the fortieth day, on the name's day and on the anniversary of the death, often for many years, a commemorative requiem is sung at the monastery or cemetery where the body is buried, and the friends are expected to be present. There is one curious custom observed at these commemorations. The friends stand with lighted tapers about a small black desk on which are candles and a dish containing rice mixed with honey and raisins, which they eat or taste. On these occasions a dinner or lunch is often provided at the house. The Archbishop Benjamin tells us the mystical meaning of this odd dish: "The rice," he says "(or, as in ancient times ordained, wheat grain), typifies the deceased Christian, who will hereafter rise again like the buried seed (John xii., 24). The honey implies that on resurrection a sweet and joyful existence awaits us in the kingdom of heaven. The raisins, dried up as they now are, will, on coming up, be beautiful and lovely, as the glorified Christian will be (1 Cor. xv., 43, 44)." In spite of the archbishop's learned explanations the custom remains a pagan one. Brought here from Greece, where it is also fixed in the ceremonies of the church, it is nothing but a remnant of the old sacrifice to the *manes* of the dead with the fruits of Demeter and Dionysus.

Much as I dislike funerals I have had to see many, and of all kinds, but none, except at times, in the form of the Episcopal church, are to me so beautiful or so pleasant as these Russian funerals. The Presbyterian form is too cold, too black, too still. We bury our dead too much as if we were trying to draw a lesson from the dead, and as if we doubted where the soul had gone. The Catholic service is too grandiose. There is fine music, but the ceremony is too long and too entirely confined to the officiating priest. In the Russian church every one seems to be taking a part in the service, and the dead are treated with a tenderness and love not elsewhere found. The bows and prostrations, the tapers in each one's hands, the kissing the hands, the earth thrown in the coffin with its beautiful symbolic meaning, are marks of affectionate respect, as well as the carrying of the coffin and the earth thrown into the grave by the hands

of the friends and relatives. There are no black palls, no double coffins or burial caskets, no horrible screwing down of the lid. "Dust thou art, to dust must thou return," is a truth which man here does not attempt to evade. As I said above, every ceremony and every repetition here tends to make us realize the fact of death, without destroying any of its sanctity.

My thoughts and reflections have detained me long, and the funeral procession which gave rise to them has passed my window long since, and the church bells are silent.

THE FALSE ORACLE.

She picked a little daisy flower
With fringe of snow and heart of gold;
All pure without, and warm within,—
And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me," low she musing said,
And plucked the border leaf by leaf;
"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest heart—beyond belief."

"A little—too much—not at all"—
So rang the changes o'er and o'er;
The tiny leaflets fluttered down,
And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest heart"— oh, magic brief!
Ah, foolish task, to measure out
Love's value on a daisy leaf!

For as she pulled the latest left
With "not at all," I heard her say,
"Ah, much *you* know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."

MICROSCOPICAL CORALS.

The beautiful orests of coral which, in both hemispheres, spread their ever-broadening branches beneath the shallow tropical seas, have always held some peculiar fascination for the mind and fancy of man. One of the graceful old Grecian myths illustrates their combined mineral nature and vegetable form as follows: Perseus, having slain the Gorgons and carried away the head of Medusa, found a heap of branches, upon which he had cast the bleeding trophy, converted by its magical touch into stone, and flushed with the hue of blood. The theories of a later age, while lacking the beauty which clings about those old fables, were scarcely nearer the truth as to the nature of corals. Until within the last two centuries, even among scientific men, the notions prevalent upon this subject were of the wildest and vaguest sort. And even now, though the animal nature of coral polyps is well known, many facts connected with their life-history are totally unfamiliar.

These little "toilers of the sea" have received any amount of praise for their untiring industry; they have furnished forth a rich repertory of homilies, and pointed innumerable morals. People of intelligence who have never looked into the subject generally suppose that corals are the work

of "insects," built as dwelling-places, just as bees build their combs, and ants construct their many-chambered abodes. Much in the way of popular enlightenment may

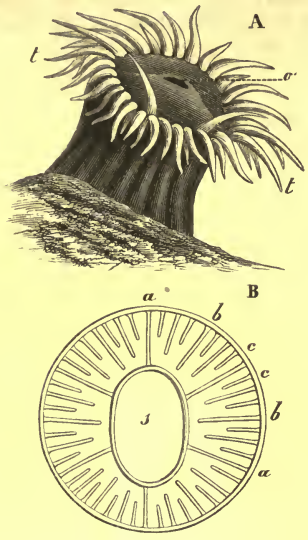


FIG. 1.

A, Daisy anemone: *o*, mouth; *t*, tentacles. B, diagram of internal structure, horizontal section: *a*, septa leading from external wall to stomach; *b*, *b*, *c*, *c*, inferior septa; *s*, stomach.

have been, and it is to be hoped has been, done within the last few years, through Dana's delightful book and the many reviews of it which have appeared. Corals proper are the result of three different kinds of animal life, the true corallines being vegetable in their nature. They are not, however, made in any true sense of the word, but form about or within the living tissues of the organism, as the shell of the mollusks and the skeleton of the vertebrates form by the unconscious processes of secretion, absorption and transmutation. In some cases this skeleton is external or shell-like; usually it is internal.

Secretion is a process which is best performed by the lower organisms; as Dana says, "The very simplicity of their structure enables them to carry on the processes of growth and nutrition, while they are almost all stone." Of the three groups of coral-making animals, only two will be considered here. The *Actiniæ*, or sea-anemones, and the *Hydroidæ*. The third group, the *Polyzoa* or *Bryozoa*, belongs to the sub-kingdom of the mollusks, and will be the subject of the next article in this series.

The coral polyps, while showing an organization far above the rhizopods, are equally destitute of mucous, circulatory, and of a complete digestive system. The fluid which performs the function of blood is merely digested material mixed with sea-water. This distributes itself through all the interior cavities of the body, the undigested portion being ejected through the mouth, or pores of the skin. In species which live buried in the sand, an approach to gills for the aeration of the circulating fluids is found; but these are not coral polyps. A curious example of rudimentary organs of sense is found in some of the more highly organized actiniæ. Arranged around the stem of the polyp just below the tentacles is a chain of eyes, each with a crystalline lens and short optic nerve. But each nerve is isolated; it leads nowhere and is connected with no nervous ring or nervous center. Still it may be said that these creatures see in some dim fashion; they are sensitive to the action of light, besides giving other evidences of the power of vision.

Of the coral-making polyps the most important are the actinoid [Fig. 1, A]. The highest forms of these, though they do not "clog vital action and prevent all locomotion" by the secretion of coral, are essentially the same as the true coral polyps. The external form of these sea-anemones is somewhat like that of a garden aster, which they also resemble in beauty of coloring. The flower-like disk, with its fringed border of tentacles, is supported by a thick pedicel of almost equal diameter with the disk. In the free anemones there is at the lower extremity another disk for purposes of attachment as well as of locomotion—slow though their locomotion is; in certain forms this is replaced by a bulbous-like termination with which they burrow in the sand and anchor there. In the center of the upper disk is an orifice or mouth which

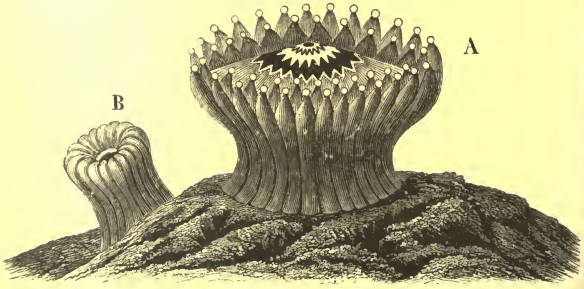


FIG. 2. CARYOPHYLLIA SMITHII.

A, Tentacles expanded; B, tentacles closed. [After Gosse.]

leads into the stomach beneath. In many varieties the stem is studded over with warty protuberances, which act as suckers, and serve the purpose of attachment; in others it is marked by deep corrugations or transverse wrinkles, the result of contraction. The sac-like stomach of the actinia occupies only the upper portion of its pedicel; but the whole stem, both above and below the stomach, is radiate in its structure. The body [see Fig. 1, B] is divided, by fleshy partitions extending from the circumference toward the center, into narrow, wedge-shaped compartments, each one of which communicates at the top with the hollow of a tentacle. The more important of these septa [*a*, *a*] reach from the outer wall of the pedicel to that of the stomach, which they serve to support in its proper position, as well as to dilate it for the reception of food. A number of intermediate sepia [*b*, *b*, and *c*, *c*] do not reach so far inward as the stomach walls, but serve to render the body in the highest degree contractile. Besides the muscles in the septa, the body is furnished with two other sets—one circular, the other longitudinal; there are also others in the tentacles. By means of this elaborate muscular system, the polyp, when disturbed, immediately ejects the water from its body through the mouth and the numerous pores in its exterior walls; the whole disk with the tentacles surrounding it is drawn in, and the sides of the stem are rolled up over these. The appearance is then merely that of a rounded or conical lump [Fig. 2, B]. The disturbing cause being removed, the water is again admitted mainly through the mouth, and the flower slowly opens out and spreads abroad its petal-like tentacles [A].

In their external form and outward structure, in their organs for catching and appropriating their prey, in their powers of digestion and of respiration,—the free and the coral-producing polyps are alike. What constitutes the main difference between them is that the free actinoid polyps generally develop by ova, and the corals by budding; but especially that the latter secrete from the sea-water, which circulates throughout their bodies, the mineral substance of the coral. This mineral substance—every component of which has been detected in sea-water—is deposited between the septa already described, and is therefore radial in its structure; of course, this coral skeleton does not extend into the stomach or disk,—as this would hinder the performance of the vital functions,—but is confined to the septa of the sides and to the lower part of the body. When the polyp is alive, the top, and usually the sides, of the coral are concealed by the disk and tentacles, and by the skin of the living animals. In higher animals, as the skeleton receives new accretions, the older particles pass away, so that, after maturity is reached, the skeleton, under normal conditions, remains of a constant size. The coral polyps, however, after a time secrete more skeleton than they can accommodate, and so grow up and away from their mineral frame, leaving its stem below bare of any vital tissue, the flower-like polyp crowning the tip alone.

The prey of this curious animal-flower is captured partly by means of its tentacles,

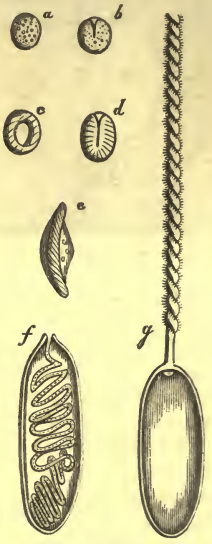


FIG. 3. LASSO CELLS.

a, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, Successive stages of development; *f*, perfect lasso coiled in its cell; *g*, lasso shot out, only one-fourth of thread showing.

which, however, are usually too short to be quite sufficient for this purpose. There are, however, several ways in which the action of the tentacles is aided in the performance of their function; sometimes the whole disk rolls over the captured animal and forces it down into the digestive sac. The mouth and stomach of the actiniæ are so extensible that they frequently swallow animals as large as themselves. In such cases, the margin of the mouth gradually extends itself till it is able to close over the victim,—a large oyster or crab it may be,—until finally the creature with its shell is fairly engulfed. The nutritious portions having been absorbed, the anemone rids itself of the indigestible débris by the simple process of

turning itself inside out,—which apparently causes it not the least inconvenience.

But, besides its clasping tentacles, the actinia has much more active weapons, offensive and defensive. Thickly crowded

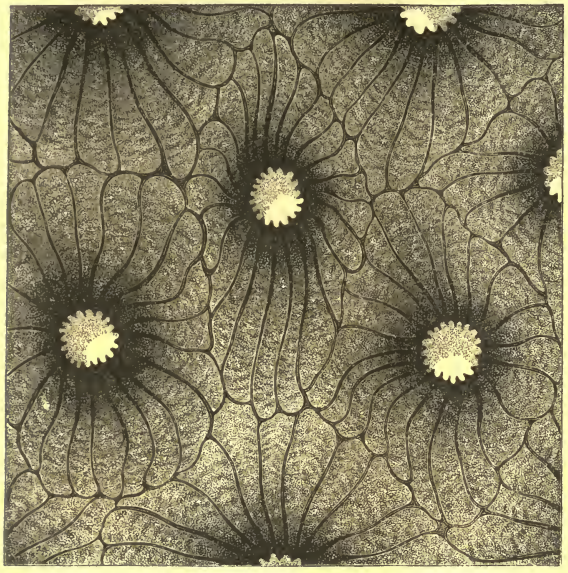


FIG. 4. SECTION OF CORAL ROCK.

around the mouth and over the surface of the tentacles are myriads of tiny cells [Fig. 3, *f*], each one of which contains, coiled up in its cavity, a long, slender, hollow thread, which the animal can shoot out at will with lightning-like rapidity. This is effected by the turning of the tubular filament inside out, like the finger of a glove, the tip being the last part emitted. Somewhere in connection with the basal part of this lasso is a receptacle for poison, which is injected into the wound made by the dart. Once ejected, the lasso is henceforth useless to the actinia, —a matter of no consequence to the polyp, however, since its magazine is so abundantly furnished, and is moreover constantly being replenished [Fig. 3, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*]. In the internal cavity of the body, along the free edge of the septa, and attached to a membrane, which is very much plaited or ruffled, is a slender white cord; these cords are found in bunches about the septa, and are extended through the mouth or through the basal orifices, which are apparently left for this purpose, and also through any ruptured portion of the skin. About these acontia, as they are called, are lasso cells arranged radially and in myriads; these aid greatly in the destruction of prey, as they extend far beyond the body of the animal; their lassos, moreover, are exceptionally long. The tubular threads measure from one-fifth to one-tenth of an inch in length, their cells being from one-twentieth to one-fortieth as long. The thread under high powers looks like a twisted cord of two strands, thickly beset with hairs or bristles for some distance above its base [Fig. 3, *g*]. These same lassos, or *cnidæ*, are found in the other family of coral-making polyps, the hydroids.

When any animal not protected by a shell is captured, death ensues very soon, and upon examination, its flesh is found to be penetrated by the lassos. Gosse mentions an instance that he witnessed, of a small fish which had previously been swimming vigorously about, and which died in great agony a few minutes after the momentary contact of its lip with the lasso-studded surface of a sea-anemone; the lip, when examined, was found to have been pierced by the poisoned darts of the actinia.

These creatures, which form the vast masses of masonry that support the palm-crowned islands of the Pacific, are usually of very minute size, as the markings upon any common specimen of coral will show. Some of the coral-clumps of Oceanica

FIG. 5. HEAD OF SERPULA. [FROM NATURE.]

which have come from a single progenitor measure twenty feet in diameter, while the individual polyps which have formed it have

an extreme length of not more than one twentieth of an inch. The form of the mass of coral, or corallum, is determined by the mode of propagation by which the colony has been developed from the original progenitor, the forms resulting from multiplication by gemmation, by budding, by self-division, and by fission, being very different. The polyps rarely lead a single life; an individual sends out from its stem a bud, which soon develops a mouth and tentacles of its own, though still adhering to the parent organism. Another and another bud is sent out; the branches divide and subdivide by repetition of this process, until the compound organism assumes a plant-like form, though in nature strictly animal. In many varieties, an irregular circlet of buds crops out below the disk of the parent form; others develop in their turn as the stem grows upward and away from the first set. It follows that the parent form is always at the tip of the stem, its oldest offspring being next the base, and the rest arranged above in order of seniority. Here and there upon the lengthening stem, a single polyp begins a career like that of the patriarch of the colony, and so finally a perfect coral-tree is formed, each branch being the result of thousands of individuals. The mass grows upward until the sea-level is reached, and then it frequently continues to grow radially, forming enormous flat disks sustained by a central stem, which is sometimes slender enough to give way beneath the pressure of a ship's keel from above.

The compound organism, whether formed by budding or by division, does not lose its continuity; throughout their entire existence, the union of the individuals remains of the most intimate kind: though each polyp may claim as private property, a mouth, a set of tentacles, and a stomach, these still capture, devour and digest for the public good. The circulation of digested matter in solution extends throughout the entire system. The *Zoöthome* is indeed a sheet of living animal matter, fed by innumerable mouths and nourished by as many stomachs. Nevertheless, the compound body of the colony is subject to the same cycle of change which families and races everywhere undergo. While the living sheet is renewing itself in one place it is dying off in another. Strange to say, however, the parent form in many varieties goes onward and upward, giving birth to thousands, yet seemingly enjoying a perennial youth, while of its progeny the oldest perish first. Usually, before they die, the lower polyps of a colony increase their coral secretions within, and

FIG. 6. MADREPORACEÆ.
A, Sideropora mordax; B, polyp magnified; C, horizontal section of coral near the surface. [After Dana.]

thus solidify the rock they are forming by filling the pores as their tissues dwindle. By degrees, as the mass increases in size, these die off, and finally not only the lower portions, but also the interior of the structure, is mere dead skeleton [Fig 4]. While the coral rock is solidifying below, the upper and exterior portions are clothed with a layer of living animals. The surface is secured against the wear of the waters by an impervious deposit of carbonate of lime, secreted along the edges of the dying polyps; it is further protected by numerous minute incrusting species of coral. Certain barnacles attach themselves as they do to the ship's bottom, without injury however, to the stability of the mass. Many of the serpulæ attach themselves in the same way (according to Dana), the coral having the same rate of growth as their own. The zoöphyte grows around these, leaving a tube which reaches deep into the coral rock. When alive, the serpulæ expand a "brilliant circle or spiral of delicate rays, making a gorgeous display among the coral polyps" [Fig. 5].

When a piece of coral rock is suddenly broken off the whole colony feels the shock;

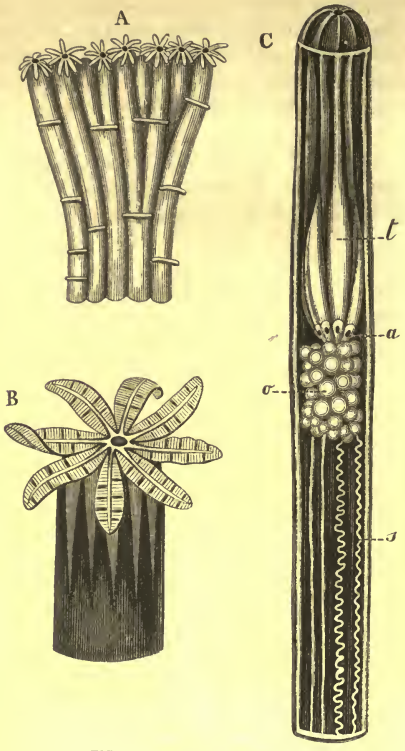


FIG. 7. TUBIPORA SYRINGA.

A, Coral with polyps extended. B, Polyp magnified. C, Longitudinal section of polyp with its tentacles withdrawn; *a*, apertures in tentacles; *o*, ovary; *s*, spermatazoa. [After Dana.]

the tentacles of each polyp close at once. But these animals peculiarly understand making the best of a bad case, and in a short time, all is right again; even the polyps which were torn repair their loss and soon regain their pristine size and power, while under favorable conditions the broken fragment forms the germ of a new colony.

The solid, dome-shaped masses frequently seen in collections are produced by polyps which propagate by division, a common mode in all low forms of life, whether animal or vegetable. The disk elongates into an oval, and a new mouth opens beside the first; longitudinal division takes place in the stem, and tentacles sprout from the recently adherent edges; two individuals springing from a common base are thus formed. Such is a simple case of fission. By extension of the process certain branching forms [Fig. 6] result, as well as the magnificent clumps called *Astræas*, which extend over such vast areas of tropical sea-bottom.

The *Meandrina*, sometimes called "brain coral" from the tortuous lines, suggestive of the convolutions of the brain with which it is marked, is produced by a modification of the process above described. In this polyp the round disk elongates enormously, one mouth forms after another, until whole rows exist side by side before fission occurs; when it does take place, each individual in its turn propagates a new row.

The *Caryophyllia smithii* [Fig. 2, A, B] represents one of the most beautiful of the few solitary species of coral polyps. Beautiful as is the form of this creature, no uncolored drawing can give an idea of its appearance. When filled with water and its tentacles spread, it is delicately translucent throughout; the star surrounding the serrated mouth is either of a deep, rich brown, a vermilion, or an emerald green color, brilliant as the breast of a hummingbird. The knobbed ends of the tentacles are either opaque white, or tinged with rose-color. Seen through the lens and under water, the creature seems some exquisite dream of a zoöphyte rather than solid flesh. In one variety the brighter tints give place to an opalescent play of color. These polyps are evidently sensitive to light, though they have no eyes. They are very long-lived, a single aquarium specimen having been kept for two years and a half after its capture. They reproduce, like the single actinia, by ova, which escape, form into a polyp, and then, before beginning the secretion of coral, multiply by self-division, each individual usually separating from the parent stock. The lassos of this species, Gosse tells us, are as elastic as steel,—more like wires of that material than threads, yet readily turning inside out; it is not stated whether this elasticity is peculiar to the species.

Mention has already been made of the manner in which the actinoid polyps secure their food, and of their extraordinary capacity for disposing of it when caught. There is, indeed, something ludicrous in the pertinacity with which the central idea of the actinia is retained under all conditions and in every mode of reproduction, which invariably looks first of all to the attainment and multiplications of mouths, and, of course, their necessary concomitant, stomachs.

An amusing instance is mentioned by Gosse of voracity in a coral polyp which he had transferred to his aquarium. The basal portion had been torn away from the coral below, so that at least four-fifths of it was free, and still held away from any solid foundation. Happening to examine it some days after, he discovered that the

polyp had most philosophically profited by its misfortunes; the torn base had developed into a mouth duly furnished with tentacles and digestive sac, and the creature was feeding at both ends, the new mouth being smaller than the other, but eating with equal ease and gusto. Johnstone records a still more amusing instance: An actinia, not more than two inches in diameter, had contrived somehow to work its extensible body over a shell as large as an ordinary saucer. The shell lodged crosswise in the stomach, and the actinia was stretched out over it, as flat as a pancake. Instead of dying of dyspepsia, the creature developed a mouth in the lower disk, which sprouted two sets of tentacles, and it fed like the one just mentioned, equally well at both ends. Another of these polyps was fed after having been cut in two longitudinally; in either half the white lasso-studded cord or acontia was observed to press up against the food and sustain it in the half stomach until it was digested. This observation suggests that the acontia may perform some digestive function, possibly the completion merely of the work of death upon the still living, though insensible, prey, after it has been swallowed.

Between those already described and the hydroidæ, there is another group of coral polyps—the alcyonarian. These do not, like the actinoid, secrete their calcareous skeleton radially between their fleshy septa; their flesh is held together by spicules, as in the case of the sponge form described in the article of this series immediately preceding the present one. In some forms—as the *Tubipora*, or organ-pipe coral [Fig. 7]—the deposit is a calcareous tube, firm at the base but flexible about the upper rim, and perforated by minute pores throughout. The animal is cylindrical in form, diverging above into eight tentacles, each of which is delicately fringed; its color is often an exquisite lilac or rose tint, so that when the polyps of a large mass of tubular coral are expanded, a perfect bed of animal flowers is spread beneath the water. In the *Tubipora syringa* [Fig. 7, A], the fringes about the tentacles B are laid so closely together as to seem mere markings upon the petal. Fig. 7, C is a longitudinal section of the polyp with tentacles withdrawn. The white lines in the lower portion of the tube are the fleshy septa, two of which bear the convoluted spermatic acontia, and two, at the upper extremity, the ova in bunches: the two sexes being here united in the same individual form. In some other varieties they are distinct, one individual containing the sperm and another the germ cells. The tubipora also deposit horizontal calcareous layers here and there as they grow upward.

The gorgonias or sea-fans are formed by the secretion of a horny or calcareous axis to the branch upon which the colony develops. After the death of the animals, their spicules harden about this axis in a fleshy layer, which will, however, scale off readily. The precious coral of commerce is their product, being the substance which serves as the axis of the branching colony. Its texture is therefore more solid than that of ordinary cabinet specimens of actinoid coral. When first withdrawn from the sea, it is covered with a polyp crust, but it is itself entirely calcareous in substance. This coral, used for ornament, is found most abundantly in the Mediterranean at no very great depth below the surface. The yield of the Mediterranean in a single year of red and rose-colored coral has amounted to eighty thousand pounds.

In form the hydroids greatly resemble the actiniæ, but are somewhat simpler, though they seem to be even more emphatically

FIG. 8. SERTULARIA ARGENTIA. [FROM NATURE.]

than the actinoids, all stomach. Whatever differences the species may exhibit among themselves, they adhere to a certain general plan, which may be briefly described as an

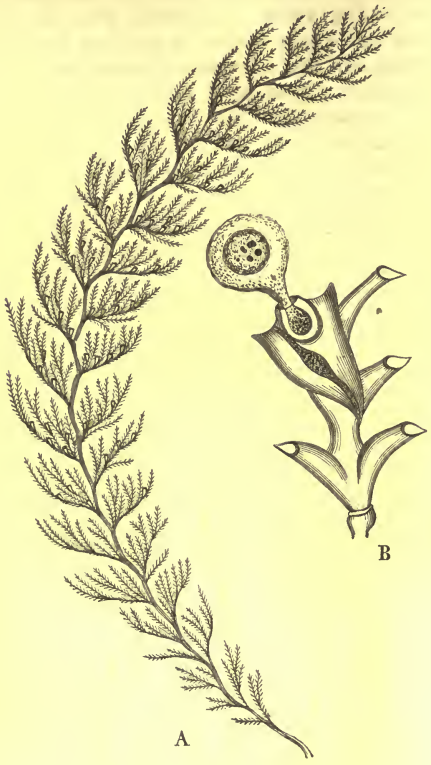


FIG. 9.
A, Sertularia argentia; B, same, magnified with reproductive capsules.

animal sac, having a distinct ectoderm and endoderm, or external and internal membranous tissue, corresponding to the skin and stomach lining of higher animals. Around its upper end the sac is drawn out into a series of tubular prolongations or tentacles disposed around the mouth. The power of contraction is even greater in the hydroid than in the actinoid polyps; the tentacles of the former being much longer in proportion to the body, while they can be as completely drawn in and concealed. These in some fresh-water species are many times longer than the body; when magnified the organism resembles curling tendrils, depending in long clusters from a common stalk. These long filaments are sure to capture the unwary prey, which is then done to death by the myriad poisoned darts with which they are studded. Sometimes when the hydra happens to be too keen for its dinner to wait for the deadening effect of the stings, the victim is thrust down, still struggling, into the digestive sac, and held there by one of the long tentacles until its efforts to escape shall have ceased.

The whole energy of these animated stomachs is devoted to nutrition, only such organs as enable them to secure, destroy and assimilate food being fully developed. Though endowed with such marvelous contractile power, their muscular system is more imperfect than that of the actiniæ, no muscular fibers being discoverable. The process of circulation seems, however, to be better understood. The life-giving fluid is in its nature more like chyle or chyme than blood; it is found to be composed of particles of digested food, of solid colored matter, of living cells detached from the tissue, as well as of effete matter, all dissolved in sea-water. The passage of this fluid throughout the entire body of the hydroid, is found in some species to be maintained by a constant ciliary action like that described in speaking of the sponges. Myriads of tiny hairs clothe the walls of the cavities through which the current flows; these vibrate together in perfect time and so urge on the stream.

The hydroid corals are really the jointed investments of living colonies, formed

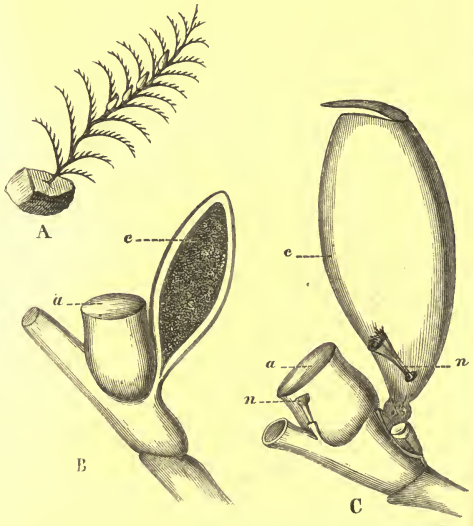


FIG. 10. PLUMULARIA CATHERINA.
A, Natural size. B, Magnified with *a*, calicles; *c*, male capsules. C: *a*, calicles; *c*, female capsules.

around the axis of the animal either as a result of excretion,—according to the older writers,—or, as Allman thinks, as a metamorphosis of tissue. Some of the varieties

are very graceful and delicate, floating in the water like fronds of fern or sprays of sea-weed [Figs. 8, 9, 10, 11]. Along the hollow stalk are little cups of chitine, whence the zoöid expands its delicate circle of

FIG. 11. PLUMULARIA CRISTATA.

tentacles and thus secures its prey. The plumularians have, in addition to these, other and smaller cups—nemetaphores—[Fig. 10, C, *n*, *n*] which do not contain an animal, but are filled with animal protoplasm,—this extends pseudopodia as do the lower forms of rhizopods; whether these are rudimentary hydroids or some lower form of life in organic union with the colony, has not been determined.

The millepore corals are of a peculiarly solid and strong nature; their surface is smooth as to relief, but is penetrated by very minute pores, through which the ani-

FIG. 12. PLUMULARIA CRISTATA. [FROM NATURE.]

mal occasionally shows itself. The discovery by Agassiz in this connection, that some of the most solid coral formations are produced, not by polyps but by acalephs, has supplied a hitherto missing link in the geological records.* The frail nature of ordinary hydroids and their delicate medusa bells would seem to render impossible their leaving an impress upon the geological strata; but if it be a fact that the animal of the millepore is a hydroid, this, together with the occurrence of a coral of the same family in the limestone formation, shows that some representative of this group must have existed at that era. As a proof of their existence in the primitive world, Agassiz mentions that a slab from Solenhofen shows a very perfect outline of a medusa, which, as we shall see, is of hydroid origin. Since, as we know to be the fact, the rocks still

FIG. 13. MEDUSA.

bear the record of the rain-drops which fell upon them hundreds of thousands of years ago, it is not inconceivable that they might also receive the stamp of these transparent floating bells, though they are hardly distinguishable from their native element.

The millepore coral is formed by the deposit of its mineral substance about the base of the polyps instead of between the septa of its body. The character of the coral is therefore entirely different from the other forms already given.

A striking characteristic of the hydroidæ is the performance within the colony,—springing from a common basal net-work and nourished throughout by the same circulating fluid,—of the vital functions of nutrition and reproduction by separate in-

* Some doubt has been cast upon Agassiz' discovery.

dividual zoöids. [Fig. 10, *a*, *c*.] These nutritive and generative zoöids are sometimes of the most exquisite beauty both of form and color, though the most beautiful are usually not [Figs. 10, 11, 12] coral-making polyps.

Throughout their entire existence in certain species, and in the earliest form of all the species, the hydroid animal, like the actinia, is single. The composite form is the result of some mode of reproduction in which the newly formed individual does not separate from the parent. The most common mode of propagation is by budding or by spontaneous fission. But in all organic nature there is scarcely a mode of reproduction which these tiny creatures do not imitate; they are reproduced after the manner of plants from a "slip" taken from any part of the organism; a slice of the stem, a single tentacle, a piece cut from any portion of the body, any fragment whatsoever, contains within itself the marvelous power of restoring all the lost parts, and forming a complete hydroid.

They are also reproduced by ciliated embryos, as in the sponge family; and by ova, like birds and reptiles. Some varieties have a sort of pouch in which the undeveloped young is retained and nourished until it has reached maturity, like the marsupials; and occasionally, like the mammals, the young do not quit the parent before the attainment of perfect development. These statements, remarkable as they may appear, are supported by the very best authority. And besides such imitations of every mode of reproduction in nature, the hydroids have two others peculiar to themselves.

The lovely medusa [Fig. 13] with its glassy, bell-shaped body and long, floating tentacles, is but the scion of a hydroid stock, which, after leading a roving life in the high seas, settles down in the ways of its ancestors, and by way of announcing that its wild oats are sown and its manners quite reformed, turns upside down before developing a stem and becoming a respectable hydroid. This is one of these modes.

Some varieties, by the other, develop most curiously from a ciliated embryo. This frees itself from the parent organism in the form of an ovum; one end contracts and attaches itself to some solid body in the same manner as the lower disk of an actinia; the upper end sends out four tubular tentacles, and "the central cells"—to quote Carpenter—"melt down to form the cavity of the stomach." For some time this form remains a simple hydroid and multiplies by gemmation; then a number of circular constrictions appear upon the stem, beginning near the distal, or what would be in a plant the flower end of the stem. These deepen, until the stem resembles a pile of saucers; the disks become scolloped around their edges, and tentacles develop around the topmost disk, those of the original hydroid disappearing in the meantime. Soon this disk shows a convulsive movement, and finally frees itself and swims away, as a small but perfect medusa. This course of development is repeated by the other disks successively. The whole organism, however, does not disappear; there remains at least a fragment of the parent form, which returns to its hydroid life, buds again and propagates a colony of individuals, each of which may in time divide anew. This relation between hydroid and medusa forms one of the most interesting illustrations known of "alternate generation"—a phenomenon which has been fully described in a former article of this series. [Art. III., SCRIBNER, January, 1877.]

As far back as the geological record reaches, we find traces of this exquisitely beautiful life which, with the persistence distinctive of such lowly forms, has outlived in its delicate grace many mighty dynasties of sea and land. The vast beds of limestone — the oölite especially — owe their origin in a large measure to the coral polyp and hydroid of the ancient seas. The coral rock—never far below the surface—is cut and worn and pulverized by the action of the waves, and the fine calcareous sand settles down, and becoming coated with the still finer carbonate of lime dissolved through the sea-water, forms the roe-like deposit of the oölite. Penetrate as deep as we may into the ocean's depth, look as far back as possible into the rock inscriptions of the past, traces may still be found of Nature's stone-makers, laying the foundations of islands and archipelagos and continents, the unconscious architects of the arena upon which humanity has played out its tragedy—where each

"poor player
* * struts and frets his hour * *
And then is heard no more."

MIRAGE OF THE DESERT.

I.

GLARES the remorseless sun
Upon those sands all day,
Branding alive his prey.
Turn back, rash travelers! shun
That fervid, pathless way,
Which hot siroccos fan
To glowing coals: stay! stay!
Alas, doomed caravan!
Now, at meridian,
The sun smites beast and man
With fatal ray.

II.

Oh! for a shower, to wet
Their parching, blistering lips!
Oh! for one hour's eclipse,
Or, would that sun but set!
Oh! for a hand that dips
Into some cooling lake
Even the finger-tips!
'Twould all its waters take
The travelers' thirst to slake;
Oh! might they but partake
What the bird sips!

III.

A cry of gladness rends
In twain the torrid air:
"Look, comrades, look! see there!"
One glance new courage sends
Thro' every heart, as fair
Before them rise green palms,
Far in the distance, where
Gay tropic birds sing psalms
A lake the scene becalms,
And fir-trees offer balms
For aching care.

IV.

"Guide! yonder is our path,
An oasis there lies."
"Beware! 'tis one that flies!"
Answers that guide in wrath.
"Nay! nay!"—unite fierce cries—
"Thither we will be led."
In vain to lead he tries:—
A fight! "Strike! strike him dead!"
Red grow hot sands, more red;
The leader bows his head,
Warns them, and dies.

V.

Pants on the patient beast;
Fainting, pursuing still,
Deluded victims fill
Their drinking-cups, and feast
Beside a fancied rill;
Effort anew commands;
Hope cheers afresh good-will:
They wade through burning sands,
Beguiled by promised lands,
And stretch out fevered hands
Dreams to fulfill.

VI.

The tempting picture lures—
Allures, and yet recedes;
But Hope still Fancy feeds,
And courage still endures:
Onward the Mirage leads—
No other guide remains;
Though blood aloud still pleads
Across those desert plains—
"Return! the vision wanes!"
Folly no step regains—
No warning heeds.

VII.

Only those brutes give ear
To Death, the specter's call—
One after one they fall:
Alas! while still appear
The lake, and palm-trees tall,
To that despairing band:
But lo! new scenes appall
Their hearts; on every hand
A storm of scorching sand
Clouds o'er that desert land,
And swallows all!

VIII.

Not all—one man escapes
His fellows to bewail—
One lives to tell the tale,
How the false Mirage shapes
Lakelet and palmy vale,
Cheating the doomed with light:
While desert travelers pale
Now, on a moonlit night,
And conjure many a sprite,
Where bones lie bleaching white,
And night-birds wail.

HINTS ON THE USE AND CARE OF THE EYES.

CONSIDERING the extreme delicacy of the visual apparatus, it is astonishing what an amount of hard usage it will bear when in a perfectly healthy and normal condition. On the contrary, let the nice adaptability of the different parts of the complex mechanism become in any manner deranged and it is equally astonishing how

"Small things may be boisterous there."

In this particular it is like a piece of finely adjusted machinery. So long as the equilibrium of forces is maintained, the machine may run on for an indefinite length of time, with no detriment to its component parts. But let a pinion become loose or a cog break, and soon of its own inherent power the apparatus tears itself to pieces.

Those whose eyes are in a condition of perfect health will fail to understand adequately the stress laid upon apparently trivial matters in the succeeding remarks. But those who have suffered from any defect or weakness of the eyes will comprehend at once the great importance of the seemingly most insignificant point mentioned. The former class of individuals, however, should have quite as much interest in the matter as the latter, for the old proverb that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" can find no fitter application than in the care of the eyes.

It is hardly necessary to state that the natural stimulus of the organ of vision, and consequently the one best adapted for illuminating purposes, is daylight. Still, this natural stimulus may, on occasion, be so intense as to require toning down. No one who has traversed the streets of the lower Italian cities on a clear day during the summer or autumn months can have failed to notice how trying the bright glare is to the eyes. The brilliancy of the cloudless sky united to the brightness of the reflection from the white stones and dust of the streets is quite unbearable by the strongest eyes, and in those unaccustomed to these conditions, especially if there is an inherent weakness of the eyes, the result generally is some degree of inflammation. The same is true of traveling over the snow in a sunshiny day. It is always best to use, during the exposure to such intense light, what are called "protective spectacles." These are simply spectacles of plane glasses, *i. e.*, glasses which are not curved so as to refract the light from its course, tinted either in blue or gray. I presume the advocates of the "blue-glass cure" would ascribe other virtues to the blue spectacles than that of merely modulating the light. That is a subject which I do not propose to discuss here, but will simply state that blue glass has been recommended because the blue rays of light have been considered as having a less irritable effect upon the retina than the rays of other colors, and experience seems to support the view. Some, however, contend that we should modulate all the colors in equal proportion, and employ for that purpose the "smoked" or gray glass. My own observation would seem to show that there is an individual difference as to choice between the blue and the gray tint. Some persons feel more comfortable with the blue, others with the gray, glass, and as the comfort of the individual is the end in view, we should lay no great stress upon scientific theories in regard to the matter. By all means let that be chosen which gives the greater relief. It is to be remarked, however, that green glasses seldom give the ease that either the gray or blue do,—there is a quantity of yellow in the green light, and of all colors yellow is the most trying to the eyes.

But, unfortunately, we cannot command daylight at all times when we wish to use the eyes for the business or pleasure of life. Our civilization demands that we turn a portion of night into day, and artificial means must be found for the purpose of illumination.

There are, perhaps, more individuals who ascribe their weakness of sight to a use of their eyes under an insufficient artificial illumination than to any other one cause. In a great many instances this may not be strictly true, but there can be no doubt that faulty artificial light is one of the most productive causes of a certain class of injuries, to which the eye can be exposed. The two sources of trouble with the ordinary artificial lights are—first, that they are not pure white, and secondly, that they are unsteady. The first defect is found in all artificial lights except the lime, electric and magnesium lights; the second especially in candles and gas. The yellowness is, in a measure, counteracted by using, in the case of lamps and gas, chimneys of a violet or blue tint, and the flickering of the gas may

be obviated largely by employing an Argand burner. All things considered, a German student-lamp furnishes the most satisfactory light. The next best is gas with an Argand burner. The chimneys of both may, as above suggested, be advantageously of a light-blue tint.

The position of the light in relation to the body is of great importance. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light may stand directly in front of the body and the work be allowed to lie in the light under the shade, which will protect the eyes from the glare of the flame. If no shade is used the back should be turned to the source of light, which ought to fall over the left shoulder. The same rule applies in the management of daylight. In this case the light should come from behind and slightly above, and fall directly on the work, whence it is reflected to the eye. It should never fall directly in the face.

The light in the room during sleep is also not without its influence. As a rule, the room during sleeping hours should be dark; and, in particular, care should be taken to avoid sleeping opposite a window where on opening the eyes in the morning a flood of strong light will fall on them. Even the strongest eyes are, after the repose of the night, more or less sensitive to the impression of intense light. The eyes must have time to accustom themselves to the stimulus.

Attention should be called to the injurious effects that sometimes follow reading on railroad cars. On account of the unsteadiness of the page, reading under these circumstances is exceedingly trying to the eyes, and should never be persisted in for any considerable length of time.

During convalescence from severe illness the eyes are generally the last to regain their lost power. Especially is this the case with women after child-birth, and too much care cannot be taken to put as little strain upon the eyes as possible at this time.

There is nothing more refreshing to the tired eyes than a judicious bathing in cold water. When after use, the eyes feel hot and uncomfortable, are slightly red and have a feeling of fatigue, a few handfuls of cold water will sometimes act like magic. The habit which some have of immersing the face in a basin of water and opening the eyes so as to allow the water to come in direct contact with the ball does not answer the purpose; in fact, it frequently gives rise to very uncomfortable symptoms caused by a swelling of the epithelial covering of the eye. The proper mode is to take a large basin of cold water, and bending the head close over it, with both hands to throw the water with some force on the lids gently closed. This has something of the same effect as a shower-bath, and has a toning-up influence which water applied in any other way has not. Another method of accomplishing the same end is by means of a spray-producer or atomizer, such as ladies frequently use at their toilet. In this case, a little spirits of any kind, or bay rum added to the water of the atomizer, will increase somewhat the good effect.

Perhaps this is as appropriate a place as any to warn our readers against the so-called "eye-cups" which are extensively advertised. They are recommended as "giving strength to the eye," "preserving the sight," and obviating the necessity of glasses by removing the "flattening" of the eye from age. Irremediable mischief is liable to be done by this apparatus. It is simply a cup, fitting air-tight around the eye-socket, and to which is attached a hollow rubber ball similar to that of an atomizer. When the cup is applied to the socket and the ball is squeezed, the air is expelled from around the eye-ball, and when the ball again assumes its shape, an undue quantity of blood is drawn into the eye and surrounding parts because of the relief of a portion of the atmospheric pressure. As a result, it is true, the eye does become fuller, and in some instances it may have the effect to enable the individual to see somewhat better objects near at hand, but always with a sacrifice of good distant vision.

The true cause for a demand for glasses in persons advanced in years has already been explained by us in the number of this magazine for April, 1877. It was there shown that the inability to see distinctly close at hand was caused by a stiffening of a muscle in the interior of the eye and a hardening of the crystalline lens—conditions which the eye-cups can in no wise influence. But the positive harm caused by these eye-cups comes from the congestion of the eye which they inevitably bring about. It is impossible for this congestion of the delicate tissues which enter into the structure of the eye to be continued for any length of time without inducing disease, and that character of disease, too, which is, in a large number of cases, outside the pale of our remedial measures.

It may also not be out of place to say a word here in regard to the influence of tobacco on vision. As this is a question which is still *sub judice* in the profession, we are not warranted in making any positive utterances. The English ophthalmic surgeons believe strongly in the "tobacco amaurosis," and we have seen in the English hospitals cases of wasting of the optic nerve which could hardly be referred to any other cause than excessive smoking. In America and in France, we have rarely, indeed, met with them. In fact, many good surgeons in America are in doubt as to the existence of a genuine "tobacco amaurosis." Granting, however, that the English cases are real, I can only account for the scarcity of the affection elsewhere in one of two ways: first, by the difference in the character of the tobacco; second, by the influence of race. Those in England who are affected belong almost without exception to the lower classes, are, as a rule, drinkers as well as smokers, and smoke large quantities of the strongest tobacco manufactured, generally that known as "shag." It is a curious fact worthy of mention that those who chew are seldom, if ever, affected from this cause. The average American, we feel safe in saying, may use tobacco (of native growth) in moderation, with but little danger of detriment to his eyes. But it must also be remarked that what is moderation in one may amount to excess in another, and each one should find what is the limit of moderation in his individual case and keep within it.

The attention of the profession is being more and more directed to the proper correction of faulty optical conditions of the eyes in childhood as a means of avoiding some of the actual deformities and diseases to which they are liable to lead in later life. It is not so generally known as it should be that squint or "cross eyes" is nearly always dependent upon a faulty construction of the ball, which is remediable by means of properly adapted glasses. Professor Donders of Utrecht, Holland, has incurred the gratitude of thousands who, by this discovery, have been enabled to preserve their eyes straight and use them with comfort without having to undergo the terrors of an operation. As, however, this application of glasses, in order to be thoroughly effective, must be made very early in life, some observations as to the signs and symptoms which point to such conditions are eminently appropriate here.

In the first place, it must be remarked that there are two kinds of squint—the inward and the outward, which depend, with rare exceptions, on two opposite optical defects. The inward squint is associated, in by far the greater majority of cases, with far-sightedness, the outward with short-sightedness.

Let us consider the inward form first. It may be observed, in passing, that many of the commonly accepted theories regarding the causation of this variety as well as of the outward form, are without any foundation in fact. You hear frequently of children who, it is presumed, have acquired a squint by imitation from playmates who are thus affected. The absurdity of this is apparent at once when we reflect that any act to be imitated must be voluntary and under the command of the will. Any reader can convince himself that the act of squinting is not voluntary by attempting to produce it at will. You hear of others who, when quite young, kept their hair down over their eyes, and, in peering out from under it, acquired a "cast"; and there are various other ways in which the anomaly is supposed or believed to be produced. None of these circumstances have any influence in producing the deviation of the eyes. All those cases of inward "cast," with only here and there an exception, when examined will be found to be far-sighted. When, therefore, at however early an age the child is observed to have a periodical "cast," it should forthwith be taken to a competent oculist for an examination as to far-sightedness. And if we could, in every case, as soon as the fact of far-sightedness is established, adapt to the eyes the glasses that completely correct the fault, and put them on a par with children with perfectly normal eyes, it would not be asserting too much to say that we should seldom have to resort to the operation of dividing the tendon of the internal straight muscle of the eye, which is the only cure for a confirmed squint. But unfortunately we cannot in the majority of cases do this. Even in children of eight and ten years there is often great difficulty in having the glasses constantly worn. They are thoughtless and careless, and in play the glasses get knocked off and become broken; and frequently the somewhat odd appearance of a child in spectacles makes it the subject of jest, and the glasses are purposely laid aside as soon as it is away from the eye of the parents or guardians. In all cases, however, the effort should be made.

The symptoms which attend far-sightedness are distinct and marked. After a more or less prolonged use of the eyes, particularly by bad or artificial light, there is a complaint of pain,—not so much in the eyes as around them, and especially across the forehead. If the use of the eyes is still persisted in, the letters become so blurred and indistinct that the book must be laid aside. After a few moments' rest it can be resumed, but with ultimately the same result. It is most frequently at this time of fatigue that we see the first tendency to squint. If one eye is allowed to turn inward, the strain is somewhat relieved, and the work can be proceeded with in a measure of comfort. It is wonderful what a complete relief to all these unpleasant symptoms the application of proper glasses brings. It is a law, from which there should be no variation, that a far-sighted child should never be allowed to use its eyes for near work without its glasses.

Outward squint, or more frequently the tendency to outward squint associated with a weakness of the internal straight muscles, is, in a large proportion of cases, connected with short-sightedness. This connection is not so common perhaps as the connection of inward squint with far-sightedness, but it is so generally the case that when an outward "cast" is observed the eyes should be examined with reference to short-sightedness and the relative power of the different muscles which move the eyes.

A weakness of one set of muscles (most frequently the straight muscles that move the eyes inward) is the cause of a great number of cases of painful vision, and, being in a large proportion of instances associated with, and dependent upon, the short-sighted condition of the eyes, is remediable by means of properly fitted concave glasses, associated sometimes with prisms. It is evident, then, how important it is to have the eyes examined upon the first appearance of symptoms pointing to this condition.

The symptoms that characterize this weakness have something of the same nature as those which are present in far-sightedness. The principal features in both are pain and confusion of sight. The pain in the former, however, differs from that in far-sightedness in the fact that it is felt more in the eye itself, though it may radiate from it to the surrounding parts, and the confusion of sight consists not so much in a blurring of the object as an overlapping of two images. This latter feature may attain such a degree as actually to cause double vision. When this is the case it is impossible to use the two eyes at once and have satisfactory vision, so the one eye is allowed to deviate far outward so as not to participate in "direct" vision at all, and the work is carried on with the other eye alone.

But the most important question in connection with short-sightedness is that of its progressive increase under improper use of the eyes and of its production in healthy eyes under certain unfavorable surroundings. The notice of the profession has been called to these points only within comparatively recent years, and a knowledge of the facts that have thus far been accumulated should have a wider dissemination than can be obtained through the purely scientific and professional journals, since it is a matter holding an important interest for our educators and all those having the care and training of children. For this reason we shall give the subject a consideration somewhat in detail.

Accurate and complete examinations of the eyes of school children of all grades have been made on an extensive scale in several cities of Europe, with especial reference to this matter. The number of children whose eyes have been thus carefully examined amounts now to several thousands, and statistics based on them are as reliable as statistics can be made. Some such examinations have been made in this country, notably by Dr. C. R. Agnew of New York, and Dr. Hasket Derby, of Boston; but they are not so complete as those we have from Germany and Switzerland.

The deductions from all these separate and independent observations have been wonderfully unanimous in their character. They show that while in young children who are just beginning to use their eyes for near work, the percentage of short-sightedness is very low,—in fact, the opposite condition of far-sightedness tending to prevail,—in the more advanced classes the percentage increases with the grade of the class, and finally exceeds that of any other condition. One investigator gives the percentages as follows: From the 7th to the 12th year the short-sightedness increases at the rate of 1 per cent. a year; from the 12th to the 14th, at the rate of 4½ per cent. per year; while from the 14th to the 18th the percentage amounts to from 14.5 per cent. to 55 per cent.

It will be thus seen that in direct proportion as the eyes are used for close work

is the myopic condition increased. Such a state of affairs would be alarming could we not at the same time demonstrate a causal relation between the faulty hygienic surroundings in these cases and the large percentage of short-sightedness. It would indeed be a terrible thing if we could attain culture only through risk of a curtailment of the most important sense of which we are possessed. For we must bear in mind that —quite contrary to current opinion—the short-sighted eye is essentially a diseased eye and should always be considered and treated as such. Some of the most melancholy afflictions to which the eye is liable often follow as the natural results of the myopic condition. It is true that short-sighted persons are generally able to dispense with glasses for reading and other near work even to an advanced old age; but for seeing objects distinctly at a distance other kinds of glasses are absolutely necessary, the inconvenience of using which is quite as great as of using glasses for near work. We should have then everything to gain by reducing the prevalence of myopia.

The extensive statistics to which we have alluded have shown us another important fact worthy of consideration, and that is, that under these pernicious influences, it is not those eyes alone which are hereditarily predisposed to short-sightedness that pass into that condition, but that normal eyes in which no such predisposition can be traced, and even far-sighted eyes, become short-sighted, if subjected sufficiently long to such injurious agencies.

It has long been a fact, widely known, that myopia affects by preference those who use their eyes constantly for near work. And especially is it prevalent among the educated and cultivated classes who employ their eyes during a large portion of the day (and night too) in reading or writing; short-sightedness is almost unknown among the uncivilized inhabitants of the globe. Watch-makers, jewelers and some others whose business requires a close application of the eyes form an apparent exception to this rule, since the percentage of short-sightedness in them is not great. The exception, however, is only apparent. They always have a good light; seldom work by artificial light, and nearly always use in their very fine work an eye-glass which removes pretty much all the strain from the eye; and the investigations of recent years go to show that the most frequent cause of myopia lies not so much in the continued use of the eyes as in the unfavorable circumstances attending upon their use, and in particular as regards illumination.

In order to an appreciative understanding of the manner in which these causes tend to the production of myopia, a brief explanation of the condition of the eye in short-sightedness is necessary. A myopic state of the eye may depend upon one of two conditions: 1st, Its refracting surfaces may be too strongly curved—or, 2ndly, The retina may be too far removed from these surfaces—in other words, the eye may be too long. Either of these conditions will have the effect to allow a distinct image of an object to be formed on the retina, only when the object is situated within a comparatively short distance of the eyes. The images of all objects farther removed will be indistinct because the retina is no longer in the focus of rays of light coming from them. Now, the first of these conditions (the excessive curvature of the refracting surfaces) is rare, and, when present, is generally congenital. The second condition, though, beyond doubt, sometimes congenital, is not commonly so, but is developed in after life, and in accordance with statistics the percentage of its increase is in direct proportion to the continuous use of the eyes under unfavorable circumstances.

The manner in which these circumstances bring about a change in the shape of the ball is the following:

Given a bad light, fine work, or work placed in such a position as requires a bent position of the head and body, and let it be continued under these circumstances day after day, or night after night, and the result sooner or later must be a congested condition of the eyes, and especially, it has been found, of the inner coats of the back part of the ball. This congestion if kept up for any considerable length of time leads to a softening of the tissues at that point, and eventually to a lengthening of the ball through a giving way of the parts to the lateral pressure of the muscles which move the eye.

Such is the now accepted theory; but, whether satisfactorily explanatory in all particulars or not, the fact yet remains which cannot be disputed that there is a causative relation existing between such circumstances and the production and increase of the degree of short-sightedness. This being so clearly demonstrated, the course to pursue in order to prevent any increase of existing myopia and even its production *de novo* is

plain, and this is the point to which we would call the earnest attention of our educators.

The question of first importance is necessarily that of light. And this is just where almost every school-room that has been examined has been found wanting.

The quantity of light in the first place is rarely sufficient. It has been determined that the proportion which should exist between the amount of glass surface (in square feet) and the square surface of the floor is as 1 to 3.5, or at least, 1 to 4. In other words, for a room 20 feet square there should be from 70 to 80 square feet of glass, which amounts between 500 and 600 square inches for each scholar should 20 scholars occupy it. In many of the rooms examined the proportion amounted to from 1.10 to 1.14. With insufficient light it is no wonder that eyes having an inherent tendency to short-sightedness should give way. Let, then, the directors of institutions of whatever kind where the eyes—and particularly the eyes of children—are required to do close work see that the square surface of the windows to the square surface of the floor does not fall below the proportion of 1 to 4.

But even when there is the proper amount of light, it is highly important that it be rightly managed. In the majority of rooms examined the arrangement of the light was exceedingly bad. In a large number, what light there was came from in front and of course fell directly in the faces of the children. The ill effects of this are not confined alone to the eyes, but extend to other portions of the body. In order to avoid the glare of the light, the children either bend the body strongly forward so as to shade the eyes by the head, or else they twist it round so that the light shall fall directly upon the page. Both of these positions exert a pernicious influence upon the physical structure of the growing organism. There is great danger of the chest becoming narrow and contracted, and of the spine becoming curved. Many of the cases of spinal curvature and contracted chests can be traced to these unnatural positions while at school.

Without considering further what ought not to be the position of the light, we will say that the desks in the school-room (and the same rules apply to all occupations where the eyes are used regularly for near work) should be so arranged that the light shall come from the left and slightly from above. The windows should therefore be high, and if shaded at all, the shading should cover the lower rather than the higher portion. In many instances it may not be possible to use the light from the left, and in that case the next best is that from the right. In this latter case, however, the shadows cast by the hand and arm generally fall in inconvenient positions.

But even with the most satisfactory management of the light, the arrangement of the seats and desks may be such as to bring about the same class of troubles, both as to the eyes and body. The desks may be too low, requiring a bent position of the body in writing, etc., or the distance between the seat and desk may be too great, necessitating a bending forward of the body, thus depriving the back of its proper support against the back of the seat. In order to avoid this and all the other ills which such circumstances entail, the desks should be of such a height that the elbows may rest upon them, when the body is erect, without any displacement of the shoulders. The seat should be broad enough to support the whole length of the thigh and high enough to allow the feet to rest comfortably upon the floor. The back should be straight though not high, and the loins should rest against it. The distance between the edge of the desk and the back of the seat should be such as to allow the body to move comfortably in the space, but not so great as to permit a bending forward of the body in writing or in doing other work lying on the desk. The top of the desk should have a slant of about twenty degrees for writing, and forty degrees for reading. If it is flat the fore-shortening of the letters mars in no inconsiderable degree their distinctness. A slant of forty degrees would be best for writing also, but the ink would not flow from the pen so freely at that inclination. The lid of the desk can be made, by a simple arrangement, to assume any inclination desired, and all desks should be manufactured with that end in view.

But when we have attended to all these matters, it is necessary still, if the child is short-sighted, to put its eyes in such a condition optically, which will allow work to be done at a distance of from twelve to eighteen inches (30 to 45 centimeters). If the short-sightedness is of such a low degree that it does not require a glass of higher power than a No. 20 for its correction, glasses may be dispensed with for near work, but when the myopia exceeds that, glasses

should always be worn. The best authorities we have on this subject insist on a *complete correction of the myopia of children by glasses, which should be constantly worn and made a part of the refracting apparatus of the eye.* If this is done sufficiently early, the eyes are then placed in the same condition as normal eyes, and with the care which we have insisted upon in preceding paragraphs, there is but little danger of an increase of the degree of the short-sightedness. If, however, this is not done, and especially if the hygienic rules are not strictly complied with, the law is, that there will be a progressive increase of the degree,—popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTION.

THE conditions of admission to a college determine to a large extent the character of the instruction of the Freshman year. These conditions are highest at Harvard and lowest at the small colleges of the West. Harvard's requirements for admission are more than those of the University of Michigan, Michigan's more than those of Yale, with the exception of Greek, and Yale's slightly more than those of Amherst. Michigan requires a more extended knowledge of mathematics than Harvard, but a less extended reading of Latin and Greek. The requirements of Harvard over those of Yale comprise about two thousand lines of Latin poetry, a considerable quantity of Latin prose, a book of Herodotus, a slightly more advanced knowledge of mathematics, an elementary knowledge of one of the physical sciences, and of either French or German. But, leaving out Harvard, and possibly the University of Michigan, the amount of the requirements for admission to our colleges presents no great or essential difference. Six or eight orations of Cicero, six books of the Æneid, three or four books of the Anabasis, and one, two or three books of the Iliad, represent the principal classical requirements, and arithmetic, algebra, and the simpler portions of plane geometry represent the mathematical. A general knowledge of ancient history, English grammar, and modern geography is also usually requisite to admission.

But the quality of the knowledge required for entering our colleges is subject to greater variations than its quantity. One college demands a far more critical and definite knowledge than another. The examinations at one college are written, as at Harvard; at another, oral, as at most colleges; and at another, both written and oral, as at Yale. One college examines the applicant for three days, as Harvard; and another, for only one or two, as Amherst. One college accepts the certificate of a teacher as a truthful indication of the student's worth, and subjects him to no examination worthy the name, while another pays little or no heed to it. It is usually regarded that the entrance examinations at Williams, Dartmouth or Bowdoin are easier than those of Amherst, Amherst's easier than those of Yale, and Yale's easier than those of Harvard. Harvard's entrance examinations are commonly acknowledged the hardest, and she rejects about fourteen per cent. of applicants. Though more exacting than formerly, most Eastern colleges reject less than eight per cent.

In the following comparisons of courses of instruction, Harvard and Yale are selected as types of the largest Eastern colleges, Amherst as the type of Eastern colleges of the average size, as Brown, Dartmouth, Princeton, and Middlebury as the type of small colleges, as Bates, Colby, Tufts. The University of Michigan represents the large colleges of the West, Oberlin those of the average size, and Beloit the better class of its small colleges, such as Marietta, Berea. Into one or another of these six classes nearly all our three hundred and fifty colleges easily fall. Although no one of the colleges named precisely represents all other colleges of its class, each may serve as a general type of them. Amherst may represent Dartmouth and Williams, though the course of instruction at Amherst is somewhat different from the course of instruction at either Dartmouth or Williams.

The classics still continue to form a large part of the course of instruction of most colleges. Though the required study of Latin and Greek ends at Harvard with the Freshman year, yet the elective courses are more than sufficient to occupy the students' attention for the three remaining years. These courses are twenty-two in number, and provide forty-six recitations a week. Besides

the Greek authors usually read, Harvard offers a course in ecclesiastical and in philosophical Greek, and in Latin, a most unique course in "Latin inscriptions, orthography and pronunciation." An opportunity is also offered for the study of Hebrew and Sanskrit. At Yale, about three-fifths of the work of the first two years is devoted to the classics, and the authors are Herodotus, Æschylus, Cicero, Tacitus, and others usually read in college. The required study of Latin and Greek ceases with the Sophomore year, but if he choose, the student can still give about one-fourth of the work of the remainder of his course to them. In his Senior year he also has the opportunity of studying Sanskrit. At Amherst, about two-thirds of the Freshman and one-third of the Sophomore and Junior years are spent upon Latin and Greek. The hardest Greek read is the "Philippics," and the hardest Latin, Quintilian and Tacitus. At Middlebury, the type of the small Eastern college, Latin grammar, Livy and the Odyssey come in the Freshman year, and the most difficult Greek in the course is the "Medea" of Euripides. The instruction in classics ends with the first term of the Junior year. At Michigan, the classical instruction is not dissimilar in amount and quality to that of Amherst, but at Oberlin and Beloit easier and fewer authors are read.

The mathematical instruction in our colleges is less in amount and covers a shorter space of time than the classical. It begins in the Freshman year usually with either solid geometry or the more advanced part of plane, and, passing through trigonometry and analytical geometry, ends with mechanics or the calculus. At Harvard, the Freshmen recite between three and four hours a week in solid and analytical geometry, plane trigonometry, and advanced algebra. Though no mathematics are prescribed after the first year, ten elective courses offer ample opportunity to the student who wishes to continue the study. Two courses in quaternions are provided, and, so far as I know, Harvard is the only American college at which this new branch of mathematics can be studied. At Yale, about two-fifths of the Freshman and Sophomore years are spent upon mathematics, the study beginning with advanced algebra and ending with conic sections and mechanics. During his last two years, if he wish, the student may study calculus and analytical mechanics to the extent of four recitations a week, and, during a part of his Senior year, he may devote an equal portion of each week to astronomy. The student at Amherst gives about one-third of his Freshman, and about one-fifth of his Sophomore year to the study of mathematics. Beginning with the more advanced plane geometry, he may study algebra, trigonometry, conic sections, and, if he wish, calculus. At Middlebury, the mathematical instruction begins with algebra in the Freshman year, and ends, at the close of the second year, with calculus. About one-third of the first two years is devoted to the study. At the University of Michigan also, mathematical studies occupy the student's attention for about one-third of the time of his first two years. But these studies in geometry, trigonometry and calculus are of a more advanced character than those at Middlebury or Amherst, and more advanced than the prescribed mathematical studies at Harvard. Oberlin requires her students to spend about one-fourth of their Freshman year upon mathematics, and permits them to elect calculus as one of the three studies of the first term of the Sophomore year. Descriptive geometry can also be studied for a single term in the Junior year. Beloit pays more attention to the study of mathematics than Oberlin, but her students hardly succeed in reaching so advanced a stage of knowledge.

The facilities for learning the modern languages in our colleges have vastly improved within a few years. Twenty years ago it was difficult to find a graduate who could read French with ease, or German at all. But now no one pretends to call himself educated, unless he reads, writes, and speaks those languages with fluency. The facilities for studying Spanish and Italian are still exceedingly meager in most colleges. At Harvard, however, considerable attention is paid to these as well as to French and German. An elementary knowledge of either French or German is a condition of admission to the college; and the study of one of these languages composes about one-fifth of the work of the Freshman year. Besides the prescribed course, four elective courses are offered in German, affording twelve hours of recitation a week; and in French, five elective courses, with fourteen hours of recitation. There are three elective courses in Spanish, and three also in Italian. Cervantes, Calderon, Tasso, Dante, and Petrarch are the chief authors read. A course in the comparative philology of the romance languages is also offered. Two courses in Anglo-Saxon and early English

are provided for the student interested in the study of his vernacular; and in English literature also, two courses are offered, comprising Chaucer, Shakspere, Bacon, Milton, and Dryden. At Yale, a knowledge of French is not, so far as I can learn, required for admission, nor does the study form a part of the prescribed curriculum. French may, however, be elected for four recitations a week during the Junior and Senior years. But students are not allowed to elect it unless already having a knowledge of the elements of the language. German is a prescribed study of the Junior year for three recitations a week, and may be elected in the Senior year for four recitations. About one-fifth of the work of the first term of Junior year is devoted to the study of Shakspere and Craik's history of our literature. Anglo-Saxon may be elected in the second term of the Junior year for four hours a week; and "linguistics" offers an entertaining course of study for a short time in the Senior year. The student of the modern languages at Amherst begins the French grammar with his second year, and may continue the study for three successive terms with about four recitations a week. German he is required to study for a single term, with five exercises a week, and he may also elect it for two terms. Italian and Spanish he can study during his Junior year, but to them he usually gives little attention. English literature he also studies for a single term of the Senior year, with three recitations a week. Middlebury provides no instruction in French for her students, though she is now preparing to offer a course of study in it. Most colleges, however, provide at least a small amount of instruction in the language. German is crowded into four recitations a week of a single term of the Junior year. English (Trench's "Study of Words" and "English, Past and Present") forms part of the instruction of one term of the Sophomore year; and English literature (Taine) is studied somewhat in the first term of the Senior year. But most colleges offer very meager opportunities for the study of the origin and growth of either our language or our literature. At the University of Michigan, the study of French begins with the Junior year, and may be continued during the remaining year of the course. Italian and Spanish are among the elective studies of the last half of the Senior year. To both the English language and literature considerable attention is given. At Oberlin, the study of German begins in the third term of the Freshman year, and it may form about one-third of the student's work for three more terms. The study of French is limited to a single term; and, as in most colleges, the student has no opportunity of learning either Spanish or Italian. English literature (Bascom) may be studied in the Senior year. At Beloit, as at Middlebury, French is not set down in the curriculum; and German is studied for only two of the twelve terms. To English literature, however, the student is able to devote considerable attention.

The instruction in the various departments of science in our colleges has hardly kept abreast with the discoveries of the last ten years. A natural conservatism and the expense of procuring scientific apparatus tend to make the college instruction in science several years behind the promulgation of scientific truths. Harvard, however, having the fullest set of scientific instruments of the colleges on this side the ocean, fosters in many ways the scientific studies of her students. Besides a prescribed course of two recitations a week in physics, in the Freshman year, she offers five elective courses, and three exercises a week in each course. In chemistry, she provides, in addition to a prescribed course of lectures in the Freshman year, seven elective courses, extending through the three remaining years. In natural history ten courses are offered, with twenty-eight exercises a week. A course in physiological psychology, with Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology" as a text-book, is the only case, so far as I am able to discover, among American colleges, in which a systematic study is made of Mr. Spencer's philosophical and psychological theories. At Yale, the student during his Junior year has three recitations a week in physics (Ganot); and in the first term of the year an equal number in chemistry. In the second and longer term, physiology (Huxley) and astronomy are studied. A series of lectures is delivered in the Senior year upon evolution and cosmogony; and geology is a required study of the first term of the year. Elective courses in the various departments of natural science and physics are also offered, with about twelve exercises a week during the Senior year. Zoölogy may be studied for a short time in the Junior year. The instruction in science at Amherst is of a very general character. It begins in the middle of the second year with chemistry, and, after passing through mineralogy, astronomy, botany, paleontology,

it ends at the close of the Senior year with comparative zoölogy and geology. About two-thirds of the work of the Junior year is of a scientific character. Middlebury provides instruction in the Junior year in natural philosophy and chemistry for about five hours a week; and in the first term of the Senior in zoölogy (Tenney), with two recitations a week, and in the second and third terms in geology (Dana), with four recitations. At the University of Michigan about one-fourth of the work of the Junior year is devoted to physics and astronomy. Several elective courses in science are offered in the Senior year, providing about twenty-five hours of recitation each week. The course of study in astronomy is more extended than that offered by any other of our colleges. The student at Oberlin begins his scientific studies with natural philosophy (Olmsted) and botany (Gray) in the last term of his Sophomore year. About one-third of the work of the five succeeding terms he may devote, if he wishes, to astronomy, chemistry, zoölogy, and geology. The student at Beloit has advantages similar to those of his brother at Oberlin; he has, however, no instruction offered him in zoölogy. In most colleges, the instruction and lectures in science are supplemented by the work of the student in the laboratory. Chemical laboratories are established in many colleges, but physical laboratories in but few.

The advantages our colleges afford their students for the study of philosophy are as various as those they offer for the study of science. At Harvard the course in philosophy (Jevon's Logic, Locke's "Human Understanding") occupies about one-seventh of the work of the Junior year. But the elective courses are sufficient to occupy all, and more than all, of the Senior year. Beginning with Descartes, a continuous study is made of his successors, Malebranche, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and of Kant, and the post-Kantians. The course in Schopenhauer and Hartmann is the only course in the German philosophy of the present day given, so far as I can discover, in any American college. The instruction in philosophy is rather critical than dogmatic; its purpose is to explain the different systems rather than to teach a system. Though more attention is paid to intellectual than to moral philosophy, yet the various ethical theories can be studied in the Senior year, with three recitations a week. In political economy, two elective courses are offered, comprising Mill, Cairnes and Carey.

At Yale, as at most colleges, the philosophical studies are relegated to the Senior year. Elementary logic is studied for a few weeks in the Junior year; and about one-third of the work of the Senior year is of a philosophical character. Instruction is given by means both of text-books (Porter, Schwegler's History) and of numerous lectures. Political science is a required study of the Senior year, with Fawcett as the principal text-book. An elective course is also offered during the second term, with four exercises a week. At Amherst also about one-third of the work of the Senior year is devoted to philosophy. Hickock and Schwegler are the leading authors studied. Political economy is also taught, but to considerably less extent than in either Yale or Harvard. At Middlebury, after the elementary logic of the Junior year, Paley's "Natural Theology" is studied, with four recitations a week for a single term; and, in the winter one recitation a day is devoted to Butler's "Analogy." In the spring term similar attention is paid to the history of philosophy. Political Economy (Perry) is also studied for a single term, with four recitations a week. At Michigan, logic and psychology are required studies of the first half of the Senior year; and moral philosophy and the history of philosophy are elective studies of the second term. They can, therefore, be made to occupy about one-fifth of the student's time. Political economy is taught for about five hours a week during one-half of a single term. The student at Oberlin, like the student at Yale and Amherst, may devote about one-third of his Senior year to philosophical studies—Butler, Porter, Fairchild representing the principal text-books in mental and moral philosophy, and J. S. Mill in political economy. At Beloit, mental philosophy is studied for a brief time in the last term of the Junior year; and about one-third of the Senior is devoted to logic, moral philosophy and the evidences of Christianity. In most colleges, especially in those under direct religious influence, elementary study is made of these evidences.

In but few colleges does history receive that attention which it is almost universally admitted to deserve. In most cases the only instruction offered in it consists of a course of lectures, necessarily of a very general character, which, putting the student in possession of mere skeletons of theories and of events, fail both to inspire him with love for the study, and to prompt to independent

reading and thinking. Harvard, however, offers very fair advantages for historical study. The prescribed course comprises Freeman's "Outlines," the Constitution of the United States, and a study of the English system of government; nine elective courses are offered, with twenty-six hours of recitation a week. Besides general courses in European history, a course in mediæval institutions is offered, which, in its scope and aim, is unique in college instruction. A more careful study is made of American history here than elsewhere; and a single course of study in diplomatic history is also provided. At Yale the course in history comprises Hallam's "Constitutional History," Woolsey's "International Law," and lectures during one term of the Senior year. But in the first term Bancroft's "History" may be taken as an optional study for four hours a week. At Amherst about one-third of the work of two terms of the Senior year is devoted to history and political science. Political science is taught in connection with the historical rather than the philosophical department. The instruction in history consists, in the main,of an extended course of lectures upon the general history of Europe. At Middlebury the instruction in history is represented by Guizot's "History of Civilization," in which the student recites four hours a week for a single term. The same amount of time is devoted to international law, with Woolsey's "Introduction" as a text-book. The University of Michigan, during the Freshman and Sophomore years, devotes considerable attention to Roman and Grecian history, more than is usual in the case of most colleges, who generally relegate the elementary part of this work to the preparatory schools. Guizot's "History of Civilization" is studied for six weeks of the Junior year, with a recitation each day. During the second term of the Sophomore year also, the study of the period from the revival of learning to the close of the Thirty Years' War may form about one-third of the student's work. In the Senior year English and American history may be studied, with five hours of recitation a week. At Oberlin, the only instruction given in history consists of a course of lectures delivered in the last term of the Junior year. At Beloit, ancient history is studied at the beginning of the first and second years; and in the first term in the Junior year, Guizot's work and the mediæval history of France are in the course.

It is only within a few years that our colleges have given any instruction in the fine arts. Two years ago a professorship of the history of art was established at Harvard, and the department is now, by means of the three elective courses, one of the most important and popular. Four elective courses in music are also provided, with twelve recitations and lectures a week. Yale has a "school of the fine arts," whose aim is to provide thorough technical instruction in the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture; to furnish an acquaintance with all branches of learning relating to the history, theory and practice of art. The course covers three years, and, though it is distinct from the regular college course, is open to all. Vassar, in consequence, doubtless, of being a college for women, devotes considerable attention to the fine arts. Besides instruction in vocal and instrumental music, opportunities are offered for "drawing, painting, and modeling in clay and wax." Most of these courses, however, do not belong to the regular curriculum. But few colleges offer any instruction in the fine arts.

Considerable attention is now given to rhetoric, writing and speaking, in all colleges. At Harvard, instruction is given in rhetoric for two hours a week during half of the Sophomore and half of the Junior year, with Campbell and Whately as the principal text-books. Six themes or compositions are written in the Sophomore year, ten in the Junior, and four in the Senior. In about twelve of these twenty essays the style of writing is chiefly considered, and in eight the thought. This division of the writing is peculiar, so far as I know, to Harvard. In elocution the professor gives instruction to those wishing it, and about one-third of the Senior class, besides a few other students, avail themselves of the privilege. At Yale, the study of rhetoric begins about the middle of the Freshman year, and ends with the Senior year. In the first term of the Sophomore year, an exercise in composition is held once in three weeks; and in the Junior year "forensic disputations" occur twice a term. In his Senior year each student writes four compositions. During a part of the Sophomore year, exercises in declamation also are held. At Amherst, throughout the four years, exercises in either composition or declamation, or both, are held every week. Extemporaneous speaking also is cultivated by constant exercises. At Middlebury, weekly exercises in composition and rhetoric are held. At

Michigan, the rhetorical and English exercises occur in each week of the Freshman year; during the Sophomore year, each student is required to write five essays; and in his Junior year, if he elects the subject, to "write and deliver five speeches." At Oberlin, every student is required to write six essays, and take part in six debates in each of the four years of his course. At Beloit, weekly rhetorical exercises are held in which the student "is called occasionally to bear a part." But, besides the instruction given by the colleges, the societies of the students present other opportunities for both writing and speaking. These societies are more popular at Yale and Amherst than at Harvard; and, in general, they flourish better in Western than in Eastern colleges.

Though a few elective or "exchange" courses of instruction have been for years offered by most colleges, it was not till the accession of the present president of Harvard that the system of elective studies was introduced. Though introduced at Harvard in the face of much opposition, the system has, by its intellectual and moral advantages, converted opposition into stanch support. It constantly grows in popularity with both professors and students, and each year the number of elective courses is increased and their scope enlarged. At this time (1876–77), ninety-nine elective courses are offered, providing two hundred and sixty-three recitations a week. Students are not permitted, however, to avail themselves of the privilege of the system till the Sophomore year. All the studies of the Freshman year are prescribed, and about one-third of those of the Sophomore and Junior years. With the exception of four essays, the studies of the Senior year are elective. The liberty of choice is shown by the fact that one can, during his course, take, as regular studies for a degree, only thirty-four of the two hundred and sixty-three hours of electives. With the present academic year, Yale introduced a system of optional studies. Each Junior and Senior "is required to have four exercises a week in an optional study;" that is, about one-third or one-fourth of the work of these two years is elective. Regarding a study having four exercises a week for a year as a "course," there are offered two courses each in Greek, Latin, French and mathematics, and one course in German. History, political economy, astronomy, physics, meteorology, mineralogy and mathematical crystallography, geology and paleontology are studied for a single term with four exercises a week in each. Zoölogy and linguistics (two exercises a week) each occupies half a term. Sanskrit may be studied for one year, with two double exercises each week. Amherst has a few elective courses, chiefly in science and modern languages. They are opened to the student in the middle of the second year, and during the remainder of his course he can devote about one-third or one-fourth of his time to them. But Middlebury, the type of small Eastern colleges, has no elective studies. At the University of Michigan the studies of the first three years are in the main prescribed, but those of the Senior, with the exception of logic and psychology, are elective. Ten elective courses, in as many subjects, are offered, from which the student is required to select three or four. At Oberlin, during the principal part of the last three years four studies are assigned to each term, from which the student is required to choose three. But Beloit, the type of small Western colleges, offers no elective courses, and this is the usual case with most colleges, both East and West. The University of Virginia, however, offers, and has offered for years, with its various "schools" a system of study which is entirely elective.

The following table shows the number of hours of instruction a week given in the principal studies by twenty colleges. At Amherst, for example, there are on an average twenty-one and two-thirds recitations in classics made by all the different classes each week. Both prescribed and elective studies are included in the estimate.

	Classics, Ancient Lang's.	*Mathematics.*	*Mod. Lang.*	*Science.*	*Philosophy.*	*History.*	*Fine Arts.*
Amherst	21⅔	10⅓	9	17⅔	6⅔	5	1⅓
Boston	25	6	16	10	12	8	1
Bowdoin	21⅓	7⅓	11	12⅓	8⅓	6	0
California	26	6	13	14	9	0	0
Cornell	32	12	10	10	10	10	0
Dartmouth	20	10	4	12	10	2	0
Hamilton	22	11	2⅔	10	10	4⅔	0
Harvard	64	29	64	68	20	28	18
Michigan	28	12	15	32	9	8	0
Middlebury	18	10	4	13	11	4	0
New York	24	12	2	18	8	6	0
Northwest'n	22	7	15	13⅓	7	4⅔	0
Oberlin	24	12	10	13⅓	12	1	1
Princeton	30	9	7	15	10	2	0
Trinity	23	6½	9	12½	9	4	0
Vassar	27½	8½	21	31½	10	2	17½
Vermont	21	12	12	15	9	6	⅔
Virginia	15	19	13	22	4	4	0
Wesleyan	26	10	11	27	20	5	0
Yale	38	17	19	25	14	6	0

It is impossible to obtain absolute accuracy in estimates essentially so indefinite,

since courses of instruction vary each year, and are often different from the published list of studies. Yet, for purposes of comparison, these figures may be regarded as sufficiently accurate.

But it is not the amount of its instruction, the number of hours of recitation it gives a week, which makes a college either great or good. The quality or tone of its instruction is of equal, if not of greater, importance. For determining this, the most exact rule would be the intellectual and moral character of its graduates, since every college, like every tree, should be, and is, known by its fruit. But since such a rule is evidently inapplicable in the present case, the character and number of the principal professors in a college may seem as a general standard for determining the quality and tone of the instruction it gives. In the list below Harvard and Yale are chosen for comparison, for obvious reasons; and Amherst and Michigan are selected as representatives of large Eastern and Western colleges.

HARVARD.	YALE.	AMHERST.	MICHIGAN.
	Classics: Ancient Languages.		
Sophocles, Goodwin, Anderson (Greek); Lane, Greenough, Everett, Smith (Latin); Greenough (Sanskrit); Young (Hebrew).	Packard (Greek); Thacher, Wright (Latin); Whitney (Sanskrit).	Tyler, Mather (Greek); Crowell (Latin).	D'Ooge, Pattengill (Greek); Frieze, Walter (Latin).
	Mathematics.		
B. Peirce, J. M. Peirce, Eustis, White, Byerly.	Loomis, Newton, Clark, Richards.	Esty, Root.	Olney, Beman.
	Modern Languages.		
Child (English); Hedge, Bartlett (German); Jacquinot, Bôcher, J. R. Lowell (French); J. R. Lowell, Nash (Italian, Spanish).	Northrop, Beers (English); Coe (French); Carter (German); Van Name (Chinese and Japanese).	Neill (English); Mather (German); Montague (French, Italian, Spanish).	Morris, Tyler (English).
	Science.		
Lovering, Trowbridge, Gibbs (Physics); Cooke, Hill (Chem'y); James, McCrady, Shaler, Goodale, Whitney (Natural History).	Dana (Geology); Silliman (Chem'y); Sanford (Physiology); Eaton (Botany); Wright (Physics); Marsh (Paleontology); Verrill (Zoölogy).	Shepard, Emerson (Natural History); Harris (Chem'y); Hitchcock (Hygiene).	Williams, Watson (Physics); Douglas, Rose, Langley, Prescott (Chemistry); Ford, Harrington (Natural History).
	Philosophy.		
Peabody (Moral Philos.); Dunbar (Polit. Econ.); Bowen, Palmer (Meta.).	Porter (Meta.); Sumner (Political Economy).	Seelye.	Cocker.
	History.		
Torrey, Adams, Young.	Wheeler, Walker (History and Political Economy).	Burgess, Morse (and Political Economy).	Adams, Hutchins, Angell (Political Economy, International Law).
	Fine Arts.		
Paine (Music); Norton (History of Art).	Weir.		

AT MERRY MOUNT.

Oh, what is the use now of sighing,
When any or all things go wrong?
Why question, when there's no replying?
Much better go sing an old song.
Leave to women repining and dying,
A man should be merry and strong,

The worst, when it comes, is but dying,
And the longest of lives is not long.
Sing, "Care hanged a cat,
And Sorrow drowned a rat,
But a cavalier wears a long feather in his hat,—
In his hat—hat—hat,—
For the cavalier wears a long feather in his hat!"

Suppose you have lost all your treasure,
(If you ever had any to lose)
You still have enough left for pleasure,
If you still have your legs and your shoes!
Come on, then, and trip us a measure,
Round the merry May-pole in the dews;
Dance! the Sun dances up in the air,
To the tune of "Away with the blues!"
Sing, "Care hanged a cat,
And Sorrow drowned a rat,
But the cavalier wears a long feather in his hat,—
In his hat—hat—hat,—
For the cavalier wears a long feather in his hat;
Hearts go pit-a-pat.
(Take that, that and that.)
Oh! the cavalier wears a long feather in his hat!"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Summer Dreams.

A LIFE in the city is a wearing life—a life of constant friction. It is not alone social and business friction which wears; everything wears. The very angles of the streets are wearing. Straight lines do not fit themselves to the spirit: that rejoices in curves. The line of beauty is the line of life. Incessant noise, that lacks all the elements of music, wears, even when we are asleep and unconscious of it. To a sensitive organization, the friction at last becomes so irksome that the mere fretting under it wears. We long for the country—for open skies, for silence, for the vision of cool, winding rivers, for the sound of waves, for green woods and mountain ranges, and the precious privilege of loafing. We almost envy the tramp who wanders at will and sleeps under the trees!

We are aware that a great many important questions remain unsettled—vexed questions, weary questions that must, if they be living questions, feel worn by much handling. In profound sympathy with their condition, we will, for this once, "give them a rest." So the Woman Question, Judge Hilton and the Jews, the conflict between Science and Religion, President Hayes's Southern Policy, Spontaneous Generation, the Turco-Russian War, the Province of Fiction, Protestant Vaticanism, Heresy, Mixed Education, the Nature and Office of Beauty, Criticism of our Betters, Marriage and Divorce—all these, and a thousand more, can rest while we talk about the dreams of summer.

This interlude of summer recreation has, to the weary citizen, all the seeming of a dream. Its changes seem to arrange themselves. Everything is involuntary and phenomenal. We are half conscious that we shall wake from it on some early day in September, and that the city, with its jargon and drive, will be around us again. Meanwhile, we give ourselves up to the dreams, passing from one to another by some charming and marvelous change, like that which transforms a "dissolving view."

In our first dream, we sit upon the broad piazza of a palace on the Hudson, overlooking the beautiful river. Around us lies a park of eighty acres, threaded by miles and miles of graveled roads and foot-paths and garnished with ancient trees. There stands the finest copper-leaf beech in the country. Here a Norway spruce holds out its level arms with benediction upon the marvelous circle of earth which it covers. In the south shine the spires of Poughkeepsie. On the opposite shore, cottage and villa struggle through the heavy greenery, with cupola, and dormer and gable, and between them and us floats the commerce of the great West and the great metropolis. As we sit, drinking in the beauty of the scene with our eyes, and by a subtler sense apprehending and appropriating the divine essence and effluence of it all, we become conscious that silence has taken to itself a voice. There is a sweet, shrill, illimitable gurgle in the air that forms a sort of background on which the birds paint their songs. It seems more, perhaps, like a uniform and universal web of sound into which all other sounds are broidered. We hear the incisive needles go through it and

the long-drawn threads that run in and out among its mazy meshes. We ask a question, and are told that it is "locust year." Seventeen years ago they were here. For seventeen years the germs of these insects have lain in the soil or slumbered in the trees. Summers and winters have come and gone. The sleepers were forgotten but they did not forget. God had taught them how to count seventeen, and when the seventeenth summer came, they burst forth into resurrection. Does not this seem like a dream? Did ever dream present anything more strange than this? Well, it is all like a dream—this wonderful growth of grass and leaves and flowers; these passing clouds that mark their shadows on the hills,—shadows which the following wind erases; this ceaseless flow of the river to the sea, to return upon aerial wings, every drop steeped through with sunshine on the passage; this human dwelling instinct with hospitality and redolent of welcome. John Burroughs lives next door, on his eastward-looking acres, and these are the things he lives on. Why should he not write enchantingly of birds and strawberries, and nature generally? A man gives out what he takes in. Let us all live near or at "Waldorf"—when we can.

We are at Trenton Falls, and here we meet another dream, or what seems very much like a dream,—a landlord who is a connoisseur in art and a lover of science, and who understands his business. Paintings, old and new, adorn the walls. Here is a Durand, there a Boutelle, there, and there, and there, how many paintings by Hicks we do not know. They are on all the walls of the first story of the large house. In the office stands a cabinet of natural history—a special branch of it—which has cost the landlord ten thousand dollars. The specimens form the record of a geologic age so remote that no imagination can grasp it. Professor Agassiz declared that the land reaching from Trenton Falls to Saratoga was the first that appeared above the sea on the creation. But here are the trilobites in great variety, all modeled in black marble, so perfectly preserved in form that the multitudinous lenses of their eyes are as apparent under the microscope as are those of a living fly. Millions of years before man walked the earth these creatures lived their little life, the limestone took on their forms, and here they are! What is a seventeen-year locust to a ten-million year trilobite? A trader in these curiosities offers us one of the size for a pin, and now we own an antique that deserves the name. What are *scarabæi* and ancient *intaglii*, or any other engraved or modeled semblances of the old life compared to this which we hold in our hand? This creature lived, not only, but had become everlasting stone millions of years before there was a living man to see it. The old hotel-keeper is enthusiastic over his treasures, and proud of the distinguished visitors who have been attracted by what he has to show them. "In September," he says, with a touch of pardonable pride, "I shall have Tyndall and Huxley and Darwin here all together, for they have written me that they are coming." May the light that came into the old landlord's eyes as he made this announcement last for many years!

In the meantime, the falls are calling to us through the leafy woods which curtain them from the house. We can hardly tell whether it be leaves or waters that we hear, but something

> "Repeats the music of the rain,"

and, with a merry group, we go out to seek it. We do not walk far to find the black chasm through which the West Canada Creek—the principal confluent of the Mohawk—has plowed its way. It takes a long time to comprehend Niagara. One has to take days for it, and to grow to it; but one can wrestle with Trenton and throw it at sight. Its volume of water is measurable to the imagination. One is not oppressed in its presence with a sense of overwhelming power. In short, to adapt a familiar couplet, it is

> "A creature not too huge or rude,
> For human nature's daily food."

We do not study the different falls in detail and try to fasten their names in the memory. "We eats our pears without knowing the names on 'em, and we gets along wery well." We are absorbed by the music, the momentum, the drive, the graceful leap and swirl of the onward and downward going waters. We see a thousand maidens in white leaping the sheer abysses; we see a thousand lovers in mourning struggling along the level reaches with their crushed forms to burial. The under-heaven which the waters hold has taken to raining, and our faces are wet with the dews that rise from it. We are made dizzy with the downward look, dizzy with the ceaseless sound, dizzy with the glimpse which we get of the unguessed eternity which it has taken for water to carve out these iron chasms, and the unguessed eternity through which this same song that we hear, without the intermission of a second of time, will rise to the trees that lean from the banks to listen!

We come from this dream to dinner. Strange that one who has been enraptured by nature's music and beauty, and has been dreaming dreams that he cannot put upon paper, should so soon find himself raving over a white-fish imitation of a fried *filet de sole!* But the sole melts into the dream, and we pass on.

We are at the Thousand Island House,—a great summer palace,—and before us rolls the St. Lawrence. Who has not dreamed of the Thousand Islands? There is enchantment in the phrase. Though the air around us has the tone and temperature of a northern latitude, it is eastern or southern in its suggestions, and is full of romance. We think of the floating gardens of Mexico and other apochryphal assemblages of dainty and doubtful marvels, yet there is nothing apochryphal here. We have here more than a thousand islands, lapped by the purest water that ever river bore. This marvelous stream has been gathered from a thousand streams, and every stream finds an island waiting

for its caresses before it passes out on its broad path to the sea. It has mirrored great western cities; it has washed the bases of northern treasure-bearing islands; it has borne up and on the commerce of a realm; it has thundered down the cataract of Niagara; it has tumbled and whirled through the tortures of the long chasm below it; it has rested and sunned itself in the bosom of the beautiful Ontario, and here, after its long travels and its multiplied ministries of beauty and service, it has stopped to play in this gigantic garden—a garden that may well be called the garden of the gods. There is not a spoonful of this sweet blue water that one may not drink. No miasmatic exhalations rise from it. It has shaken all the "shakes" from its heels as it has flowed eastward, and it is now no more an emblem of truth than of health.

We ascend the towers of the hotel, and we count fifty-two islands within the sweep of unassisted vision, many with summer cottages nestling among their trees; and glimpses of water, far away, show where other islands are sleeping, undistinguishable in the distance. Over on the Canada shore a great steamer sweeps along with its crowd of voyagers. Yonder screams a propeller of the Northern Transportation Company, and here it comes—a great bull-headed fellow, who butts away the water that fronts it with a sturdy strength that seems to say: "Laugh at my model if you will, but I can do this thing as well as any of them." At our feet lie a score of little boats, with cushioned seats and ready oarsmen, waiting for those who desire either to ride upon the surface of the water, or to fish in its depths. Crossing at various angles the expanse before us, with a great show of bunting and a great deal of sound and fury, signifying nothing, are a dozen steam-launches of various sizes and on various errands. Here comes an excursion from the American or the Canadian coast. There is a brass band on the deck of the steamer that bears the crowd, and the martial strains rise to our ears where we stand. The "excursionists" pour upon the shore, they devour ice-cream, they drink soda-water, young men and maidens wander around the piazzas hand in hand, and at the end of half an hour, the whistle blows and all rush on board. The band plays, the reeling steamer takes to the stream again, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the flutter of flags, and the rhythmic boom of the retreating drum, the vision disappears behind an island, and we are ready for the next sensation.

We never tire of sitting on this broad piazza. To a weary man, these islands that seem to rest and float upon the placid water, form, under all lights and in all atmospheres, a vision of peace. Life sufficient for every moment seems to come to us through the eye. To one who actually depends on daily work for daily satisfaction and contentment at home, there is something inexplicable in the laziness that comes over him here. Work? That is something that belongs in New York. Here are idleness and indolence, and dreams and vacuity alternately. It is desecration of the divine privilege of loafing to work here; and, as we write these words, there is a reproachful look in the eyes of all the islands that are peering in at our windows; and the face of the beautiful river, shimmering in the sun, bears an expression of amused incredulity. Oh, beautiful islands! Oh, delightful river! Bear with us just a little! Pity, but do not deride us! We are obliged to keep up a department in the voracious magazine!

Fishing? Fishing and floating are the occupations of the place. Fishing, of course. It was a good day. The water was still, and there was a thin veil of clouds over the sky. We knew it was hot in New York, but it was not hot here. We started off, a merry group of boats. We rowed in and out among the islands, and found our "ground" at three miles distance. And now will somebody tell us why an inexperienced girl, with an old, stiff rod, without a reel, and with a coarse linen line, can catch more fish and better ones than we can with a split bamboo, a silk water-proof line, and a six-feet leader? This is what we would like to know. Do the fish discriminate? Do they say, as they see the rare tackle coming down to them, or reflected in the water, "There's an old fellow at the end of that rod as full of piscatorial 'science' as an egg is of meat—a man to be avoided; but here is a girl who is innocent of bass and guiltless of pickerel?" It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well. At any rate, there is a two-pound bass on the maiden's hook, and not a man has had a bite. The bass is taken in, and down goes again the unsophisticated hook, plump to the bottom, and soon, while we are trying our scientific dodges, she pulls up with a feeble struggle the handsomest three-pound bass we have seen in the river. The men try to cover their shame by generous praise of the girl! So it goes on until noon, and then we go ashore on a "desert island," and the guide cooks our spoils for dinner. We lie on the grass and eat our fried fish, with the edibles we have brought with us, and we wash them down with the best of coffee, and, after an hour for digestion, we go for our game again.

Bass, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, muskallonge! They come from exhaustless breeding and feeding grounds, and will always be here. On a lazy afternoon, we throw or troll our flies around the islands directly in front of the hotel. There are places within fifty rods where we can hardly throw a fly without getting a rise. We see every day fine black bass taken from the dock by waiting fishermen—within the toss of a biscuit from the window where we write. The excitements of the evening when the different parties come in with their day's catch are very delightful; and when a boat comes up or down the stream with a white flag at her prow, the excitement rises to enthusiasm. The white flag means a muskallonge! This is great game and is taken rarely.

Very dream-like all this to those who are shut up in city walls! It seems so even here, and will seem more so in the memory. But it is a good dream to dream, which we very heartily commend to a weary world of men and women.

THE OLD CABINET.

"DEAR O. C.—I thought you were a little hard upon the populace on account of its childish views about art. It simply knows nothing about art. It thinks art is photography in colors as well as forms. It takes pleasure in seeing familiar things reflected and framed.

In fiction, poetry, painting, the drama, it is all the same. It knows nothing out of sight; it misses all the evidence of things not seen. But I don't condemn it for that (not that you do either). There's nothing Philistine in it. The populace is a great child and takes its pleasure childishly, but that is not a bad way to take pleasure. The thing I hate is the stupidity and complacence of so-called *culture*. The ignorance and assurance and bad taste that go by that name have made the word odious to me. After all, is taste much a matter of cultivation? Of course taste, like anything else, can be trained and enriched, but can it be planted in the individual, if not there originally, as a germ at least. Have we not seen people study and observe, and go abroad and come home full of Giotto and Tintoretto and Jameson, while here is some quiet creature, who knows nothing but truth and simplicity and modesty and good books of poetry and fiction and the rest, read simply for the pleasure, and this last person we would count upon for instinctive affinity with what is unaffectedly good in a gallery over all the culture and training of the others! *Poeta* is not the only thing *nascitur non fit*. I don't deprecate education: we want a great deal more and especially a great deal better. But even education originates nothing before the second generation. People are made good or bad, wise or foolish, vulgar or fine; dress them as we please the test will show the original quality. J. T."

All of which shows how easy it is to misunderstand one who writes about art in a desultory fashion—here a line and there a line—now taking a view from one point and now from another—a paragraph this month, and a paragraph two or three months from this. How lately was it, friend J. T., that we were writing, here at the Old Cabinet, these same things about inborn and cultivated taste, and the educated Philistine.

And as to being "hard upon the populace" or despising the "uncultured multitude," as some one else has charged upon us, far from our souls be all such snobbishness and affectation! If we have ever seemed to be guilty of this crime it has been when we have tried to expose the arch heresy of anti-art, the heresy that the so-called "unsophisticated" eye is the true judge of graphic art, and that training and experience are not necessary to detect the bad, and appreciate the excellent. It may be an interesting, a hopeful, or, as has been said, even a pathetic, sight—that of the "masses," crowding with expressions of admiration and delight before a bad and tricky picture at a World's Fair or an Academy Exhibition; but it is, nevertheless, the duty of those who know better to keep their eyes dry and to do or say something which will awake these good people to an appreciation of true art. And it is still more the duty of those who write to fight Philistinism in high places. When trained or untrained mediocrity, through the ignorance or complacence of the community, is elevated into authority; when the ignorant taste of the populace is reflected back from the canvases of painters of reputation; is this the time for the critic to be complimentary or evasive?

But how, you say, is the critic to know that he knows? Is his supposed knowledge anything more than assumption, dogmatism, self-conceit? Doubtless it is impossible for him to know decisively. But, as we have said before, the development of taste may be compared with what the religious call a "growth in grace." There is such a thing as "the witness of the spirit," in art as in religion, though assuredly in both, human nature is liable to grievous error. One who assumes to write with any authority about art should examine strictly the history of his supposed development. He should ask himself—Have I held my mind open in every direction? Do I speak at second hand, or do I wait days, months, or years till I see and *feel* for myself? Have my eyes been gradually opened to the great qualities of the old masters? Can I recollect that whereas I once used their names as mere counters, their names now each have a definite and a deep meaning and individuality? Do I find myself year by year gradually changing my feelings and opinions with regard especially to the modern masters? Do I weak-mindedly make a point of "being consistent?" Do I find my thoughts unduly subservient to the dictum of some one artist, or other person, of my acquaintance?

We are very well aware, nevertheless, that many an art-heretic, many an educated Philistine, could, or would, answer all these questions, and others like them, with entire satisfaction to himself.

"Great Nature is an Army Gay."

GREAT nature is an army gay,
Resistless marching on its way;
I hear the bugles clear and sweet:
I hear the tread of million feet.
Across the plain I see it pour;
It tramples down the waving grass;
Within the echoing mountain-pass
I hear a thousand cannon roar.
It swarms within my garden-gate;
My deepest well it drinketh dry.
It doth not rest; it doth not wait;
By night and day it moveth by:
Ceaseless it marches by my door;
It heeds me not, though I implore.
I know not whence it comes, or where

It goes. For me it doth not care,—
Whether I starve, or eat, or sleep,
Or live, or die, or sing, or weep.
And now the banners all are bright,
Now torn and blackened by the fight.

Sometimes its laughter shakes the sky,
Sometimes the groans of those who die.
Still through the night and through the livelong day,
The infinite army marches on its remorseless way.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

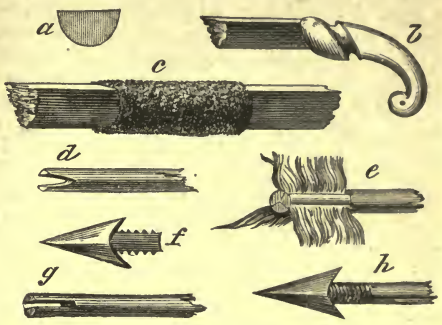
More about Bow-Shooting.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING BOWS AND ARROWS AND SUGGESTIONS TO ARCHERY CLUBS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

IN this magazine for July last, in the paper entitled "Bow-Shooting," I tried to give a general outline of the theory and practice of archery according to my knowledge as obtained from every available source, and especially from my experience in the art during the fifteen years which, as boy and man, I have, as far as business would permit, devoted to bow-shooting "by flood and field." The paper has attracted sufficient attention to cause a vast number of letters to be addressed to me, and not a few to the editors of this magazine, asking for further information on certain difficult points. I will here, as clearly as the necessarily small space allowed me will permit, set forth the whole "code of practice" of archery as I follow it:

TO MAKE A GOOD BOW.—Take a good, clear billet split from mulberry, sassafras, southern cedar, black locust, ash, or apple-tree, giving preference to the woods in the order named. Let the billet be from five to seven feet long, according to the desired length of the bow. Now, with great care shave the piece down to a uniform size for its whole length, say nearly circular, and two and a half inches in diameter. Lay the piece away to dry in the shade for two months, taking care that no hint of moisture ever reaches it. When it is thoroughly seasoned, finish as follows: First, mark the exact center of the billet, and from this point in the direction of what is to be the lower end of the bow lay off a space of five inches for the handle. From each extremity of the handle taper the bow to the ends, each of which must be a shade larger than the tip of the archer's third finger. Now dress the handle and body of the bow down till by trying it you find it nearly of the proper strength, then flatten the back a little the whole length of the bow, glue a bit of green plush round the handle and your bow is ready for the horn tips, which are the ends of cow-horns bored out to fit over the bow's ends and nocked or notched as seen in the detail drawings (here reprinted from SCRIBNER'S for July); but it must be noticed that the drawing marked *b* was either by my own fault or by a mistake of the engraver made wrong. The wood of the bow is there made flat on the inner side and rounded on the outer or back; it should be just the reverse. The hole bored in the horn to receive the tips of the bow should be deep enough to let the wood pass in to slightly above the nock. To make the horn work easily, boil it in water for an hour or two. A bow of six feet in length and of sixty pounds drawing



a, Section of bow; *b*, end of bow, showing nock; *c*, handle of bow; *d*, arrow nock; *e*, section of arrow, through feather; *f*, steel arrow-head; *g*, slit in shaft to receive head; *h*, head wired on.

power will throw a good arrow two hundred and twenty-five yards. Of course the reader knows at once that his bow must be suited to his muscular force and to the experience he has had in archery. Fifty pounds drawing weight is about right for an ordinary man to begin with. The length of the bow should be two or three inches in excess of the archer's height. A lady's bow may be from twenty-eight to forty pounds strong. I have somewhere seen it stated that Her Majesty Queen Victoria in her younger days greatly enjoyed archery, and gloried in her ability to brace and draw a fifty-five pound bow.

TO MAKE A GOOD BOW-STRING.—Take silk or flax harness thread of best quality and twist a string of about one-seventh of an inch in diameter, waxing it well during the process of twisting, with shoemaker's wax or bees-wax. Fasten one end of this string tightly into the nock of the lower end of the bow. With the other end of the string form a neat, firm loop (not a slip-noose) around the other end of the bow, two and a half or three inches below the nock. Your weapon is now ready to string, or "brace," as the old archers had it.

[TO STRING THE BOW, see "Bow-Shooting" as above, page 277.]

TO MAKE A GOOD ARROW.—Make the shaft as directed in the previous article, peel off the skin or outer covering of the broad side of a goose-feather with the vane or plume on the skin, or rather peel three feathers thus and glue the strips on the shaft as therein described. These vanes may, if necessary,

be held to their places till the glue is hard by a wrapping of fine thread. The nock must be deep and smooth and large enough to receive the string freely. The heads of target-shafts can be made by any smith. They consist of light, pointed iron or steel thimbles made to fit over the ends of the arrows; or you can make excellent heads by boring out bits of pointed horn and using them in the place of the steel heads. The steel points for the shafts used in hunting large game were fully described in the previous article. By referring to the detail cuts therein given any good blacksmith can make them. They should not weigh over a half-ounce. A good arrow-head for bird-shooting is made by pouring melted hard pewter over the end of the shaft and keeping it to its place, till cooled, by a cup of stiff writing paper. To do this, cut a shoulder one inch or less from the extremity of the shaft and slightly lessen the wood for that distance, then roll the paper round the shaft and tie it so as to leave room for the pewter to fill in round the shoulder between the wood and the paper. This will form a smooth, bright ferrule. Some sharp spiral notches cut in the wood where the pewter goes will serve to hold it firmly to its place when it cools. Ladies' arrows may be from twenty-three to twenty-seven inches long, and highly colored with gilt and gay paints to suit the taste or whim of the archer.

How to Shoot.—Your bow being first strung or braced, hold it horizontally before you, *i. e.*, with the bow at right angles with your body, your left hand firmly grasping the handle; slip an arrow under the string and over the bow at the right edge of your left hand and touching the left forefinger knuckle; place the arrow nock well on the string; turn the palm of your right hand up, placing the first three fingers thereof under the string, hooking their tips round it with the arrow between the first and second, and the thumb extended along the shaft near the nock. Now, keeping all holds thus, turn the bow till it stands vertically before you, your arrow resting against and above your left forefinger knuckles; turn your left side to the target, fix your eyes steadily on the center of the bull's-eye, draw the string back till your right thumb touches the upper tip of your right ear; squeeze the bow-handle powerfully with the left hand, steady! let drive! Now, if you have paid good heed to the above directions and have been sure to keep the arrow nock well on the string, you have made a pretty shot. Do not attempt to take aim. Do not even think of guiding your arrow with your eye. The only way to become a good bow-shot is to learn to guide your shaft by feeling, *i. e.*, by your sense of direction and distance. Your eyes must be glued, so to speak, upon the target. This is the one great rule of archery. Any other will lead to slovenly and wild, irregular shooting.

Miscellaneous.

No home-made bows or target-arrows can halfway equal those beautiful weapons made by Philip Highfield, of London, England; Messrs. Peck and Snyder, of New York city, are Mr. Highfield's American agents. A letter addressed to them will procure for its writer a catalogue and numbered price-list of archery goods. In purchasing a bow ask for a "gentleman's (or lady's) lemon-wood bow, horn-tipped, plush-handled," stating desired length and strength. I would advise a rather weak bow to begin with.

For target-arrows order "gentleman's (or lady's) whole-nocked, best footed, Highfield target-arrows," naming length.

Targets, made of plaited straw and faced with canvas, may be had of any size from one foot to four feet in diameter. Each archery club will need at least two targets.

The best shooting gloves are of kid or lisle thread with close-fitting gauntlet-bands covering the whole fore-arm, thus serving as both glove and arm-guard. I cannot recommend the finger-tips sold as shooting gloves by the dealers.

To form a club let any number from six to thirty gentlemen and ladies associate themselves by a constitution and by-laws, taking some appropriate name, and electing their officers, such as master-bowman, secretary and treasurer. I prefer the title of master-bowman to that of president, and suggest that societies do not cumber their organizations with too many officers. The master-bowman is, of course, the leader or chief of his band. He settles all disputes between his followers arising on the field or in the hall. The secretary and treasurer fill the same places respectively, that are filled by like officers in other associations or companies. At each shooting the archer who makes the highest number or score is entitled to the honorary title of captain of numbers or captain of the target. A silver arrow, a small silver bugle-horn, or some other appropriate prize, may be offered. An old Spanish yew-bow of English make would be a happy choice.

I should be glad to have a letter from the president, secretary, master-bowman, or any member of each society of bowmen already formed or that may be formed hereafter in the United States or elsewhere, giving me such particulars of his club or society as may seem proper.

Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Guest and Guest-Room.

We bought new furniture, my wife and I:
She chose designs, gave measures; standing by,
I let her have her will; the things *were* high.

Their moral character was counted good:
A truthful bureau, made of upright wood,
A candid bedstead, in that chamber stood;

A clothes-press chaste, a table all sincere
(Save when the servants waxed it); truly dear
To steadfast back-bones did those chairs appear!

An undesigning carpet graced the floor;
Severely rich the curtain o'er the door;
Rigid the aspect that the paper wore.

Eastlake was master in the narrow space,
And Household Decoration had the place
All for its own, and goodness shut out grace.

We had a visitor that sunny May;
My handsome cousin halted on her way,
And graced the new room for a night and day.

Graced—as a statue might; so still and fair;
Her only brightness was her sunny hair;
Erect in bearing, but she chilled the air.

A proper damsel, on that sofa true,
She answered in well-chosen words—but few—
All kindly askings; never took the cue

That sends the ball of chit-chat spinning fast;
Tell her a jest, the newest and the last,
From far she saw the point—when it was past.

We had her hear the prima donna sing,
Showed her the Park, fair in the flush of spring,
At eye-and-ear gate gave loud knock and ring,

But all for nothing; so she came and went,
Our calm and placid cousin, well content,
Leaving her host and hostess bored and spent.

We said good-bye; then, coming up the stair,
Into her room glanced—"Why! I do declare,
The place has Nelly's very look and air!"

My wife burst out: "I will not have it so!
As for the square and compass, let them go,
Or keep in bounds!" Well pleased, I marked the flow

Of woman's wrath, and knew that soon the hour
Of liberation from artistic power,
That ruled despotic, e'en in maiden's bower,

Would come for us. Among those stiff designs
She brought sweet curves, and bending, swaying lines,
The grace and beauty of the wild-wood vines,

The curves of running, leaping, flying things;
The path the lark cleaves with his outspread wings
Tells its own story of the song he sings.

And so the stiffness vanished, even while
The room still kept the reigning fashion's style,
But spoke the Truth, with Life's own radiant smile:

"The room's a new one, dear; would Nell were fit
To be its tenant!" Answered woman's wit:
"For her shall Life do what Life did for it!"

B. W.

Poor-house and Hospital Visiting.

UNTIL within the last few years, an appointment as hospital or alms-house visitor was a nominal and honorary, rather than a useful, position. The appointee, as a general thing, knew little or nothing of the thing which he was set to inspect, and had no way of learning. No standard was furnished for his guidance—in fact, no standards existed, even among medical men, which would not be regarded nowadays as poor and inadequate. The puzzled and unaided visitor duly went his rounds; listened to complaints whose validity he had no means of testing, and glib explanations whose very glibness perplexed him; saw a great deal of dirt and disorder, and suspected more than he saw; felt that things were wrong, but had no notion how to set them right; and what with statements, counter statements, shifting, deception, and the dread of making mischief, ended by feeling his work a failure and himself a sham, and if he persevered, did so only from a vague sense of duty, which seemed duty still, though it had failed to reach the level of helpfulness.

What wide advances have been made during this last decade in the understanding and practice of hospital management and the care of the poor, will be evident to any one who will take the trouble to read the publications of the New York State Charities' Aid Society, for the year ending March, 1877. These are four in number: 1st, An "Annual Report;" 2d, "A Hand-book for Visitors to the Poor-house," prepared under the auspices of the Association; 3d, "A Hand-book for Hospital Visitors," by a member of the Hospital Committee; and, 4th, "A Century of Nursing," also by a member of the Hospital Committee, in which, with great clearness and intelligence, is given a comprehensive and interesting résumé of the growth of hospital reforms during the last hundred years, and the present condition of the system in the different countries of Europe and in our own.

It is of the two little hand-books, however, that we desire to say a special word. They are brief but complete monographs on the subjects of which they treat, giving in short space and with admirable precision a *précis* of all which a poor-house or hospital visitor need know in order to conduct his inspection intelligently and make it of value. The terse good sense of the directions reminds us of Miss Nightingale's model "Notes on Nursing." There is the same insistence upon essentials, the same clearness and point of phrase, the same dislike to sentimentalism and waste of words. A few paragraphs will show the analogy:

"What is chiefly to be desired, as a preparation for the work, is a disposition to be thoroughly and in the best sense charitable, not only toward paupers, but toward those charged with their care.

"Let visitors lead a crusade against 'feather-dusters' and 'dry flapping.'

"Things of this sort done 'now and then,' or 'frequently,' are never thoroughly done. *Fix the day*, and never allow it to pass over.

"Keeping in mind what has been said above, a visitor with good ideas about order, cleanliness, and discipline, will soon learn to see whether the ward is well or ill managed.

"Does she feel a sense of oppression in going from the fresh air into the ward? Is it a little difficult to breathe? Is there a close smell? and do patients and nurses look flushed and languid? The ventilation is all wrong here.

"At what angle is the table to the bed, and the bedside carpet to the table?

"Are there on the table a roll of sticking-plaster, a bunch of lint, some sort of slop, and a wet circle where the basin was set down when the surgical dressings were done?

"Is there a smear of beef-tea or gruel on the bedclothes, and a stain of the same sort at the corners of the helpless patient's mouth? And is the one in the next bed engaged in wiping his mouth with the back of his hand?

"Does the nurse stand with her hands on her hips, and answer the doctor with hesitation, saying: 'Well, I guess about' so and so, or 'I rather think he slept about' so long, or 'It was kind of middling' this or that?

"Does the nurse speak of him as 'the cancer man,' or 'the one with a head,' or fill herself with pins stuck indiscriminately over her dress-waist, or sit on the edge of his bed, and say, 'You're nervous—that's what it is,' when the patient is restless?

"Draughts are not ventilation. Cold is not ventilation."

The whole of these little manuals will be found equally vigorous and distinct, and we commend them to all visitors and boards of examiners who, having undertaken a duty, desire to know how best to do it.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Charles Reade's "A Woman-Hater."*

"A Woman-Hater" was apparently written to champion the right of women to pursue their studies in medical colleges and hospitals. This purpose, however, does not appear until the story is well under way. It disappears as soon as shown, and re-appears only in a homiletical discourse in the somewhat prolix ending of the book. Miss Rhoda Gale, a strong-minded person of American origin, is the hapless martyr to an unjust discrimination against women students of medicine and surgery. She is early declared to be "rooted" to the story, but she has no more place in the plot than she has in the precession of the equinoxes. She neither marries nor is given in marriage. She has almost no part or lot in the movement of the story, and though she comes and goes, says things in a bright, sharp way, gives little lectures on hygiene, and only once breaks down into womanishness and tears, she is a wholly disagreeable person. If Mr. Reade invented her to show that studying surgery was not good for womankind, he has succeeded tolerably well. Certainly, she does not vindicate her right to be a "doctress."

The Woman-Hater is another anomaly. He is one of those fine, manly, high-bred, rich, middle-aged Englishmen whom Reade draws so nicely. He is Vizard, of Vizard Court, and he ought to be a woman-hater, for so he is announced in the first chapter. But he keeps up a very poor pretense of hating women; in fact, he is too truly good to hate anybody, and he ends by falling desperately in love with a public singer. This character, Ina Klosking, is a delightful creature. She is the flower of the story. As a large blonde beauty, she affords the novelist many opportunities for display of his rare quality of description, which he duly improves; and, as a singer, she is made the occasion for a show of knowledge of counterpoint, harmony and musical literature, which the author also improves with alacrity. But Ina Klosking is a thoroughly noble person, and her influence pervades the story, as one might fancy, like the perfume of a large white lily.

Zoe Vizard, sister of the handsome and middle-aged squire, is cast for a leading character, but she fails to fill the rôle. Her figure lacks firmness and definiteness. She is, and she is not. She loves to distraction a desperately handsome and accomplished villain. Her love for him is something like that of a bird for a snake. She cannot be unfascinated without killing the charmer. This done, she calmly weds the man whom her brother most desires for a brother-in-law. Zoe Vizard's scampish lover, Edward Severne, is an unnatural creature, who madly loves Zoe because he is poor and she is rich. He lies and cheats, and is caught at it, but is adored by various women just the same. And when his little game is up, he goes merrily into eternity, thanking God that he has had the pick of the good things of this world, and has been beloved by innumerable excellent women.

Of the other characters in this brief, eventful history, none are worth mentioning save Fanny Dover, a sharp coquette, and Joseph Ashmead, the singer's man of business. Fanny Dover is uncommonly clever, and has some natural traits; but, for the most part, she is one of those hard, impossible characters which Reade imports into his novels for the sake of saying smart things. The reader very well knows that the smart things are Reade's; it does not matter who has the credit of uttering them. Ashmead is cleverly drawn, but he is too honest and single-hearted for one of his kind. As the picture of the unsentimental, practical business manager, who turns everything to business account, he is well done. But we question if any dramatic, operatic, or musical agent was ever such a thoroughly good fellow.

"A Woman-Hater" is wholly of Charles Reade. It contains his worst faults and his brightest charms. The story is destitute of heart, feeling, humanity, atmosphere. It is like one of Firmin-Girard's pictures—bright and unreal, with the interest scattered all over the showy canvas. It is agreeable reading, but when the end is reached, one may well close the covers and mildly wonder if both author and reader might not have been in better business.

"Jan of the Windmill."*

"THAT Lass o' Lowrie's" is a dramatic story of mining life in the "black country" of England, and Mrs. Burnett has made her picture correspondingly dark. "Jan of the Windmill," on the other hand, is a tale with little passion of love or terribleness of incident, and its scenes are laid in the flat southern parts of England, while its chief actors, diametrically the opposite to grimy miners, are, for the chief part, a family of millers, white with flour, and looking every hour of the twenty-four into the wide expanse of open sky to ascertain the direction and force of each blast that is to send the sails of the mill merrily about. Joan Lowrie works at the black mouth of the pit, and her father and lover descend into the dangerous shaft. Jan, on the other hand, learns to question the clouds, and has for his earliest ambition the cultivation of a "miller's thumb"—not the miller's thumb that country folk charge with false measurement of the corn that comes to grist, but the faculty of telling the quality of the flour by passing it between the first two fingers.

Jan of the Windmill is not the son of the windmiller, Abel Lake, but a mysterious child put out to foster, who does not know his parentage. He develops wonderful precocity in art, learns to draw

* A Woman-Hater. By Charles Reade. New York: Harper Bros. 1877.

* Jan of the Windmill. A Story of the Plains. By Juliana Horatio Ewing. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1877.

on his slate the mill, pigs, cattle and men, and arranges bits of colored objects into transitory imitations of such landscapes as impress his sensitive mind. He has his trials, is kidnapped by a dwarf not unlike the creation of Dickens, but finally works around into assistant to an artist, with whose aid he makes a painter of himself.

The style of this novel is also in contrast to "That Lass o' Lowrie's." While the latter depends greatly on its plot for the interest of the novel, this book is fine in particulars with which plot has nothing to do. The style is quiet and easy-flowing, as if the writer had plenty of time to dwell on the several traits of her characters, the landscape of the scenes in which they move, and even at times to insist on some point of morals or public expediency which has nothing to do with the story. While the novel of Mrs. Burnett moves past on sharply defined lines, almost like a play, this book takes the reader into a leisurely confidence and rounds out a character by bit after bit of example:—that of Ge-arge, for instance, the hulking, baby-faced, foolish-looking, but secretly crafty, assistant to the miller,—we do not learn at once that he is a cruel and dishonest fellow; we are brought to see that gradually. It is the same with Master Swift, a lonely school-teacher who has lost wife and child and finds a little comfort in a shaggy mongrel and a habit of reciting aloud to himself in the wood passages from favorite poets; we learn first to know, then to be struck with, and finally to love him, and to like Jan even better because the old school-teacher loves him. In this quiet and unobtrusive way we make the acquaintance of a whole circle of originals—English country people of the kind we meet in "The Mill on the Floss," and some of them with characteristics yet to be found in the old people of Long Island. "Jan of the Windmill" cannot be read quickly; it has not the flow of words of the stock novel, but it is thoroughly well written, and abounds in delicate analysis of character, quiet humor, and no little pathos.

"The Life and Writings of St. John." *

MR. LECKY says, referring to the life of Christ in the gospels: "The simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists." By common consent the Gospel of St. John leads the synoptics in this influence on the world. But until of late attention was given rather to the works of St. John than to himself. The precursor of the present volume, Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," suggested how much could be told of the man as well as of his work. The period of the apostle's life, with its political and social features, the physical geography of his country, his parental and domestic training, the Jewish public school, are described by Dr. Macdonald as influences which had much to do with the character of St. John. From such influences and instruction, it is shown how he passed into the school of Christ, who taught as one having authority, and how, being a favorite pupil in that school, he received private lessons, which his works abundantly reveal that he "learned, marked, and inwardly digested." Afterward he entered the school of the "Spirit of Truth," and remained there so long an apt and docile scholar that he became the type of spirituality for all time.

Following the discussion of the man and what made him, his life is completed from the Acts of the Apostles, and from subsequent traditions to its close. The works of St. John—the Apocalypse, the Gospel, and the three Epistles—are inserted with brief explanatory notes in their proper chronological place in the biography.

It is a prominent merit of this work that so much has been brought, so to speak, under one roof. There is a wealth of allusion to the vast literature of the fourth Gospel; there is an admirable analysis of the Epistles, and there is a well-considered exposition of the Apocalypse, which, if it does not satisfy everybody, will prove a valuable aid in the study of a book concerning which John Calvin said, "*Non intelligo.*"

* The Life and Writings of St. John. By James M. Macdonald, D. D. Edited, with an Introduction, by the Very Rev. J. S. Howson, D. D., Dean of Chester. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

Walter Crane.

WE are in receipt of the following letter:

BEAUMONT LODGE, WOODLAWN, SHEPHERD'S BUSH. W.
LONDON, ENG., May 25, 1877.

Editor Scribner's Monthly.—DEAR SIR: The favorable mention of my work in your magazine for April last (Article XII.), more especially of "The Baby's Opera," induces me to ask you if I may be allowed to warn those of your readers—or perhaps I may say, the American public—who are interested, against a certain pirated edition of my last book, above named, which has just been brought out by Messrs. McLoughlin, of New York.

It is only fair, to those who desire to possess the original, to point out that it bears on its title-page the name of Messrs. George Routledge & Son, the publishers, as well as my own, and that of the engraver and printer, Edmund Evans.

The pirated edition, a copy of which I have seen, grossly misrepresents my drawings both in style and coloring; the arrangement of the pages, too, is different, and the full-page colored plates are complete travesties, and very coarse ones of the originals.

The book is sold at a lower figure than the true "Baby's Opera," and this may help to deceive those who are not familiar with my works.

I am naturally anxious to clear myself of any responsibility for such productions as those with which Messrs. McLoughlin have, without my sanction, associated my name.

I should therefore consider it a favor if you can help me in this matter by giving publicity to my disclaimer.

I am, gentlemen,
Faithfully yours,
WALTER CRANE.

Mr. Walter Crane's grievance is of course a hard one, but it is no worse than that of many another on both sides of the water. Yet there is a consideration which distinguishes it, so far as the buyer is concerned, from that of authors in general. In other cases, only the author and publisher suffer, and only in their pockets; for when an author's work is re-

printed, the buyer gets the author's matter as he gave it to the public (we are supposing it to be reprinted as he wrote it), and though he gets no money for it, he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that he cannot be deprived of whatever praise is due him either for his ideas or for the form in which he has expressed them. But, in Mr. Walter Crane's case, he is not only robbed in his purse which he may be able to look upon as trash, but by the putting his ideas in a shabby form entirely misrepresenting the beautiful one in which he clothed them and sent them out into the world, his good name is filched from him, which makes him poor, indeed.

Mr. Crane is one of the most accomplished of the younger birth of English artists. He has already made a shining mark as a painter of "pictures," ordinarily so called, and a designer of picture-books for children. In this latter field he stands without a rival, and his work is as original as it is beautiful. There were of course some pretty children's books before these appeared. Cruikshank made several; Richard Doyle made one or two that were delightful; but Cruikshank's books had no color, and Doyle's color was not good;—the art of color printing which we have perfected, and which Walter Crane has known so well to employ, was not in use in those earlier days. Walter Crane has every charm. His design is rich, original, and full of discovery. His drawing is at once manly and sweet, and his color is as delightful as a garden of roses in June. And with these accomplishments he comes full-handed to the children—and to their parents and lovers too!—and makes us all rich with a pleasure none of us ever knew as children, and never could have looked to know. We are all his debtors for a substantial good,—for beautiful art brought to our every-day enjoyment, for a valuable helper in the education of our children. And we join our earnest appeal to his quiet and modest one, that the American public will respect his work, will refuse to put into their children's hands, just because it is a little cheaper, a shabby travesty of a beautiful original.

English Books.

LONDON, July 5.

THERE is nothing in the literary history of the past month to characterize it specially, except that the supply of new books naturally diminishes in number, and indeed is almost reduced to a minimum that will scarcely be exceeded until September or October next. The Eastern War has so far failed to make any noticeable additions to the books now seeking a sale.

The exhibition of books in connection with the Caxton celebration is now preparing, but though open, is but imperfectly arranged, as the labor on the forthcoming catalogue demands a few more days before it is ready. The gathering of choice old books illustrating the early days of the typographic art is perfectly unique, and offers great attractions to bibliographers. Here are brought together the choicest treasures of Lord Spencer's famous library at Althorp,—the gems of the Duke of Devonshire's collection obtained at the Roxburgh sale, where his purchases were so cleverly managed to preserve his incognito that (as Dr. Dibdin records) it was rumored at the time that "Bonaparte was buying Caxtons;" but the prices that then seemed to our fathers too high for any but an imperial purse have been far exceeded in our later days. The Bodleian Library at Oxford, the Public Library at Cambridge University, and most of the great English private collections, have all contributed to this exhibition of not only old books, but choice ones of all dates, as its purpose is to illustrate printing of every era,—from the block-books that preceded its birth to the latest improvements of the current year. Future reference may be allowed to the catalogue, as it will be a document of great importance for all who sympathize with books and printers; it records no less than one hundred and fifty-three specimens of Caxton's press,—the greatest number ever assembled together,—thus affording an opportunity never before occurring, invaluable for the purposes of collation and mutual comparison, and so serving to elucidate much that is yet obscure in the history of the art. But all the particulars that any one can desire to know will be found at length in a beautiful volume—"The Biography and Typography of William Caxton, England's first Printer, by William Blades," one volume, octavo. Mr. Blades is a worthy successor of Caxton in his art as well as in literature, and the book is both written and printed by him. It is a charming volume for the bibliographer, being amply adorned and illustrated with wood-cuts, fac-similes, specimens of type, water-marks, etc., and in short everything that can throw light upon Caxton, as a man, an author, and a printer. It contains the fullest catalogue *raisonné* of the productions of Caxton's press ever drawn up, including some lately discovered specimens, with collations of each article, number of copies extant, and their owners, etc. It appears from this list that the entire number of separate books and editions now existing, printed by Caxton, is ninety-nine; but of these, thirty-eight are only known by single copies or fragments, so that very likely many others are quite lost. The largest number of copies of any one book remaining is thirty-two copies of the "Golden Legend," of 1473, the largest book Caxton ever undertook; yet out of this number not one perfect copy remains. Some curious facts of what may be called book geography occur in this catalogue,—the only copy of one of Caxton's books, the "Sex Epistolæ" of Petrus Carmelianus, 1483, was lately found in an old volume of 17th century divinity, in the Hecht-Heinean Library, at Halberstadt; while another all but unique work, has been recognized in the University Library of Upsala, in Sweden; this almost equals the late recovery of Charles and Mary Lamb's "Poetry for Children" from Adelaide, in South Australia, after England had been searched in vain for a copy.

Taking for his text a well-known passage of Macaulay's splendid rhetoric, Mr. D. C. Bell has

produced a most interesting volume—"Notices of the Historic Persons Buried in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London, with an Account of the Discovery of the Supposed Remains of Queen Anne Boleyn." No one who has read them can forget the words of the historian, commencing with "In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery," and Mr. Bell's book is a commentary on them, and an exhaustive record of the fate of the royal and noble victims whose remains were hurried to that "dark and bloody ground," when a violent death was accompanied "with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame." The list extends from Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, who were brought to the block by Henry VIII., to Lord Lovat's execution in the middle of the last century. The book is well illustrated, and proves an addition of permanent value to the library of English history.

In "Pessimism, a History and Criticism," by James Sully, one volume, 8vo, the author takes an historical survey of the pessimistic system of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, and the opposite more generally received optimist doctrine, while preparing another answer to the question of the worth of life and progress different from either of the above. "The History of Materialism, an Authorized Translation from the German of Professor F. A. Lange by E. C. Thomas of Trinity College, Oxford," will form three volumes. The first of these has just appeared. It extends from the remoter periods of Greek philosophy to the time of Newton and Hobbes, and all the intervening systems are thoroughly examined. The late Professor Lange was a son of the well-known theological writer and Biblical commentator. His work was immediately accepted as a classic one in Germany, where it has already passed through several editions.

"The Life and Words of Christ," by Cunningham Geikie, D. D., forms two beautifully printed and elegant volumes in small quarto. It is an attempt to realize, with all possible vividness, the country, the people, the religious and temple services, the ecclesiastical, civil and social aspects of the time. The author deprecates anything like rhetorical straining after effect, and has made a sober and valuable addition to a class of books always sure to find readers.

A few miscellaneous books may be briefly mentioned: "Some Articles on the Depreciation of Silver and on Topics connected with it," one volume, 8vo, was the last contribution to political economy, by the late Walter Bagehot, editor of the "Economist," whose views commanded respect throughout the commercial and political world. It is a posthumous publication, collecting some scattered papers, with a preface written by himself shortly before his death. "Lord Bacon and Essex," by the able editor of the "Essays of Bacon," Dr. E. A. Abbott, is an examination of some vexed questions in the career of that statesman, resulting in a qualified verdict in his favor. "Servitus and Calvin, a Study of an Important Epoch in the Early History of the Reformation," one volume, 8vo, with portraits of Servitus and Calvin, exhibits research and a mastery of the facts of the case. "Danish Greenland, its People and its Products," is by Dr. Rink, the recorder of the "Traditions of the Esquimaux," and is the only late account we have of a country and people so remote from common experience. The illustrations are all from native drawings.

"Croton Water."

A CORRECTION.

ROME, N. Y., June 1st, 1877.

Editor Scribner's Monthly.—SIR: In the Number for June current of your Monthly Magazine, you publish an article on the Croton Aqueduct, in which are some historical errors in relation to myself as the chief engineer of that work. The writer says of Major Douglass,—"Under his direction every preparation was made for the execution of the design, when a disagreement, etc., resulted in his resignation, and the transfer of his duties as chief-engineer to John B. Jervis, under whom the work in its original proportions was carried on." This clearly implies that the plans and specifications of the work were prepared by Major Douglass. I left at your office a succinct historical account of these relatively, as published in the New York "Evening Post," of November 20th, 1874. The article in your Monthly assumes that Major Douglass prepared plans and specifications for Croton Dam, Sing Sing Bridge, Harlem or High Bridge, the Receiving and Distributing Reservoir, and for less important structures of the Aqueduct. You will see by the article above referred to that Major Douglass left no plans that I was able to find for any of these structures. In fact, the delay of Major Douglass in providing plans and specifications for actual work was the cause of dissatisfaction with the Water Commissioners, as you will see by referring to the article in the "Post," where it is shown that John B. Jervis made them and not Major Douglass.

I am far from desiring to do the memory of Major Douglass any harm, but am not willing that his friends should do me injustice. The Croton Dam, so far as I know, has no parallel. It is peculiar and was wholly my own design. It has been a great success in this class of engineering.

In a memoir I prepared for the American Society of Civil Engineers, an account of the Croton Aqueduct is published, in their proceedings for February, 1877; at page 54 you may find a brief discussion of this question. The two sources to which I refer, namely, the "New York Evening Post" and the "Journal of the Society of Engineers," will give you particulars and I will not trouble you with further detail.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN B. JERVIS, Civil Engineer.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Water-Propulsion.

ATTEMPTS have been made at various times to move boats by forcing jets of water through openings in the sides or ends of the hulls, and hitherto these experiments have not been successful. A more recent experiment in this direction has resulted favorably, and a tow-boat, 13.11 meters (43 ft.) long, has been constructed that employs a common steam-pump in place of an engine and propeller. The boat has a steam-boiler of moderate size, and is, in other respects, a tow-boat of the usual pattern. Four pipes 64 millimeters (2½ in.) in diameter are laid the whole length of the boat inside, and about 1 meter below the water-line. At the bow two of these pipes open the whole size of the pipe directly into the outer water, and at the stern they are reduced

to a nozzle of only 22 millimeters diameter. The other pair of pipes is arranged in the same manner, except that the nozzles are placed at the bows. A steam-pump is connected with each pair of these pipes, and when at work takes the water in at the bows and ejects it in a powerful stream at the stern, and thus forces the boat ahead at a good speed. To reverse the direction the pump takes the water from the stern through the other pair of pipes and forces it out at the bow, and the boat instantly reverses its direction. The novelty in this invention consists in the use of a reduced pipe or nozzle at the place of discharge. By means of the two nozzles the boat may be easily steered independently of the rudder by using one or the other of the two pipes alternately. The advantages claimed for this system of propulsion are the cheapness of the apparatus and the absence of ripple or disturbance of the water. The escaping water is so far below the surface that it creates no disturbance, and the boat only makes the wave that breaks from the bow, and, in this respect, this method of propulsion may fulfill the demand for a steam tow-boat for canals. On a trial trip at sea, the boat made a voyage of some length in safety and at good speed.

New Form of Mooring-Anchor.

PERMANENT moorings for buoys are sometimes formed by putting down screw-piles and fastening the mooring-chain to the top of the pile, or, as in this country, by sinking heavy blocks of stone, or by using the "mushroom" anchor. This anchor is made in the form of a mushroom, with the edges curved inward, and is usually simply thrown overboard and left to find its own position on the bottom. An improved form of mushroom-anchor has been designed that may be sunk or bedded in sand or mud to any desired depth, thus securing it against removal in storms, or by contact with passing ships. This anchor differs from the ordinary mushroom-anchor in having a pointed and deeper crown. Through the center of the crown is bored a hole, and in this is inserted a wrought-iron pipe and placed flush or smooth with the outside, or top of the crown. A wrought-iron shank or tripod is also fastened to the crown on the inside to serve as a shank for the anchor. To plant the anchor in position a rubber hose is affixed to the pipe and the anchor and hose are lowered together till the anchor rests upside down on the bottom. Water is then forced through the hose, and escaping from the pipe below the anchor, it quickens or starts up the sand and mud, and the anchor sinks by its own weight in the loosened soil. As soon as it is bedded deeply in the mud, the hose and pipe, by means of a rope from the surface, are detached and brought on board the boat. The floating sediment and sand, stirred up by the jet of water, quickly settle again above and around the anchor and bed it firmly in the ground so that it cannot be moved without lifting the entire mass above it, and the anchor thus makes a mooring permanent enough to hold any ordinary vessel or buoy. To remove the anchor, the chain is brought up tight so as to stand vertical above the anchor, and the hose, guided by rings on the cable, is lowered till it touches the soil above the anchor. On forcing a stream of water through the hose, the sediment is driven out of the anchor, its dishing form serving to act as a guide in scattering the sand on every side, and it may then be easily pulled up. This form of anchor is cheap because it does not depend wholly on its own weight for its stability, and in practice it will doubtless be found efficient when properly sunk in the soil.

The Pneumatic Clock System.

THE system of circuit clocks in operation in Vienna has now been in successful operation for several months, and will repay examination on account of its cheapness and usefulness in giving the correct time in all parts of a city at once. The system consists of a central clock of good construction that may be relied upon as a standard, and a number of dials placed in various positions in the city and all joined to the central clock by a common lead pipe of only 25 millimeters (1 inch) diameter, laid through the streets. The central clock is supplied with an apparatus that enables it to turn a three-way cock once in every sixty seconds. Near the clock is an air-compressor driven by a small engine, and two reservoirs for compressed air. One of these is for high pressure and for taking the air from the compressors. A reducing pipe and valve leads the air to the second reservoir where the pressure is kept fixed at about two atmospheres. This reservoir communicates with the mains that connect the central clock with the dials. The dials contain no motive clock-work of their own, and receive their power entirely from the central clock. To accomplish this, each dial is supplied with a mercury tube carrying a float, and, by means of a rod connected with this float, its movements, up and down, are communicated to the few simple ratchet-wheels that turn the hands of the dial. The operation of this clock system is equally simple. Once each minute the central clock moves the three-way cock and admits the compressed air to the mains, and by means of the branches to the dials, each float is raised simultaneously, and the hands of all the dials are moved forward just one minute. In fifteen seconds the three-way cock changes its position and the pressure is released, the escape-pipe is opened and the air in the mains suffered to escape till it reaches its original normal pressure. A third movement restores the cock to its first position, ready for the next supply of compressed air. This system of circuit clocks is also supplied with a self-winding device for the central clock, so that it is constantly wound up so long as the pressure remains in the reservoir and pipes. To secure dry air in the pipes, the air from the reservoirs is passed through a tank containing quick-lime that absorbs any water it may hold in suspension. The dials may also be supplied with striking-gongs or bells, if desired. The advantages of this system are found in its cheapness, simplicity, and in the uniform time marked on all the dials in

the circuit. The number of dials in use was first ten, and has now been increased to a hundred or more, and, so far, the system has worked steadily and accurately.

New Design for Iron Bridges.

A NEW form of iron bridge, combining the arch and suspension bridge, has been designed, that deserves attention. The arch may be either a true segment of a circle or a hipped arch, and is intended to be made of channel bars or I beams, and is rested on the abutments of the bridge, or on iron uprights raised above them. From the same points and under the arch, is hung a suspension bridge, the cable being formed of flat bars. This combined arch and suspension bridge thus form an elliptical truss in which the thrust of the arch balances the pull of the suspension cable. The pull of the cable, on the other hand, is equipoised by the thrust of the arch. The advantages of this design may be found in the economy gained in balancing the thrust and pull of the two members. In the bow-string arch, the thrust is expended on the abutments, or in useless strain on the horizontal straight bar that joins the arch together. This new form of bridge is intended to be used with any of the usual forms of iron truss bridges.

New Telegraphic Transmitter.

TYPE-FORMS containing all the types used in printing one side of a newspaper, or the stereotype copies of these forms, have been recently made available as telegraphic transmitting instruments. The stereo-plate is cast in the usual way, and is then brushed over with shellac or some other non-conducting plastic substance so as to fill all the spaces between the letters and yet leave the face of the types exposed. Sand-paper is then rubbed over the type to clean them, and the plate is then ready for its new duty as a transmitter. The plate is put in the electric circuit by connecting it with the battery, and it then forms part of a broken circuit. To close the circuit, a fine brush, made of a bundle of wires twisted in a spiral and connected with the line, is drawn over the plate, and whenever a point of the brush touches a type, the circuit is closed, and whenever it meets the non-conducting material, the circuit is broken. At the receiving end of the line, a plate of metal of the same size and shape of the transmitting plate is covered with paper sensitive to electricity. The two plates are caused to move exactly together while the brush is moving over the types; each point of the brush makes a mark on the sensitive paper so long as it touches a type, and as the points of the wires are close together, the marks come sufficiently near to repeat the form of every letter and word on the plate in turn. When the wires pass the non-conducting material, the circuit is broken, and the sensitive paper moves on unaltered, and in this manner all the spaces are accurately repeated. By means of this device an entire page of a newspaper may be sent by wire any distance, and within a short time reproduced in every detail upon the sensitive sheet, so that it may be used as a copy for the printers.

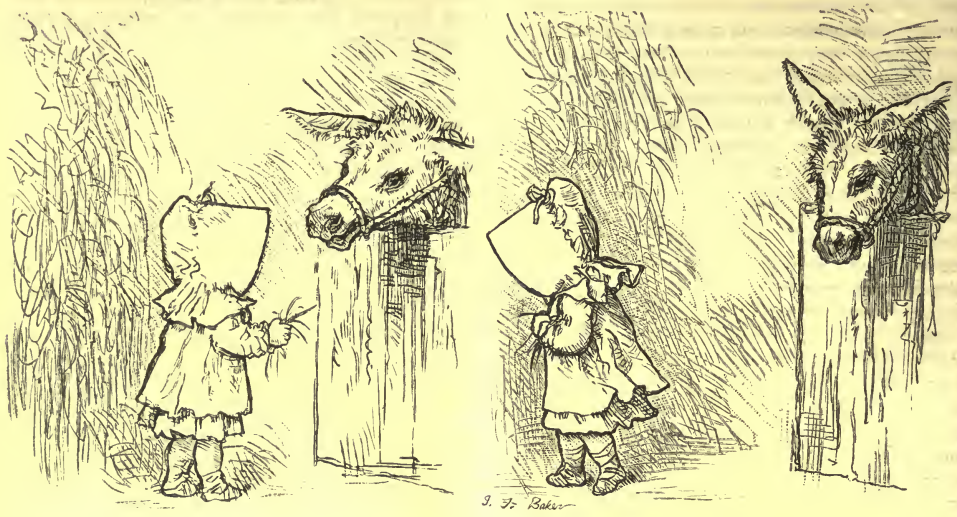
Electric Gas-lighting.

IN lighting gas by electricity both batteries and frictional machines are used. Among the improvements in this class of work is a new form of combined electrical machine and leyden jar and a system of electric switches for diverting the current from a battery to any desired group, or circuit of lights. The frictional machine is a disk of vulcanite revolving on its axis and having "rubbers" placed on both sides. The leyden jar is composed of layers of hard rubber, metallic foil and soft rubber placed on over the other in a certain order and bound together in a compact bundle. Only a few turns of the handle of the machine are needed and then the "discharge," connected with the two wires that form the circuit of gas jets, is pressed down and the accumulated charge is delivered, lighting all the lamps at once. Each circuit may include one or two hundred lamps, and to light more, extra circuits each returning to the machine are employed. The whole apparatus may be inclosed in a box 30.5 centimeters (12 in.) wide and long and 10 centimeters (4 in.) deep, that may be fastened to the wall in any convenient place. It can be used at any moment and remains in good condition for a long time, and then only requires a renewal of the amalgam in the "rubbers." When a battery is used and many lamps are to be lighted, as in a theater or mill, a main cable or line is used, and each circuit of one or two hundred lights is branched off from it. To switch the current from one circuit to another, a small supplementary battery and electromagnet is used, so that the switch may be moved from a point near the battery. Circuits are also erected in mills so that a distant circuit can be lighted from the circuit itself without going to the battery. An automatic device is also used in some places, so that the movement of the machinery that dips the metals in the battery may also open each circuit in turn, and switch the current from each circle of lamps, one after the other, as fast as they are lighted. Electric gas-lighting is now carried on with unfailing precision and at very slight expense, and may be recommended as far more simple, easy and safe than the ordinary methods, with torch and match.

New Weighing Apparatus.

IN a new form of weighing apparatus designed to give two or three different standards of measurement, a triangular bar is used in place of the usual weighing lever. This bar has a circular hole bored through its length and is slipped over a round bar that makes the arm for the weights. This triangular piece has notches cut on one edge for the metric standards of weight, and others on the other corners for other standards, and by turning it over, either one of the three standards of measurement may be brought uppermost and used for a rest for the weights.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



NOTHING SO CERTAIN AS UNCERTAINTY.

"Ole Laughin'."

BY A. C. GORDON.

WHEN I was a boy in Ferginyer,
At de plantashun down on de Jeems,
Years aback, 'fore de war kim, an' freedom,—
What a long time ago it all seems!—
My marster he owned an ole nigger,
Which de white folk, beca'se o' his mouf,
Never called nuthin' 'ceptin' Ole Laughin',
Down dar in de Souf.

He had de mos' cur'uses' notions
'Bout jokin' an' havin' o' fun;
An' dar wasn't no stoppin' dat darkey
Ef ever he onst had begun.
I'se seed him like bustin' his westcot
A-laughin' at things dat mos' folk,
Spite o' whatever funny he found dar,
Never 'sidered a joke.

He would laugh when his chillun was cryin',
He would laugh when de cryin' was done,
Seems like ev'rything struck him ridic'lous,
Dat de Lord has made onder de sun.
An' whatever frolic dar happened
'Mongst de darkeys, ef Laughin' warn't dar,
Things mos'ly went on purty solemn;
For dey missed him, I 'clar'.

One day we was crossin' Jeems River,
Ole marster, Ole Laughin' an' me;
An' somehow de boat got upsotted,
An' in soused de whole o' us three.
I made for de shore like a beaver,
Ole marster he struck for dar too;—
But somehow or 'nother Ole Laughin'
He passed out o' view.

Yet when we got out, on de bank dar,
De very fus' thing tetched my eye
Was Laughin', wid mouf stretched wide open,
A-roarin' ez if he would die!
I tell you ole marster was hoppin',—
I thought he'd 'a' went for dat man:—
"Ef it jes wasn't—but it's Ole Laughin';
I'll be dogged ef I can!"

I'se seed folk whose laughin' was hurtin',
Seemin' like it were scornful some way;
But hisn warn't dat sort o' music,—
Ez dif'rent ez night am f'om day!
When he opened dem jawbones o' hisn,
An' let it all out in one ro',
Ev'rybody what heard him laughed wid him,
An' wanted some mo'.

Laughin' seemed ter take life sort o' cur'us,
For I never did know him ter cry;
Yet often I'se noticed a misty
Kind o' sorrowful look in his eye.
Ole marster, he said: "A philos'pher
Ole Laughin' is, sartin an' sho',—
He look on de bright side o' all things,
An' who can do mo'?"

When marster got sick, an' deceasded,
Ez de coffin sot dar on de groun'
By de grave, all de plantashun darkeys
Kim weepin' an' moanin' aroun';
An' Laughin' was dar; but de devil,
In spite o' de grief in his face,
Seemed ter have a grip on him as usual,
Eben dar at dat place.

For when arter de words, "Dust ter ashes,"
De preacher stood silent in pra'r,
Ole Laughin' he 'rupted de silence
Wid his regular music, I 'clar'.
But he did'n' live long arter marster,
An' he died wid a smile on his mouf;
De bot' on 'em sleeps in Ferginyer,
Down dar in de Souf.

The Poetry of the Future.

THE Wagnerian music drama has taught us that the last word has not yet been said by the tone-master. There is reason to believe than an equally extensive undiscovered country lies before the poet. The old poetic fields have been so well worked and so sparingly fertilized that their productive capacity has become seriously diminished, and they are no longer able to furnish a decent subsistence to the emaciated beings who cultivate them. But within easy reach on every side lie vast and fertile tracts which are capable of supporting countless generations of future poets. As fast as the pioneer, Science, advances and makes rude clearings, the landscape gardener, Poetry, should follow and reduce them to stately pleasure-grounds.

In every branch of science a mine of wealth awaits the poet. If he has exhausted the fragrance and modesty of the violet, he has only to acquaint himself with its wonderful means for securing cross-fertilization, to give it another lease of life. If he is tired of the tame and insipid character of the flora known to literature, let him study the habits of Drosera and Dionæa and the other carnivorous plants. If he wishes to keep up his connection with the lower world, are there not Clerk Maxwell's demons, who open and shut the doors for gaseous molecules? If he would sing the music of the heavenly spheres, have not astronomers made them very easy of access? Pollock, it is true, permitted his fancies to rove among other worlds than ours, but his knowledge of the chemical constitution and laws of motion of the planets and asteroids was very defective. A poet who wishes to work this field will hardly find in him a rival.

Ruins have always been considered extremely suggestive of poetic thought, and our American poets have sought in the newness of the country an excuse for their poverty; but they need only turn their attention to Paleontology to find an inexhaustible field for doleful meditations. If the extinction of a single individual has been so sung as to be cause for tears, what pathos must there not lie in the extinction of whole species, genera and families?

Milton made a very creditable poem out of such poor material as the Mosaic account of creation. Where is the poet, as yet mute and inglorious, who is destined to find undying fame in the revelations of Stratigraphical Geology? Shakspere has been highly commended for the great variety of his characters, but their number and specific differences are small when compared with what we find in the long descent from Protobathybius to man. Beyond question, the development theory alone, if properly worked up, would suffice to keep our poets well employed for many years to come.

What poet has not sung of love? But love is a slight and fickle passion compared with the force by which the atoms cleave together, and the complexities of situation to which it gives rise are as nothing to the relations, say, of the homologous and heterologous series of alcoholic radicals. The mysteries which underlie the elective affinities of atoms and of souls are equally fascinating subjects of research, and equally baffling to those who seek their solution.

I communicated the substance of what I have here written to a young poet of my acquaintance the other day, and this morning he brought me the following verses:

Ode to a Pea.

Thou lovely mass of protoplasmic cells!
Thou golden germ of future exogen!
Descend, that thou mayst soften thy hard walls,
Into this warm hydrate of hydrogen!

Dost thou remember those far distant days
When thou, pale ovule, 'neath the heavy shade
Of pericarp didst lie in idle dreams,
Soothed by the murmurs that the breezes made?

Dost thou recall the wandering pollen tube
Who chose thee, fairest ovule, for his mate?
Thy gentle substance, quickened into life,
Did then begin to differentiate.

What! art thou soft already? Is thy substance
So soon to render up its last account?
No future thine,—save that I shall one section
In glycerine and acetic acid mount.

First let me draw from thee, by gentle pressure,
One drop of liquid through thy micropyle!
How like art thou unto the fabled cygnus,
Who dies, and sings his sweetest song meanwhile!

Now yield thee to my slender-pointed needles
While I remove thy testa ochreous!
'Tis somewhat thicker here,—is this thy hilum,
Where once was borne thy brief funiculus?

Unguarded by the mealy endosperm,
See where the thickened cotyledons lie!
Close pressed beside them is the radical,
And here the dainty plumule meets the eye.

Now comes the sharp-edged razor from his sheath;
Now quickly shrive thy soul leguminous!
No more carbonic acid shalt thou breathe,
Thou embryo dicotyledonous!

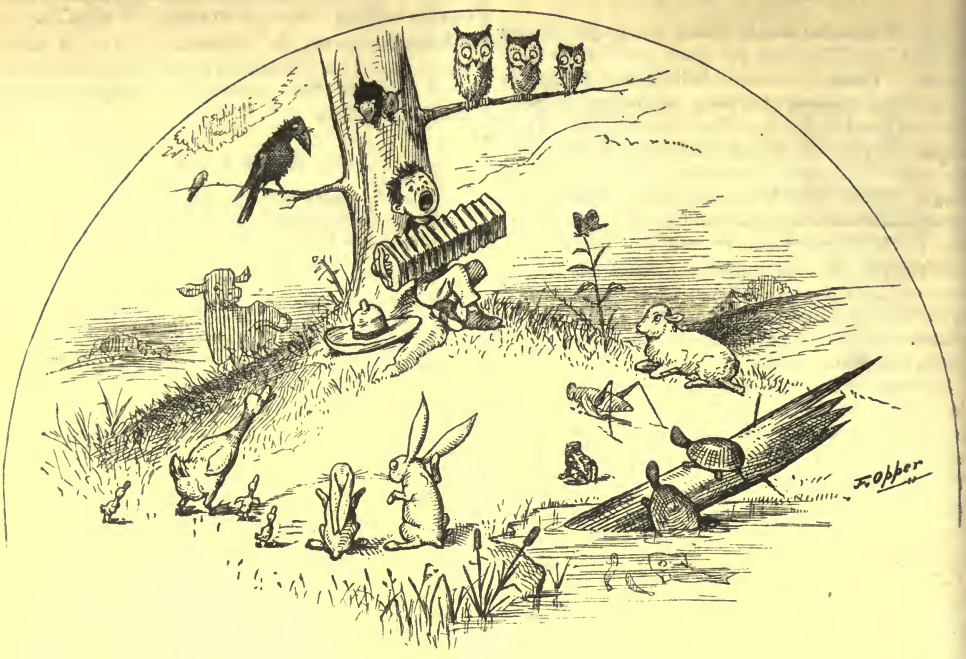
Ha! Is not this a section smooth and thin!
Remove it gently to this glassy slide!
Here's the one-fifth objective; screw it in!
Six hundred times shalt thou be magnified!

How lovely are the epidermal cells
Which on thy margin lie contiguous!
How fair within, in closely seried ranks,
Extends thy tissue parenchymatous!

How full the rounded grains of pearly starch
Stretch out their bounding walls of cellulose!
Bring iodine! Has protein not begun
Its slow dissolving of their granulose?

Behold the radical's primeval masses
Of cells undifferentiated still,
Faint prophecies of future tissue systems,
Whose promise, Pisa, thou shalt ne'er fulfill!

CHRISTINE LADD.



THE YOUNG ORPHEUS.

A Woman's Letter.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

My letter's late by one day,
But truth is, Jenny dear,
Ned Grayson came on Sunday—
It seems he's always here.
He, and young Fred M'Kenzie,
They staid three blessed hours,
And ma was in a frenzy,—
He brought some lovely flowers.

I meant to tell you, Jenny,
The news and everything,
But I find there isn't any;—
Oh, next week, Ned's to sing
With the Mozart Club at Irving;
I'll manage, dear, to go,
The Fates and weather serving,—
I don't want ma to know!

Jen, lovers are a nuisance!
George brought the ring last night—
A solitaire, like Susan's;
It gave me such a fright!
I cried and wouldn't wear it;
How, underneath the sun,
Do girls contrive to bear it—
This narrowing down to one?

Poor George, the foolish fellow,
Began to storm and fling,
And turned quite green and yellow—
I hate that sort of thing.
Now, Ned is always quiet;
I think his cool, gray eye,
Would still an Irish riot,
Or make a regiment fly.

But what's so very funny
About him,—Ned, I mean,—
He hasn't any money;
I heard from Clarence Green
Just how he's situated—
Keeps books for Webb & Ware.
Ah, well—those things are fated!
George owns a million, square.

Yes, dear, Fate trims the corners,
Rough-hew them as we may!
We can't go clad like mourners,
Or weep the livelong day.
But, oh, don't breathe it, Jenny!
I'd marry Ned, you see,
Without one single penny,
If only he loved me!

Ah, well—well—well—that's folly,
But sometimes, Jen, I've thought,
He, too, seemed melancholy;
Quick glances that I've caught,
Looked full of speechless sadness—
There goes a silly tear,
To blot the page—what madness!
Good-bye, pet, George is here.

We dine at Ella Johnson's.
P. S.—I must decide,
He wont stand too much nonsense.
The crêpe comes full yard wide.
Don't get the buff, it fades so;
Have train and split-up sacque,
For organdies are made so.
My heart aches. Love to Jack.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XIV. OCTOBER, 1877. No. 6.

HOW NEW YORK IS FED.

GENERAL VIEW OF WASHINGTON MARKET.

THERE are ten public markets in New York City and not one of them is worthy of the extent of business done or deserving of praise on economic or sanitarian grounds.

The shabbiness of the water-front is at its worst near Washington Market on the North River, and here the greater part of the city's food is bought and sold. Over one hundred million dollars are expended annually among the stand-holders, of whom there are five hundred, paying an annual rental of one hundred and forty-four thousand dollars into the city treasury. About one hundred and eighty are butchers, wholesale, retail and "shirk," or small-meat men; forty-two are dealers in poultry and game; sixty in vegetables and fruit, eighty in butter and cheese, and twenty-three in provisions. Separated only by a narrow street is the wholesale branch, West Washington Market, where there are four hundred and fifty stand-holders, each doing an immense business, and increasing the rent-roll to the comfortable total of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The two buildings have been called bad names so often by the daily press that we need not repeat the charges of inadequacy and uncleanliness made against them. Washington Market proper was built sixty-four

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years ago on a site chosen by the Jersey men and women for the sale of their butter and eggs. Since then light wooden extensions have grown out from its brick center on all sides. The nucleus still holds together, and a partly effaced sign over a small arched door-way bears witness to the high-flown opinion the builders had of their work, "The Grand Country Market." A picturesque old belfry, the only attempt at ornamentation, crept upward from the roof, threatening to tumble off in windy weather, but this was recently taken down. The additions to the old brick market are more rickety than the main part. The floors, walls and roofs are of rough timbers, the whitewash of which records abundant dirt and brings out in a strong light the complete ugliness of the building. In the beginning it was shapeless and infirm, and time has so visibly undermined its weak constitution that plastering and patching cannot save it from downfall much longer.

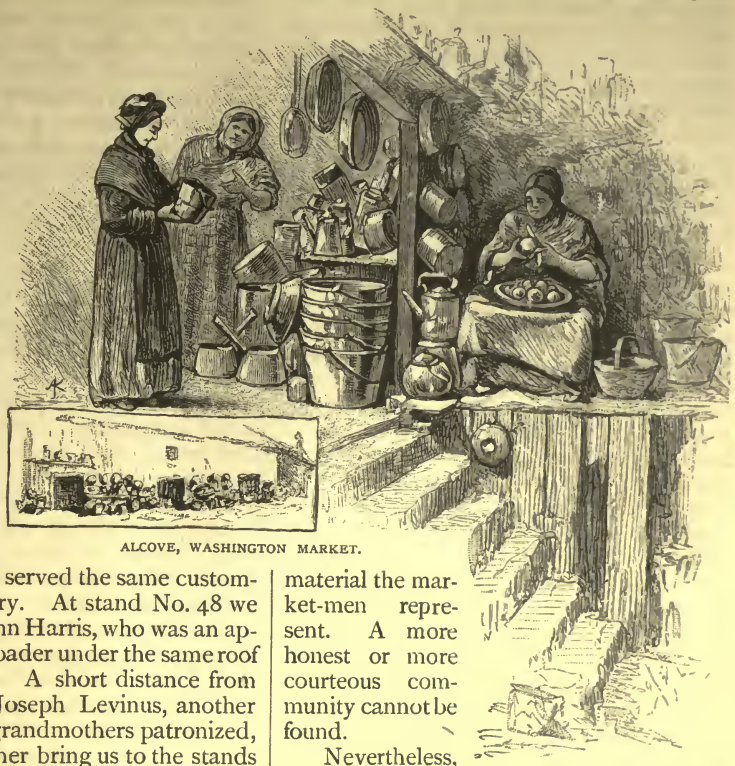
Bad as the condition of the market itself is, the approaches to it are worse. On wet days the streets adjacent are ankle-deep in thick mud,—sloughs of despair to the trimly dressed housewife who desires to cross them, and at all times perilous, owing to the endless train of wagons passing through. But while the shabbiness of the water-front surpasses here, the traffic is unequaled at any other point. The approaches braved, you are launched upon a scene of activity that has few parallels in the city,—buffeted by an eager crowd, deafened by shrill cries, and bewildered by strange sights.

Choose a Saturday morning for a promenade in Washington Market, and you shall see a sight that will speed the blood in your veins,—matchless enterprise, inexhaustible spirit and multitudinous varieties of character. The best of stock is on sale,—prime beef, the fattest poultry, the freshest vegetables,—and the prices are the lowest. New Yorkers endure all the inconveniences of a street-car ride from Manhattanville or Harlem that they may have the traditional benefits of Washington Market in replenishing their larders. As you drift through the aisles,—gangways, the market-men call them,—the traders, who appear to have already more business than they can attend to, cheerily call your attention to their stock. "Nice quarter of mutton, sir?" "Prime sirloin of beef, twenty cents a pound?" "Here you are, sir! Haunch of venison, or a brace of ducks?" And so on through a long catalogue. There are avenues with crimson drapery,—the best of beef in prodigious quarters; and avenues with soft velvet plumage of prairie-game from floor to ceiling; farther on a vegetable bower, and next to that a yellow barricade of country butter and cheese. You cannot see an idle trader. The poulterer fills in his spare moments in plucking his birds, and saluting the buyers; and while the butcher is cracking a joint for one purchaser he is loudly canvassing another from his small stand, which is completely walled in with meats. All the while there arises a din of clashing sounds which never loses pitch. Yonder there is a long counter, and standing behind it in a row are about twenty men in blue blouses, opening oysters. Their movements are like clock-work. Before each is a basket of oysters; one is picked out, a knife flashes, the shell yawns, and the delicate morsel is committed to a tin pail in two or three seconds.

In the east side of the market a number of alcoves are occupied by some old Irish-women, who deal in small wares of various kinds, from crockery to shoe-strings, and whose business does not engage them so closely that they cannot find a moment for placid reflection, or gossip with their neighbors over a refreshing pipe. Some of them are morose, however, and, hidden in a corner of their incommodious boxes, smoke away hours in waiting for customers, with no other relief to their existence than the inroads of some evil-minded small boy. The sidewalk merchants were once thick in the neighborhood of Washington Market, but most of them have been driven away. The only ones who dare remain and trust to the good nature of the policemen are a few itinerant venders of poisonous cigars, who accost you with one or two samples in their hands, and a box beneath their arm.

Constant in their rounds are some old vegetable-scavengers, who forage in the garbage-sweepings and fill their baskets with refuse that the dogs reject. They are terrible examples of the lowest poor, so gaunt and utterly woe-begone that we pause to wonder in what depth of poverty they breathe. A sharp contrast thrusts itself upon us as, after watching one of them poring over a festering heap of decayed stalks and leaves, and raking over each morsel with hungry care, we re-enter the market and mix with the rosy butchers and their well-to-do purchasers.

"Much cry and little wool," respectable a proverb as it is, meets with refutation at Washington Market; for with all the noise that attends the trading, little time is wasted in idle chaffing. Each dealer might inscribe over his stand that fine principle crystallized by Mr. Silas Wegg: "I never 'aggles." Most of the stand-holders are men of honest countenance and honest manner, whose reputations inspire the confidence of the buyers. Some of them, too, have stood in the market during the greater part of their lives, and have served the same customers for half a century. At stand No. 48 we are welcomed by John Harris, who was an apprentice to Daniel Spader under the same roof fifty-four years ago. A short distance from him we encounter Joseph Levinus, another veteran, whom our grandmothers patronized, and a few steps farther bring us to the stands of Justus D. Hiscock and John Walling, who were to be found dealing in fish and poultry at the old market forty-eight years ago, when Thomas F. DeVoe, the superintendent of markets until December last, was a butcher's apprentice. In alluding to market celebrities, we cannot omit mention of the latter gentleman, who is the author of two valuable works, in which he modestly subscribes himself, "Thomas F. DeVoe, butcher." He is a prominent member of the New York Historical Society, and is the possessor of a fund of local reminiscences gleaned in the spare hours of his trade. Entering an office which had been misused and corrupted under "ring rule," he at once devoted himself to the improvement of the markets, and during his incumbency he did excellent service. At a stand almost in center of the building the Rev. Halsey W. Knapp is found expatiating on a prime stock of poultry and game. He is an ordained minister in the Baptist church, and a nephew of the noted revivalist, Elder Knapp, and every Sunday preaches gratuitously to a large congregation in the chapel at Laight and Varick streets. We might fill our article with sketches of market characters, but these brief examples show what good material the market-men represent. A more honest or more courteous community cannot be found.



ALCOVE, WASHINGTON MARKET.

Nevertheless, some black sheep occasionally creep in, and offend by offering impure meats for sale, such as beef from animals that have died a natural death, or have been slaughtered in a bruised, starved, diseased or feverish condition; veal from very young calves; mutton and lamb from animals diseased or slaughtered in a starving or injured condition; pork from hogs smothered in the cars; poultry, stale or musty from long carriage or sudden change of weather, and treated to a chemical preparation to revive their color, and game that has died from starvation owing to deep snows. This is not a pleasant story, but it is not so bad as it might be were these diseased meats permitted to be sold. Fortunately, they have been seized almost as soon as exposed, and immediately carried away to the offal dock. Both the market officers and the attachés of the Board of Health combine to suppress this abominable traffic, and have partly succeeded.

Between sunset and midnight the business is dull, but with the first morning hour it

begins anew and is at a heat again before day-break. At 2 A. M. in summer, the wholesale business is opened, and a chance loiterer about the harbor-front at that hour finds life and light in the heart of the stillness and dark. From the adjacent streets and ferries there is a noisy outpouring of vehicles, some bringing tons of meat from the slaughter-houses, and others carrying it away. There are wagons from Newark, Paterson, Elizabeth, Jersey City and from towns as far up the Hudson as Peekskill. For not only is food supplied to the great city, but also to many of the suburbs within a radius of twenty-five or thirty miles. There is more system in this night market than in the day-time, and very little noise. Gangs of butchers load the wagons and dispatch them on their lonely journey home. An hour or two later, wagons come from city stores, and toward five or six o'clock the purveyors of hotels and restaurants, and the earlier retail purchasers, flock in—for the most part fresh-looking matrons of the laboring class—and ramble from stall to stall until their clean wicker baskets are filled.

The poor mostly frequent Catharine Market, situated at the foot of Catharine street, on the East River side. This, too, is a gloomy, incommodious structure, not so much inclined to tumble down as Washington Market, and not at all overcrowded. During most of the week it is a quiet, sleepy place, with none too much business. The eighty stand-holders who occupy it, and who pay seven thousand dollars annually into the city treasury for rent, solicit many a passer-by without finding a customer. There is hunger enough in the neighborhood,—creatures with monstrous appetites in each of the near tenement houses, but they are only small consumers, and live on bread and water through pinching necessity. Yet frugal as these people are, they choose one day in the hard-worked week for a feast, and on Saturday night go marketing in earnest. Then the business overflows the building, and spreads up the street on both sides as far as Chatham square. Then the famished masses come out of their obscure homes and barter with shrill eagerness for the modest luxuries they have been greedily anticipating for a week past. As you enter Catharine street from the Bowery and look down toward the river, the sidewalks seem aflame from the spouting jets of tar-oil illuminating the long lines of costermonger's wagons that are drawn close to the curb-stone. The crowds are fairly wedged together, and a desperate struggle for room is waging all the while. The women who congregate here are often sharp, meager and scolding, plainly suffering from privations and excessive toil. But there are a few others whose good-humor and comely appearance are diffusive, and whose cheery laughter rings pleasantly in the Babel around. The great demand is for cheapness, and as the sidewalk venders usually undersell the store-keepers and stand-holders, they attract most customers. Some of their carts are filled with poultry, not as wholesome-looking as it might be, and a stout fellow mounted on one of the wheels bellows to the people passing, "Here y' are now. Ten cents a pound, only ten cents a pound!" A slight, cadaverous, slatternly woman with a basket on one arm, and a small boy clinging to her skirts, pauses and thrusts a bony hand into the heap at the bottom of the cart. She brings out a flabby duck, and submits it to a severe examination. First she pinches it; then smells it, pinches it again, and throws it back into the cart, bringing out another and another until her exacting taste is satisfied. Meanwhile, the owner of the stock watches her jealously, and will only be appeased by a purchase. Should she go away without that he makes her the subject of a coarse witticism, but not until she is out of hearing, for he knows well what a tongue she has, and fears it. Poor, overburdened soul! she has been cheated too often not to suspect such a vagabond as he, and she only follows the example of those around her, who finger the stock quite as warily. Next to the poultry-man's there are carts filled with lemons, apples, oranges, cocoanuts and other fruits, and next to them fish-stands, improvised out of boards, redolent of brine and worse things. The Hebrew face and the Hebrew voice are often met and heard. Many of the permanent stores are "slop-shops," and as we pass them a rude hand is placed on our arm and an unpleasant voice entreats us to "puy." There is a confusion of tongues, and as many varieties of the human face as there are varieties of nationality. A few stands are presided over by Chinamen, sly fellows, whose commodities are cigars and fruits. A perpetual grin plays across their yellow faces, expanding marvelously at every little unpleasantness that vexes their neighbors.

Business flows until nearly midnight, and then it ebbs. The poor go home, with heavy baskets and light anticipations for the mor-

row. The carts, their stock depleted, begin to depart one by one; at last only two or three remain, and their owners, anxious to be off, lower their prices and shout the louder to the stragglers in the now quiet street. Some poor wretches have waited all the evening for this, and come forward and buy what has been contemptuously tossed aside by a

$20,562; the Clinton, 158 stands, rent, $13,188; the Tompkins, 78 stands, rent, $31,610; the Essex, 66 stands, rent, $31,977 and the Union, 37 stands, rent, $10,668.

We have said that not one of these buildings is a credit to the city. It is not too much to add that several are a disgrace. The only creditable market building is prac-

VENDER WAGONS AROUND CATHARINE MARKET AT NIGHT

hundred others only a penny richer than they are. They too will have their Sunday's dinner, and as they disappear,—a gleam of happiness, perchance, crossing their worn features,—the lights of the market are put out. On Sunday morning the market is open again, but it is closed at the sound of the church bells.

The other public markets now occupied are the Fulton, containing 340 stands, rent annually, $68,486; the Center, 161 stands, rent, $11,540; the Jefferson, 70 stands, rent,

tically closed. Manhattan Market is one of the finest and largest buildings in the city; and perhaps it is not surpassed by any building used or intended for the same purposes in the world. Its exterior is the only ornament the North River front can boast. A cluster of nine spires ascends from an oval roof, wrought out of many-colored slates and ground glass. Pressed brick, stone and iron, are combined effectively in its high walls. The principal tower attains a height of 260 feet from the ground and 167 feet from the

roof. The entire structure covers an area 800 feet long and 200 feet wide. There is in addition a plaza of 14 lots for the accommodation of 500 farmers' wagons, and a capacious pier, 550 feet in length, 60 feet in width, with a water-front of 200 feet on the bulkhead, which can be approached by vessels of the greatest draught.

In the interior the walls rise to a great height and terminate in a lofty arch, which is supported by an ornamental iron frame. The coloring is in delicate tints. Ample light comes through the windows during the day, and at night from 31 large gas reflectors in the ceiling, in addition to a row of burners which extends around the walls. At each end of the building there are galleries containing offices and small store-rooms. A main aisle 800 feet long and 20 feet wide, extends through the building from Eleventh to Twelfth avenue, and is intersected by a central aisle running through from Thirty-fourth street to Thirty-fifth street, which divides the wholesale from the retail department. There are also many doors, leading into every part of the market. The stands are divided into neat squares, and are built out of black walnut and spruce. The sanitary arrangements are perfect. Between the front and the rear there is an incline of 7 feet, with four 15-inch sewers passing through. The floors are of a very durable and smooth cement, and there is abundant water for washing purposes. The market was built by a joint-stock corporation, since dissolved. It cost $1,500,000, and although it has 767 stands, very few of them are occupied. The greater part of its space has been recently turned into a slaughter-house.

Having glanced at the markets and shown how the city's food is distributed, our next step will be to show the system by which it is gathered and prepared.

Of the slaughter-houses and stock-yards the most complete and extensive are conveniently located in Jersey City, contiguous to the Erie and Pennsylvania Central railways, which deliver the cattle brought from the West on their grounds. These establishments are called abattoirs, but they do not compare with the establishments of Paris from which they have taken their name, and in some notable instances they are open to objections on sanitary grounds. The best equipped are those of the Central Stock-yard and Transit Company, which erected

WEIGHING CATTLE.

and opened three years ago a new abattoir and stock-yards at Harsimus Cove, adjoining the Pavonia Ferry, at a cost of $800,000. The buildings are entirely of wood, covering a water area of 2,200 by 320 feet, and have accommodations for 6,000 head of cattle and 20,000 sheep. All the live-stock arriving over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad are delivered here, and the receipts from the beginning have amounted to 80 or more car-loads a day, each car containing 120 hogs, 200 sheep or 16 beeves. At the eastern end of the structure there are extensive offices and a slaughter-house, with a capacity for killing 2,000 cattle and 5,000 sheep a day. On the Hackensack River, about two miles away, the company has erected another building especially for hog-slaughtering and fat-rendering, where over 10,000 hogs can be killed per day, and where the offal from both buildings is rendered for manufacturing purposes. Trains are constantly arriving, and there is scarcely an hour in the day when the yards are not

crowded. From a window in one of the upper offices, two hundred and forty pens, equal in size, can be seen extending out over an eighth of a mile. The brown and white cattle are thickly gathered within them. A long lane without a turning divides them into two rows, and at the right-hand side the railroad runs in, erected on piles over the water like the rest of the structure. Many droves are tramping out of one pen into others; some into a boat for conveyance to the city, and others into the slaughter-house. Occasionally a dealer enters one of the pens, and moves familiarly about among the long-horned Texan steers, whose hot tempers have been subdued on the journey from their pastures. He tries their fatness and counts their bruises in the manner of a connoisseur; perhaps wags his head misgivingly, and hurries off to find a purchaser. A strong likeness runs through all these cattle dealers and drovers, by the way. The dealers are huge fellows, bluff in bearing, shrewd at a bargain; dressy after their tastes, and so frequently the wearer of enormous seal-skin caps that they may be said to be uniformed. The drovers are a reckless, tattered, turbulent, hallooing crowd from across the sea, and are frantic in their work. Hoofs thunder down the lanes; in the pens there are constant bleatings and lowings; men rush hither and yon on one errand,—after cattle. A fierce whistle bursts through the air, and a long train of cars sweeps round the bend into the yard. More cattle,—twenty carloads of oxen from points west of Chicago. The new arrival breeds a fresh excitement, and the consignees, who have been notified by telegraph, are ready on the ground with their drovers, to transfer the stock from the cars to the pens. The poor beasts are herded close together, cramped, bruised and lean. One or two are found dead in the bottom of the cars,—a loss borne by the shipper. In a journey of over a thousand miles, occupying five or six days, they have been fed and watered only twice, once at Coast-line and once at Pittsburg. The drovers scramble behind the cars, and drive them out with as much noise as possible, using sticks and oaths with the utmost liberality. One car-load is unshipped at a time to prevent confusion among the different consignments. The poor beasts are then led off to the pens and fed and watered a third time. The manner of their transportation is inhuman in the extreme. An ox weighs about 1,200 pounds, and loses at least 120 pounds through starvation and close confinement in the journey from the West. Instances are known in which the shrinkage has been much greater, and in which whole trains of cattle have been run through from Pittsburg to New York without receiving food.

The main buildings of the abattoir, two stories in height, include two spacious halls, one for the shelter of drovers and another for the dealers, where they can transact their business. The Western Union and the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Companies have both established direct wires to all parts of the country, and there is also a special fire alarm telegraph to the Jersey City fire department. A restaurant is among the other conveniences and is patronized with a voracity that speaks well for the healthfulness of the trade. The upper story is divided into sheep-pens, and small offices for magnates of the company. Facing the river and adjoining a pier several hundred feet long are the slaughter-houses, which are lofty, well ventilated and well lighted. There are about twenty partitions ranged evenly through the building, and over each we observe a large wooden wheel, worked by a handle below. Each partition has a stall in which the beasts are kept and brought out one by one to the butchers. The hind feet are bound securely, and the head slipped through the noose of a rope attached to the wheel overhead. The butchers are stout, ruddy, muscular fellows in blue overalls, who do their work with astonishing precision and speed. At a signal from one of them, two powerful men begin to turn the crank-handle, and the massive beast is hoisted into the air. His past companions in the stall gaze on placidly the while, and exhibit the most stupid unconcern in his impending fate. An experienced knifesman with bared arms advances, and at one vigorous stroke cuts deep into the throat, dispatching life in an instant. The beast is next passed over to the men standing by; brought down from the gallows and suspended from one of the cross-beams. Knives ply like lightning about the carcass, and in about fifteen minutes more the hide and offal are removed, and the meat is almost ready for market. The blood is drained from the cement floors into tanks for sugar refining, and the offal is carted away to the Hackensack house, where it is rendered in air-tight iron tanks. A skillful butcher can slaughter and dress an ox in eleven minutes, but the time usu-

ally occupied, as shown above, is about fourteen or fifteen minutes.

The hogs are driven into a small pen, at one end of which is a semicircular set of iron cog-wheels and rods attached to the under side of elevated beams. Extending from these are chains with clasps, which are fastened to the hog's hind legs. The animal is hoisted from the floor, and after it has been stabbed and life is extinct, the carcass is swung around by the cog-wheels and rods, and deposited in scalding-tubs, where the bristles are removed. Thence it passes into the hands of the cleaners, and in two or three minutes from the time it was hoisted it is dressed and stored away. In this way 6,000 or 7,000 hogs are killed in a day. Most of the cattle slaughtered in the abattoirs are for Washington Market, and a large number alive are transported to the slaughter-houses in New York. In this service two steamboats are employed, carrying 600 or more head of cattle each trip.

The atmosphere of slaughter-houses is said to possess remarkable healing powers, and to improve rather than impair the health of their localities. Almost as many miracles are performed within them as at the shrines of winking Madonnas and other saintly remains. Superintendent De Voe tells us that in his own experience a child, whose lower limbs were weak and shriveled, was brought to a slaughter-house by its mother three times a week. As the warm entrails were taken from the animals and placed in a tub, the mother thrust the child's puny legs into them, and had the satisfaction of seeing vitality imparted to the limbs. Under the same treatment the paralyzed limb of another and older boy was restored to its natural condition; and a youth whose life was despaired of was thus changed from a confirmed invalid to an active, muscular man.

MARKING CATTLE AT THE STOCK-YARDS.

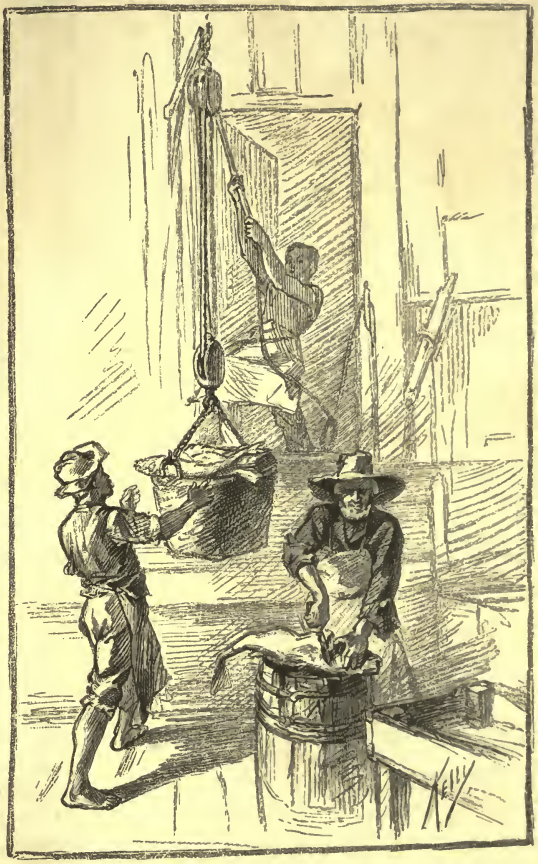
At Oak Cliff, a short distance from Jersey City, is still another immense stock-yard for the reception of all cattle arriving over the Erie Railway. The average receipts are 1,347 car-loads a month, 462 cars of bullocks, 236 of sheep, 16 of calves, and 633 of hogs. With the exception of the

latter, which are packed and exported, nearly all this live-stock is for consumption in avenues and alleys of our hungry city.

There remain for mention the stock-yards and slaughter-houses in New York City. At Fifty-ninth street and North River all the cattle coming over the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad is delivered. We are not enabled by the managers to give the exact figures, but the receipts may be set down as about equal to those of the Erie. This stock is mainly divided among the slaughter-houses in the city, of which there are about fifty. These establishments include some which are wholly unfitted for their uses, and which are "raided" time and again by the health officers without other than a temporary effect. The buildings are condemned, their proprietors are fined, and for a week or two they no longer offend the nostrils. But when the excitement against them has subsided, they are in as full blast as ever. Many of them are single-storied and built entirely out of wood. The drainage is bad, and the floors retain pools of putrid animal matter. The walls are a horrible color and often are not treated to whitewash in weeks. Offal is retained on the premises instead of being at once removed, as the health regulations require, and it often happens that such sins as these against cleanliness are coupled with others against humanity.

At the foot of Fortieth street, North River, all the hog slaughtering is done, amounting to about 1,270,263 hogs in a year, valued at $15,000,000. At least 300 firms are engaged in the business, and they employ over 3,000 men.

Texan beef is usually disliked, and has been classed among the poorest meats,—not, we are told, because the animal is naturally inferior to other breeds, but because in transportation from its pastures to the New York slaughter-houses it has been beaten, half starved, and tortured. From the rich Texan pasture land, it has been customary to drive the animals a seven months' journey to the prairies of Kansas and Colorado. Thence after a severe winter they have been packed in the railway cars and brought a journey of 1,800 miles, with, perhaps, only two supplies of food and water on the way. On arriving in the east they have been found bruised and emaciated, and the meat is discolored and tasteless. A company is now in operation which takes the beeves directly from the pastures to the slaughter-house in Texas where the meat, dressed and prepared for the market, is shipped in "refrigerator" cars to the metropolis. The Texas and Atlantic Refrigerator Car Company was chartered in July, 1873, and at once built fifty cars, the number of which has since been largely increased. Extensive slaughter-houses were constructed at Denison, and connected with houses for cooling the meats and rendering tallow. The cars are run on special time and are delivered at the Erie dépôt in Jersey City five and a half days after leaving Denison, a distance of 1,800 miles. They are made of two thicknesses of board, which are packed with ice



DRESSING COD-FISH, FULTON MARKET.

and sawdust. The slaughtered meat is thoroughly cooled before it is put on board, and on arriving at its destination has lost very little color, although in hot weather it is liable to "sweat." Those who disparage the experiment of the company declare that it becomes unfit for food shortly afterward, and those who are interested assert that the meat is still wholesome and remains so for a considerable time. The material point with many, however, will be this: the slaughtered and dressed beef can be transported at one-third the cost of live-stock, and can be sold with profit at six cents a pound when beef slaughtered in New York is sold at eight cents without profit. Such is the statement of the agent of the company.

While the abattoirs are hot and reeking, a picturesque fleet of sloops and schooners are beating through the local fisheries in search of food of another sort. There are 130 vessels of varying tonnage thus occupied,—some on the south side of Long Island, and others on the coast and in the bays of New Jersey. With a hardy crew,

UNLOADING FISH-CARS AT FULTON MARKET.

they cruise about in storm and sunshine eight or ten days at a time, and do not return to the city until they are loaded down with fresh fish. The principal market is at Fulton Ferry, our American Billingsgate, and there, in the busy season, you may see twenty or thirty discharging their cargoes at once. The market is a substantial wooden structure, which was built in 1869, at a cost of $126,000, and the owners are the Fulton Market Fishmongers' Association, the members of which include none but stand-holders. There are eighteen of these, each doing only a wholesale business, amounting in the aggregate to nearly $3,000,000 yearly. They do not not supply the city alone; indeed, about seventy per cent. of the stock is shipped by rail and steamship to points as far as 400 miles away, and a swarm of men are constantly packing the fish for distant transportation as fast as it is delivered by the vessels at the market. Old sugar-boxes are used for the purpose, the fish and ice being placed in alternate layers. The quantity of ice used is in proportion to the distance the fish has to go, and when it exceeds 300 miles the two articles are packed in equal proportion. Each firm has the same amount of space in the market, with a door entering on South street, an office and an extension to the water-front, where vessels deliver their stock to each firm separately. Sometimes a belated sloop or schooner comes to the wharf after the market has closed, and it might be expected that she would rest in peace until morning. But the fishermen are too thrifty and industrious for that. Extending in a straight line from each stand into the dock are ten or twelve strong boxes, something like scows, which have movable lids and are called "cars." The fish are unloaded into these, which are partly filled with salt water; a brief statement of the consignment is deposited in the letter-box, the brown and well-worn sails are hoisted, and before daylight the old craft is out at sea again, her nets trailing in the gray depths for prey. It is a pretty sight to see one of these old coasters enter the wharf and unload in the moonlight, her crew, a rough-visaged, brawny set of men, with bare legs and arms, gathered on the deck over the glittering cargo, and working silently in the pale light. The sails cling loosely about the masts, dripping with spray, and not furled, as they are so soon to taste the breeze once more. Soon the fishermen haul out into the stream again; there is a creaking of ropes, and with helm hard up to the wind, the boat speeds down the broad bay and into the ocean.

The boats are mostly owned jointly by the crew manning them and the dealers in the market. A few are exclusively owned by

the fishermen themselves, however, who deliver their cargoes at the market to be sold on commission. From the south side of Long Island, weak-fish, bass, blue-fish, Spanish mackerel, flounders and eels are obtained in the summer and fall. In the winter, only eels and flounders. From the coast of New Jersey, mackerel, shad and sea-bass are brought in the spring and summer; blue-fish and striped bass in the fall, and cod in the winter. From the bays of New Jersey, sheep's-head, weak-fish, king-fish, bass and perch during the several seasons. Fish is also brought to the market from the fresh and salt water grounds in all parts of the United States. The season for salmon is between April and September, when that fish is obtained from Canada, Maine and California; but by a novel system a supply is kept in the market all the year round. A freezing-house has been established in connection with the market at No. 119 Front street, and during the month in which the salmon is plentiful, quantities of it are frozen there and packed in ice-houses. In this condition they will keep for six months or longer, and when melted are found as fresh to the taste and sight as a fish just captured.

Some fish are brought to the city and sold on the wharves, including about forty schooner-loads of herrings during the winter; but much the greater part of the business is concentrated in the market. The packing-houses are supplied by other vessels, on board of which the fish is salted down before it is brought to the city.

FULTON FISH-MARKET BY MOONLIGHT.

"What *is* cheap and abundant in New York?" a despairing housekeeper, newly arrived from England, recently asked the writer, after he had enumerated the high prices of many articles of food. The answer was "fruit," which is to be had here in greater luxuriance and at lower prices than in London or Paris. A few paces south of the fish-market are the tropical fruit-quays, where are anchored the sunburnt vessels which bring to the metropolis its supply of bananas, cocoa-nuts, oranges, lemons and pine-apples. Standing here on a summer's day you may

dream yourself into the far south lands with little effort of the imagination. There are the odors, the vivid colors and the dreamy laziness of the tropics. The tumble-down old sheds have a true southern aspect, the vessels drawn close together in their berths are blistered and whitened with heat. The people alone have the touch of northern vigor, and they are slightly tamed by the strange atmosphere and aspect of the place. Yonder is a schooner unloading a cargo of bananas from Baracoa, which are scattered on the dock, waiting for removal in the wagons that are stationed on the wharf. The crew are idling on the forward deck, stretched out at luxurious full-length and covered by a tattered old sail. The hatches are off the hold, and, glancing down, we see the depths of fruit. The bottom of the boat is lined with cocoa-nuts, which serve as ballast, and the bunches of bananas are carefully packed in upright positions. It is a tender fruit, and sometimes an entire cargo is ruined on the passage. Prowling about the wharf are several women and girls, hucksters by trade, who buy the damaged and over-ripe portions, selling them from their stands at street corners with no little profit. On the deck are more bananas packed in crates and raised on boards to allow the water to pass underneath. Alongside this vessel is another, weighted down with pine-apples, also from Baracoa, which are piled on the deck and are deep in the hold. This, too, is a fruit upon which shippers suffer heavy losses, a whole cargo occasionally proving unfit for the market. The hatches should always be open, and when rough weather makes it necessary to close them, the loss is very great. Thunder-storms are also fatal to the fruit. An instance is recorded of a vessel which arrived off lower Quarantine one night and was detained there for several hours. During the delay a heavy thunder-storm occurred, and the pine-apples on board were almost totally destroyed. Nevertheless, the trade is very extensive, and two firms in New York City alone buy at least half a million annually for canning. Large numbers are also sent hence by rail; they are imported from Eleuthera, San Salvador, Matanzas, Havana, Abaco and Baracoa.

MARKET HAND-CART, FULTON MARKET.

Cocoa-nuts come from Baracoa, San Blas, Roca del Tora, Ruatan, and other West Indian and South American ports. About one-fifth of the quantities shipped is lost on the voyage through decay. As with pine-apples, however, a considerable business is done in them, and one firm in New York desiccates and cans about 150,000 of them monthly. As we linger on the wharf a third vessel enters laden with oranges. This fruit is gathered by men and boys, after which it is assorted by women, wrapped in paper by young girls, and finally packed in boxes, the oranges without stems being rejected. Such care is only taken in the gardens on the Mediterranean coast, and is exceptional in the West Indies. There the oranges are often shaken or beaten from the trees; sometimes carted from the interior by ox-teams over rough roads, and frequently shipped in a damaged condition. Not many other kinds of tropical fruit than these we have described are brought to the city. Limes are received in increasing numbers every year, and a small number of mangoes are sometimes seen in the market, but they are very delicate, and it is almost impossible to bring them to New York. All foreign fruits are sold at auction in lots of not less than twenty boxes soon

after their arrival. About $4,000,000 of capital are invested in the trade. The supply of American fruits in the New York markets is also ample and of the best kind. The choicest of the peninsular peach-growers' crop is brought here, with blackberries from New Jersey and Delaware; raspberries from the Hudson River towns, watermelons from the South; pears and grapes from California. Whatever is richest in the products of America is contributed to the daily food-supply of the great sea-board metropolis.

Ice is provided for the city by five companies with an aggregate capital of $3,750,000. The Knickerbocker Company owns an ice area of 283 acres at Rockland Lake, a few miles from the Hudson River, opposite Sing Sing, 20 ice-houses with a capacity for storing 500,000 tons, 600 delivery wagons, 36 barges, and about 1,000 horses. During the ice harvest they employ about 5,000 men. The capital of this company alone is $2,000,000. The Washington Ice Company has a capital of $1,000,000, 10 ice-houses between Esopus and Coeyman's on the Hudson River, with a capacity for storing 300,000 tons, 180 wagons, 300 horses, and 20 barges,—3,000 men are employed during the harvest. The three other companies have $250,000 capital each, and own 7 ice-houses, 90 wagons, 160 horses, and 10 barges, giving employment to 1,500 men during the harvesting. The manner of gathering the crop is interesting in the extreme. The houses front on the rivers or lakes from which the ice is taken, and have a storage capacity varying between 10,000 and 50,000 tons. They are built of wood, with two frames, the space between which is closely packed with sawdust from top to bottom; the first floor is also of two thicknesses of planking similarly packed. Forty feet higher is another floor of one thickness, covered with salt-hay, and above that a flat or pitched roof protected with gravel. The house is divided into spaces of 50 feet each, by partitions, which, like the walls, are packed from ground to roof with sawdust, impenetrable to heat. Each partition has an elevator upon which the ice is raised. After the water has frozen, all snow is removed from

OYSTER-BOATS, SHOWING STREET AND RIVER FRONTS.

the surface as fast as it falls. This is done by an instrument resembling a common turnpike-scraper, which is made of wood, with iron sheatings, and is drawn by horses, as a rough plow, with a man guiding. A coating of frozen snow usually remains after this process, and is removed by another scraper, with a fine blade. The ice-men often have to wait months before the ice is in a proper condition for cutting, and have to scrape the surface afresh after every fall of snow—occasionally a fifth or sixth time. Then, as in a mild season like last winter, the alternate slight frosts and thaws protract the work, spoiling the crop to the extent of many hundred tons. A practical ice-man is constantly patrolling the river to discover changes in the condition of the ice, and to announce to the workmen when it is fit for gathering. As soon as that moment arrives there are stirring scenes opposite the houses. The ice is crowded with men and horses, and the crisp air resounds with busy voices. The scrapers are brought out again, and the surface is cleared of all the snow that remains. The ice is first marked out with an iron instrument into oblong squares about 6 feet by 12 in size, which are subdivided into smaller squares, measuring about 22 by 30 inches. The groove made by the marker is followed by a "cutter," drawn by horses, and the large sheet is finally separated from the mass by spades, and propelled by two men to the elevator, through a canal in the river which is made as the work gradually extends outward from the land. A good day's work for 3,000 men would be the gathering of 1,600 tons, and the companies consider a million tons a good crop for the whole season. Formerly large quantities of ice were exported from New York to Southern ports, but they are now supplied from Boston and Maine.

MILKMEN CROSSING PAVONIA FERRY EARLY IN THE MORNING.

At about midnight the milk trains begin to arrive at the railway dépôts, the daily receipts by the several roads being as follows: Hudson River, one train, 10,000 gallons; Erie, two trains, 40,000 gallons; New Haven, one train, 3,000 gallons; Harlem, one train, 4,000 gallons; Pennsylvania, one train, 10,000 gallons; New Jersey Central, one train, 9,000 gallons.

The retail wagons are rattling through the

streets the livelong night. At Pavonia Ferry several hundred are seen clustered together, and the sleepy drivers nod on their boxes as they wait for their consignments. They are coming and going constantly, and as the last wagon departs, its driver bidding the railroad men "good-morning," the city shows signs of waking, and in the east streaks of daylight start out of the night. Faithful servants have been working meanwhile, and food is ready for the hungry million.

AT LAST.

With years bowed down, of bud and leaf stripped bare,
A blasted pine stood trembling all alone;
And as it stretched its withered limbs in air,
Its grief welled up in many a sigh and groan;
Nor flowers, that peeped with pitying, upturned eyes
From moss and fern that clustered at its feet,
Nor birds, that swept and warbled through the skies,
Could make its lot more bearable or sweet.

A storm arose, and from the piercing blast
A bird sought shelter on an outstretched limb;
Secure it rested till the clouds had passed,
Then cheered the tree and woodland with its hymn.
The aged pine which mourned its fate before—
That fate which doomed it helpless to decay—
Now found, with joy that thrilled it to the core,
It still might comfort in its humble way.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

"SEE HERE! SEE HERE, YOUNG MAN!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE depositors in the Poor Man's Savings Bank were favored with only one day for the run which they had determined to make upon its ready funds. On the second morning a receiver took possession of it, the door was closed upon the gathering crowd, and a placard, stating the facts, was posted upon it. Many of those who assembled in front of Mr. Benson's house, and prevented his egress, were those who had been turned away from the bank,—men of desperate fortunes and desperate purposes, who were only restrained from violence by the presence of a body of police.

Mr. Benson's note, stating that he was too ill that morning to make his appearance at the bank, was received; and it was concluded to let him alone that day, for rest and recovery, as he would need all his strength for the investigation determined upon.

To Mr. Benson, with his active habits, his accustomed freedom, and his long command of circumstances, the day seemed interminable. To be caged in his own house, with a lost dog for his only companion; to have the attention of the whole city called to his fall by the miserable mob before his dwelling; to be besieged and menaced by the men and women who had so reverenced and bowed down to him, filled him with anger and shame. He could see no way out of it. Why should he care to live? What would there be left to him when his reputation and money were both gone? Even should he escape the punishment of a prison, he could be nothing but an outcast. The heap of ashes in the street, from which he had called his brute companion, would be his home, and no cry nor whine that he might raise would move to beckoning the hands of sympathy and mercy. The mark of Cain was upon him.

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Every one who found him would slay him, and he felt that his punishment was greater than he could bear.

Practically, he was already a pauper. He had been practicing the arts of the deadbeat for weeks. He had borrowed, from day to day, on such pretenses as might be necessary to secure success, and the end had come. He could never fulfill his pledges; he could never have a chance to rise again. He could see nothing before him but flight and disgraceful exile, or a pinched and disreputable life among the scenes through which he had moved for so many years in honor and assured power and prosperity. As the night came down, and the crowd in front of his dwelling dispersed, he found that his untended rooms were growing cold. So he built a fire for himself in his library, and spent the evening in burning papers. Every scrap that could possibly make against him in the examination of his affairs was consumed. He tore the leaves which recorded his knowledge of the stolen bonds out of his note-book and burned them.

An awful purpose was taking possession of his mind. He had not received it fully, but it hung around him like an invisible spirit,—dreadful, but not unwelcome,—bearing the face of an enemy but the hand of a friend; pointing a path out of certainties into uncertainties—out of a known hell into one unknown—out of cruel entities into possible nothingness. He had arrived at a point where what he regarded as his faith had slipped away from him, and skulked in the distance, and laughed at him for a fool. If there had been anything in prayer—if there had been anything in religion—if there was a God above him or a hell beneath—why had he, whose life had been conspicuously religious, been left unhelped and unblest? It was all a foolish, cruel dream.

The heavens were not only brass above him, but they had become burnished brass, in which he could see reflected every unworthy motive by which he had been led to seek the propitiation of the Being who, as he had believed, made them His abode,—his desire for respectability—his wish, for duties rendered, to secure wealth—the yoke of obligation he had borne in the place of a love that should have borne him—the wide and fatal gulf that lay between his religion and his morality. It was all worthless dross—the residuum of a life which he had supposed was pure gold.

The first of the evening hours were busy ones. The dog sat and watched him, licking his cold hands when they were at rest. Even the dog seemed to feel that there was another dark shadow present which he could not see. He sniffed the air. He went back and forth between the window and the door. Then he lay down and lapsed into troubled dreams, from which he woke to reassure himself that nothing unwelcome had happened to his new master. The roar from the street was muffled by the intervening rooms, and only made the silence of the house deeper and more dreadful. The clock ticked so loudly that Mr. Benson rose and stopped it—and then the shadowy presence crept closer. It promised escape. It promised forgetfulness. It promised a sudden end of all earthly cares and sorrows. It promised an overwhelming defeat of all earthly enemies. It promised a revenge upon all persecutors. Under its stimulating suggestions he felt a tide of triumph rising in his heart. He was still master of the situation. There was only one consideration which dampened his sense of triumph. Would not the act to which he felt himself moved be a confession? Would it not stain him with a disgrace more dreadful than the alternative life of ignominious poverty?

And then there came the suggestion of a scheme which would relieve him even from this. He knew that Captain Hank would come, and he rejoiced in the thought that the robber was starved and desperate. There was no act at which the miscreant would hesitate, in his blind greed and rage.

It was already getting late. He took out his watch and saw that it lacked but half an hour of midnight. Rising from his chair, he patted the dog's head, and said:

"Old fellow, will you take care of this room?"

The dog understood the question, and wagged his tail in an affirmative response.

He passed out of his library, closing the door behind him without locking it. He slowly mounted to his room, lighted a single burner, poured out a potion from a phial, then crushed the glass into a thousand pieces, and wrapping these in a paper, raised a window and tossed them into the street. Then he carefully removed his clothing, turned down the light somewhat, and placing the potion within his reach, went to bed. He was dressed as usual for his rest, save in a single particular. He had put a handkerchief around

his neck, and tied it loosely, in a hard knot.

A church-bell not far off tolled the hour of twelve, and almost simultaneously he heard the door-bell ring. Captain Hank was true to his appointment. He rang again and again, and then Mr. Benson heard him, wearied and maddened, descending the steps.

The street was still, for the hour had come when the stir and strife of the old day had worn themselves out, and the life of the new day was not begun—that period which, sweet as it is in the country, is full of awe to the waking citizen—that period which seems as if a million hearts had ceased to beat, and the city were dead. The sleepless invalid, the superstitious child, the watchful mother, turned upon their couches, and longed for the sound of wheels, or the step of a passing watchman, to assure them that, amid the dangers of the elements and the machinations of crime, more fearful than storm or fire, some one was awake and abroad.

But Mr. Benson was more than content with the silence. He hoped—he almost lapsed into his habit of praying—that it might not be broken. He had abounding faith in the desperate ruffianism of his midnight visitor, and believed that he had not gone away. He lay still, listening, with every sense alert, to catch the slightest noise that might reach his room. He lay thus an hour, nothing but his throbbing heart disturbing him. At length, when his patience was nearly exhausted, he heard a low, grating noise in the rear of his dwelling. He rose upon his elbow, to make sure that he was not deceived. A creak, as of some fastening severely tried, or slowly giving way, assured him, and then he swallowed his draft to the last drop, and lay down again.

Ah! who can follow him now, even in imagination? Those first sweet, wild dreams, whither did they lead him? Far out to sea, bounding over waves of silver, with the breath of spicy islands regaling his quickened senses? Were there beautiful forms upon the deck around him? Were there marvelous fires in the sky above him? Did he fly, as if the bark that bore him were a thing of the air? Were the elements his slaves? Did the creatures of the deep, with iris-tinted sides, rise up to gambol in his sight, and strew the sea with pearly spray?

Did he hear the bells of his church ring far away—far away—as if their tones fell down to him like stars, blazing and fading, or flew down to him like angels, from some inaccessible height, and folded their wings as they touched and melted into himself? Did he hear the organ that once led him in his worship, beginning its cadences in some almost inappreciable dream of sound, like a rivulet picking its sweet, complaining way through a distant glen, and then rising by slow accretions of power until the waves of awful music broke out upon the universe, hurrying the clouds out of heaven, and enveloping the world with the screams and thunders and multitudinous voices of a thousand storms? Did he walk through the streets of a golden city, a crown upon his head and a purple robe upon his shoulders, trailing over pavements of ruby and amethyst, while all who met him bowed or knelt in obeisance, and dusky slaves in gorgeous raiment announced his coming, and made wide the path for his feet?

And then, did there slowly come a change? Was he aware that a dog was at his side—a strange creature that would not away, but pressed a cold nose against his shrinking hand wherever he went—a living shadow that followed him, or asserted a place by his side, through whatever glory shone upon him, or whatever ministry of honor was tendered to him? Did he try to fly from the creature, and, as he flew, did he find himself at sea again, the dog, with gleaming eyes and glistening teeth, swimming in the wake of the scudding vessel, his body stretching miles away in serpentine waves and convolutions? Did ships wrapped in flame rush wildly across his path, paving the ocean with fire and painting the clouds with blood, and bursting like rockets into stars of green and gold, and showers of crimson rain? Did his own ship split in twain, with a crack of thunder, and did he slip helplessly into the yawning chasm, his struggling heart grasped in the horny hands of fears that rushed in upon him, impersonated in forms of hideous terror—down—down—down—into the violet water, great monsters, with staring, vacant eyes, chafing him with their slimy sides; rotting wrecks below him, with sleeping skeletons upon their decks; gems on the ocean's floor, that slipped away from him as he tried to grasp them; mocking laughter ringing that seemed to reverberate through interminable galleries, bursting upon one ear, and then echoing wide around the world, and coming back, shivered into spiteful ripples, to the other?

Then by some swift miracle was he in his home again—with a great multitude of weeping, blood-shot eyes gazing up to him from the street, with a thousand tongues loading him with curses, and a thousand hands lifted in menace? And then did he hear a far-off roar, coming nearer and nearer, as if some great engine of wrath and destruction were approaching upon wheels that ground the pavement beneath them to powder, while the faces of the crowd grew white with apprehension? Did it come on, and on, while men yelled and women fainted—on and on, fiery-throated, clothed with triple brass, drawn by demons, and rushing by at last with ponderous, thunderous, irresistible momentum, leaving behind its murderous passage an indistinguishable mass of mangled flesh and comminuted bones, all crimsoned with the vital tide from bursting hearts?

And then, ah, then! when the wheels had passed away, and a strange lull came down and enveloped all things, did he find himself standing in a vast, white silence, that seemed a part of his dream, yet presented materials and visions which had never entered into a dream?

The stuff of which dreams are made was all behind him! As a storm which sweeps from the west, on a late afternoon, with its burden of lightning, and thunder, and rain, and tempestuous wind, lifts its veil from the evening sun, while still its departing skirts trail down the east, so his dream had come and gone. There were flashes back upon the worldward memory, but he had entered a new world, with an everlasting sun.

Was it a desert of illimitable sand, with mocking oases and seductive and deceitful mirages? Was it a land of fair pastures—of flower-bordered paths that led to a golden city with gleaming spires, and welcoming banners, and walls of precious stones? No one knows; and those who have followed him through the possible dream which introduced him to his new life will gladly commit him to the just and pitying One whom he served so poorly and mistakenly in his earthly career.

Captain Hank, unknowing of the tragedy that had occurred during his tedious passage into the house, had at last effected an entrance. The family were gone with their jewels. Thomas and the cook, licensed by their owner, whose determination to end his life had already been dimly taken, had carried off the silver; and he found the available rewards of his guilty enterprise provokingly scanty. He carried his dark lantern around from room to room, peering into drawers and closets, stopping at intervals to listen, and inwardly cursing his ill luck. He regaled himself in the larder with such viands and wines as he found, and mounted leisurely from story to story, making sure at every step of his backward passage, and looking for the room in which his victim slept. He did not enter the library, where he knew the safe to be, because he would not find the key there. The old grudge which he owed Mr. Benson for circumventing him in getting possession of the bonds, and the new grudge which had been inspired by Mr. Benson's failure to keep his promise with him on that evening, were burning bitterly in his heart. His disappointment at not finding anything in his search that was valuable, and, at the same time, portable, fed the flames of his anger and resentment.

At last he opened the door he sought, and carefully peered within. There lay the man he hated, in a sound and peaceful sleep! Unmindful of his engagement, enjoying the calm repose of a man to whom crime was a stranger, forgetful of the wrongs he had inflicted upon a thousand poor men and women, recruiting himself for another day's machinations and mischief,—there he lay, in a slumber so profound that neither noise nor light turned full upon his face could disturb him!

At first, Captain Hank was struck with a kind of awe. His heart beat thickly in his ears as he stepped within the room. He had seen the handkerchief around Mr. Benson's neck, and had determined what he would do with it if the wearer should stir. He found his clothes, and extracted a bunch of keys from the pockets, and then he looked again, and saw the placid face in a smile that seemed half conscious. He searched the room for treasure, and discovered a watch, which he pocketed. Then he heard, or thought he heard, a noise. Was Mr. Benson waking?

He turned upon him like a tiger, grasped the handkerchief at his throat, and gave it a cruel twist, that carried his knuckles deep into the cold flesh. Then he released his hold, and sprang back as if a viper had stung him.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "the man is dead!"

If invisible fiends haunt such a man and such a scene as this, what inextinguishable laughter must have possessed them when

they saw how cleverly Captain Hank had been entrapped by his wily antagonist! The handkerchief was placed there for him by the man who, proposing to pass out of life, and lingeringly fond of his reputation, contrived everything for the purpose of being reputed a murdered man. In the malediction of the crime of another, words of pity and commiseration would be spoken concerning himself! To be murdered would be to soften the world's judgments! To be murdered would be a calamity so much greater than the loss of money, that the disaster which he had brought upon so many would be forgotten in his own!

There was no cause for haste now. Captain Hank had learned that he was then the only living man in the house. He sat down in a chair, pale in the face, feeling his hands and feet growing cold, and perspiring at every pore. He had not in his heart intended murder, but there lay the evidence of his crime. He recognized all the possibilities and probabilities of the situation, but with the keys in his hand he would not relinquish his quest for treasure until he had visited the safe.

Not a growl, not a whine, had the dog uttered during all the noise, but he stood ready and waiting, with fierce eyes and trembling limbs, to defend what he had agreed to defend. His keen scent had detected the invading personality. He knew already the antagonist he was about to encounter, and every savage, brutal instinct within him was aroused. The moment Captain Hank opened the door, and threw before him the bar of straight, red light from his dark lantern, he saw two blazing eyes that sprang toward him. He darted back, but there was a grip upon his throat. He gave an involuntary yell of pain, and, dropping his lantern in the darkness, fought wildly with his hands. He reached the staircase without knowing it, and then, just as he had drawn a pistol from his pocket, fell headlong, and man and dog rolled to the foot of the stairs together, the aimless firearm exploding during the passage. A groan, a cry, mingling with the growl of the unhurt beast that held him fast, completed the tragedy of the moment.

A watchman who, unknown to Mr. Benson, had been detailed to stand outside during the night, and make sure that he did not fly, heard the tumult within, and knew that some strange and fearful violence was in progress. His club rang upon the sidewalk in a long series of sharply resounding strokes, and, as a police station was but a few rods distant, it was not five minutes before the entire block was surrounded by a cordon of strong and eager men.

The front of the house was bolted and barred, and nothing but extreme violence could effect an entrance there. No response came to the loudest knocking and the most persistent ringing. Then, three or four of the policemen found an opening into the block, and sought the rear of the dwelling. A window was up, and they saw that it had been forced.

One after another, they lifted themselves in, and lighting the gas in the basement, proceeded with their lanterns upstairs. There, stretched upon the floor of the hall, the great dog over him, lay a bleeding form which they recognized at once. They understood the nature of his errand, and did honor to his captor, who looked from his prize up into their faces, and wagged his tail. They patted his head, and told him that he had done well.

The dog seemed to know that these men had authority, and yielded his place to them. Creeping back, he suddenly darted upstairs. He did not stop at the library, but went on, snuffing as he went, and while the policemen were stooping over the prostrate man, trying to determine whether life were still in him, they heard a howl far up among the chambers, so wild, so full of sorrow and the distress of despair, that their strong hearts almost stopped beating.

Having determined that Captain Hank was not dead, a single officer was left to watch him, while the remainder, with solemn faces, mounted the stairs, led by the brute voice that bewailed the lost master, to the room where he lay. It was a plain case. Mr. Benson, with whose dignified figure they had been familiar for many years, was dead, by a murderer's hand. The twisted handkerchief by which the awful deed had been wrought was in its place, and the print of a cruel hand beneath it. The doer of the murder had forced his way into the house. He had been caught in the house; and when they went back to him, too sober and awe-stricken to upbraid or curse him, they found upon his person the evidences that he had been in the room of the murdered man.

Captain Hank had opened his eyes. He looked wildly about him, and saw that he was a captive.

"Take care of the dog," he growled, huskily, "or I'll shoot him."

"Ay, old fellow, and we'll take care of you, too," was the response.

They tried to lift him.

"Hold on, boys! Let me think," he said.

"You'll have time enough to think between this and the rope," was the answer. "Get up, if you can, or we'll help you."

"Hold on a minute," repeated Captain Hank. "There's something I want to say. I can't quite get hold on't. What was it about the rope? Oh, look here! Benson's dead."

"Yes, we know that, and we know who killed him, too."

"See here! He was dead when I found him. Now I remember all about it."

"That wont go down, Captain Hank. You've left your mark on him."

"Boys," said Captain Hank, with a harsh oath, "this is rough on a hard-workin' and slow-savin' man, as comes here by app'intment, to collect his honest debts. Old Benson owed me a pile, an' he telled me he'd pay to-night, an' he wasn't up to his bargain. He couldn't be. He was—he was—dead! I found him dead."

A chorus of derisive laughter was all the response that Captain Hank received for his attempt at explanation and justification, and, with a groan, he realized at last the adverse verdict of appearances, and saw before him a murderer's death.

"Boys, I'm in for it," he said, as he struggled to his feet, and supported himself against the newel of the staircase.

Meantime the dog had descended, and stood guarding the door. They patted his head, and told him his work was done; and as they opened the door into the street, he rushed out, and that was the last that was seen of him. His new master was gone, and he went out on his fruitless quest for the old, to become the degraded occupant of some squatter's shanty in the outer streets, or a vagabond with his houseless fellows.

A force was left in charge of the house, and Captain Hank was conveyed to prison, stoutly asserting all the way that he had committed no crime, but was only trying to reclaim his own, "by app'intment."

As Captain Hank is not a pleasant personage, he can be dismissed here with the statement that the preliminary courts made short work with him, and that, on his trial, he had no defense worth making. But up to the moment when his brutal life was violently ended by the strong arm of public justice, he persisted in the statement that he was not guilty of the crime charged upon him.

The next day after the arrest of Captain Hank, New York had another great excitement, and the crowd before Mr. Benson's door was larger than it was on the previous day. Those who had known Mr. Benson in the days of his power and popularity could not resist the inclination to pass his door and look up at the walls that hid his mortal remains. The hideous, filthy men and women who swarm in the bar-rooms and brothels crept out of their hiding-places, attracted by the scent of crime, and gazed at the notorious mansion. The victims of Mr. Benson's breach of trust came to bid farewell to all hope of regaining their lost treasures, and returned to drop, one after another, into hopeless pauperism. For a whole solemn and sickening week the street was forsaken by passing vehicles, to avoid the lazy, curious crowd.

And then came, too, the sad unfolding of Mr. Benson's deceits, tergiversations, wholesale breaches of trust, slaughters of the fortunes of widows and orphans, and of crime for which none dared to make excuse The public journals were full of the matter for many days. The church was scandalized, and careless and scoffing paragraph-writers flung his unseemly record and his awful hypocrisies in its face. The men who had regarded him as an honorable citizen and a worthy companion, looked at each other with distrust—almost in despair. If such a man as he could fall,—if such a reputation as his was valueless,—if a man who had been almost boastfully devoted to duty could be basely selfish and even trade upon his own virtue, who and what were there left to be trusted? His death and disgrace shook the very foundations of public and private faith, and helped to make virtue and piety seem like old frippery, to be kicked about the streets by heedless or spiteful feet. Public and private integrity was made a by-word by ten thousand ribald tongues, and the robes of Christianity were smutched by foul hands, as she walked along the streets or took refuge in her gaudy sanctuaries, shame-faced and silent. It was a great public calamity, by the side of which the loss of a few dollars by the suffering poor was as nothing.

Mrs. Benson and her family were so crushed by the death and disgrace of the husband and father that they could not attend his funeral. So the coroner held his inquest, and when he came to his conclusion, which involved the death of still another man, a few formal rites were observed, attended by old friends for humanity's sake, and then

Mr. Benson was committed to his last resting-place. Then some new excitement crowded the old out of mind, and the world rolled on as before.

It is not for us to execrate his memory. He was imperfect, or he would not have been a man. He was sinful, or he would not have been mortal. He was tempted: who is not? He yielded to temptation: who does not? He was mistaken—mistaken in himself, mistaken in the spirit of the religion he professed, mistaken in the motive which ordered his relations to the world around him. None may cast a stone at him. All may toss one upon his dishonored grave, to heap a warning that may drive every erring man to his knees in prayer for manliness and wisdom, and power to resist temptation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a terrific storm, a lurid sunset, a night of slowly coming stars, and a morning. Mr. Benson's history was within the horizon of the little group of friends which engages this swiftly ripening narrative. They were all shocked and saddened by the closing events of that history, but youthful elasticity, interest in daily cares, and springing hopes and anticipations, left the burden behind, to be recalled only at rare intervals by a chance suggestion.

In the mansion of Mr. Coates there was an unhappy woman. Mrs. Coates had seen the season pass by, and still Jenny seemed to be no nearer the consummation of the maternal hopes than she was at its beginning. Nicholas, from whom she had expected so much at first, was past plotting and praying for. The victim of the "numb palsy" had not only ceased to be a victim, but had secured the prize so fondly and greedily coveted for Jenny; and Jenny had seemed to be not only content with her friend's triumph, but heartily glad in it. And there were the happy lovers, in Mrs. Coates's own house, flaunting their happy loves in Jenny's face!

It was a great trial, and when Jenny laughed at her mother's foolishness the tearful response was:

"Wait till you know a mother's feelings, though goodness knows when you'll get a chance! As I told your father about his being converted, it doesn't look as if you'd catch cold with the suddenness of it."

Then Jenny would laugh again, at the utterly unconscious waggery of the reply.

Mrs. Coates had another trial. Glezen was Jenny's very attentive friend. He visited her frequently, spent long hours with her at the piano, read with her, and became her devoted escort to concerts and assemblies; but, in Mrs. Coates's impatient and practical eyes, he was like a dog in a manger. He would neither appropriate the food within his reach, nor permit others to approach it. It was this aspect of the matter which offended and grieved Mrs. Coates. If he wanted Jenny, why didn't he say so? He was having a nice time at her expense!

Not that the fond mother approved of what she was pleased to call "a perfessional man," who had not yet become forehanded. And not that she would be unreasonable and oppose "a perfessional man," if Jenny should perfer one. Not at all! She would make any sacrifice for the happiness of Jenny, who, of course, always refused to be anything but happy.

If Jenny was unimpressible and refused to make any attempt to consider herself a mother, in order that she might be able to fathom the maternal anxiety on her behalf, Mr. Coates had the insensibility of the nether millstone. It was in vain that Mrs. Coates assured him that Jenny's affections were trifled with, that her youth was wasting away in unproductive dalliance with opportunities, that if she were a man she would either bring Glezen to his knees or give him his "walking papers," and that if he could look on and see his own flesh and blood sacrificed to a trifler, he was worse than an infidel.

"G–Glezen's a sly d–dog," Mr. Coates would respond, in a rasping way, which indicated that he rather enjoyed his trifling, and particularly delighted in its effect upon the wife of his bosom.

"Y–yes, G–Glezen enjoys g–girls. I used to enjoy 'em m–myself. I l–like 'em n–now."

"You're not a mother," Mrs. Coates was wont to rejoin, in a tone that seemed steeped in sorrow that she could find no one who could sympathize in her anxieties.

"Don't bl–ame me, w–wife. I n–never had half a ch–chance," were the cold words which drove her to other resorts.

Finding that neither Jenny nor her father could be enlisted to assist in bringing a pressure to bear upon Glezen, she determined to make her next trial upon Nicholas and Miss Larkin, whose completed arrangement fronted the distressed mother as a reproach.

The winter had passed away. The tardy spring had come and almost gone. March,

with its winds, had blown out its boisterous breath. April, with its long, sweet rains and its fickle shine and shadow, had steeped the earth with fruitfulness, and May had clothed the parks with green and dressed the trees with tender foliage. The dead year was alive again, and the day was rapidly approaching when Nicholas was to leave the city for his home, with his fair companion at his side.

Spring is for love and the young. To the old, who have retained their integrity, the spring grows to be more and more a miracle. The skies are never more tenderly sweet, the young verdure and the bursting flowers never more marvelous and enchanting, the rivers, gleaming in the climbing sun, never brighter to any than to those who, still true to truth and purity, are seeing their closing years. But the spring is not a part of themselves. They see more of God in it, and less of human life. They look upon it from the outside, as a beautiful thing from which their own life is retiring. They look forward to it, they look at it, they look back upon it, but they are not in it and of it. The season has not a part of its birth in their own hearts. Is it that they are half or wholly conscious that their life has gone forward and united itself with another spring, of which the springs they are about to leave are types?

Very different is spring to the young! Hopes are springing with the grass. Loves are opening with the flowers. Plans are clothing themselves with foliage. Blood is set free and courses with the rivers. Eyes grow bright with the sun. The breezes, the languors, and all the sights and sounds and influences of the delicious season are answered or matched by sensations and emotions which prove that spring is as much a part of the animal life of youth as it is a part of the vegetable life of the field. Ah! those springs that annually come to the life of the young! Are they not the consummate blossomings of existence? Are they not the stuff of which poetry is made? When we grow old and get outside of them, do we not go back to them to gather our fairest flowers, and steep our senses in their perfumes?

Spring had come to Nicholas. He had been doing the work of an earnest man, and now he felt that he was a boy again. A great, inexpressible joy had taken possession of him. He was happy, high-spirited, playful. His engagement with Grace Larkin was made public, and hearty congratulations met both of them on every hand. She was growing stronger with every passing month; and, as she reviewed the history of the year, she felt, with the warmest and humblest gratitude, that she had been the subject of the divinest care,—felt, almost, that miracles had been wrought on her behalf. She felt, too, that something of a miracle had been wrought in and upon Nicholas himself. The quiet, aimless, reticent, bashful boy had developed into a self-possessed, forceful, ready-witted and active man, of whom she was not only fond but proud. Out from under the shadow of Mr. Benson and Mr. Benson's home; out from under the shadow of her long invalidism, out from under the shadow of the brooding despairs which her happy temperament and submissive piety could never wholly dissipate, she regained her old vivacity and *esprit*, and helped, with the much beloved daughter of the house, to make the Coates mansion one of the sunniest homes in the city.

Still Mrs. Coates was not in any degree sunny. She was a mother, with a daughter, and the gravity of the tremendous responsibility pressed the tears from her eyes, and crushed her joys, as a bowlder weighing a ton might crush the flowers upon a mossy bank, and press the bank itself to wasteful weeping.

Failing, as has been said, to get satisfaction from her daughter, and that daughter's most unnatural father, she had determined to try her experiment upon Nicholas and Grace Larkin. One day the group was all to be collected at dinner, and she knew, not only that Nicholas would come a long time before Glezen and Mr. Coates, but that Jenny would cling to her room, and, obedient to the golden rule, leave the lovers to themselves.

This was her opportunity; and a few minutes after the arrival of Nicholas, she presented herself before the happy pair, with a handkerchief pinned around her plump throat as a sort of signal of distress, and a lugubrious expression upon her face, which they might have attributed to a toothache if she had not held one hand over the region of her heart.

"I expect you are very happy," said Mrs. Coates, with a sigh, "and I s'pose I ought to rejoice with them that do rejoice, but I can't always command my feelings. I've often said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'let it never be said, whatever may be our troubles, that we don't rejoice with them that do rejoice, for if we don't do it,

they may rejoice in our calamity and mock when our fear cometh,' says I; but nobody can tell what I suffer unless she is a mother. Here's Jenny, slipping along as cheerful as a lark, and not thinking a thing about a—about a—pervision for life, seeing opportunities as thick as spatter, going around begging for takers, and she just turning up her nose at 'em! It almost drives me distracted. I've often said to her, 'Jenny,' says I, 'opportunities,' says I, 'are things with long legs and quick motions, and they never stop to play by the way. Snatch 'em by the garments,' says I, 'take 'em by the hair,' says I, 'if necessary, but don't let 'em go by. You don't ordain 'em,' says I; 'they are sent in mercy for you to make the most of, and it's a shame and a sin for you to set and see 'em get out of your reach, so that you couldn't touch 'em with a ten-foot pole, if you wanted to ever so much.'"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said Nicholas, with an expression mingled of mirth and mystification.

"No, I don't suppose you do," responded Mrs. Coates; "but if you were a mother you could understand it."

"But you know the difficulties, Mrs. Coates," said Nicholas, biting his lips.

"Yes, I know the difficulties. You can't see anything now but Grace Larkin. I've sometimes thought it would have been better if I'd been took away when the measles went so hard with me, and all I could say was 'catnip,' and if I hadn't said 'catnip,' Mr. Coates would have been a widower, and Proverdence would have looked after Jenny. Proverdence,"—and Mrs. Coates regarded Grace with a mourning, tearful gaze,—"seems to do more for a girl than a maternal parent. Here's Grace, with nobody to look after her but Proverdence, making out well, and all I do comes to nothing."

Nicholas and Grace were exceedingly amused, but kept their countenances in respectful repose.

"Is there anything that we can do?" inquired Nicholas, who was sure that Mrs. Coates had come in with some practical purpose on hand.

"When I was a gal," said Mrs. Coates, "attentions meant something. Now, they don't seem to mean anything. A young perfessional man can hang around a young woman, who has not made her pervision for life, month after month, scaring everybody else away, and tempting her to sacrifice all her opportunities, and it's nothing! It's just nothing at all! They are only having a good time! They play and sing together, and he puts her shawl over her shoulders, and she smiles in his face and says: 'thank you!' and he 'scorts her when she goes any where, and he comes and goes, and comes and goes, and comes and goes, and that's all there is of it! I get so provoked sometimes that it seems as if I should bust. I've said to Mr. Coates, again and again, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'are you aware that your daughter's affections are being trifled with? Do you realize that there is a snake in the grass, and that it's your duty to bring his nose to the grin'stone? You have a responsibility' says I. 'You don't like to have a man running into your store every day, looking over your goods and tasting of your sugar and your tea, and never buying a thing.'"

Nicholas understood the drift of these remarks, and was not a little embarrassed by them. He had introduced Glezen to the family, with the best intentions, and a hope that was very strongly sympathetic with that of Mrs. Coates, but between the two young men the name of the young lady in question was very rarely mentioned. Glezen was not communicative concerning his own private affairs; and Nicholas would not obtrude upon him the delicate question which he was almost as desirous of having answered as Mrs. Coates herself.

"You can allude to no one, I suppose, but my friend Glezen," said Nicholas, "and you must let me say this for him, at least, that he is upright and honorable, and would, if he knew it, no more harm your daughter than he would harm one of his own eyes. I am sure that he is pleased with her."

"Then why don't he come to time, and p'opose? That's what I'd like to know;" and Mrs. Coates pressed her lips together, and looked out of the window.

"Perhaps," said Miss Larkin, "he may fear a refusal, or the objection of her parents."

The last suggestion was too much for Nicholas, who suddenly rose, and went to the window to hide his smiles.

"Well, that may be," said Mrs. Coates, softening under the flattering thought. "That may be, and I must say that I did not intend to have Jenny marry a perfessional man, but I'm not going to stand in the way, if Jenny is satisfied. I've said to Mr. Coates, many's the time, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'it's all very well for you to make a hundred thousand dollars on a jump in sugar, but a man isn't to blame for being a lawyer,' says I. 'He's got to get a living

some way. Don't be hard on the perfessions,' says I. 'We've got enough for both of 'em, and you know,' says I, 'that we should never think of marrying off Jenny without giving her a house and furnishing it with the best, if her husband was as rich as mud. Let it not be said,' says I, 'that you and I should stand in the way of our own flesh and blood, even if they can't see the way clear to our idees.'"

Mrs. Coates had now imparted all the information necessary for a vigorous prosecution of a campaign against Glezen, if Nicholas and Miss Larkin should see fit to undertake it. She had let down the bars to the pasture, salted the rocks, and shaded the spring; and she felt that Nicholas and Grace would indeed be ingrate if they should not manage, in some way, to drive this lawless creature, so prone to grazing by the road-side and browsing across the fence, within the charmed inclosure.

At this moment, however, the guilty man appeared, and saved to the lovers the necessity of making a response to the suggestions of their hostess.

Glezen had left the office earlier than his wont, because this was a special occasion. He was in great spirits, and brought into the room a most fresh and inspiring breeze of vitality. He only paused to give Mrs. Coates and the younger members of the group a hearty greeting, and then he went directly to the piano, and reveled among its grander chords, as if he were plunging into the ocean surf, and enjoying the rhythmic wind and wave like a strong swimmer.

Mrs. Coates regarded him with mingled resentment and distress. This was his old trick for calling Jenny down. She had been familiar with it for months. Whenever the door-bell rang in the evening, and the piano was almost simultaneously aroused from its afternoon nap, both Mrs. Coates and Jenny knew what it meant.

"It's Mr. Glezen, mother," Jenny used to say, "and I shall have to go down," with a happy twinkle in her eye and a smile on her lips.

And then Mrs. Coates would respond: "Jenny, I wouldn't touch to go down. I'd make him send up his card like other folks. I wouldn't be called as if I was a heifer, and I don't think much of a man who always comes with a band of music, and his banners hanging on the outer wall."

And here he was again, rollicking in music in the old fashion, and her mother knew that at that moment Jenny had risen and was looking in her mirror, to make sure that she was presentable to the man who was so carelessly toying with her virgin affections.

There was a rustling of silk upon the stairs, a lively tripping of feet, and then Jenny swept into the room, her eyes alight, her cheeks blooming, and a welcome upon her lips, for her accustomed visitor. Mrs. Coates watched her entrance with equal pride and pain, and witnessed her almost affectionate meeting with the young man who seemed to be so unmindful of the obligations which his "attentions" imposed upon him.

The handkerchief of Mrs. Coates still clung to her neck, and her hand to her heart, while the sadness which pervaded every cubic inch of her plump personality found expression in sighs, and indistinct murmurs, and a look compounded of impotent anger, unavailing desire, and maternal pity for her "offspring."

"Oh people, people, people!" exclaimed Glezen, jumping up from the piano. "I've tried my first case of breach of promise to-day. It was an awful case, but it was great fun. You ought to have heard me pitch into the faithless lover. There wasn't anything left of him when I finished. There were several old women in the court-room whose eyes actually swam in a briny flood."

"Give us your speech, Glezen," said Nicholas.

Glezen struck an oratorical attitude, and began:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you see before you a—shall I say man, or person? a person, who, intent on the gratification of his own unbridled vanity, enters a peaceful home, shares the hospitality earned and proffered by an industrious father and a virtuous and affectionate mother, wins their beloved daughter by all tender assiduities of affection—all those subtle arts by which, from time immemorial, the lover has moved to responsiveness the heart of his mistress—plights his sacred troth to her, fixes the happy day, and then, basely, perfidiously, insultingly, outrageously, forsakes her, tramples on her affections and his own honor, and consigns her to the cold realms of rejected maidenhood, to be a scoffing and a by-word among her sex, and an outcast from the affections of men! What, gentlemen of the jury, shall I say of this man—this person? How shall I characterize him? Shall I call him a viper entering an Eden to despoil and destroy?—a thief, who robs a

mansion of its treasure, for the mere excitement of theft, and then wantonly drops his stolen goods in the street, though they be the very household gods of the family he has bereft?—an incendiary, who wins his way into a house by flattering courtesies, and then sets it on fire and burns it to the ground, while he looks on and gloats over the smoking ruins?—a liar, who steals the livery of heaven to serve the devil in?—a scamp, a wretch, a scorpion, a miscreant?"

"I don't think it's a proper thing for a woman to bet," said Mrs. Coates, whose face had been growing red through every moment of the mock harangue; "but if it was, I'd be willing to bet five dollars that the man played the piano."

"No, madam," said Glezen, who saw the point with painful distinctness, though determined not to betray his consciousness; "the man had no music in his soul. He was only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Indeed, I think I made a remark of that kind in court, though I'm not altogether certain."

Mrs. Coates had discharged her shot, and thought she saw that her missile was lodged where it would rankle. So, amid an awkward stillness that seemed to settle upon the group, and with an expression of melancholy spite about the corners of her mouth, she retired from the room.

Glezen and Miss Coates exchanged amused glances, and then Mr. Coates came in.

"W–what have you been d-doing?" inquired Mr. Coates, who seemed to feel as if he had interrupted some action or conversation.

"I've been making a speech," said Glezen, with a laugh.

"S-successful?"

"Yes; more have stayed in than have gone out."

"G–good t–test!" said Mr. Coates. "W–who's run away?"

"Mrs. Coates," replied Glezen.

"T–too warm, I s'pose. B–butter always runs away when the w–weather g–gets too hot for it."

During the laugh that followed this philosophical explanation, dinner was announced, and Mrs. Coates was discovered already at the table. She was in her silent mood, and had determined that Glezen should understand that in her own mind she held him to be all that he had described in the man whom he had denounced.

"Well, Minturn," said Mr. Coates, good-naturedly, "I s–s'pose this f–finishes the s–season,—pretty much."

"Yes," said Nicholas. "I have attended to everything, but one."

"M–married n–next week, eh?"

Nicholas blushed, and looked at Miss Larkin, involuntarily, who blushed in return.

"I suppose so," he said.

"Nicholas, how is 'The Atheneum?'" inquired Glezen.

"Going on swimmingly. Talking Tim has all he can do, and finds the reading-rooms full every night. It looks as if they were going to try to get along without me there. I feel a little jealous of the men who have the lead."

"And you've got your bonds back?"

"Yes, thanks to you; but Captain Hank seems to be taken out of my hands, and the other robbers have run away. Never mind; let them go. I don't think they'll trouble me again."

"And you are satisfied with your winter's work, aren't you, Nicholas?" said Glezen.

"Yes, on the whole,—only Benson has made more paupers than I have cured. There's a new crop coming on, and there doesn't seem to be any end to the business."

"B–boys," said Mr. Coates, "there are t–two ends to it. There are the b–big paupers, who t–try to g–get a living without work, and the l–little ones."

Miss Larkin's eyes lighted at this.

"There, Mr. Coates," said she, "you have touched a secret that we have all failed to discover. There are so many among the nominally respectable who try to get a living without work, and they absorb so much to themselves, that there really is not enough left for the paupers at the other end of the social scale, who are only following their poisonous example, and repeating their measures in baser ways."

"Y–yes," responded Mr. Coates. "We're all under one b–blanket, and w–when we get t–too much of it over the h–head, the t–toes stick out, and g–get cold."

"True," said Glezen, who had a quick apprehension of the force of the figure; "and when the blanket is pulled down over the feet, and tucked in, you have another batch of paupers at the other end."

"Well, we have enlarged our definition of pauperism with a jump, and the matter looks worse than ever," said Nicholas.

"Then let's drop it," said Mrs. Coates,

sharply, with a mind preoccupied by another subject, hardly less painful to herself. "I've often said to ——" here she checked herself, and looked first at Mr. Coates and then at Jenny,—"to myself," she went on, "'Mrs. Coates,' says I, 'never despise the poor, and remember who made you to differ. You might have married a shiftless man—yourself,' says I, 'or a perfessional man, and it's not for you to carry a high head, nor a high hand, neither,' says I. 'But when it comes to be paupers, paupers, paupers,—nothing but paupers,—and we are obliged to have paupers on to the dinner-table, I think it's time to stop and 'tend to our own obligations. There's other things to be done besides paupers. Charity begins at home; and if we must talk about pauperism, let us talk about pauperism of the heart,—for there *is* such a thing as pauperism of the heart.'"

"Can you tell us how it manifests itself?" inquired Glezen, leaning forward, his face aglow with fun.

"Yes! Manifests itself! I should think so!"

And she sawed her head forward and backward as if she were trying to get it loose enough to throw at him.

The patience of Mrs. Coates was worn out. Though a placid and good-natured woman, the deferred hopes in regard to her "offspring" were telling upon her spirits and her disposition with a terrible effect.

At the close of the dinner, there was music again, of course, and Mrs. Coates sat and watched the performers with sad and solemn eyes. Under the dampening influences of her lugubriousness, conversation flagged.

Soon Glezen rose to take his leave. Mrs. Coates bade him good-night, with a sigh that would have melted the heart of a stone, and then she quietly walked back into the dining-room, and disappeared. Mrs. Coates was roused; and no woman who has ever been the mother of a marriageable daughter should wonder that, under the circumstances, she had determined to witness, *perdu*, the parting of Glezen and Jenny in the hall.

The matter was worked as usual. Glezen took leave of the remainder of the family, and then Jenny accompanied him into the hall. The eagle eyes of aroused maternity were upon them, peering out through a crack in the door of the butler's pantry.

She saw Glezen and her daughter quietly chatting together, while he drew on his gloves with provoking deliberation. His quiet self-assurance, his affectionate and familiar demeanor, his unruffled and satisfied expression, filled her with rage. Her quickened heart jarred the door, while her half suspended breathing and trembling excitement threatened apoplexy.

Then she saw Glezen—oh, horror of horrors!—stoop over, and imprint on her darling Jenny's lips a kiss! She heard the kiss! She saw him holding her daughter fondly by both hands!

This was too much. She opened the door, and stamped bravely and swiftly toward them, exclaiming: "See here! see here, young man! That wont do! I want you to understand that you can't come here and trample on my hospertalities in this way. You're a pretty man to make speeches to a jury about snakes and incendiaries. Yes! I should think so!"

And then this dastard put his arm around Jenny and kissed her again. Then, whirling her out of the way, he advanced boldly toward Mrs. Coates with open arms, and folding her as far in his embrace as the mechanical difficulties permitted, kissed her, exclaiming:

"Mother-in-law, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Coates screamed as if a knife had been driven to her heart. The family rushed to the door, threw it open, and discovered Glezen absorbed in the effort to keep Mrs. Coates from falling, while Jenny was fanning her, and saying,

"Mother! mother! Don't! don't!"

Glezen led the distracted woman back into the drawing-room, where Jenny knelt at her side, and, with quiet words endeavored to restore her to self-control.

Glezen, meantime, had imparted the secret of the strange exhibition to Mr. Coates, who sat in his chair, and shook with great internal convulsions. They must have been profound, for they did not reach the surface. He sat and regarded the partner of his joys and sorrows, his lips working strangely, and the spasms of his infernal merriment becoming less frequent and powerful, until he found himself in a condition to speak.

"W–wife," said he, "d–didn't you know it? I must have f–forgotten to t–tell you. I've kn–own it these th–ree months."

Then Mrs. Coates cried. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. To think that the matter had been settled for three months, and that she had not been informed of it, to think that the paternal blessing

had been sought and secured without consulting her, to think that this precious secret had been carried around locked up in the cruel bosoms of husband and daughter, and, last of all, to think that she had made such a fool of herself, was too much for her motherly, not to say wifely, sensibilities, and she wept real tears—tears that might have been gathered in a bottle—dews of feeling that even the sun of happiness could not dissipate—rains that the sweet west winds of satisfaction could not dry.

"I think it's mean of you all," she exclaimed, when she got her voice for a moment.

"M–my dear," said Mr. Coates, "the y–young p–people d–didn't want it made p–public."

Jenny saw her mother safely through the worst of it, and then rose and received the hearty and most affectionate congratulations of Nicholas and Grace, while Glezen stood with Mr. Coates and watched the proceedings.

After a thunder-storm has spent its fury, there comes a period of sweet, still rain, when trees and grass and flowers receive a sort of healing baptism, and rise from the prostrations to which the tempest has forced them with a long-drawn whisper of satisfaction and gratitude.

When the tempest in the bosom of Mrs. Coates had subsided, something like this natural change and providential ministry occurred. The birds did not sing, perhaps, but there were pleasant voices around her, and the still rain went on. She could not stop weeping. She did not wish to stop. The tears depleted the humors of her overcharged brain, and, as they were mopped away she was conscious of a great happiness dawning within her. To do the good woman justice, she knew that she could not have kept the secret if it had been imparted to her. What mattered it, so long as no one else had known it?

But still she cried. The clouds were exhaustless, and the clear blue sky had taken to raining.

"W–wife," said Mr. Coates, "w–what are you c–crying for?

"Humph!" exclaimed Mrs. Coates, "it's all very well for you to talk that way, but you little know the feelings of a mother when she's called upon to part with her offspring!"

The equanimity of Mr. Coates was utterly destroyed. The sudden and unexpected tack in Mrs. Coates's feelings—or, rather, her "change of base"—took him off his guard, and he burst into a "ho! ho! ho!" so violently spasmodic that every syllable, though engendered in his sense of humor, was brought forth in pain. The occurrence was so unusual that Mrs. Coates actually smiled; and then they all laughed together. The corners of Mrs. Coates's mouth that had been drawn down for so many weeks changed their angle, and turned up again. The plan for the new house was already dawning in her mind. Interminable privileges for the expression of maternal grief in parting with a daughter stretched before her, and life was bright again.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE effort that Nicholas had made to transform his friends at "The Atheneum" into active, self-supporting men and women had been well seconded by their leaders, with whom he had been upon the most confidential terms of association. Talking Tim, whom they all knew and respected, had proved himself to be a most important re-enforcement to those special powers and influences concerned in reversing the attitude of the exigent, recipient, dependent mass, in the midst of which he had planted his life.

Of course, "The Beggars' Paradise" knew that Nicholas was about to leave the city, and it conceived a very delightful interest in the fact that he expected to take a bride with him to his country home. In some way, it had become acquainted with the leading incidents in the life of both the young people—incidents which lost none of their romance by being passed from hand to hand. These poor men and women, into whose life Nicholas had been instrumental in pouring so much that was new, significant and fruitful, felt their hearts going out toward him. They wanted to do something for him.

In the meantime, Nicholas had sent to Ottercliff the pictures and furniture with which he had beautified his city lodgings, and Pont, who went reluctantly from new associations,—not to mention certain "entangling alliances" which he had made, with the characteristic facility of his race,—was ordered home with all the heavy luggage.

The heaviest luggage, however, which Pont took away with him was his heart.

"'Pears like we's goin' away from de promis' land, Mas'r Minturn,—goin' back into de wilderness again," said Pont lugubriously, as he was taking his leave, the day before the wedding of his master.

"Oh nonsense, Pont!" exclaimed Nicholas. "You know you are dying to get home. I am. I never wanted to see Ottercliff so much in my life."

"Ah, but de spirit an' de bride say come to you, Mas'r, but de spirit and de bride don't say noffin to dis pusson. I don't have no spirit an' bride to take home with me, Mas'r."

"Well, Pont, I'm sorry for you," said Nicholas; "and now go and get everything ready and meet us at the train to-morrow."

After Pont's departure, with his last load, the rooms which Nicholas still occupied were bare and cheerless, but it was into these that he was obliged to invite a large delegation from "The Atheneum," that called during the afternoon.

They came with a gift, which, with the formal words accompanying it, was to express the gratitude of themselves and those who had sent them. The gift was a humble one,—simply a handsome walking-stick,—but it furnished an opportunity for a manly return of Christian favor, and gave Nicholas one more opportunity to reiterate conclusions which, of late, had been rapidly ripening in his mind.

The spokesman of the party, all of whom seemed to have acquired a certain dignity from being intrusted with office, thanked Nicholas for the interest he had taken in their community, and for the excellent results that had followed his efforts on their behalf. He pledged himself and his associates and constituents to the work which their benefactor had begun, and expressed the hope that he would return, to cheer them by his presence, direct them by his counsel, and inspire them by his example.

The little speech was delivered, and the walking-stick was presented with superfluous formality; but Nicholas was heartily pleased. In response, he thanked the delegation for the gift they had brought him, and then said: "I feel that I have done very little for you, and those you represent, but if I have inspired one man with the disposition to take care of himself, and taught him how to do it, I have not failed. To lift a man out of pauperism is to re-create him. Why, my friends, there are very few among the rich who can withstand the poison of unearned money. A man has to be pretty carefully trained—has to be specially trained for it, indeed—to be able to use it without ruining himself, or to keep it at all. Among the poor there is no training for it, and, of course, it ruins them. I haven't got very far along in this matter, but I am far enough along to see that it is a thousand times better for a man to throw away his fortune upon his follies than it is to debauch a whole community by his benefactions. I am far enough along, too, to see that charitable relief, as an established safeguard against the results of intemperance, idleness and improvidence, operates as a standing premium on those vices. It is the very mother who bears, nurses and protects them. Charitable relief, as it is largely practiced here in New York City, is practically a crime against society. I have seen enough already to prove to me that, as a rule, pauperism is to be measured by the provision that is made for its relief. If I were to announce that one hundred millions of dollars had been provided to shield the people of the city from want, for a single season, there would be pauperism enough developed by the announcement to absorb the whole sum. Some of you know that I have a scheme for the radical cure of pauperism. I may say that there is nothing which stands so much in the way of it as the charitable societies, and the men who get their position in them, or get their living by them.

"I am glad of an opportunity to say just this to you, for I feel that you are one with me now, and that you and I have a good deal of work to do together in the future. Next year, I hope to come back to you, prepared to do very much more than I have been able to accomplish during the past winter; but whatever may be the event, I shall be grateful, not only for what has been done for others, but for what I have won of satisfaction and wisdom for myself."

A very hearty round of applause followed the little speech, and then Nicholas took each man by the hand, as he passed out of the door, and bade him good-bye.

His heart was full of this manifestation of friendly regard on the part of his beneficiaries, as he left his rooms to spend his closing evening with her who was to become his bride upon the morrow. The tide had turned. The community of the Beggars' Paradise had changed its attitude. They had begun to think of doing something for somebody, and were ceasing to think of having somebody do everything for them.

He found Mrs. Coates in high spirits, and the house in delightful excitement.

Miss Larkin was one of those eccentric young ladies who regard a wedding as sacred to friendship and family affection. She had no desire to advertise her love

and her mantua-making to a rabble that would regard the latter with supreme interest, and vulgarly gossip over the former as a social and pecuniary bargain. She would not consent to celebrate the most sacred compact of personal affection in a public building, beneath the blaze of curious eyes, or environ the sacrament of Christian marriage with the publicities and pageantries of a heathen festival.

So it was to be a private wedding, in a private house, under the protection and patronage of Mrs. Coates, from whose eyes all tears had been wiped away. She had arranged everything, even to providing

> "Something old and something new,
> Something borrowed and something blue,"

for the bride's dress, in accordance with the customs of the country village in which she was bred. As Jenny had ceased to be a care upon her mother's heart and hands in any way that loaded them with anxiety, her motherliness was left free to expend itself upon her beautiful guest. It was through Nicholas that her life had been saved. It was through Nicholas that Jenny had made Glezen's acquaintance. It was through Nicholas and Miss Larkin that a great deal of social importance had been won to herself and her family. Why should she not do all within her power to make their wedding a pleasant one?

Although, in the social life and benevolent enterprise in which Nicholas and Miss Larkin had been engaged, the old acquaintances of the "Ariadne" had been for a long time left behind or left out, it was determined to call the young ladies back as bride-maids. It would be romantic—it would be fitting that those who were associated in the sad peril of the sea the year before, should be associated in this event, that would come among its delightful consequences.

There was Miss Coates, of course, nearest and best. Miss Pelton, too, would be highly ornamental, and stately Miss Morgan and little Miss McGregor, though exhibiting contrasts of physique that would mar the symmetry of the bridal party, would be quite indispensable to its poetical completeness.

The young ladies were all there when Nicholas arrived. They had come in to rehearse their entrance and attitudes, so as to be in readiness for the morning wedding, and were engaged in the exciting discussion of that which would be proper and graceful in the ceremony. Mrs. Coates was presiding benignantly over all, and Mr. Coates sat as a silent, critical observer. Mrs. Coates, indeed, had caught back to herself a glimpse of the poetry of youth. Marriage, for the previous few years, during the period of Jenny's eligibility to that holy and most desirable estate, had been so much with her a matter of scheming and anxiety and prudential policy, that she had somehow lost the romance and poetry of it. Now it had returned to her, and when she saw all the young people together, and realized what marriage meant to them, the vulgar little woman was not only softened but sublimed. She even mellowed toward her husband, and as the bride-maids appointed arranged themselves in the order and place in which they were to stand, she turned to him, and said:

"Aint they beautiful!"

"Y-yes," he responded, drily.

"What do they remind you of?" she said, in the delusive hope that they would call back to his hardened soul the memories of a similar event in his own life.

Now Mr. Coates had been particularly amused by the incongruity of the types of young womanhood before him, and when Mrs. Coates asked him what they reminded him of he replied:

"W–Webster's D–Dictionary," "Pilgrim's P–Progress," "Thomson's S–Seasons" and "D–Daily Food," "s–set together on the s–same shelf."

At this, all the young ladies laughed, and threatened to put him out of the room. So, with merry badinage and spirited discussions on delightful nothings, the evening passed away.

The morning wedding which followed was everything that it was expected to be. The happy bridegroom looked his best, and the bride was "too lovely for anything." The company was not too large; there was a profusion of flowers; there was a collection of the most charming presents; there were a great many kisses and a great many good wishes; there were tears of sympathetic gladness; and when, at last, the guests were gone, and the carriage drove away bearing the happy pair, a plump, tearful, happy-looking lady, stood in the door, and threw after them an old shoe, luckily dodged by a gaping urchin in the street, who fancied that the missile was thrown at his head.

Arrived at the railway station, Nicholas and his bride were received into one of the rolling palaces in waiting, and started northward toward Ottercliff. The long excitement was over, and they were one, quietly rejoicing in the sense of mutual possession.

To the profoundly happy, merriment is but a mockery. Indeed, nothing is more serious than happiness.

The moment that they became conscious that they were sundered from their old associations, a sense of the sweet dignities and ennobling responsibilities of united love descended upon them. As they swept along the border of the beautiful river, leaving the noisy city behind, and going toward their untried life, they were exercised and possessed by as much of reminiscence as of hope and expectation.

It was but one swift year before, that Nicholas had come down the river, with life untrodden and power untried. Nothing, that he could see, had changed but himself.

There is something very like mockery in the permanent youth of Nature, and its frictionless routine of change. We only who are capable of observing and measuring the phenomena around us, are conscious of the wear and tear of life. We count our own heart-beats, and note their faltering rhythm, until they cease. We feel the subsidence of vitality; helplessly we watch the gathering wrinkles on cheek and brow; we know that we are to die. Within the space of a single year, a revolution is wrought within us which places us in new relations to the past, the future, the material world, mankind, and even God himself. We consciously drive on and on, through permutations and transformations which leave our personal identity a thing hard to realize, and make self-knowledge impossible. But of one fact we are always certain,—we are growing old. We know that the house we build will outlast us, and that any good book which we may write will pass about, leaving benedictions at alien firesides when the eyes that looked into ours with love have missed us for many a year, or have themselves turned to dust.

Yet, amid all this pathetic mystery of change within ourselves,—change of person, character, condition, feeling,—which, whatever may be its range, leads inevitably toward dissolution, Nature remains as fresh, and full, and smiling, as she seemed on creation's morning. Day and night, summer and winter, years and centuries, come and go in silent, unvarying routine, and light, and dew, and beauty never forsake the world. The lightning splinters a crag only to give foothold to a tree, and the storm-scarred mountain-side waits but a year to clothe itself in green. There is not a crack in the sky, there is not a wrinkle upon the earth, there is not a sign of weakness or decay in the forces which sweep the world around its course, and illuminate its surface with life and motion.

There was a keen apprehension of this in the mind of Nicholas, as, seated quietly by his bride, he swept onward toward Ottercliff. There stood the Highlands, just as they stood the year before. Their adamantine foundations were unmoved, and the winter had done them no damage that the spring had not repaired. No verdure was ever fresher or more beautiful than that which clothed them. The shadows that climbed their sides, or swept over their summits, were from new clouds that had been lifted that very morning from the bosom of the maternal Atlantic; and no maiden's eye was ever fresher or bluer than the sky that bent over them.

But he had changed. He was not consciously weaker—in truth, he was consciously stronger—than he was a year before, but he had left behind a portion of his youth, and advanced by the measure of a year into the responsibilities of mature life. He had passed from that which was little more than boyhood into that which was nothing less than manhood.

To both of them came a grateful sense of Providence. They had foreseen nothing; they had ordered nothing. They had arrived at the goal of their hearts' best desires, by a path which they knew not of,—which they did not choose.

Meantime, Pont, at the objective end of their flying journey, was full of excitement. He had harnessed his horses early, and was at the station an hour before the time for the arrival of the train that was to bring his master and his new mistress. Mrs. Fleming had opened the house, and was waiting, not altogether without a measure of regret, to surrender her authority to one whom she had never seen, but had learned in advance to love. But Pont had been made the recipient of a secret, in connection with the projected events of the day, and as it was all that he could do to carry it safely, it was just as well for him to sit upon his box at the station, and chat with the inquisitive crowd, as to undertake any task at home.

There were many curious villagers assembled, of course, when the train came in; for the mistress of the Ottercliff mansion had always been, and would always be, an important personage, and a most significant factor in the social life of the town. Nicholas was proud of his bride, and knew that

her frank and handsome eyes, and smiling mouth, would win their way among the crowd that had collected at the station. So, with her upon his arm, he walked to the carriage, nodding from side to side to his humble friends, and bowing back to them as he rode away.

"Pont, you seem to be in a hurry to-day," said Nicholas, as the driver, who looked unusually square in the shoulders and straight in the back, urged his horses up the hill.

"Dar's an unfo'seen suckemstance, dat mus' be 'tended to, sah," said Pont, with dignity.

"You are mysterious, Pont."

"I can't help it, sah."

"What can the man mean?" inquired Grace of her husband.

"Oh! it is some nonsense. Make the most of the drive. It will be a short one."

Nicholas had described to his bride all the surroundings of his home, and she was delighted to recognize the details with which her imagination was already familiar.

To have a home once more was a blessing which she felt was too great to be measured. To enter a princely home, as its mistress, with the man she loved,—to rise to so sweet a destiny out of the very embrace of death, was a joy so great that no hour, no day, no year could hold it. There was enough of it to cover and fill a life-time. So, with only an undefined consciousness of the great treasure that the future had in store for her, she surrendered herself to an almost childish delight in the things she saw, and smiled and wept by turns as the carriage turned into the gate-way, and swept between the borders and the trees which the hand of love had made her own.

Mrs. Fleming was ready with a motherly greeting for the new mistress, and all the servants were out to tender their obeisance. It was quite an old-fashioned affair, which might have happened on the other side of the ocean, but had ceased to be common on this. Happily there were no social theorists present to protest against the natural expression of deference by one party, and of well-bred complaisance by the other. A very pretty and a very pleasant reception it was, and when it was over, Nicholas led his bride about the rooms, insisting, with delighted enthusiasm, that she should see the whole of her new home before ascending to her apartments.

He had noticed with some surprise, as he alighted, that Pont passed his horses into the hands of the gardener, and disappeared. He asked no questions about the matter, but when he and his bride came out upon the piazza, he saw the negro making signals, and acting strangely excited.

Then the ears of the pair were deafened by the discharge of a cannon. This was followed by cheers from a thousand throats, and these by the music of a band.

It was all a surprise, and for a moment they could not understand it. Then it gradually appeared that a huge river steamer was lying close in shore, swarming with an excursion party, and covered with banners and bunting. Among the banners was one, stretched almost from stem to stern, bearing the word "*Atheneum*." That word was the key to the mystery. The residents of "The Beggars' Paradise" had come up *en masse* to manifest their interest in the occasion, and do honor to the young man who had devoted to them such wise and fruitful gifts of time and money.

There seemed to be no measure or end to the manifestations of enthusiasm on board the steamer. There were dippings of flags, and swingings of hats, and wavings of handkerchiefs. There were cheers, and shouts, and cannon, and the band again. The party upon the piazza, augmented by the servants, went out upon the lawn and frantically responded to the salutations. Then the wheels of the steamer began to move, a parting gun was fired, and amid cheers that grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and the waving of handkerchiefs by hands that had grown weary with the exercise, and the strains of "Sweet Home" from the band, the heavily loaded craft moved slowly down the river and disappeared behind the trees.

The servants retired, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Nicholas," said the bride, with tears in her eyes, "you have earned that."

"Then I have earned something better than money," he responded.

"And you have earned me, too," she added, clasping his arm, and looking up into his eyes.

He stooped and kissed her, and with his arm around her, led her into the house.

They paused silently before his mother's portrait, that smiled its benediction upon them; they climbed the old staircase that the feet of so many brides had pressed; and so another family life, than which earth holds nothing sweeter or more typical of heaven, began.

THE END.

A YANKEE TAR AND HIS FRIENDS.

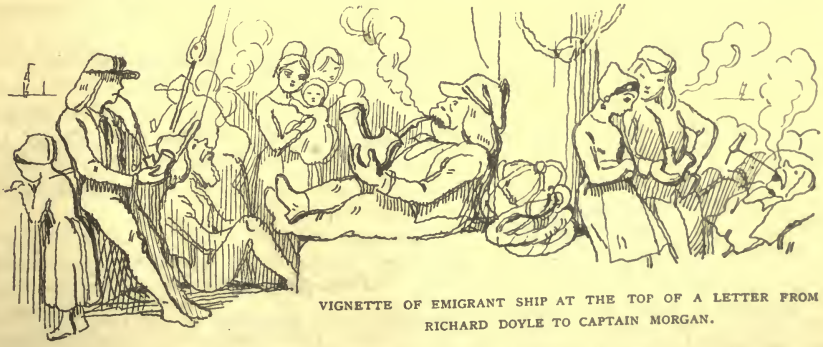
Not long ago it fell to my lot to read and arrange a number of letters and journals

CAPTAIN E. E. MORGAN.

which possess, as it seems to me, a somewhat unusual interest, first, because they give a charming glimpse of the familiar doings of a little circle whose members are world-renowned, and also because they furnish material for a brief sketch of an American, of a type which our quick civilization is fast rendering impossible.

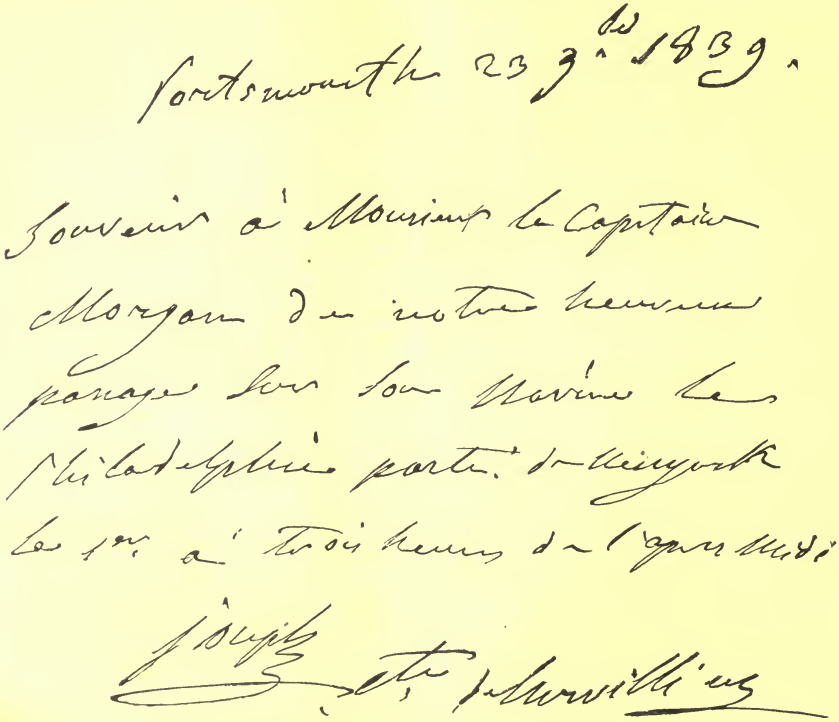
The letters are from Dickens, Thackeray, Landseer, Sydney Smith, Turner, and others, and they were written to a man who was born on a rocky New England farm, whose education was received at the common school and the academy, whose life was the life of thousands of New England boys of the past generation, but who was gifted by his Creator with a keen brain, and a generous soul, and more than all, with an immense heartiness of nature, wherein seems to have lain the attraction which drew to him men so different from himself. The charm must have been great indeed which opened to him, not the doors only, but the hearts of that brilliant circle of Englishmen; and the constant expression of warm affection which I find in the letters before me could hardly have been lavished upon an unworthy object. In order fully to understand the friendship which for years existed between Captain Morgan and his numerous English correspondents, it is necessary to know something of the circumstances which brought him in contact with them, and which makes his life of general interest. To a New Englander, even in these degenerate days, the problem of such a life, begun seventy years ago, is an easy one. Given, a clever, ambitious boy, a district school, a kindly clergyman, a first "chance" offered by friend or stranger, and you have in one form or another the solution—success. One scarcely needs to fill up the outline, it is so familiar; and the boy of whom I write found, like many another of his day, that the road to fortune, albeit long and hard, was straight enough to feet that had been trained in ways of industry and thrift.

In his case the road lay over the sea, and his first voyage was made in a little packet ship of four hundred and twenty tons, belonging to the well-known "Black X" line, with which he afterward became identified. For years in the early part of this century, this line carried the mails and monopolized the cream of the passenger trade, between New York and London, and when, after an apprenticeship of six



VIGNETTE OF EMIGRANT SHIP AT THE TOP OF A LETTER FROM RICHARD DOYLE TO CAPTAIN MORGAN.

years, the young sailor found himself captain of the "Hudson," he must have felt that his fortune was, so far as any man's can be, in his own hands. Those were the palmy days of ships and sailors, when the regular packets left New York once a month, and their departure made an event for the whole city, and when the captain of a favorite vessel (especially if he chanced as well to be a favorite captain) might be sure of sitting for weeks at a time at the head of a table whose guests represented the best society of England or America. In those days it was not every one who traveled, and a certain dignity still remained to an Atlantic voyage, while with the knowledge that it might not improbably be prolonged to forty or fifty days it became even a "deed of derring-do." Then, too, the enforced companionship induced intimacies which often refused to wither away at sight of land, and the long confinement developed the general resources in the line of amusement to an extent undreamed of on *terra firma*. There



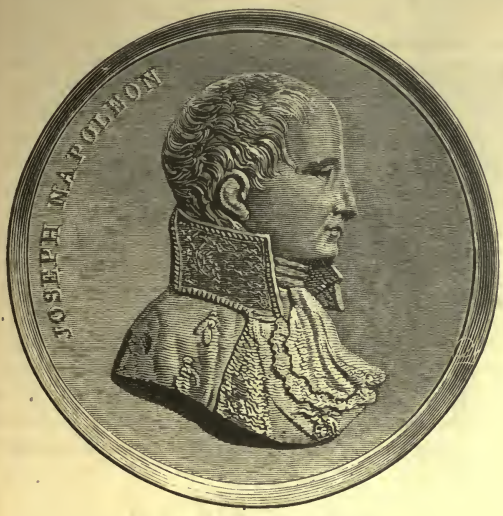
FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM COMTE DE SURVILLIERS (JOSEPH BONAPARTE) TO CAPTAIN MORGAN.

are now in my possession certain manuscript newspapers published under Captain Morgan's *régime* in different parts of the Atlantic Ocean, which are the records of weeks of such fun as can only be had when, the horrors of sea-sickness being outlived, earth and its cares are left behind, and forgetfulness of yesterday and indifference as to to-morrow make possible a programme of games and feasting by day, and fancy balls, concerts and serenades by night.

At three different times the ship under Captain Morgan's command was chartered by Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, for himself and suite, and these voyages were full of interest and pleasure to the captain, who was a faithful admirer of the genius of the first Napoleon, to whom he bore in person a curious resemblance. Joseph was himself a man of little apparent force of character, and his time seems to have been largely spent at chess or draughts,—games at which he had a truly royal objection to being beaten. He had his share too of the family peculiarities, and, while usually kindly and generous, was quick-tempered and willful to obstinacy. His exhibitions of temper were sometimes amusingly childish, as on one occasion, when, Captain Morgan having been so unwise as to beat him three times in succession at back-gammon, he shut the board in a pet and told his successful opponent to take it out of his sight, for he would never play on it again,—a promise which he per-

sistently kept, leaving the board in Captain Morgan's possession.

The friendship which was begun during these voyages lasted until Joseph's death, and Captain Morgan not only visited him more



TOP OF SNUFF-BOX PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN MORGAN BY JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

than once at his domain at Bordentown, but also received from him certain proofs of especial regard, which were of scarcely less than priceless value to one who had so keen a sympathy with the fallen fortunes of the great emperor. The place of honor among these souvenirs belongs, perhaps, to a plain, strongly made chess-board, which was used constantly by Napoleon during his imprisonment at St. Helena. It was his companion during his voyage from France, and though fitted up both for draughts and cribbage, had evidently been used for little but the favorite game of chess. One is tempted to linger long over the inlaid squares upon whose field the hand of the great warrior has marshaled his mimic forces, and it is with a feeling akin to awe that one touches the ivory figures which through long years were the silent companions of the man who

> "fought a thousand glorious wars,
> And more than half the world was his,
> And somewhere now in yonder stars,
> Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is."

It is with almost an equal interest, too, that one regards the next treasure in this little collection, which is contained in a worn morocco case, in the lid of which is framed an autograph letter from the Comte de Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte) to Captain Morgan. This letter accompanied a set of gold knives, forks and spoons of graceful old French patterns, which originally formed part of a very magnificent table-service given by the emperor to Madame Mère in the days when he delighted to honor the mother from whom he inherited so much of his vigor. Other relics and mementoes of the family there are, too, among them a set of coarse little prints, valueless as works of art, but interesting by virtue of the "Napoleon *inv.*," "Charlotte *del.*," which they carry on their margin, witness of their high origin. One does not wonder that the possessor of these things considered his connection with the dethroned King Joseph and the associations which arose from it, to be one of the pleasantest episodes of his busy life.

The fact that Captain Morgan commanded in quick succession four of the finest packet ships sailing from the port of New York, gave him, of course, frequent opportunities to return the hospitalities offered him in England, and of these opportunities he took advantage in two different but equally successful ways. While his ship was lying in the London docks he would issue cards for a breakfast on board, and the complete novelty of the entertainment, not to say the unique qualities of the host himself, always insured a brilliant gathering. The list of guests before me runs from royalty itself through the world of art and letters to the choice circle of personal friends, and includes among other suggestive names, that of the second French emperor, for whom, as the correspondence shows, a card was begged by the kind-hearted Mrs.

Yours very sincerely

Stanfield

✕ N.B.- We have no 'dear Sirs' in the Society

We will dine at 6 O'clock

B., who was for years a hospitable friend to the impecunious exile, of whom she always spoke as "poor dear Louis."

Pleasant as these breakfasts might have been in their way, they can hardly bear comparison with the Gravesend and Portsmouth

DRAWING BY CHALON, AT LONDON SKETCHING CLUB.

parties to which I find frequent and mirthful allusion in the letters of the guests on those occasions. These latter parties were made up always of Captain Morgan's especial friends, who accompanied him when his ship sailed from London, down the Thames to Gravesend, or sometimes down the channel as far as Portsmouth, where they landed and returned by rail to London.

As mementoes of these delightful little voyages, I am able to offer the two sketches given with this paper from the pencil of Richard Doyle, whose name is a household word to all friends of "Punch," and the following letter from a constant correspondent of Captain Morgan's, a daughter of the artist Leslie, whose naïve descriptions give a bright picture of the society in which she lived.

"DEAR CAPTAIN: Shall we ever forget that sunset with your sublime ship before it, both fading from our eyes at once, as you set sail in a manner worthy of so great a man? Our ceaseless wish is that you may come again like the sun to brighten our horizon; we should, as W. said, 'know you by your cross-jack yards the moment we saw the top of your mainmast.' But I must tell you how we spent the rest of that evening after we parted from you. At the dock we all got into one fly (Grave-

send flies are small), nine of us and the driver (we did it by the rule of three and one over), and drove to the hotel. By the time we had accomplished a grand white-bait tea, we found it was half-past nine; we could not be in time for that train, we must stay till half-past ten, of course; so we all took a promenade on the terrace fronting the river, which by this time had assumed a most poetical appearance, with distant ships, light reflected on the calm, etc. I wish it were possible for my weak mind, and weaker pen, to give you a faint idea of the fun that we had, the poetry that was composed' blank verse recited, etc., but it can't be done; I must leave the whole scene to your powerful imagination, and if you sketch it to the utmost, it will not be able to picture the merriment of our party. At last we went back to the railway and luckily caught the last train. We all got into one large saloon carriage, which just held us and one stranger, who, I am certain, must have thought himself bewitched. There were two lamps in the carriage, and some of our party proposed spending a fortnight in it, going up and down, without communicating with our unfortunate relatives. Dickens was in the best humor in the world; he stuck all the tickets round his hat, to the astonishment of the guard. We all came home in one omnibus, and Dickens dropped one tear into it when he left us. It was past one o'clock

when we blessed the sight of our wondering friends, and I am sure I never enjoyed a day's excursion so much in my life. Of course you have seen what Mr. Thackeray wrote in the next 'Punch,' with E. E. Morgan's name in letters a yard high. We have seen him two or three times since, and he always speaks of you and says he is going to write to you about his lectures. He has sent me a ticket, and we have been to two; they were delightful. Your friend, Mrs. B., goes because she says she has found it is 'the thing to go to Thackeray.' He gives them at Willis' Room, and has crowded audiences—all the great people. * * * * Sir Edwin Landseer is going to the Queen's fancy ball on Friday, and was here all one afternoon for papa to help him choose his dress. Landseer was so amusing! He told us that Count d'Orsay when he was going to a fancy ball sent a very splendid walking-stick to his tailor and told him to dress him according to that.

"I am savage to think you should have missed Mr. Peabody's grand ball, the very grandest event since you left England, but it's of no use to say anything about it. I send you one of the *cartes de danse* and from that you can imagine what the rest of the entertainment was, and how the American eagle hopped about quite tamely with the American flag in his beak.

"I was told that His Eagleness condescended to dance a polka with a certain young English beauty, but I can't say I saw it. The Duke of Wellington shook hands with everybody and looked delighted, and as for lions, they roamed about as gentle as doves. I have such an exquisite drawing by Dick Doyle (who went, he says, in the character of a poor artist of the reign of Queen Victoria), of the Duke of Wellington shaking hands with a crowd of pretty girls. He (Dick), sent it to me with the inclosed 'carte' for you, as I had lost mine at the ball, with my heart and a few other trifles. My adored Thackeray was there, too, and he told me who all the great people were, and introduced me to Disraeli. He says the 'carte' I send you is a 'Peabodial trophy.'

"Mamma is gone out of town, and papa is going to the Duke of Northumberland at Sandwich, so we shall be left like Banvard, with no pa—nor—a—ma. When they come back we are going to have the best party on record, but it wont be complete without you, so let me know what day will suit you, and I will send out invitations accordingly, but you must not be long crossing the stream,—never mind damaging a little canvas. We will have Dickens, Thackeray, and a blaze of genius, and not a single person or party of high principles admitted. I can't write any more, for the family is gone to bed, and you know how I am afraid of ghosts, so I wish you all as pretty a moonlight night as this * * * * I must not get too sentimental, though it is excusable in winding up; even sailors sing sentimental songs in winding up (I mean weighing the anchor), so I shall anchor here for the night, 'off the drawing-room lights,' mean time, 11 o'clock.

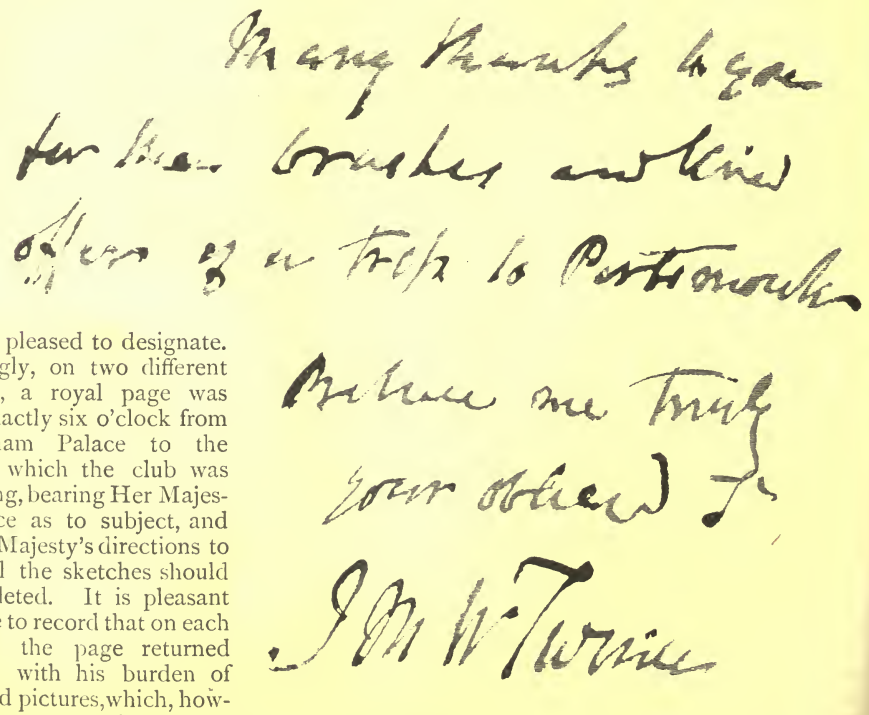
"H. J. L."

For some years during this period of his life, Captain Morgan was an honorary member of the London Sketching Club, an honor which was enhanced by the fact that he was the only such member chosen by the club during the forty years of its existence. This little society was composed of eight artists who held weekly meetings from November to May, at the houses of the members successively, for purposes of art and criticism. They met at six o'clock, when a subject for a sketch was given by the host of the evening, four hours being the time allowed each one for the completion of his drawing. At ten o'clock supper was announced, and after supper the sketches were exhibited, and they always met the ordeal of a severe criticism. On only one night in the year was the use of colors permitted, for, with this one exception, an inflexible law of the club required that all work should be done in sepia and India ink, and on one day in each year the dissipation of a long ramble in the country was ordained, in commemoration of the founding of the club. As the list of members included Stanfield, Leslie, the two Chalons, and other well-known names, with an occasional guest in the person of Landseer, Turner or Constable, the sketches were often of very great beauty, while, in general, it is remarkable that such fine effects, both in conception and execution, could be obtained in the narrow limits of the time allowed. The Queen, who with the Prince Consort, was much interested in the club, is said at one time to have expressed her incredulity as to

DRAWING BY CRISTALL, AT THE LONDON SKETCHING CLUB, ON SUBJECT FROM "L'ALLEGRO."

the possibility of its members producing such results if held strictly to the letter of the law in respect to time, and as this not unnaturally touched the pride of the society, Her Majesty was forthwith invited to give her own subjects on any two evenings she might be pleased to designate. Accordingly, on two different occasions, a royal page was sent at exactly six o'clock from Buckingham Palace to the house at which the club was then sitting, bearing Her Majesty's choice as to subject, and also Her Majesty's directions to wait until the sketches should be completed. It is pleasant to be able to record that on each occasion, the page returned promptly with his burden of completed pictures, which, however, were not left permanently in the hands of Her Majesty. The subjects given on those two evenings by Her Majesty were "Danger" and "Elevation." Stanfield's sketch for the latter was a midshipman mast-headed, which has since become familiar as a vignette to an illustrated edition of Marryatt. It was the custom of the club to give the sketches made on each evening to the host of that evening, and as Captain Morgan had the honor to be host on four different evenings, he was accordingly the fortunate possessor of as many sets of sketches, the subjects of which, are "The Meeting," "Night," "What you Will," and Milton's "L'Allegro." The last two sets are in colors, while the first includes Landseer's original sketch for his since famous picture of "The Challenge." The set "What you Will" is particularly good, from the fact that the subject imposed no limitations, but left each man free to work his richest vein and practically to choose his own subject.

DRAWING BY STANFIELD, AT LONDON SKETCHING CLUB.



Captain Morgan's connection with this club drew him into pleasant relations with many of the English artists of the day, and his own love for, and appreciation of, all artistic and literary work, made him always a welcome guest both in study and studio. Turner, whose habitual reserve was so great as to make any exception to it especially noticeable, seems to have had a real fondness for sailors and their belongings, and the hours which he spent on shipboard with Captain Morgan were always full of pleasure to his host, who averred that "he (Turner) knew more about ships than most sailors," and, that, both from his appearance and his familiarity with nautical lore, he might easily have been mistaken for the captain of a "down-east" schooner. The mystery which surrounded his private life was so effectually preserved, that even his nearest friends had no clue to his real residence; for, although his letters were frequently dated from Queen Anne street, it was known that he did not live there, and the loneliness of his death, sad as it was, was only the inevitable result of the determined secrecy of his life. His manners were brusque and odd, and I have often heard Captain Morgan describe a curious habit which he had in conversation, of giving only the main points of a sentence, leaving the rest to be filled up by the imagination of his hearers. In 1846 he writes:

"47 QUEEN ANNE ST.

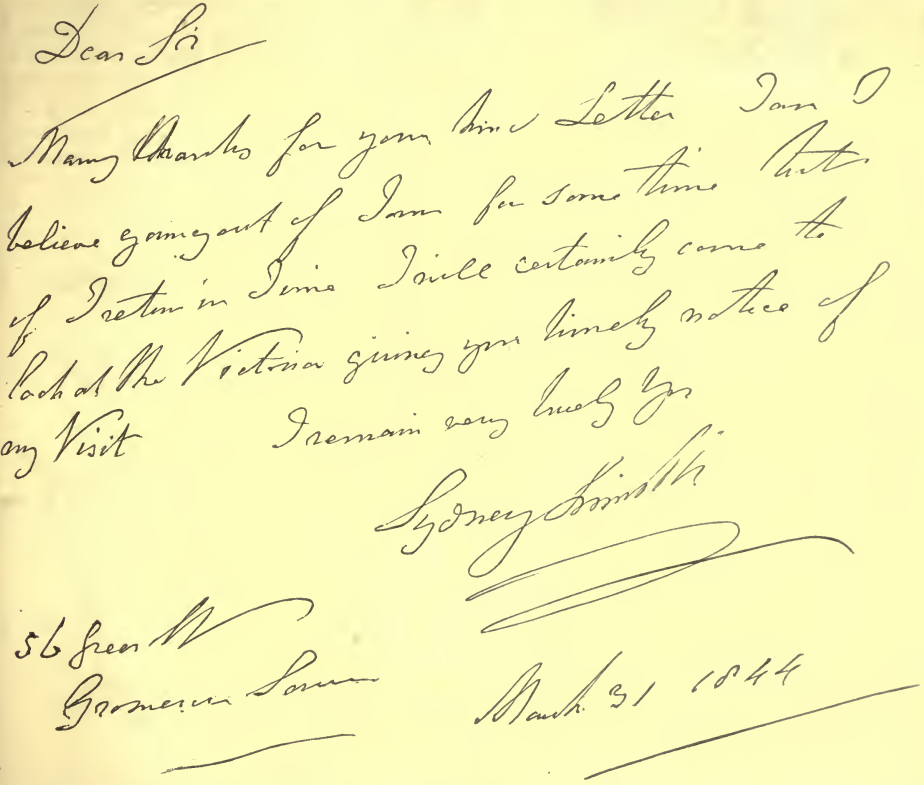
"DEAR CAPTAIN MORGAN: The storm of Saturday last having stove in the dead-lights in my gallery it is at present a complete wreck. Have the goodness to ask Mrs. Morgan to allow all the time available before you sail for America for the said broken lights to be repaired by the glaziers. The room is now in a state of darkness to keep the rain out.

"Many thanks for the brushes and kind offer of a trip to Portsmouth.

"Believe me truly your obliged,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

Captain Morgan's personal reminiscences of the great artist were of the pleasantest description, for, though his peculiarities in conversation must have been somewhat tiresome, he seems to have been able both to make and to take a joke, if one can judge from the story told of his declaration to Chantrey (whom he had appointed as his

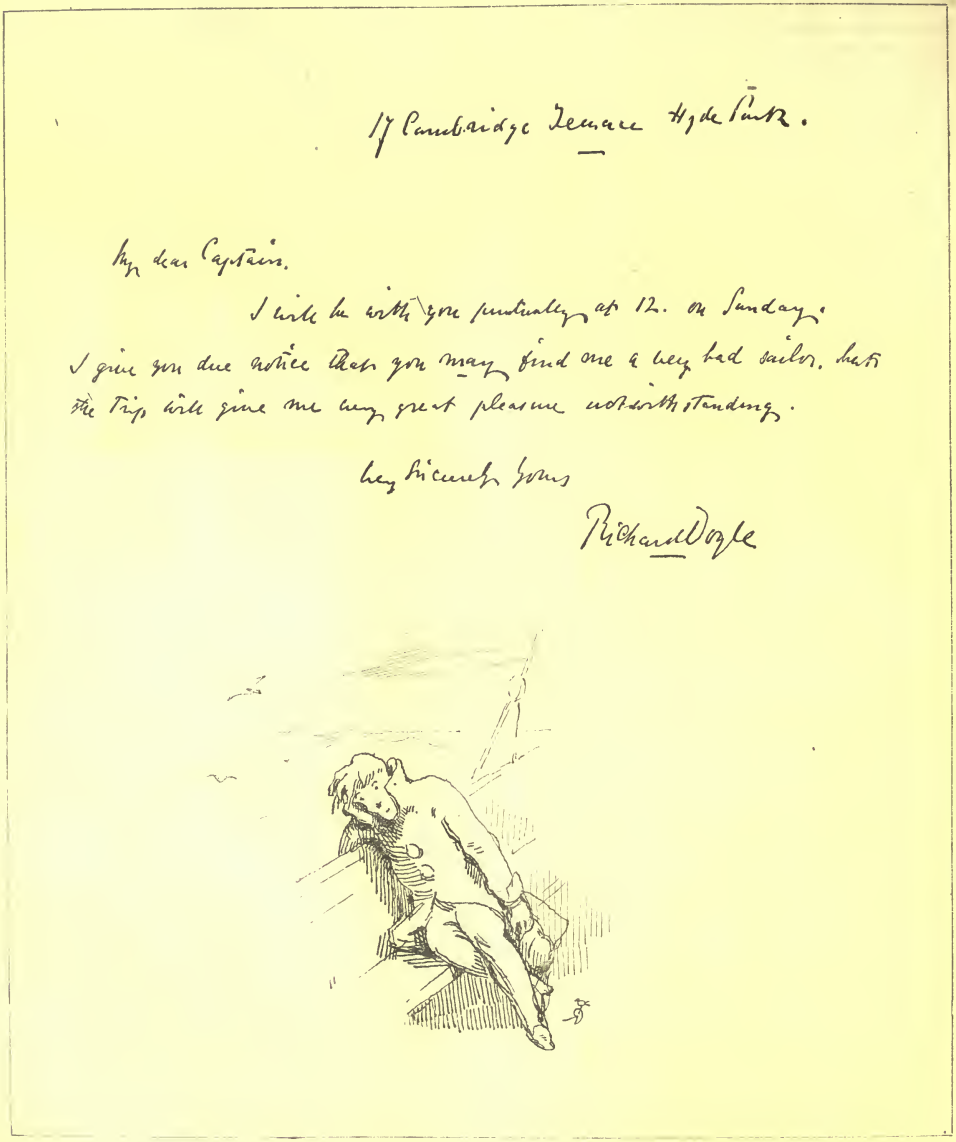

Dear Sir
Many thanks for your kind Letter I am
believe going out of Town for some time but
of Return in Time I will certainly come to
look at the Victoria giving you timely notice of
my Visit I remain very truly Yrs
Sydney Smith
56 Green
Gloucester Square
March 31 1844

executor) of his intention of being buried in his "Carthage," the picture now in the National Gallery.

"Will you promise," said he, "to see me rolled up in it?"

"Yes," replied Chantrey, "and I promise you also, that as soon as you are buried I will see you taken up and unrolled."

The warm admiration which for years Captain Morgan had felt for Sydney Smith, caused him to take greatly to heart the latter's petition to Congress (in 1843) in regard to the debt due England by the repudiating states, and his interest in the resultant controversy was the interest of a faithful defender of his country's honor. He sent at various times to Sydney Smith barrels of carefully chosen American apples with other distinctively "Yankee" productions, as "his share of the American debt," in recognition of which he received the following note, which I choose from among several as bearing most clearly the stamp of its author.


17 Cambridge Terrace Hyde Park.

My dear Captain.

I will be with you punctually at 12. on Sunday.

I give you due notice that you may find me a very bad sailor, but the Trip will give me very great pleasure notwithstanding.

Very sincerely Yours

Richard Doyle

"SIR: I should have written long since to have thanked you for your apples, but I unfortunately lost your address, and it lately occurred to me that I could find you by means of our friend, Mr. B. The apples have been eaten with universal applause after I had assured the company that they came from a solvent state. My opinion (worth something, not much) is that Pennsylvania will *not* pay. I heard my friend, Mr. Stokes, upon the subject, but his facts and his arguments led me to conclusions very opposite to his own. I sincerely hope that you have only a theoretical interest in the subject. I remain, sir,

"Your obliged and obedient servant,
"SYDNEY SMITH."

"January 14, 1844,
"Combe Florey, Taunton."

To this note is added this printed receipt for salad, on the margin of which he has written, in the spirit of a true artist, "Let me beg of you not to alter the proportions in the salad."

A RECEIPT FOR SALAD.

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Unwonted softness to the salad give;
Of mordaunt mustard, add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment, which bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt:
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar, procured from town;
True flavor needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And lastly in the flavored compound toss
A magic tea-spoon of anchovy sauce.
Then though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full, the epicure may say,
Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-day.

A WINTER SALAD.

Two well-boiled potatoes, passed through a sieve; a tea-spoonful of mustard; two tea-spoonfuls of salt; one of essence of anchovy; about a quarter of a tea-spoonful of very finely chopped onions, well bruised into the mixture; three table-spoonfuls of oil; one of vinegar; the yolk of two eggs, hard boiled. Stir up the salad immediately before dinner, and stir it up thoroughly.

N. B.—As this salad is the result of great experience and reflection, it is hoped young salad-makers will not attempt to make any improvements upon it.

CAPTAIN MORGAN AS A SAINT RENOUNCING THE SEA.
(FROM LETTER OF MISS LESLIE.)

I add as the natural accompaniment of Sydney Smith's letter, though of much later date, the following from Lady Holland:

"25 LOWER BROOK ST.

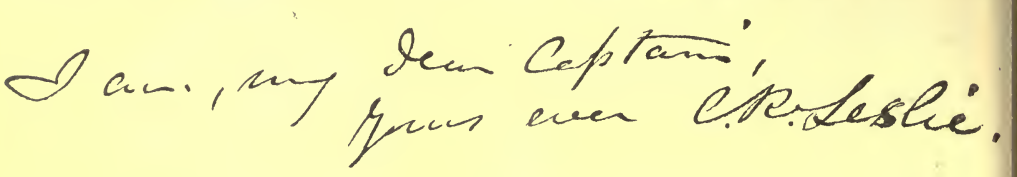
"MY DEAR SIR: Few things have gratified me more in the very flattering reception the memoir of my father has generally received, than the cordial and honest approbation the knowledge of his character has drawn forth from America, both in public notices (of which I have seen some and read others) and the private letters I have received from unknown individuals; but I am doubly gratified by receiving a letter of such warm approbation from one who is well known to me as belonging to those of your country who so nobly came forward to show they shared in the sentiments my father was then expressing (perhaps somewhat roughly) toward America, and in so doing proving himself her truest and best friend. As you aided my father in promoting the honesty of your country, pray also give the weight of your influence in favor of the next greatest blessing, peace, which he advocated so earnestly between two nations who ought ever to walk hand in hand to promote liberty and its best blessings. "Believe me, dear sir,

"Truly yours,
"SABA HOLLAND."

Captain Morgan's private notes show that he twice breakfasted with Samuel Rogers, but the introduction did not take place until near the close of the latter's life; and though I find memoranda of two or three appointments made to visit certain private galleries together, there is no evidence of any especial friendship between them beyond the fact

Captain E. E. Morgan
Ship Southampton.
from his sincere friend
Samuel Rogers.
March 18, 1850.

that the poet presented Captain Morgan with a copy of a beautiful and, I believe, rare edition of his works. The illustrations are from the well-known designs by Turner and Stothard, but it is a true *édition de luxe*, finished in every detail to the point of perfection. In looking at it, one cannot but sympathize with the delight that the poet



must have felt in linking his verse to such exquisite art, for Stothard's lovely fancies are, in their way, as satisfying as Turner's grandeur, and every page is a study. I reproduce the signature upon the fly-leaf as I believe it is unfamiliar in America.

There can be no doubt that the strong friendship which subsisted for so many years between Captain Morgan and his English friends, owed much of its charm to the fact that while he was a true lover of Old England, his devotion to New England was unswerving. His humor was of the dry Yankee type, and his jokes and stories, of which he had an unfailing supply, had always a flavor of the keen New England air.* Dickens, who was certainly no lover of Americans in the abstract, must have had good cause to forget his prejudices when he wrote such letters as these:

"My Dear Morgan: Another box of cigars just received at this little old-fashioned country house of mine, perched on the very hill-top where Falstaff ran away! You don't know, my dear fellow, how often you are with me. Two or three times every week as I light my cigar after dinner and sit down in my study, or go out walking (according to the season) to muse, I say, 'I wonder whether Morgan will ever bring one of those big ships back, and beam upon me with the light of his bright face and hear *me* tell *him* the story of the wet lovers and the dry one!' (You must know that I have appropriated that story and acquired immense reputation by it.) God bless you and yours! I heartily tell you that every short letter from you comes to me like a wholesome breeze from the other side of the Atlantic, giving me assurance that fine natures and sound hearts will never die out of any land so long as the rainbow shines. * *

"I will inaugurate the first chapter of the next book (whenever it comes into life; it is in the land of shadows now, unknown to me, but waiting to be born) by fumigating it with a cigar reserved from this very box. "Faithfully yours,

"Chas. Dickens."

The story referred to by Dickens may have gone the round of newspapers, but I risk re-telling it because a story over which the creator of Sam Weller had a hearty laugh ought to be perennially good. On one of Captain Morgan's voyages from America to England, he had under his care a very attractive young lady, who speedily distinguished herself by reducing five young gentlemen to the verge of distraction. She was quite ready to marry one; but what could she do with five? In the embarrassment of her riches she sought the captain, who, after a few moments' thought, said: "It's a fine calm day; suppose, by accident, you should fall overboard; I'll have a boat lowered ready to pick you up, and you can take the man who loves you well enough to jump after you." This novel proposition met the young lady's views, and the programme was accordingly carried out, with the trifling exception that four of the young men took the plunge, and, being picked up by the boat, presented themselves a dripping quartette upon the ship's deck. The object of their undampened ardor, no less wet than themselves, fled to her state-room and sent for her adviser, the captain. "Now, Captain," cried she in despair, "what *am* I to do?" "Ah, my dear," replied the captain, "if you want a sensible husband, *take the dry one*"—which she did.

* One of the characters who did frequent duty in these stories was an old gentleman whose odd ways and speech were well known in his own corner of Connecticut. His piety was by no means of the sternest, but at the same time he was convinced that his Satanic Majesty had an especial spite against him, and would at any time go out of his way to do him an ill turn. This was held by Mr. S. to account for the fact that his ships had always more than their share of head-winds, and as his mind was set on thwarting the adversary, he succeeded, after various false starts, in maturing a plan which he believed precluded the possibility of failure. He made an arrangement by which four of his homeward bound ships sailed simultaneously from the four quarters of the compass, N., S., E. and W., so that let the wind blow as it would one ship at least must be in luck. "Now, Mr. Devil," said the old gentleman, "I've got you." But, alas for the plans of mice and men, the devil is not so easily outwitted, and one would like to have seen the old gentleman's face, when with solemn gusto, he ended the story of his defeat, "It was a dead calm for six weeks!"

Again Dickens writes:

"DEAR FRIEND: I am always delighted to hear from you. Your genial earnestness does me good to think of. And every day of my life I feel more and more that to be thoroughly in earnest is everything, and to be anything short of it is nothing. You see what we have been doing to our valiant soldiers. [This letter was written during the Crimean war.] You see what miserable humbugs we are. And because we have got involved in meshes of aristocratic red tape to our unspeakable confusion, loss and sorrow, the gentlemen who have been so kind as to ruin us are going to give us a day of humiliation and fasting the day after to-morrow. I am sick and sour to think of such things at this age of the world * * * I am in the first stage of a new book, which consists in going round and round the idea, as you see a bird in his cage go about and about his sugar before he touches it.

"Always most cordially yours,
"CHAS. DICKENS."

Some years before this second letter was written, Captain Morgan made his last voyage as commander, giving up the sea to establish himself in business in New York, and while at heart a sailor to the last, his voyages from that time were only occasional. As a result of this, his intercourse with his English friends became more and more dependent upon correspondence; and although he identified himself closely with the commercial and philanthropic interests of New York, he felt strongly the separation from the pleasant life with which he had been so long familiar. About this time Mr. Leslie writes:

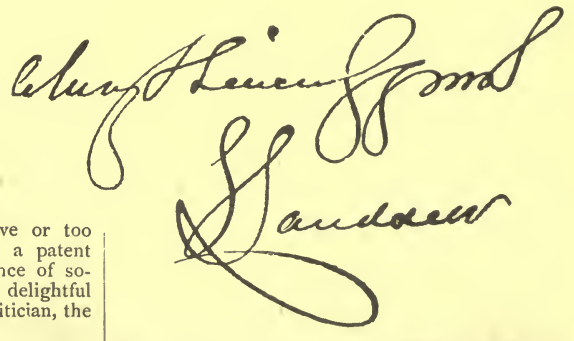
"We hear you talk of retiring into private life; of course you cannot do this without the consent of your friends in England. We have had a general meeting on the subject, and I am authorized to communicate to you that we only agree to your leaving the service in which you have so long and so brilliantly distinguished yourself, on condition that you pay a visit to London at least once a year. Everybody wants to see you. I sat next Dickens at a dinner-party lately, and he would talk of no one else. We say no one ever sees you without feeling happier for the rest of their life. H. says you need not be afraid of your seat at our table being filled up—we have tried and can't do it, the competitors are all too large or too small, too grave or too gay; indeed you might safely take out a patent for Captain Morgan's 'compound essence of society,' combining all the various and delightful qualities of the sailor, the artist, the politician, the chess-player, etc."

Miss Leslie's letters become longer and more descriptive, and it is evident on all sides that the loss was a real one. I quote once more from her pen, for the friendly voices whose echoes she has imprisoned for us are all hushed in the eternal silence:

"FREE AND ENLIGHTENED CITIZEN: You have never been to Paris. I pity you. I have been to Paris, and a delightful place it is. Such churches! such palaces! such pictures!—miles and miles of pictures! such gardens! such houses! such streets! such hotels! such shops! such coffee! such waiters! such hats! such boots and shoes! such bridges! such fountains! such fortifications! such *gens d'armes!* such Bonapartes! I don't know which of all these things delighted me most; but I know Versailles would suit you, for in the palace there are many large rooms full of pictures showing Bonaparte doing everything he ever did or didn't; and, above all, there is a picture of him as he appeared pardoning the Duke of Wellington after he had won the battle of Waterloo!

"Louis Philippe desired to be kindly remembered to you, or, as he expressed it, '*Veuillez, mademoiselle, faire mille et-mille compliments, et dire tout ce qu'il y a de plus tendre de ma part à mon ami le Napoléon de Connecticut.*'

"We found the French more polite than we could have believed any earthly beings to be. The churches are splendid, and in one we wished particularly for your presence, as over the altar there was a picture of Napoleon in quite a new position—that is to say in heaven! or very near it. By the bye, you are perhaps not aware that you have been elected President of the Royal Academy, and are expected to come over at once to commence the duties of that high position. The temporary president is Eastlake, who has been knighted, as, of course, you will be on your arrival. I went to the Royal Academy the other day with the Doyles, and we saw P—— come in (you remember how short he is). Dick said, 'I wont speak to him; why don't he come full length like other people, or else stay in the miniature-room?' P—— came to see us yesterday and is as mysterious as ever. We suppose him to be the man in the moon, and that he can only get leave of absence 'when de moon am gone away.' He takes, he says, 'a morbid view of everything;' the world is getting worse and worse every day, and sighs as deeply as his size will let him for the good old times when you might see any of your friends' heads stuck on Temple Bar, or be burned yourself for saying your prayers out of fashion. He says that you are the only person one never sees too much of. You always like to hear of my misfortunes, so I will tell you of the last, on Monday, just as we were starting for a party at Dickens's!



"You must know I had a very pretty pot of snowdrops of which I took such care and was so fond, and that evening, to my horror, the maid threw them down and completely smashed them! She did it in the dark, so I could not scold, and for want

of better relief I cried!—there's a goose! made my eyes red, etc.—'no consequence'—went to Dickens's; never enjoyed a party so much in my life; danced with Cruikshank; talked with Thackeray a great deal; he smokes, luckily, so I am going to send him some of the cigars you left, as I am sure no one can be more worthy of them in your opinion or in mine. Now you know who is the reigning monarch! The room was full of genius and fun, and I got leave of absence for the night from the 'High Principled Society.' Mark Lemon said it spoilt his back hair to dance in a crowded quadrille. I talked to Stanfield about the attempt you and papa made to steal the club drawings. He asked how I heard it, and I told him I saw it in the police reports. I need not tell you all the people who were there. * * * Though I know you don't get my letters, I write because it is my duty to do so; but you should remember that a correspondence is like a triangle, it should have two sides equal to one another.

"H. J. L."

Many of these letters of Miss Leslie's are illustrated, and I cannot resist the temptation to reproduce a little saint whom I find in a corner glorifying a whole page with the brightess of his aureole and the blueness of his celestial background (see page 769).

"He has put you in his calendar of saints, as thus, you see, you have turned your back upon ships and are wholly devoted to land affairs."

At a somewhat later date, Landseer (Sir Edwin) writes:

"* * * Since last I wrote you my time has been chiefly occupied in the other art, sculpture! and it is likely to remain my daily pursuit for Heaven knows how long. It is two years since I have had a picture in the Royal Academy. This season I hope to assert myself in some sort of form. The two arts rather overwork me, and I lose weight, but not pluck. Now, if you realized the reputation that your friends give you in the old country, you would bring a shirt over to England, shake a lot of old friendly hands, and look at my colossal lions and say if I have done justice to Nelson! My lions are not bumptious, nor do they swagger, but look (I hope) as though they might be trusted, and, as a truly national group should be represented, are all gentleness and tranquility till Nelson gives the word. Be a brick, and take us, not by surprise, but as you find us, viz., always delighted to see you. * * * Dickens has a house in London, so you would be sure of being welcome 'all the year round.' * * * Give serious attention to my invaluable hints; take a turn with us, and see how very much in earnest we are with old friends.

"Ever truly yours,

"E. LANDSEER."

From this time till the close of Captain Morgan's life the correspondence with certain of his English friends was uninterrupted, but much of it is naturally of too personal a nature for publication. Dickens wrote frequently, and always warmly. No letters could be more charming than his, and every sentence which I perforce omit seems a real loss. In 1858 he writes:

"I really cannot tell you how highly and heartily I esteem your friendship. What if I were to come to America and try to tell you myself? More unlikely things have happened since the world began. I have been making an extraordinary sensation in divers places by reading my Christmas books to immense audiences, and sometimes I have thought, dreaming with my eyes open, 'Lord! I should not wonder if they would be very glad to hear me in America, after all.' I saw Leslie not long ago looking very well, but, on the whole, exceedingly like Don Quixote, with a grizzled beard. All your other artist friends are flourishing. I dined with a dozen of them last Tuesday, and they all smelt horribly of oil and varnish. * * *

"We have as much public humbug here as usual, and I should very much like (in imitation of your Washington legislature) to dodge it with a stone-ware spittoon, and dash its brains out."

And then, somewhat later:

"Read in America? Humph! Well,—if you had fifty thousand children there I would come directly; but you haven't, you see. And my mind strongly misgives me that I should see many faces turned toward me less beaming and kindly than yours. So I wont come just at present. I told Fields, of Boston, who also wrote to urge me, that I am going to have a preliminary reading in the largest exhausted crater in the moon."

Miss Leslie's piquant gossip offers only too many tempting opportunities for quotations; she is emphatically a free-lance, using gayly the privileges of her youth and her sex. She writes:

"The barometer is very low; it rains; the postman is seen looming; he comes in; and what a consolation to find a letter in the box from the captain! The spirits of the whole house rise. Papa has just returned from a visit to the Duke of ———, and declares that dukes are the pleasantest people in the world except captains. He talked rather grandly when he first came back, but has come down again now and walks to Hampstead every fine Sunday. I go with him to keep him from being carried away by effects—chimney-pots, etc. He is going to lecture there soon on Constable and Girtin, and the room will be hung all round with their pictures; but I'm afraid the Hampstead Heath-ens wont understand it. The Chalons have gone to a new house at Kensington, that is, an old house, very pretty with a real garden. We paid a state visit and were shown everything, and, as they have some goats, Alfred said, 'Would you like to see a chamois-hunt?' Then Louis carried a beautiful little kid to the other end of the garden and called Tiny and Mizzy and let the kid go; away it bounded, and the two fat dogs ran after it for a few yards and then gave it up; but the grand triumph was to see the little kid jump over a crag of flower-pots placed expressly to make the chase more interesting. Alfred is much the same, but John is much changed; Stanfield and Landseer have both been ill, and the club is entirely given up. I believe Stump met by himself for a good while. All the rest of our world is the same as ever, except that everybody has had the influenza,

and everybody thinks he has had it worse than anybody else, and gets quite angry if you don't allow it. Do you remember a fine, handsome young man, very lively, named Mr. George Peabody? I am thinking of falling desperately in love with him. He took us to the opera the other night and treated us so magnificently and gave us such beautiful bouquets, that we think he must be one of the princes of the 'Arabian Nights' revived, and reverence him accordingly. He gave a grand breakfast lately at the Star and Garter (in writing to a native of the U. S. I should have said Star and G——). We and everybody else went, and afterward we had Grisi and Mario to sing 'Yankee Doodle.' * * * We are just now like a magnified 'Happy Family'—Yankees, Turks, Rooshians, Prooshians, Chinese, Germans, Tartars, French, Italians, camels, elephants, hippopotamuses and cardinals—all living peacefully in one cage. All London, soul and body, is absorbed in the Great Exhibition of Industry, and when we say we hav'n't been people stop talking to us as if we were deaf and dumb, but we wont go till you come to go with us. There is to be an opposition Exhibition of Idleness, to which I am going to send something.

"'No Popery' is all the fashion, no one knows what it will come to; but, if the Roman Catholics get the best of it and roast us all, you shall have some of the ashes of your dearest friends sifted and sent over in a coal-scuttle. I don't mean to be burnt, but shall join the Pope's party.

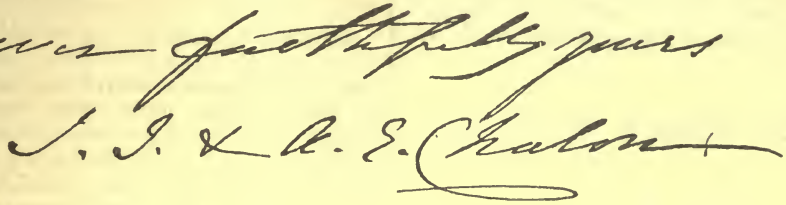
"By the bye, we had such a nice lecture from Thackeray, on Pope (of England), and, ever since, all the family have been reading or grabbing at Pope's letters, which, to my shame (and yet to my joy, for they are such a new treat), I have seen all my life in the book-case and never read a word of, for two foolish reasons, one, because they are bound in a color that most dull books wear, and, the other, that the pictures in the beginning are of a class that I hate, namely, Roman emperors with hooked noses, and temples of learning with pastoral warriors in armor with shepherd's crooks larger than the temples. I dare say you have met with that kind of books and avoided them as I did, but, if you don't know Pope's letters, do make friends with them very soon. * * * Have you forgotten all your poetry on that high stool? We shall call you as they do the cardinal, 'His Eminence,' if you don't come down. I am sure you could not read Burns up there; Milton, you might, perhaps, and, pray tell me if you think there is as much sense in 'Lycidas,' as in the 'Twa Dogs'?

"Papa looks so well in his Turkish dress (which he had made for our fancy-dress party) that he says he has been an ugly Englishman long enough, and now intends to go and live in Constantinople and be a handsome Turk for the rest of his days. Mamma and all send love to the poor captain, who has got aground at last after so many safe voyages.

"H. J. L.

"Mrs. P. makes me open this to tell you that she has entirely forgotten you. I went with her to Mdme. Tussaud's last night, and tried to bring you to her recollection by taking her into the Napoleon room and showing her the wax-works for which the catalogue says you are the model. I was delighted with everything, and we got into a regular row and were nearly taken up by the police for staring at a live man, taking him for a wax murderer and criticising him accordingly, and, though his eyes very naturally rolled fiercely in his head, we, of course, thought that was part of his business. Mrs. P. wont let me write any more, and, besides, I can't spell well with her pen, so good-bye."

The two Chalons, Alfred and John, of whom Miss Leslie speaks, were well known in their day for their charming water-color sketches and miniature portraits, while, to



the friends who knew them intimately, they were especially interesting by virtue of their devotion to each other—a devotion which, as Mr. Leslie says, "was such as, were it universal, would make this world a paradise."

For years they were never separated, living together, with their old servant Louis, first in Wimpole street and then in Kensington, content with each other and their art, simple and tender of heart always. In one of Miss Leslie's letters she says: "Tell the captain that the two Chalon boys have got some new pets. A pair of fine carp were sent them to eat, but Louis said, 'Oh, Mr. Alfred, they're not dead.' So they put them in a tub of water and they revived, and now they have a wire net over the tub to keep cats and all the other wild beasts that roam in the deserts of Wimpole street from eating them, and they feed them on minnows, and take all their friends to look at them."

Thackeray's visit to America in 1855 brought to Captain Morgan a pleasant renewing of old associations, and I find the following in the characteristically odd, perpendicular hand, gummed to the fly-leaf of a beautiful copy of "The Newcomes":

"My Dear Morgan: As soon as I am a free man, be sure I shall come down to —— street to look for a kind old friend to whom I owe a letter of thanks for a box of old cigars, a most cordial shake of the hand, and a book, the last I wrote, which I brought from

London with me expressly for E. E. Morgan, and in which his name is at the present moment written. Sir, I have been so busy that I have been nowhere except to E. 22d, where I found you lived by the directory, and when I got there with the books under my arm and saw the plate on the door, 'Good Heavens,' I thought, 'these Americans turn their hands to everything! Is it possible that, after having been a sea-captain, a farmer, a merchant, Morgan should now be keeping a ladies' school?' But they told me it wasn't you that kept the young ladies' seminary, and that you didn't live in 22d street any more.

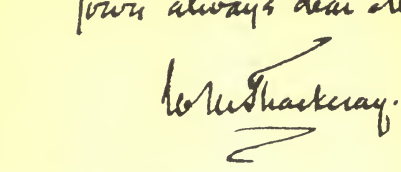
"Haven't I twenty more notes to write this morning?

"I send my best regards to Mrs. Morgan and the young ones, and am

"Yours always, dear Morgan,

"W. M. THACKERAY."

I remember being in the room during one of Thackeray's visits to Captain Morgan's house, when a lady present instituted a com-



parison between the author of "Vanity Fair" and Dickens, somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter.

"Ah," said Thackeray, shaking his splendid gray head, "it's very kind of you to say that, but you know Dickens's slice of pudding is much bigger than mine."

They were trifling words, jestingly spoken, but the face and manner of the speaker gave me, child as I was, a surety which I have never lost, that, however bitter might be Thackeray's scourging of the faults of his fellows, his great heart never harbored an ungenerous or envious thought.

As the sky darkened with the oncoming of our civil war, Captain Morgan had the pain of seeing many of his English friends range themselves upon the side of rebellion and slavery, or at best hold themselves aloof from the struggle, which to Americans meant national life or death. It was undoubtedly hard for him to bear this disappointment, coming as it did in the last years of his life; but his hopefulness never failed, and in the darkest days he did not doubt as to the end. Dickens writes:

"And you think the South will come back within the winter and spring? May I whisper at this distance from Fort Lafayette that *I* don't. I wish to God, in the interests of the whole human race, that the war were ended. But I don't see that end to it, no, nor anything like that end—with my best spectacles."

And Landseer also:

"I have half a mind to make an example of you and accept your invitation to the New England country. If I were not eager to make good certain promises in the old home land before going underground, I would drop in like Paul Pry, to laugh and sigh over old friends and old times * * * As a good Welchman you will quite understand my hoping that the fighting may last in the new country as it did in the case of the Irish cats, and that when you come to tell the tails, I may be present. I trust that you will make an effort to return to *our* United States; you will find a very honest group happy to shake hands with you.

"Always sincerely yours,

"E. LANDSEER."

But it was ordained that here the hands were never to be clasped again. Before the war ended the genial heart which had drawn to itself so many friends was stilled; the life which had seemed to bear promise of so many rich years yet to come was quenched. The intense energy of the typical New England temperament seems scarcely compatible with length of days, and Captain Morgan died, as such men must always die, in the midst of his work.

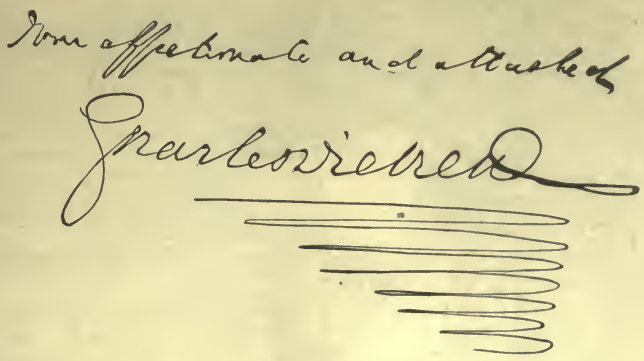
Honorable, generous, clear-sighted and sound of judgment, he was also more than ordinarily successful, while the wonderful heartiness which characterized him throughout was in itself a full source of happiness to him and to all who came within his influence. In attempting this outline of his life I have called his friends to speak for him, and in closing it I can hardly do better than to add a last letter from Mr. Dickens, who, I believe, truly loved and understood the rare beauty of the nature which he more than once attempted to describe.

"DEAR FRIEND: I am heartily obliged to you for your seasonable and welcome remembrance. It came to the office (while I was there) in the pleasantest manner, brought by two sea-faring men as if they had swum across with it. I have already told——what I am very well assured of concerning you, but you are such a noble fellow that I must not pursue that subject. But you will at least take my cordial and affectionate thanks * * * * We have a touch of most beautiful weather here now, and this country is most beautiful too. I wish I could carry you off to a favorite spot of mine between this and Maidstone, where I often smoke your cigars and think of you. We often take our lunch on a hill-side there in the summer, and then I lie down on the grass—a splendid example of laziness, and say, 'Now for my Morgan!'

"My daughter and her aunt declare that they know the true scent of the true article (which I don't in the least believe), and sometimes they ex-

claim, 'That's not a Morgan,' and the worst of it is they were once right by accident * * * * * I hope you will have seen the Christmas number of 'All the Year Round.' Here and there, in the description of the sea-going hero, I have given a touch or two of remembrance of Somebody you know; very heartily desiring that thousands of people may have some faint reflection of the pleasure I have for many years derived from the contemplation of a most amiable nature and most remarkable man.

"With kindest regards, believe me, dear Morgan,
"Ever affectionately yours,
"CHAS. DICKENS."



THE LESSON.

"BEWARE, dear Heart, if we should part,
Thy soul would miss her constant lover:
Be mine, be mine! What more divine
Than love like ours the wide world over?
For thee I dare, for thee I do,
Thy love my life—be true to me, be true!"

Her lips unclose; a wild briar rose
Less fresh and bright, and hardly sweeter;
"I know, I know! But thou must go,
And love thy love no more, nor meet her.
Stern Time decrees! And yet,—and yet,—
Oh, Darling, Darling, teach me to forget!"

Then to his breast he caught, he pressed,
He held her fast with swift caresses;
Her eyes of light, her forehead white
His kisses knew,—her cheeks, her tresses.
Not she, but Time the lesson learned,—
He watched entranced for hours, his glass unturned.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN. (AFTER A CRAYON PORTRAIT BY WYATT EATON.)

NEARLY four years ago, when "Gunnar" began to appear in the "Atlantic," there were few readers who would have guessed that the charming tale of Norse life had been originally written in English by a native of Norway not two years a resident of the United States. The story was so unique, yet so unmistakably genuine in its setting, so thoroughly and even conventionally Scandinavian in many of its features, that it was at first regarded (by some persons, at least) as a translation from the Norwegian. But

no translator could hope to preserve the dewy freshness of that idyllic Norseland flavor which pervades the book from beginning to end; and, at the same time, no English-born writer could have expressed himself in clearer English than the author of "Gunnar." This, in fact, would have been really inadequate praise, for few, indeed, are the romancers composing in our own tongue who have so happily combined grace with vigor and simplicity of style. Thus the little work indicated a rare union of gifts in its author; because only a poetic mind, deeply penetrated with the spirit of Norse life and scenery, could have portrayed them so delightfully, while only a cultivated Norseman writing in English with the ease of a native, could have made the story so fresh and attractive to American readers. Since the appearance of "Gunnar," all the succeeding works from the same hand have shown their author's native fondness for Norway and its people; but most of his stories have also shown his interest in the land of his adoption. So that many persons who know Mr. Boyesen only through his writings will scarcely need to be told that he has now identified himself with our nationality as thoroughly as he has acquired our language.

Mr. Boyesen's character as an author has been greatly influenced by several circumstances in his life, and most of the facts presented in this sketch are interesting from a literary point of view through their direct relation to his writings. He was born September 23d, 1848, at Fredricksvern, a small sea-port town on the southern coast of Norway. His father, an officer in the army, was stationed there at the time, but moved away from the place three years afterward. In 1854 he went abroad for two years, leaving his family with the maternal grandfather, Judge Hjorth, who lived at Systrand on Sognefjord—celebrated in Tegnér's "Frithjof Saga," as the scene of Frithjof and Ingeborg's courtship. Here, amid the beauty and grandeur of one of the most picturesque regions in all Norway, the boy dreamed away his childhood, listening at night to old legends and superstitions which he heard recounted by the peasants as he sat with them around the fire, gazing into the embers on the hearth, while dusk and shadow filled the room, and the spluttering pine-knot burned in a crevice of the wall. The tales told at such times had so strong a fascination for his mind that he never tired of them; though forbidden by his grandmother to associate with the servants, he would often steal down-stairs on the long winter evenings to hear their wonderful stories of necken, hulders, trolds and elf-maidens. Several of these stories are introduced in the earlier part of "Gunnar." In the closing chapters of the "Norseman's Pilgrimage" we have an accurate picture of his grandfather's home with the majestic mountains around it and the noble fjord upon the shores of which it is situated. Both the scenery and the legends of this magnificent region have left their deep and lasting impress upon his mind.

After his mother's death, which occurred when he was about eleven years old, the grandfather assumed the entire charge of Hjalmar, and placed him at a gymnasium, where he remained until he entered the University of Christiania. In the summer vacations, both at the gymnasium and the university, he journeyed most of the way homeward on foot, walking nearly two hundred miles with a knapsack on his back, usually accompanied by one or more fellow-students. These trips were made at the season of the year which is peculiarly glorious in that high latitude; his route led him through some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery of the north, besides bringing him in close contact with the country people at whose houses the travelers put up for the night, in the mountain districts where inns were scarce. On such journeys he became familiar with the character of the Norwegian peasantry, as well as the varied features of the Norwegian landscape. His experience at this time also furnished the material for the graphic picture of "saeter" life in "Gunnar."

In 1868 he was graduated from the University. Having been distinguished for his readiness in learning languages, he was advised to make philology his "bread study," as the Norwegians say, and had accordingly prepared to remain at Christiania as a special student in that science, when he received a letter from his father which caused him to alter his plans, and eventually changed his career.

His father had spent some time in the United States, and had returned full of enthusiasm for that country and its institutions. He now wrote strongly advising his son to go to America, and devote at least a year to traveling there—urging him, above all, not to settle down "and strike roots" in that "small arctic corner" before he had viewed the larger world without, and felt the mighty intellectual life of the century

pulsating through him. It had been his own misfortune, the father said, "to wake up to experience the happiness of this broader and freer life only when it was too late to obey the impulse which it prompted." He implored his son to break loose now while he was still young and capable of adapting himself to changed relations. On the other hand, the grandfather, when the plan was laid before him, strenuously opposed it; in his opinion there was no happier or better country on the earth than Norway. At last, however, it was decided that young Boyesen should go, for a year only, to see America and try how he liked it, his grandfather predicting that he would return before the year was at an end.

He landed at New York in April, 1869. After traveling through New England and the western states for several months, he found himself at the beginning of the next year in Chicago. Here he accepted a position as associate editor of a Norwegian paper called the "Fremad." In his first editorials he advocated the cause of the American common schools, and defended them against the denunciations of the Norwegian clergy, who have always used every means in their power to confine their people within the narrow limits of their own sectarian schools. This article attracted considerable attention when it appeared, and the question it raised is still discussed from time to time. Since then, he has endeavored not only in his journalistic writings, but also through his stories, to make his countrymen good American citizens. He hopes to see the Norwegians in the West become an organic part of the nation, and feels that the sooner this takes place, the better; for he is convinced that, living as they now do, apart from the rest of the community, their social and political influence is, in a great measure, wasted; while they are only prevented from assimilating with the surrounding population by this clannishness which the clergy encourage for purposes of their own, but which must inevitably disappear with the second or third generation.

In September of this year he was invited to become instructor in Latin and Greek at a small Ohio college,—a position which he finally accepted, chiefly because it placed him entirely among English-speaking people, and gave him the opportunity which he greatly desired of mastering the language. In the following winter he began to compose a story in English; and within two years from the time of his leaving Norway (though portions of the book were subsequently rewritten before its publication), "Gunnar" was produced. This was the first fulfillment of a long-cherished literary ambition. To become an author had been his highest aspiration ever since he was a boy of twelve. At that age he made his earliest effort in poetic composition, writing clandestinely at first, but afterward taking his grandmother into his confidence, reading his productions to her, and deriving great encouragement from her tears when his theme was tragic, as was usually the case. Of course, he thought of becoming a Norwegian poet only, for at this time the idea of writing in English had never entered his mind. Once, however, when he was about sixteen years old, he ventured to disclose some of his literary projects to his father, who took pains to discourage them by saying that Norway was too small a country with too limited a public to make authorship either profitable or elevating. "A poet," he said, "must be inspired by the consciousness of addressing a large number of his fellow-men, if he would rise above the petty concerns of the hour and really speak what would have a high human worth, a resonance that should come down through the succeeding ages." And then, never missing an opportunity to direct his son toward a future in America, the father added: "If you are strong enough to conquer a new language, and make it so perfectly your own that you can mold and bend it rhythmically to your will, then I shall believe in your literary aspirations, but not until then."

"These words," said Mr. Boyesen, "had a very powerful effect upon me, and have remained with me ever since. I determined on the spot to conquer a tongue which would reach millions of men, never considering in my boyish fervor, that my voice might be too feeble, my thoughts too weak to set human hearts in motion. For some years this thought was pushed into the background of my mind, but after my arrival in this country it was once more aroused with redoubled energy. From the day I set foot on American soil I have never spoken the Norwegian language except when I have been forced to do so. I soon began to think in English, and even to dream in English, which finally satisfied me that I had conquered it. * * * Of course I have lost my own tongue in the same degree that I have gained another. But the English has so much wider range

of expression, is so much richer and stronger, that I do not regret the loss."

It need hardly be said that Mr. Boyesen's mastery of English for purposes of authorship is something very different from what is ordinarily understood by learning a language; more difficult, indeed, than the acquisition of several languages in the usual way. It must be this absolute mastery of a language which Mr. Hamerton has in mind, when he declares, in his "Intellectual Life," that no one can speak even two languages *perfectly*, "except under special family conditions." Mr. Boyesen is scarcely an exception to this rule, for he has partly unlearned his native tongue in learning ours; he has not gained two languages perfectly; he has not added a second language to the Norwegian, but simply exchanged the old speech for the new one; so that he has literally made the English "his own." But even this was remarkable enough considering the time in which it was accomplished, and there can be no question of his linguistic talent—a talent which, as he somewhere observes, is quite common among his countrymen, and which is probably often inherited in many parts of northern Europe, since it naturally would be cultivated there in an unusual degree by the educated classes, especially by the natives of a country so peculiarly situated as Norway, so wild and thinly peopled, so necessarily unfruitful (comparatively) in men of genius, that her inhabitants must look abroad for great literary works in the language of nations with a larger life, a more active intellect, a richer, stronger, and ampler literature than their own land can ever produce. Thus knowing how Mr. Boyesen has deliberately chosen the English from all other languages as his means of literary expression, thus considering the sacrifice he has made without regret in acquiring it, we can realize the value of our precious mother-tongue, and more than ever before appreciate our own good fortune in possessing it by the free gift of nature as the medium of our thoughts.

Considered simply as a linguistic achievement, the production of "Gunnar" was certainly extraordinary. But "Gunnar" is not a mere literary curiosity to excite our wonder; it is a most charming prose idyl, full of natural grace and freshness, tinged throughout with the glamor of Norse folklore that more intensely colors all the earlier chapters. The prose, too, is pervaded by a spirit of poetry which occasionally rises into the form of verse, and attains its finest expression in the *stev* sung by Gunnar and Ragnhild on the night of the skee-race. Though it is not often that one can place his finger right on the best passage of a really good book, yet all readers must agree that this sweet burst of unpremeditated melody is the most pleasing thing in "Gunnar." Some of the author's subsequent and more elaborate poems may have higher merits of another kind, but none have equaled the unstudied grace, or the unique and artless beauty of this piece of primitive echo song, such as might have been sung in Northland ages ago. The entire story, plain and familiar as its outlines are, has an unwonted novelty of scene, and affords many picturesque incidents and situations, all set off by the glorious background of wild Norwegian landscape; while the diction of the book shows its author to be already as much at home in the language he writes as in the scenes he describes; for his pure, fresh, and simple style in the newly acquired English is all his own.

Before the publication of "Gunnar," early in 1873, Mr. Boyesen sailed for Europe, where he remained till the close of the year, spending the greater part of the time at the University of Leipsic, in the study of Germanic and comparative philology, and afterward revisiting Norway as well as France and England when on his way back to America. While in Paris he gained the friendship of Tourguèneff, with whom he has ever since maintained a frequent correspondence. In a magazine article entitled "A Visit to Tourguèneff," he has given a very interesting account of his conversations with the great Russian novelist.

Before going abroad he had received the appointment to an assistant professorship in Cornell University, and upon his return, he assumed the position in that institution, where he now is, having been recently made professor of German literature. With a good knowledge, both of the old and the modern German language, and an extensive acquaintance with its literature, Mr. Boyesen combines an unusual familiarity with the lives and personal characters of the German authors, that gives an element of biographic interest to his lectures; while he shows an insight into their artistic characters, a sympathetic appreciation of their poetic qualities, an enthusiasm in the study of their works, which no amount of mere learning or critical scholarship could impart. Even when the usual routine drill in trans-

lation is required, his method embraces much more than is ordinarily taught in the class-room. In the study of "Faust," for example, he sketches the old Faust legend, with the stories that cluster around it, makes striking comments on the literary and æsthetic qualities of the poem, pointing out the perfect art of the poet in the use of his materials, the wonderful way in which his words are subtly adapted to express the sentiment of the scene; at the same time all this criticism is interwoven with biographical details* and illustrative incidents drawn from the whole range of literature and made to center around the character of Goethe, the man, the poet, in such a manner as to reveal the spirit in which his masterpiece was produced, and thus to inspire the student with a true appreciation of his genius. The most attractive feature of his lectures is the vivid presentation of biographical details and illustrative incidents, in narrating which he displays the same kind of art that is seen in his own printed stories, namely, the art of a story-teller or *raconteur;* indeed, this talent—identical with the faculty of *fabulieren*, which Goethe is said to have derived from his imaginative and sentimental mother—is so natural to Mr. Boyesen, that even his criticism tends to take a biographical form.

Several of Mr. Boyesen's poems were printed before "Gunnar," but of his poetry I shall only observe here, that it has been, with a few, for the most part, recent exceptions, narrative in subject; and that his verse shows the same vigor, grace and simplicity of diction as his prose. On the other hand, the epithet "prose poetry," though rather inaptly applied to novels in general, would be peculiarly appropriate to his stories. In reading them your first impression is a sense of freshness, which you feel not merely because, as in "Gunnar," the scene is idyllic, but because his manner of looking at nature and his mode of treating his theme, whatever it may be, are essentially poetic. At the same time there is a perfect freedom from poetic artifice in all he writes an absence of all tendency to strive after novelty. Perhaps not one positively new figure occurs,—for example, in his fine description of the "Mountain Taken Maid,"—yet the passage strikes you as though it were entirely new; for there is no over-refinement, or straining for his imagery; not a trace of an artificial element in his style; its bloom is all natural.* And in his purity of expression, his directness of delineation and his way of describing everything poetically and picturesquely, but naturally and simply, without the slightest attempt at mere rhetorical effect—in all these qualities as we find them exhibited in his works, there is something which reveals the Scandinavian origin of the author. The very first chapter of "Gunnar" is an allegory that could only come from the North; in fact, the graceful personification of the pine, the fir and the lake, reminds one very much of Hans Christian Andersen,—though there is nothing to recall that writer in the succeeding chapters.

But the location of the story would naturally suggest a comparison with his own countryman, Björnson, whose "Fisher Maiden" "Gunnar" vaguely resembles in having for its theme the development of an artistic instinct in the principal character. In other respects the difference between the two books is more remarkable than the resemblance. The younger novelist has drawn new materials from the same field in which his countryman worked, and was especially successful in availing himself of the undeveloped treasures of Norse folk-lore with the happiest effect. Some of his shorter tales, particularly "A Scientific Vagabond," occasionally put one in mind of Björnson. But aside from a certain simplicity of manner, indicating that both by birth belong to the same school, the two novelists have little in common. Such, at least, is the impression of one who reads "Arne" and the "Fisher Maiden" in the English version. Boyesen has, for English readers, the advantage of producing pictures of Norwegian life which do not require the medium of a translation. While it is to be expected that the maturer artist should show more skill in working out his plan, more delicacy of touch and refinement in his mode of indicating character, rather than directly portraying it; yet, on the other hand, there is more evidence of force

* The nature of these details may be imagined; for example, the love episodes in the life of Goethe are fully discussed in connection with their influence upon his writings. Some general idea of this feature in the professor's lectures may be gained from three articles published two years ago in the "Atlantic," entitled, "Social Aspects of the Romantic School in Germany," "Novalis and the Blue Flower," and "Literary Aspects of the Romantic School."

* I regret that there is no room for the quotation: this passage can be found on pages 246, 247 of the "Tales from Two Hemispheres."

and energy of imagination in Boyesen, and in one or two of his shorter stories which are remarkable for strength and boldness of outline, he has displayed a power which may, when fully developed, enable him to go deeper into life than Björnson.

Traces of this kind of power recall a greater northern novelist whose writings have certainly had a strong influence upon Boyesen's artistic growth. His enthusiastic admiration of Tourguèneff is well known; indeed it would hardly be too much to say that the author of "Liza" has afforded him an ideal in novel-writing, and that in some particulars he has taken Tourguèneff for his model. Even the "Norseman's Pilgrimage" contains here and there a passage (for instance, the paragraph on pages 40, 41) which suggests Tourguèneff. In the later stories, the resemblance is marked in passages, though never throughout, for no youthful hand could have that wonderfully sure and sustained grasp of character which is found in the works of the great "northern athlete." Yet those quick glimpses of sympathy with nature and insight into character, as well as those incidental touches of acute realism,—such as the ticking of a clock, the buzzing of a fly against the window pane in "Smoke,"—these traits of the great Russian novelist are sometimes reflected in the "Tales from Two Hemispheres," while the tragic tone that pervades the book might have been caught from the same source.

These "Tales" are unquestionably superior to "Gunnar" and "A Norseman's Pilgrimage," not only because the author has made considerable progress since writing the former works, but because he is eminently gifted as a writer of short stories, and always conceives them with an ideal purpose in view. This is especially noticeable in "Asathor's Vengeance," which is designed to illustrate the extreme effect of a superstitious communion with nature upon a lonely mind, like that of the "Mountain Taken Maid," who is subject to the influence of the wild mountain scenery around her. Here was a problem not unworthy of Hawthorne, which has been very artistically worked out. The misty legendary light that is shed over it gives a picturesque completeness to the entire tale. While Boyesen seems most at home with a weird poetic theme of this kind, so peculiarly suited to his style, he has also been successful in the stories of real life,—most perfectly, I think, in "The Man who Lost His Name," which (all things considered) is probably the best he has given us. Besides, though placed first in the book, this was the last written of all the "Tales" and is therefore deserving of particular attention. Strictly speaking, it is not a story of real life, but of a gentle, idealistic dreamer who appeals to our sympathies through his pathetic helplessness in the actual world of New York. The tragic phase of this very unfitness for the struggle of existence is vividly portrayed in the history of his love for a woman of society,—a hopeless, fatal passion, such as a man with a more practical nature could scarcely experience, but just such as might have grown up in the breast of this dreamy, simple-hearted enthusiast. The American heroine, too, is drawn, or at least sketched, with a more skillful hand than the Boston girl in "A Norseman's Pilgrimage"; and this story proves that the author is capable of using the materials he finds on our side of the ocean, so that we may look ere long for larger pictures of American life and deeper studies of American character. Yet he can hardly afford to dispense entirely with the Norse feature in his novels, and still less to lose those indefinably Scandinavian qualities of style, whose adaptation to our language is as natural as the growth of the Norway spruce in our soil. His writings seem to bring a new element into our literature, as simple, pure and healthful as that which his immigrant countrymen have brought into our population.

The story just mentioned also contains several short passages of condensed reflection, unmistakably after the manner of George Eliot. But, in general, the quality of the author's mind is altogether unlike that of the great Englishwoman; and, since he has more frequently reminded us of Tourguèneff, he will be far more likely to follow that novelist's method than to pattern after George Eliot in the study of character. I have thought worth while to notice these literary relationships of Boyesen, because they show his artistic tendencies, and, as he is young, they also serve to indicate the direction of his future growth. Of course this likeness implies no lack of originality in what he writes. On the contrary, even where he recalls Tourguèneff, the resemblance is modified by a manner peculiar to himself. In his realism, he is less severely objective and impersonal than the Russian, and he does not exclude a graceful play of fancy from his writing, as for example, when he speaks

of "those small red-covered volumes of Chopin, where the rich, wondrous mélodies lie peacefully folded up like strange exotic flowers in an herbarium," which is a dainty little touch peculiarly his own. Again, in the same tale, a somewhat unusual effect is rendered in the presentation of the heroine, who, we are led to infer, is a typical New York girl; while her character is neither very strongly marked nor completely studied, it is still very admirably indicated on the side that appears in the story, that is, in as far as it affects the fate of the young Norseman. Hence, there is art in showing her, not from the ordinary point of view, but as she seems to her simple-hearted adorer; in describing her as "that wonderful complexity of ethereal lines, colors, tints and half tints, which go to make up the modern New York girl * * * ravishing to behold in the airy grace of her fragrant morning toilet," thus disclosing her idealized image in the mind of the poor dreamer who unconsciously identifies the loveliness of the girl with the beauty of her dress, until one day at luncheon when "she had got a stain on her dress, and he had been forced to observe that her dress was not really a part of herself, since it was a thing that could be stained." Very touching is the story as a whole, even if we choose to find fault with some of its details; for it has the true elements of tragedy, and leaves a deep impression at the close, considering that its length hardly affords space for the greatest tragic momentum to be acquired.

There can be no question that Boyesen has hitherto appeared at his best as a writer of short stories; but practice may render him equally successful in longer ones. He is now engaged upon a larger tale—partly from our own hemisphere—which will undoubtedly show a marked advance upon his previous efforts, in those technical qualities that a well-finished and skillfully constructed novel demands. In fact, the imperfection of his writing is all of this technical kind, which is only regarded by the more critical reader. The directness and simplicity of his manner, while it imparts the charm of freshness to his tales, sometimes leaves the raw fabric of the story slightly visible here and there,—commonly in the more realistic passages,—and thus occasions a trace of crudeness, which a little more careful elaboration of the material would have entirely removed. Such blemishes are usually too superficial to impair our interest in the narrative, and too transient to affect our general estimate of the writer, since the defect must disappear whenever he gives the details of his subject full time to ripen in his mind. Far greater faults would be outweighted by the rare merits that he displays.

Moreover, he is still a very young author, and the most important part of his career is yet to come; it will be some years before we can hope to see him at his best. Meanwhile, knowing that he has a high ideal before him, we may expect to measure the growth of his power with each successive book. All those that he has thus far produced, however excellent in themselves, are chiefly valuable for the promises they give of greater achievements in the future.

THE POET'S ART.

CALL it not art; that sad, laborious name,
Oh, gentle poet, does thy warblings wrong.
When at still eve the nightingales prolong
Delicious melody, who would not blame
The cold, mechanic term for that which came,
Born of sweet throats, a gushing stream of song?
So from thy soul pours forth, oh, free and strong,
Thine own deep music on the air of fame.
Thy art is Nature's; thou dost only hear
The whispered secrets of her woods and skies,
And then repeat them to the common ear
That cannot catch her finer harmonies.
Thou art her voice, and unto her so dear,
Her inmost heart is open to thine eyes.

TOGAS AND TOGGERY.

SOME one, more ingenious than wise, has lately attempted to set aside the old established epithets which indicate the distinction between man and the lower animals, and to substitute for "the building animal" and "the animal who clothes himself," the style — "the furnishing animal." This innovator, or would-be innovator—for it is not possible his doctrine should find followers in any considerable number—asserts that too many animals beside man build their own habitations, and indeed acquire considerable skill in architecture, to allow of his arrogating to himself the title of "the building animal," against which assumption, the birds, the wasps and the bees, the ants, and even the spiders, cry out in angry chorus. If he were an advocate, he says, bent on pushing his case to extremes, he might insist that in their building-practice, the animals have shown considerable inventive, and even mathematical, talent; that the ants were the first builders of domes, that a certain family of spiders invented the portcullis, and that the bees taught the mathematicians and geometers the only way to shape a cell which should be of the largest size in proportion to the quantity of material employed, and at the same time so disposed as to occupy in the hive the least possible space. Fireflies, too, point to a time when every man shall be a light unto himself—in short, our paradoxical author drives us to the exasperating conclusion usually reached by such specialists, that what his clients cannot do is not worth the doing, and what they do not know is not worth the knowing.

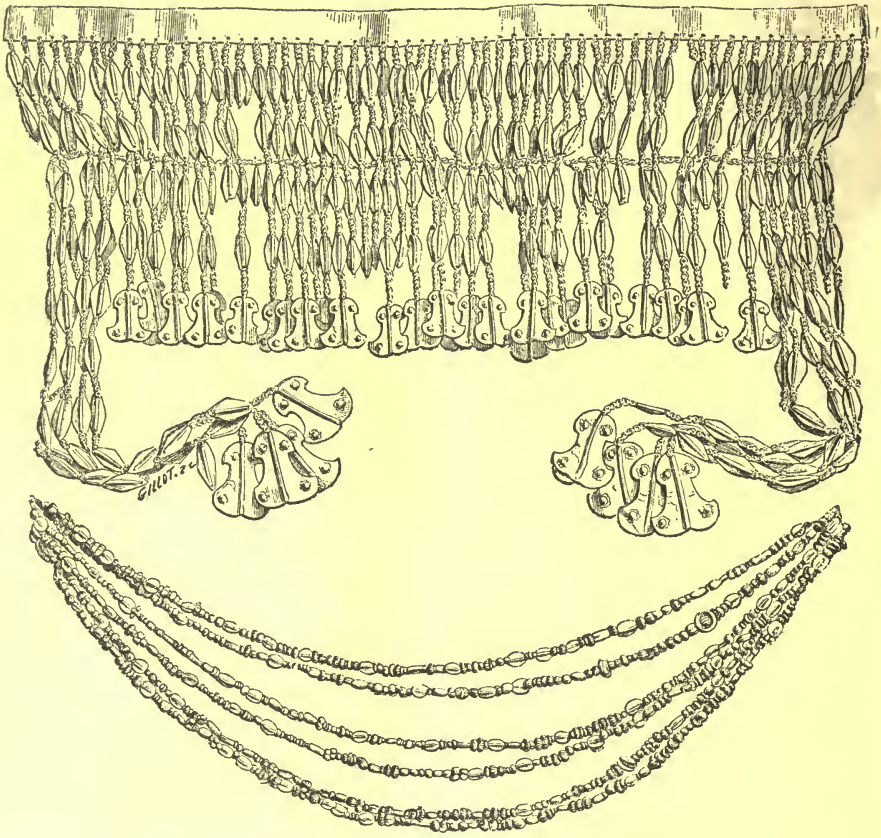
NO. 1. TERRA-COTTA HEAD FOUND AT TANAGRA.

We maintain, too, that, in reality, man has no need of furniture, and that everything he does worth doing could be done without these adjuncts. In the highest stage of civilization, men will not need either a bed, a table, a stool, or a candlestick—things which, just now, he considers to be of absolute necessity, but which one people, the most refined, the most intelligent, and the most highly civilized that has lived on this planet in historic times—the Japanese, to wit, have shown can be perfectly well dispensed with. Indeed, in every age, the more refined the race, the less has it thought furniture necessary, and it might even be asserted, without much fear of contradiction, that a people that need a great deal of furniture to be comfortable and happy is in a state, so long as that need is felt, that can only be termed barbarous. Man proper, man in his highest condition of spiritual and physical development, is absolutely independent of furniture;—sits on his heels, sleeps on the floor, eats with his fingers from dishes made of gourds and leaves (or, if he prefers it, of wood exquisitely lacquered) placed on the ground; avoids the necessity of candlesticks by using lanterns, or by going to bed early and sleeping late; and writes on his wristbands. All the noblest art, the most exquisite decorative design, all the immortal books, have come from people or from individuals to whom "things" have been unnecessary or unknown. And, therefore, to insist that man is distinguished from the lower animals by having furniture, is not to say a handsome thing about him, but to derogate from his dignity.

When we come to clothes, however, we find the case a different one. Clothes seem

NO. 2. CHURCH VESTMENT, MADE OF EASTERN STUFF.

to go hand in hand with man's development as a social being, and every high-tide in civilization has been marked by great inventiveness, splendor, and even luxury, in dress. In the oldest legend, the fig-leaf symbolizes the breach between man and the animals who, up to that time, had been as men, and that they dress as much as we do. He trifles with his subject, as it seems to us, by quoting Æsop, who asserts that the ass sometimes dresses himself in a lion's skin, and that the jackdaw, on one occasion, made for a time a little social capital for himself out of borrowed feathers. Mr. Darwin, a man



NO. 3. NECKLACE DISCOVERED BY SCHLIEMANN AT HISSARLIK.

his kinsfolk and confidants, but who, from that hour, were for the most part estranged from him; only a few of them expressing a mute wish to keep up the old, familiar relations. With the assumption of the fig-leaf, man did not take leave of his innocence, he only became conscious of it, but, what was of more importance, he became conscious, too, that he liked dress, and that in dress he could express a thousand thoughts and feelings, gratify a thousand desires and sensations that he felt stirring half unconscious within him, that in dress, in short, was another paradise, which would make the old one seem but a humdrum memory.

The paradoxical person before alluded to will have it that animals are as fond of dress of more scientific authority than Æsop, assures us that the birds, the butterflies, and many of the insects, play upon the advantages which they have learned by experience go with brilliant toilets; and that owing to a natural selection on the part of the females, the brilliant toilets finally cut out the dull and modest ones, and get the field to themselves. There is one insect that has the whim, like some philosophers, to go about in a shabby coat, and makes himself one of sticks and shreds of dried leaves, wrapped in which he walks, out-at-elbows and seedy, and hides his light under a bushel. Besides, if animals do not actually in all cases clothe themselves, they take very good care of the clothes Nature has given them. Pussy-cat

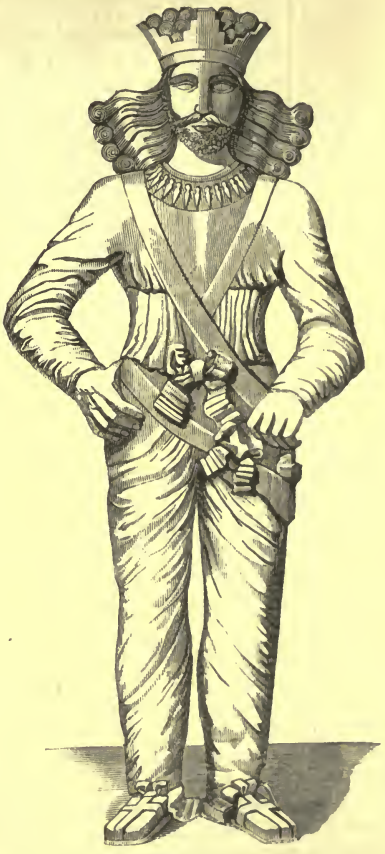
by the fire, serenely happy in the knowledge that the world and the people in it were made solely for her service and amusement, spends hours of the day licking her fur and washing her handsome face. And the birds, whenever time hangs heavy on their hands, preen their feathers and add fresh oil to their silk. It is true, the leopard cannot change his spots, but we have no reason to suppose he wishes to; both he and the tiger are no doubt well contented with their royal attire. Some animals have the power to change their attire, putting on an entirely new suit of clothes all at once in about the same time, at the longest, it takes some men's wives to dress for dinner. Whoever has been so fortunate as to come upon a snake putting off his skin, and has watched the creature's contortions (singularly like those of a man *putting on* a clean shirt), or has seen, as he might have seen a thousand times or so last spring, a seventeen-year locust hanging up his gauze coat on the twigs, will not soon forget the curious spectacle. Here, no doubt, are the most ancient forms of renewal,—the later creations do the same thing in a more leisurely way. The quadruped and biped, in moulting and shedding their coats, accomplish the end, with more discomfort to themselves than man, and with less neatness and celerity than the snake and the locust. Man is popularly supposed to take seven years to make himself all over new, but, in the meantime, between baths, barbers, dentists, and other pickers and stealers, he is never for long a fixed quantity. Certain expressions that come naturally to the lips on exciting occasions seem to point to undeveloped possibilities in man's nature, as when he says, "I thought I should burst," the very words, according to some interpreters, that the seventeen-year locust is all the time iterating, or, "I felt as if I should jump out of my skin," which the snake not only says, but does.

In fact, the clothing of animals gives them their individuality more absolutely than man's clothing gives him his; and, no doubt, if we could get near enough to the names that Adam gave the beasts in the Garden, we should find that those names hit in every case the exact characterization of the animal's nature, expressed by the markings of his skin, the colors of his feathers, or the disposition of his scales.

And man himself can do no better than to steal from the animals to clothe himself, and he is almost exclusively indebted to them when he is pushed for materials with which to adorn himself, for everything, in fact, that he needs to make his dress more than a merely utilitarian covering. With the exception of gems and jewelry, man goes to the animals for all his personal ornaments.

All this and more may easily be granted, and yet it does not oblige us to abate man's claim to distinction on account of his power to dress himself, and of his love of doing so. We do not believe that animals, to use the slang of the courts, have any case at all.

It is a fact worth noting that the nations which, like the Japanese, have shown a great indifference to furniture, have given much attention to the subject of dress. The most glorious costumes, so far as mere cost-



NO. 4. STATUE OF SAPOR.

NO. 5. "A CURLED AND COMBED ASSYRIAN BULL."

liness is concerned, are probably those of the Indian princes, blazing with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, topazes, sapphires and amethysts on a moonlight background of seed pearls, or soft cloth-of-gold or Dakka muslin. No doubt that for so much beauty as is consistent with sumptuousness, the Indian state dresses carry off the palm; but for picturesqueness and originality, there was never anything to match the Japanese dresses in the days that are passing away before the dismal march of improvement. To our mind, it argues a people unfit ever to add anything substantial to the intellectual or spiritual riches of the world, this eagerness of the Japanese to give up at a blow everything that distinguishes them from the outside world. Their form of government went first, but their dress followed hard upon, and some of their foremost men would gladly give up their religion, and their language, with all the manners and customs they could contrive to get rid of. When they have done this, the Japanese will find that they have nothing left but the one power to make money, and that they have sold their birthright for a mess of sour pottage. A nation that can ever entertain the wish to give up its language must be far gone in dry-rot. But, the dress was the easier to get rid of, and I cannot help thinking that a Jap, in what he takes for European dress, is a type of vulgarity that for its completeness ought to be a subject for some pride. Some of our readers may have seen, among the cheap colored wood-cuts imported from Japan by Mr. Van Tine, an assortment of which is kept pretty constantly in stock by him, one that represents the mikado giving an audience, to one of the daimios, probably. The drawing in itself was a lesson to the confident people who declare that the Japanese do not understand perspective. It would be interesting to put this cheap print alongside Mr. Frith's vulgar "Marriage of the Prince of Wales," and to show how much better the Japanese knew to give an idea of space than his English brother. This hall, vast in extent, closed in on either side by screens, and with its floor rising gradually from one end to the other in a succession of wide platforms, each only slightly higher than the one below it, was bordered on each side by a double row of officials, arrayed in what we call their butterfly-robes, inventing for ourselves a name which seems to describe this strange attire, with its head-dress recalling the head of some species of beetle, and with its wide, stiff sleeves, and wide, stiff skirt, marked conspicuously with the armorial bearings of the feudal clan to which its wearer belonged, and each great human moth seemed busily agitating its fan-tennæ (if the reader will forgive the reckless pun), suggesting to the fancy the notion that perhaps these creatures may be in the process of development from some quaintly rich variety of moth. To any one who, from familiarity with Japanese stuffs, and Japanese manufactures generally—their screens, their mats, their fans, their swords and pipe-cases, their ivory buttons and the rest—could translate

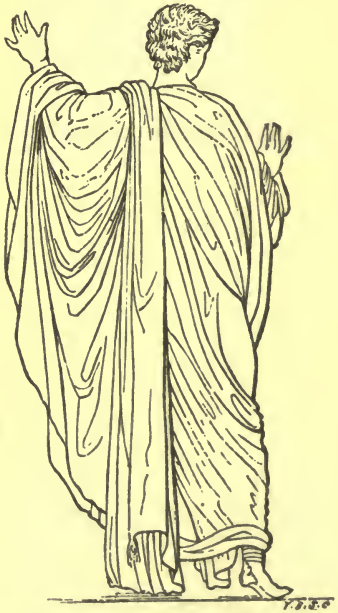
all this rude wood-cutting into the perfection of design and manufacture of the original, the notion that this picture gives of Japanese ideas of stateliness and refinement

NO. 6. TOGA.—FRONT VIEW.

in splendor is very captivating. In the center of each platform an official was seen upon his knees, with his forehead touching the floor; these men appeared to be gradually crawling up from platform to platform toward the superior end of the apartment, where, facing them, and sitting in front of a screen, though at some distance from it, was a great dignitary, not the mikado, but only one who represented that mysterious being who never revealed himself in the old days to any mortal outside the circle of his personal attendants. This representative of the ruler of the blissful kingdom was also clad in the butterfly-dress, and waved his fan as well as the rest, and one might fancy that the delicate motions of his antennæ were signals to regulate the movements of this august ceremonial.

Now that we have looked, first upon these pictures where the dress of the actors is in entire and artistic harmony with the place and with the ideas that governed the ceremonial in the past, let us look for a moment at another in the "Illustrated London News," which shows us the daimios of to-day, returning from paying their respects to the mikado. This time we are not shown the hall,—probably it has been transmogrified like the rest of fairy-land, and has been fitted up in humble imitation of a New York drawing-room of the Tweed *régime*, furnished *carte blanche* by Pottier & Stymus. We are standing at the outer gate of the palace, and the great feudatories are passing out. But, as the folks at Camelot said, "who is this, and what is here?" Are these the daimios, these gawky Irishmen—shambling, knock-kneed, spavined creatures in Chatham street suits, the trowsers turned up at the ankles, and with stove-pipe hats set at all angles on heads with hair they don't know what to do with? What a change! Fled is fancy, fled is beauty; and common-sense—oh, where is she?

The stuffs employed by the Japanese and Chinese offer this curious fact for our consideration: that the designs, in a multitude of instances, are identical with those of textile fabrics which, when we find them in European museums and collections, we refer to the middle ages. Probably many of these pieces—the remains chiefly of ecclesiastical vestments (see cut No. 2)—really traveled into western Europe from the extreme East; others may be the work of European looms, imitating these oriental fabrics and copying their



NO. 7. TOGA.—BACK VIEW.

designs. Wherever we follow her traces, the mediæval Christian church seems to have appropriated whatever she could lay her hands on—no less in merely extrinsic mat-

ters of costume, and ornamental design, than in the customs, superstitions, festivals and religious rites of the people she brought under her rule. We are so accustomed to associating certain forms of diaper-ornament and ara-

NO. 8. STATUE OF VULCAN.

besque ornament with mediæval art, that we are surprised to find these same forms, only more of them and in more various and free combination, in the silks of Japan, and in its wall-papers as well. The truth seems to be that these designs originated in the East and were adopted in the West. What we call "set patterns" in stuffs came in first perhaps from the remote East, and afterward received a new impulse from the Arabs. Flowing patterns may have originated with the Persians, and there may have been a new impulse for them from the Italian Renaissance.

The forms of some of the Chinese articles of dress are curiously like certain of the forms employed by the Romans. The jacket of a Chinese costume once in the writer's possession, when laid out flat on a table preparatory to folding, was almost identical in shape with one or two of those given by Viollet-le-Duc in his "Dictionnaire du Mobilier"—the later forms of the Bliant, the Cotte, the Garde-corps, for example. Not to insist upon this, however, though nothing is more likely than that the stuffs above alluded to may have been brought into Europe "made up" into articles of clothing, and the shapes as well as the stuffs themselves may have been adopted; yet what is more interesting is, that all the specimens we have seen of Japanese and Chinese clothing are made up by means of the needle,—they are not seamless garments. Of course the embroidery is all done by the needle, but the needle has also been found of the greatest use in sewing seams, in hemming, and in gathering.

Now in all the school-books, and books of useful information, we are assured that the needle was not introduced into England until Queen Elizabeth's time. We read that a certain Spanish negro (had he been cook or sailor on some ship that had coasted as far as China?) was the inventor of this useful implement, and that like a good pro-

NO. 9. TERRA-COTTA FIGURE FROM TANAGRA.

tectionist as he was, he died without revealing the secret of his discovery!

We know by certain signs and tokens that sewing was not unknown in Queen Elizabeth's time, though it is also likely it

had not reached the perfection it attained under our great-grandmothers. It was probably very nearly, if not altogether, as bad as what is done nowadays by the sewing-machine.*

Hamlet found Ophelia sewing, or, as the folio has it, "sowing" in her chamber, and Shakspere could hardly have thought of that occupation for her, if it had not been fashionable at least, if not common. Ophelia, like a young lady of position, probably amused herself as all the other girls of her set did. But this is not the only allusion in Shakspere to sewing; one, the reader will remember, is in that fine scene in "Coriolanus," where Valeria comes to visit the ladies Volumnia and Virgilia. Valeria says, as she enters the room, "How do you both? You are manifest housekeepers. What are you sowing here? A fine spouse, in good faith. How does your little sonne?" And in a passage of the "Arcadia," Sidney shows us his heroine Pamela "working upon a purse certain lilies and roses * * * for the flowers she had wrought carried such life in them, that the cunningest painter might have learned of her needle, which with so pretty a manner made his careers to and fro the cloth, as if the needle itself would have been loth to have gone fromward such a mistress, but that it hoped to return thitherward very quickly again, the cloth looking with many eyes upon her, and lovingly embracing the wounds she gave it; the shears also were at hand to behead the silk that was grown too short. And if at any time she put her mouth to bite it off——" Where was Pamela's mother, that she should have allowed her daughter to contract such a habit?

Still, if biting her thread off, instead of using the scissors, implies an old habitude, and so contradicts the newness of the invention of sewing—unless we take refuge in instinct!—there are other facts that are on the side of the legend. In the famous Jarley collection of wax-work effigies, one is catalogued as that of "a maid-of-honor in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who died from pricking her finger with a needle," and if a lady of position could handle the implement with such clumsiness, it must have been because she was not used to it. A story is told, too, of one of the young sprigs of nobility in that time, who came to a court entertainment, dressed in a complete suit of white satin covered all over with eyelet-holes, from every one of which depended

NO. 10. WOODEN FIGURE OF ST. FRANCIS, BY ALONZO CANO.

the needle and the silk with which it had been made. We cannot at this moment give chapter-and-verse for this story, but as we remember, it was told of Surrey. Surrey, however, was beheaded in 1547, a week before the death of Henry VIII.

* A very curious and attractive exhibition might be made by collecting specimens of the plain sewing and stitchery of our ancestors, beginning with the establishment of the Republic and coming down to as late as forty years ago. Many of the present generation are as unfamiliar with hand-sewing as they are with money. It was one of the most beautiful of the lost arts.

NO. 11. COSTUME OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Nor must it be forgotten, in a learned treatise like the present, to refer to the well-known play "Gammer Gurton's Needle," written, probably, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, the plot of which turns upon the consternation produced in a household, nay in a whole town, by the loss of a needle. Certainly, unless needles had been things of considerable rarity, a play founded upon the loss of one would have wanted point. Leaving out of the question for the present, then, the damaging evidence of the maid-of-honor, we suppose it may be concluded that in the reign of Henry VIII. and his son, needles were little used, but that in Elizabeth's time they had come to be common enough. But the earlier garments must have been made up by the aid of some implement, and judging of some specimens of clothing said to have belonged to Henry VIII., which we once saw at South Kensington, we should judge that the instrument employed must have been a younger member of the crow-bar family. It was probably a coarse stiletto, an implement that, from its name, would seem to have come out of Italy, and which used to be a familiar denizen of ladies' work-baskets in the days when such things were. With this stiletto, holes as small as possible would be made along the edges of the two pieces of cloth to be united, and then a thread of linen or of silk would be used to overcast the seam. Still, even this stiletto must often have had a thread passed through it, for much earlier than Henry's time, in Chaucer's, to wit, we find such a contrivance mentioned in a passage of the "Romaunt of the Rose":

> Hard is his heart that loveth naught
> In May, whan all this mirth is wrought.
> Whan he may on these braunches here
> The smallè birdès singin clere
> Her blisfull swetè song piteous.
> And in this season delitous,
> When love affirmeth allè thing,
> Me thought one night in my sleeping,
> Right in my bed full readyly,
> That it was by the morrow early,
> And up I rose and gan me cloth,
> Anone I wysshe mine hondès both,
> A silver needle forth I drow
> Out of an aguiler queint ynow
> And gan this needle thread anone,
> For out of towne me list to gone
> The sound of birdès for to here
> That on the buskès singin clere.
> In the swete season that lefe is
> With a thread basting my slevis
> Alone I went in my playing.

NO. 12. COSTUME OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

This young fellow's sleeve was a long strip of cloth secured somehow to the coat at the shoulder, and which could only be made into a sleeve proper by being brought round the arm, and laced up by means of the eyelet-holes we have described.

However it came about, certain it is that in mediæval times there was a great accession of interest in dress, in marked contrast to what we know of the classic times. Homer rarely describes the dresses of his men and women, though in his battles he often enough characterizes the armor of the chief combatants. Yet there are hints enough as to the splendor and the beauty of the garments worn by these people, and even in Homer one minute description, that may serve as a standard by which to judge their taste. He is telling us how Hera arrays herself in pursuance of a scheme she has formed for deceiving Zeus:

"And she proceeded to her chamber, which Vulcan, her dear son, had made for her, and had fitted the thick doors to the lintels with a secret bolt; and this no other god could remove. There entering in, she closed the shining doors. First, she washed all impurities from her lovely person with rich oil ambrosial, and anointed herself with rich oil, ambrosial, agreeable, odoriferous, and the perfume of which when shaken in the brazen-floored mansion of Jove reached even to earth from heaven. With this, having anointed her body, and having also combed her hair, with her hands she arranged her shining locks, beautiful, ambrosial, which flowed from her immortal head. Next she threw around her a robe which Minerva had wrought for her in needlework, and had embroidered much varied work upon it, and she fastened it upon her breast with golden clasps. Then she girded herself with a zone adorned with a hundred fringes, and in her well-perforated ears placed her triple-gemmed, elaborate ear-rings, and much grace shone from her. Then the divine one of goddesses covered her head with a veil, beautiful, newly wrought; and it was bright as the sun; and beneath her shining feet, she fastened her beautiful sandals. But when she had arranged all her ornaments around her person, she proceeded straight from the chamber; and having called Venus apart from the other gods, addressed her in speech."

We have few actual remains of the ornaments worn by the ancient Greeks—the objects found at Mycenæ by Dr. Schliemann being for the most part only funeral gifts intended to represent as much costliness as they could contrive at as little expense as possible. Cut No. 3 shows a necklace which Dr. Schliemann discovered in his diggings at Hissarlik, and which recalls Juno's zone adorned with a hundred fringes. It is one of the few really beautiful "finds" of Schliemann. The good doctor, as all the world now knows, uses adjectives with the exuberant lawlessness of a school-girl, and his "splendid" crowns and wreaths and "magnificent" cups and vases are all the more disappointing for the deal of bragging that has preceded their exhibition.* As a rule, we are

NO. 13. PERSIAN DRESS, FROM A NATIVE PAINTING.

* "A preliminary exhibition of a few of the most interesting objects has been held in the Athenian Bank. * * * A correspondent writing to the 'Times,' expresses some disappointment at their appearance, and remarks that the richness of the appearance of so much gold did not compensate for the absence of solidity which characterized most of the disinterred antiquities."—London "Graphic," June 16.

After what was learned of Dr. Schliemann's peculiar temperament and peculiar views in the matter of his Troy discoveries, we submit that disappointment at the sight of the Mycenæ treasures is out of place.

at liberty to suppose, from all we know, that the ancient people did not really bury much that was valuable with their dead. Homer's description of the funeral of Hector and Patroclus certainly speaks of splendid offerings, but they may have been only repre-

NO. 14. FIGURE FROM PAUL VERONESE'S "MARRIAGE IN CANA."

sentatives of splendor, such as we believe are still employed in India. While the writer was in Florence, in the winter of 1870–1, an Indian prince died at one of the hotels, and, by permission of the authorities, his body was burned on a funeral pyre just outside the city. The newspapers were full of accounts of the offerings that had been heaped up on the pyre about the body of the dead prince—the "magnificent" shawls and carpets, the "splendid" robes, the "splendid" ornaments of gold, etc., etc. But, on inquiry, it turned out that these were all cheap substitutes for the real things, provided by the undertaker as a part of the ceremony, so to speak, just as in our country the same functionary provides the handles, name-plates, metal crosses, etc. that are a part of the coffin, and as much shams of real feeling or respect as our funeral-flowers and "emblems," or our "wedding-presents."*

But, how are we to account for the great difference between the objects found by Schliemann and Di Cesnola, in Hissarlik, Mycenæ, and Kurium, and those found in the graves of Etruria, and amply represented in the Castellani collection at our Metropolitan Museum? The Kurium treasure has but little value as art, though immense value as archæology, but the Etruscan treasure of Castellani has a value beyond reckoning as art. The living, in Etruria, could hardly have reserved to themselves any ornaments more beautiful or more intrinsically precious than those they buried with their dead; the gold jewelry in the Castellani collection is so exquisite in workmanship and so lovely in design as to justify us in believing that Homer's description of these things may have been not at all exaggerated, but drawn from things with which he was familiar. Nor is there in the world a more beautiful antique bronze than the little hovering cupid which Castellani himself found in a grave suspended as it is here in the case, hovering over the dust of the dead that lay below. As art, all that Dr. Schliemann has discovered in Troy and Mycenæ would be cheaply exchanged for this one lovely figure.

But, in the same case with the Etruscan jewelry, there is a relic of that mysterious people which, taken with the other personal ornaments, the rings and brooches, the ear-rings and hair-pins, carries to the highest point our notion of their taste. This is all that was left of what appears to have been a loose vest covering the upper part of the body coming down perhaps just over the girdle. The material of this vest is of pure gold that almost looks as if it may have been spun, and near it in the case are the small stars of pure gold and of incomparable workmanship that were either used to fasten it, or were attached here and there to its surface as ornaments. (Tray No. 6, articles 7, 25, 26, 27, 28. See Catalogue, part I, page 29.) Yet this refinement is only of a piece with what we suspect of the Greeks in the sphere of dress: we are told that in Cos a muslin was manufactured so fine that,

* Can the multitude of small disks of pottery stamped with rude ornamental figures which Dr. Schliemann found at Hissarlik, and for which no use has yet been discovered, have been make-believe cakes, intended to be thrown into graves or into funeral pyres?

spread out on the grass to bleach, it could only be seen when the dew lay upon it!

Except on their mummy-cases, we find few representations of the dress of the higher classes in ancient Egypt. The extreme heat of the country seems to have made as little dress as possible desirable. The statues of the kings and queens and of the high officials discovered at Sakkarah by Mariette, represent these personages as nearly naked, though they often atone for this comfortableness by the immense size of their head-dresses. The sitting statue of the woman named Nefer-t shows this lady enveloped in a robe the scantiness and fine texture of which permit us to follow all the undulations of her body. Her feet are bare, without even sandals, but she has a handsome collar, and an ornamented circlet about her head. The statue of Queen Ameniritis is similarly clad. The Assyrians, on the other hand, paid immense attention to dress. Judging from the faces of their great men, they would seem to have given their whole mind to the subject. Cuts Nos. 4 and 5 show two of these "combed and curled

NO 15. SILVER STATUE OF LOUIS XIII., BY RUDE.

Assyrian bulls." No dandy of Charles II.'s time was ever more beribboned and belaced than this Sapor, King of Persia.

The reason why, in Europe north of the Alps, and even in northern Italy, dress became of so much more importance than it seems to have been in Greece and southern

NO. 16. PAINTING OF LADY OF ROUEN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Italy, may perhaps be found in the climate, which called for more clothing, and may also have something to do with the spread of Christian ideas. There has always been something distasteful, more than that, disagreeable, hateful even, to Christians in the naked human form, and, as they felt in the beginning, so they do now. Wherever we go, either as missionaries or travelers, among people who find their health and comfort in going as naked as possible, we Christians insist on making them uncomfortable by forcing them to wear clothes. But, after all has been allowed that is reasonable to these two influences, there remains a great difficulty in bridging the gap between the simple, almost primitive costume of the Romans, and even the earliest forms in which the modern dress appears in the monument of Italian painting. Cuts Nos. 6 and 7 show the Roman toga as seen in front and at the back. Cut No. 8 is the dress worn underneath the toga, the shirt, in fact, which could be shortened at need by being drawn up into the belt. The antique statues and paintings generally show us the dress of

the time somewhat idealized and dignified. Lately we have been enabled to get a more every-day view of the matter, by the discovery of figures intended for a more popular and less learned audience. Best among

NO. 17. PORTRAIT OF CHARLES THE I., BY VAN DYCK.

these are the figures found by some workmen digging at Tanagra, which are charming in a sort of rural simplicity. Cut No. 9 shows a lady of the period in the gypsy hat just out. The pallium, perhaps, appears, modified indeed, but still recognizable, in the familiar figure of Dante, and of those of certain personages in the pictures of Giotto, Lippi and Masaccio, and also in the dress of certain monastic orders—the Franciscans, for example. (See cut No. 10—a statuette of St. Francis, by Alonzo Cano.) But already in these same pictures, and earlier, in the sculptures of the Pisani, we find other forms of dress, both in high and low, that resemble nothing we are made acquainted with in Roman art. Is the explanation of this phenomenon similar to that which accounts for the origin of the Italian language? Did the dress of the patrician, like his speech and his written style, disappear in the deluge that swallowed up Rome, and did the dress of the plebeian and the peasant come to the surface in its place? The only contribution of any importance that has been made to the study of these changes is to be found in Viollet-le-Duc's "Dictionnaire du Mobilier," but he has not attempted a full solution. Still, he does leave it much clearer than he found it. Cuts Nos. 11 and 12 are specimens taken from this work. The dresses shown are contemporary with the reigns of Henry IV. and V. of England, and of Charles VI. and VII. of France. Most probably something of the essential modification in dress was due to increased intercourse with the East. Cut No. 13 shows the Persian dress of the time when the country became known to the merchants of the sixteenth century; and cut No. 14, from Paul Veronese's "Marriage in Cana," evidently belongs to the same type. But this skirt-like dress is itself probably only the form with which the early Italian pictures—of Giotto, Orcagna, and Simone di Memmi—have made us familiar, modified by contact with the East. The ample cloak in which Giotto loves to wrap his men, and which Titian, after him, liked so well, is only the Roman toga, and Giotto's Virgin in the Arena Chapel, as also Titian's Virgin of the Assumption, might be placed for comparison alongside the "Melpomene" of the Louvre.

Something, either an invention like that of the needle which made the manufacture of garments cheaper and easier, or a greater importation or increased manufacture of stuffs which made the materials themselves cheaper,—perhaps both these causes combined,—contributed to the increased interest that was felt in dress in mediæval times, and that has continued down to our own day, with variations in intensity, of course. In the mediæval time this interest makes itself felt in many ways: in art, as where in early Italian painting we find the artist delighting in crowds and full assemblies of people for the sake of painting not only as many different sorts of men as possible, but as many different costumes. Pictures like Gozzoli's "Adoration of the Magi" in the Riccardi Palace, Orcagna's "Triumph of Death" in the Campo Santo at Pisa, are full of information on the subject of the dress of the period when they were painted. But it is in the poetry of the time, particularly in the romance poets of France and England, that we must look for the fullest details of the dress of the time. In the "Romaunt of the Rose," both in the original

French and in Chaucer's translation, we find a thousand particulars; Chaucer is always minute in his description of the dress of his characters. How prettily he touches the prioress and the squire, the monk and Emily, and how incomparable for clearness and precision, no less than for pictorial skill, are his descriptions of the array of the rival kings in the "Knight's Tale," "Licurge himself, the grete King of Trace," and "the grete Emetrius, the King of Inde."

Later down in time we find other great men, Lord Bacon and Spenser, delighting in dwelling upon the details of dress. In his "New Atlantis," Bacon dwells with almost as loving particularity on the dress of the officers of the island government as he does upon the flowers of his "garden," or the divisions and architectural details of his "house." We are not prepared by the fame of Bacon to find him so much interested in worldly matters, so fond of luxury, insisting so much on refinement of manners and surroundings. But in these things he was largely interested, and the improvements he sought to bring about in the world were much more material than spiritual. In delighting in these matters of taste, elegance, luxury, he belonged fully to his time; but it will be noted that the taste of the age of Elizabeth and James was characterized by a sober magnificence—there was no room in it for fly-away manners nor for frippery in dress. The dress of the time of Louis XIII. was equally dignified and formal with that of contemporary England, and, indeed, down to Anne's time the dress of men was characterized by formality and severity. Cut No. 15, from a statue of Louis XIII., cast in silver, by the celebrated sculptor, Rude (best known to us by his bass-relief, "Le Départ," on the Arc de Triomphe), for the Duc de Luynes, and also the pretty transcript of the portrait of Marie Renart, *bonne dame native de Rouen* (cut No. 16), may be compared with cut No. 17, from Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I. of England. The taste was of Italian breed, and Titian would have painted the Englishmen of his time with as much pleasure as he did his own countrymen. Englishmen, too, liked best to be painted by Italians. Sidney, writing from Italy to his friend Languet, who had requested him to have his portrait painted, says: "On my return to Venice I will have it done either by Paul Veronese or by Tintoretto, who hold by far the highest place in the art." *

NO. 18. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN BY GOYA. (EARLY PART OF NINETEENTH CENTURY)

* Feb. 4th, 1574. Titian was still living, but was in his ninety-seventh year.

The fly-away times were to come, however; and already, in James's reign, we find protests against the stateliness and formal-

NO. 19. EXTREME SEVERITY IN THE HEAD-DRESS.

ity of the days that were departing. If it were not so familiar, we would quote Jonson's "Still to be neat, still to be drest, as you were going to a feast;" but Herrick's "Delight in Disorder," though as pretty, is perhaps less known:

"A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction—
An erring lace which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher—
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly—
A winning wave deserving note
In the tempestuous petticoat—
A careless shoe-string in whose tie
I see a wild civility—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part."

But Lovelace's "To Amarantha, that she would dishevel her hair," though to the same purport, is better still than Herrick's:

NO. 20. EXTREME COQUETRY IN HEAD-DRESS.

"Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Ah, braid no more that shining hair!
As my curious hand or eye,
Hovering round thee, let it fly.

"Let it fly as unconfined
As its calm ravisher, the wind,
Who hath left his darling, th' East,
To wanton o'er that spicie nest.

"Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best,
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled.

"Do not then wind up that light
In ribands and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun in's early ray,
But shake your head, and scatter day."

With Charles I. and his Henrietta came in French fashions, which not all the conservatism of the Puritan could restrain; and in Charles II.'s time, the rage for fanciful dresses, in which the men indulged even more than the women, broke out in riotous fashion. Now, as always and everywhere, the manners and thinking of a people were mirrored in its dress, and the history of costume has been since the Revolution as it was in the ages before it, a history of changes and counterchanges, of victories—now for conservatism and sobriety, now for revolution and freak. Cut No. 18, a portrait by the Spaniard, Goya, 1746–1828, belongs somewhat to the Incroyable order, but with more reserve. Cut No. 33 shows a dress that might go with that of Goya's "Gentleman in Gray," but neither represents the "Incroyable" costume in its extremes. * The history of dress never has been and never can be written. It is the history of the world.

NO. 21. OBLIQUE STYLE OF HEAD-DRESS.

Perhaps the "illustrated" geographies and histories we use in our schools have something to do with fixing in our minds a notion that the "national dress" of this, that, or the other people is always a uniform and settled thing; that, so far as their dress was concerned, every Assyrian, every Egyptian, every Greek, every Roman looked like every other man or woman of the same nation. The old "Peter Parley" books accompanied their accounts of the different "inhabitants of the earth" with little wood-cuts representing one or more

* Those of our readers who have access to "L'Art" will find some amusing sketches by Carle Vernet on pages 74 and 75 of Vol. I. of the present year. The volume came too late for us to reproduce them here.

individuals of each of the great peoples dressed as he was supposed to appear on ordinary occasions, and engaged in some occupation supposed to be representative of the way in which he passed his time. Thus the Frenchman was portrayed dressed

NO. 22. SQUARE-CUT BODICE.

in a fantastic costume,—a coat with streaming tails, a shirt all frills and ruffles,—and cutting pigeon-wings all day long. We were virtually assured, and asked to believe that this was the normal appearance, and this the regular employment, of Frenchmen. The Englishman, on the other hand was a staid, respectable, well-dressed and portly gentleman standing by a marble urn, and supposed to be looking out, either over the ocean to see his ships flocking into the harbor, or over his wharves where his goods were being unloaded. The Russian, again, was always standing in a landscape of snow and ice, and wrapped from head to foot in furs; the Turk was perpetually smoking his long pipe and dressed like a tobacconist's image, in turban and trowsers and pointed shoes. Pictures and the stage betrayed us in a similar way with regard to the Greeks and Romans, if we were to believe these authorities, who had but one dress, the toga, and but one way of securing it. But archæology, and travel, and the illustrated newspapers, with the photograph, have changed all this, and we are fast bringing all these crude "Peter Parley" notions out into the light and testing them with the touch-stone of "human nature."

It is true that there are national costumes, and we all know that in western Europe and America there are prevailing fashions, called so, we presume, because they never prevail anywhere for any length of time. But these national costumes are never the costume of all the people in any country, and we all know that, even in America, where uniformity in dress is so much the rule, the "fashion" never looks the same on two people. However, it must be conceded that in ancient times, among the Greeks and Romans, say, there was much less variety possible than there has been for the last hundred years, or even since the fifteenth century. With the Greeks and Romans, it was more a question of coarse or fine, of much or little, than of variety in the stuffs or in their cut and make-up. There was also however, color, and there was jewelry; and a Rachel once taught us what can be done with these simple elements to express differences of character, of age, of station. Her Camilla, her Phædra, her Lesbia, her Hermione—how all unlike they were, though there were only the toga and the chiton, the sandals and a few jewels by which to express that unlikeness! The school-books had given us a few facts.

NO. 23. LOW ROUNDED BODICE.

Rachel showed us how a woman of Greece or Rome could make herself known by means of these few facts, as well as a woman of to-day can make herself known by means of the multitudinous dress at her disposal.

Whether women, or men either, have ever

NO. 24. ODETTE BODICE.

arrived at suitable and becoming effect of dress by means of study; whether the science of dress has ever been more than a series of deductions, and whether, when all the facts of the subject have been stated, and all the conclusions drawn, such application of facts and conclusions can ever be made as to produce any greater prevalence of good taste than has as yet existed—these are questions that we ask ourselves as we close a little treatise like that of Mr. Charles Blanc,* which the accomplished author would hardly have taken the pains to write or the pains to publish unless he had believed that some practical good was to be accomplished by his labor. It cannot be said on the one hand that there is no use in the study of the laws that lie behind dress, because women are a law to themselves and know by instinct what is becoming to them. Here, as in other things that depend on taste, there is a great difference between people; everybody knows—how can anybody help knowing it?—that really very few people have taste enough to dress becomingly, and very few have sense enough to take advantage of the good taste of the professional dress-makers; while, even among these self-constituted advisers, there are plenty who have hardly any taste of their own, but who are content to follow blindly the fashion-plate of each new season. Nor

NO. 25. CORSELET AND BASQUE.

NO. 26. DOLMAN WITH PAGE SLEEVES.

*Art in Ornament and Dress. Translated from the French of Charles Blanc, Member of the Institute, and Formerly Director of Fine Arts. With Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. 1877.

can we believe that when men of taste and sense like Charles Blanc have proved to us what are the laws of taste in its application to dress, that all people will consent to leave evil and learn to do good. No doubt there will be an advance in the right direction, as there has been in right ways of living,—of eating and drinking, of sleep and cleanliness,—since so many doctors and writers on health have written on the laws of hygiene, but there will always be ill-dressed people, and people who cannot be made to see or to care that they are ill-dressed, just as there will always be people who are not lovers of cold water, and people who eat and drink too much. Still, this is no reason why the subject should not be philosophically investigated, and as many of the scientific reasons as possible discovered, why this or that fashion is becoming, and this other unbecoming; why what suits the looks of one person does not suit the looks of another; why one way of dressing her hair calls out all the wonders of Belinda's face, and another way of dressing hers makes us forget how homely Medusa's is.

Mr. Charles Blanc, however, is not the first modern writer who has attempted this philosophical analysis. I read some years ago in one of the English quarterlies a most ingenious essay on dress, in which the writer attempted to follow every fashion, every oddity even, to its root in some essential principle of the mind. As I remember it, this writer was more subtle and transcendental in his philosophy than M. Blanc, who aims at more practical results. But it would be well worth looking up and reprinting; for if dress be worth studying or thinking about at all, it goes without saying that it is worth studying philosophically; and it can no more hinder our enjoying a beautiful costume to understand why it is beautiful than a knowledge of the structure of its petals can hinder our enjoying the beauty of a rose. Charles Blanc's book starts off with an analysis of the laws of ornament, and he approaches the subject of dress through the application of these laws to architecture. His method smilingly reminds us of Hobbes's theory—"the great Hobbes, contemplative, corpulent, witty"—in Arthur Clough's "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich." "Philip," cries Hobbes:

NO. 27. FASHION DURING REIGN OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

"Philip shall write us a book, a *Treatise* upon *The Laws of*
Architectural Beauty in Application to Women;
Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary pendent,
Where shall in specimen seen be the sculliony stumpy-columnar

(Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most moving of any),
Rising to grace of true woman in English the Early and Later,
Charming us still in fulfilling the Richer and Loftier stages,

NO. 28. MEDICIS RUFF.

Lost, ere we end, in the Lady-Debased and the Lady Flamboyant;
Whence why in satire and spite too merciless onward pursue her
Hither to hideous close, Modern-Florid, modern-fine-lady?
No, I will leave it to you, my Philip, my Pugin of women."

And again:

"List to a letter of Hobbes to Philip his friend at Balloch.
'All Cathedrals are Christian, all Christians are Cathedrals;
Such is the Catholic doctrine; 'tis ours with a slight variation;
Every woman is, or ought to be, a Cathedral,
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and perfect,
Built by that only law that Use be suggestive of Beauty,
Nothing concealed that is done, but all things done to adornment—
Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and embellish.'"

But, however Clough may have laughed with his Hobbes, Mr. Charles Blanc is, no doubt, very much in earnest. This little treatise is a portion of an extensive work, "The Grammar of Ornament," which appeared chapter by chapter in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" during several years, and in which M. Blanc has gone over the whole field of ornamentation, stating the laws that ought to govern it, and showing how it is good or bad, according as it obeys or violates those laws. In the course of his investigations he comes to the dress of women, and it is with this portion of his work that the pages are concerned, from which the remaining illustrations of our article are taken. He first takes up the general laws of ornament and then comes at once to his subject, "personal adornment," and discusses the matter in twenty-four chapters, giving us a great deal of useful observation, sensible criticism and sound advice, all which, if it cannot, as it probably will not, be of much use to people who have little natural taste, will never come amiss to those who have. It must be an added pleasure for a well-dressed woman to know, not only that she is well dressed (which she knows without needing to be told it), but that she is so because she is at one with the laws of the solar system. Long ago, Herbert saw how all things hold together, and that

> "Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
> Makes that and th' action fine."

After showing how, "in personal adornment, the repetition of vertical lines tends to add height to the figure, and the repetition of horizontal lines to add width to it," he passes on to "color," and the "harmony of color in dress," where, although he is learned enough and true enough, we are persuaded

that he loses his time and ours, since this is the one thing that cannot be taught, and those whose instincts are most true and

NO. 29. GABRIELLE RUFF AND PUFFED SLEEVES.

direct in relation to it cannot explain it even to themselves. M. Blanc makes the frank admission—at least his translator, whom, however, it is by no means safe to trust implicitly, makes him make it, and we have not the French original at hand—that "even in France scarcely any feeling for color exists" (page 69). Yet, for all this, French writers will write about color as if they felt it, though their illustrations too often show that they know nothing about it.

From color we are led on to the subject of hair-dressing, and the men's turn comes first. From the hair to its coverings the step is easy, and with Chapter VIII. we are fairly launched on dress proper. For a few pages the author allows himself to be deluded by Mr. Semper's fantastic high German theories, but he soon gets tired of this false and ponderous philosophy, and comes back to truth and nature.

"The bonnet," says M. Blanc, "not being indispensable, as the head can be brilliantly arranged without it, forms part of the dress. It belongs to the whole costume, since it is the crown of all. Like all other parts of her dress, a woman's bonnet is an indication of character. Look at this Sister of Charity who is passing by; she wears on her head the large white *cornette*, which conceals the profile of her face, her hair is invisible, and even its growth is hid under the bandage which covers her forehead. Starched and stiff, this *cornette* expresses to her own mind the idea of complete withdrawal from the world." (Fig. 19.)

It may be so, but it is not this idea which this head-dress conveys to the artist; to him it expresses the utmost artfulness, and the beauty of its lines, the adroit combination of the stiff, immovable parts with the floating bands, the lovely shadows that it casts on itself and on the face it hides without in the least concealing, or wishing to conceal, tempt him a hundred times to take his sketch-book and pencil, where the head-dress shown

NO. 30. WATTEAU COSTUME WITH SABOT SLEEVES AND MARQUISE RUCHE.

in the next cut, that or any one of its fellows, would never tempt him at all. This head-dress of the Sister of Charity has once been

beautifully treated in a picture by Mlle. Henriette Brown, where a Sister is holding a sick child upon her lap. It must be said that this head-dress has nothing repelling about it; it suggests in its immaculate purity and cloud-like softness only ideas of cheerfulness and goodness. M. Blanc goes on to say that in the time of Isabella of Bavaria, toward the close of the fourteenth century, widows added to the veil and wimple, which at that time covered the forehead, cheeks and hair, a chin-piece called a *barbette*, which only left the mouth visible, and was looked upon as a sign of mourning. In Dürer's pictures these *barbettes* are often seen, but there they frequently do cover the mouth, and perhaps the custom may have originated in a notion that it is healthier to cover the mouth when out-of-doors. It is still in use among the peasants in some parts of Germany, and I one day saw, here in New York, an old woman with a *barbette* hooking rags out of an ash-barrel. She looked so exactly as if she had stepped out of one of Dürer's prints, that if I could have hoped she would understand my *patois* I would have asked her if she had known Dürer, or had

NO. 31. TURNED DOWN COLLAR AND BASQUE WITH FACING.

ever sat to him. She looked old enough to have done so. Perhaps Isabella brought this fashion with her out of Bavaria.

Further on, M. Blanc discusses the laws of horizontal and of oblique head-dress, and gives us an illustration of the latter, cut No. 21. Placed horizontally, he says, the head-dress gives an idea of calmness and order. Coming more or less over the forehead, and only allowing the eyes to be seen, it gives an expression of independence and originality, because there is but one horizontal, while the oblique line varies according to the idea of its obliquity. This is not

NO. 32. MOBLOT.

very clear, but it seems certain that independence and originality are expressed more decidedly by wearing the head-dress straight than by tipping it forward or back, since worn in either of these ways it may agree with the lines of the head, whereas worn straight it must always go counter to them.

In Chapter XI. the dress itself is taken up, and the subject is opened with a variety of sensible and entertaining remarks, principally about the dress of men. Body linen, the cravat, the coat, the shoe, the glove, each in turn is considered; and about each we are told, if nothing new, at least in an interesting, lively way, what we knew before. Coming to the dress of women, we get some useful hints about materials, and we should think this chapter well worth studying, if we did not know that here, too, instinct comes in as a powerful aid to the strong and deserts the weak at the very hour

when they need it most. What a difference there is in women in their power to know what will make up well, and what will become them when it is made up! This is a matter about which, if many women know too little, no man knows anything,—that is as men go. They see the materials in the windows, they go in to the shop and inspect them on the counters, their minds that were partially clear when outside get irredeemably clouded when inside; they fall into the madness of believing what the shopmen tell them; they collect a dozen or so patterns, with all the information as to widths and prices attached; they take them home and ask their wives which of these they shall get for them, and are astonished when they are requested, as politely as possible, not to get any of them. I am afraid M. Blanc is in the same box with these victims of misplaced confidence in themselves. In all that he says about materials and their choice, he is telling the women either what they already know, or what they cannot make use of, if they have to be told it by another.

The truth seems to be, that the taste of men in the matter of women's dress is often better worth consulting than women will ever allow it to be. Sometimes when they are very much in love with a man, they will wear what they think will please him. Tennyson's angry lover

> "saw with half unconscious eye
> She wore the colors he approved."

But, as a rule, they make no such concessions. But then, I will admit that men are very irritating in their criticism, and most of them do not know when to stop. The tirades of the mediæval preachers against the dress of the women of their time are amusing reading nowadays, and even the upbraidings of the old Hebrew prophets would be far less terrible to our ears than they are if they were not rolled out in such a rich vocabulary. (Isaiah iii. 18–24.) Certainly, there is no profanity to-day in smiling over Latimer's rebuke to the women of his London for what looked to him like absurdity in their dress, and for the pleasure they took, and the time and money they wasted, in tiring themselves. But from Isaiah down to Savonarola, what real good did all these ratings do? No woman ever minded them for any length of time, or changed a fashion, or gave up an absurdity in dress until she was ready to do so of her own sweet will.

But for all their dislike of Betties, women may remember that all their stuffs are devised, and all the patterns of those stuffs designed, by men; that almost all the new

NO. 33. FASHION DURING THE REVOLUTION.

fashions originate with men; and that the great Parisian arbiter of their fate is a man, and, for all they despise English taste, an Englishman born, and trained to his work in England. Why not compromise on the subject, and admit that men and women need to work together in this as in many other things, and that each needs the other's help if a good result is to be attained?

The help of artists too is often of great value, and, if accepted, may lead to important revolutions. I believe the colors that have been so fashionable for several years—the new shades of green, blue, red, and all the odd intermediate combinations—are directly owing to the so-called pre-Raphaelite painters in England,—to them and to their

scholars and followers, who first had stuffs dyed in colors to suit themselves, then persuaded their wives and sisters to wear dresses made of these materials and devised by themselves, and finally came to control the manufacture of stuffs that would take the folds they liked. From the families of these artists the taste they had cultivated spread to their friends, then overflowed into the artistic world, and becoming the fashion, was strong enough to make a decided mark upon trade and manufactures, so that nowadays there is scarcely a beautiful material of the middle age or of the renaissance time that you cannot get in England made with all the old perfections and with all the old beauty.

Mr. Charles Blanc, however, does not show us this side of his subject. He would agree with the world in general, that it is best to take your time as you find it, and not to bring back a dead past. It is true that some of these English ladies are delightful to look at, with their glorious heads of hair streaming down their backs, or braided in free braids, or wound in shining bands about their sumptuous heads; with their complexion speaking of inexhaustible health, all lily and rose, and with their olympian bodies clothed in soft woolens girdled under their breasts, and with sleeves such as George Eliot gives to Dorothea, as bare of ornament as those of one of Raphael's Madonnas. But only such beauty as the gods have chosen to deal out from their partial urn to Englishwomen above their sisters of western Europe, can bear such dressing, and Americans follow the French in preferring a more orthodox and conventional system.

NO. 34. MADAME RÉCAMIER.

It is not only in England that artists have been employed in designing the dresses of women—rather it has been more the custom in France than in England. Talma is said to have designed the Romanesque imperial robes that Napoleon I. wore at his corona-

No. 35.

No. 36. MADAME DE STAEL.
HEAD-DRESSES DURING THE RESTORATION.

No. 37.

tion, and to have, besides, given him instructions as to his way of walking and posing during that masquerade,—in short, giving him a regular stage-drill in order to know how to "bear his body more seemly." Everybody knows how, in the time of the First Empire, there was a rage for dressing *à l'antique*. The men could do but little with their own dress, but the women went to great lengths. Those who had good feet would even appear in the drawing-rooms with bare feet and sandals. Everything was *à la Grecque*. The men, whose faces would bear it, cut their hair *à la Brutus*. If there was no opportunity of masquerading it in real life, the men and women had their portraits painted in classic, or, what they thought classic, dress. Our picture of Madame Récamier (cut No. 34) is an illustration of this. The well-known head of Madame de Stael (cut 36) shows the use of the turban, which was considered next-door to classic. In the Musée Rath at Geneva there is a most amusing portrait of De Stael as "Sappho," I believe in a *peplum* and with a lyre. It is a good likeness, but with its dark complexion, forest of little curls, and homely features, reminds one more of Topsy than of Sappho.

No. 38. FASHION DURING THE
FIRST EMPIRE AND THE RESTORATION.

When the King of Rome was born, Prudhon was employed to design his cradle; and from early times, the French have known how to employ talent on small matters as well as on great ones, and artists there have never had any nonsense in them, nor felt that they were above any work in which their knowledge and skill could be made useful. This participation of her artists in so many tasks, small and great, gives to the art of France a large base of popular experience and knowledge on which to work, both in the production of masterpieces, and in the national appreciation of them. The French artists, who have not thought it beneath them to draw the fashion-plates for the monthly bulletins of the *modistes*, do not attempt, as their English brethren surely would, any innovation likely to be pleasing exclusively to their own society. Their part is limited to keeping the general tendencies of fashion within the

bounds of good taste. The artist who made the drawings for the cuts with which M. Blanc's book is illustrated, Mr. E. Préval, has shown great skill in treating his subjects so as to reconcile the prevailing fashion with those laws of grace that do not come and go with times and seasons. We cannot imagine a time, for instance, when cut No. 22 would not be considered pleasing, though the succeeding one, cut No. 23, is so much more artificial that it already looks "a little gone off," though it was designed only in 1874. On the other hand, the bonnets shown in cuts 35 and 37, and the home dress of the same time, cut 38 (the Restoration and Louis Philippe's reign), were never picturesque, and had no chance of survival. We only tolerate them now for association's sake. These two cuts are given by M. Blanc in illustration of different styles of cutting the bodice, and cuts Nos. 24 and 25 are still further modifications. On the subject of the bodice, M. Blanc waxes eloquent: "How many trifles scarcely noticed by men add to the impression made upon them by a woman's dress! What an air of *naïveté* and innocence is produced by a bodice fashioned like a sailor's shirt with its collar and loose cravat! What a difference there is in expression between a high, close bodice ornamented simply by a lace ruffle, and one with facings, which to the eyes and the fancy seems open, through displaying the material with which it is lined, and which, in order to be more conspicuous, is made of a striking color and of a different texture! And the quieter the outside shade, the more brilliant is usually the inner one. * * * From another point of view the bodice is of great importance, because it is above the waist that a woman displays the beauty of her figure, and if her bust have any defects, she can modify them, by deceiving the eye by the shape and accessories of her bodice. * * * A woman can conceal her excessive thinness by opening her bodice in a square or by trimming it with an imitation of a square bertha. * * * The varieties of the bodice are numerous. Heat, cold, a walk, a ride, a journey, a morning-dress, a full-dress, the sea-shore, are all pretexts—what have I said?—are serious reasons for varying the garment which cover a woman's heart and chest. Here, the dread of a cold wind has dictated the selection of a double-breasted bodice buttoned on one side like a military great-coat; there, the Odette bodice (cut 24), clinging to the figure until it reaches the hips, has been chosen by a woman who can bear the exposure of the chest even on a spring-day."

Cuts Nos. 26 and 28 are in illustration of what M. Blanc has to say about sleeves. Artists, he writes, who have a love of beautiful forms, have always been careful to give their figures beautiful arms, well covered with flesh, because weak, and above all, thin, arms denote bad health and an enfeebled race. Raphael and Ingres give their women powerful arms, attached to the shoulders by solid muscle. Not only the outlines of such arms are more pleasing, but the elbow-joints and the transition from the fore-arm to the wrist appear comparatively delicate. The sleeves, then, have much interest in women's attire. The leg-of-mutton or *gigot* sleeves, so long worn, were invented by the French, says M. Blanc, to conceal the defects of the arm, poor arms being much more common in France than in Italy; but the ostensible reason was, that they made the waist appear smaller. In the time of the Valois, ladies wore puffs at the shoulders (cut 28), probably to give delicacy to the neck and grace to the carriage of the head. "The arm, being the instrument of gesture, always attracts notice. Nothing is more expressive, more individual, and a woman describing a dress would never omit to mention the sleeves." Cut No. 26 shows the so-called page-sleeve (here attached to a dolman) which illustrates the way in which a great deal of effect can be produced, while, at the same time, the movements of the arms are really not interfered with. Cut No. 29 shows the Valois sleeve, adapted to a dress essentially modern, and combined with the ruff, which also belongs to this period. Still another sleeve and collar are shown in cuts Nos. 30 and 31, and M. Blanc makes some general remarks on the subject which we quote: "No doubt there is dignity and even an air of distinction in the high, stiff ruffs worn by Marie de Medicis (cut No. 28), and named after her. Regularly and methodically arranged, the starched and rigid laces seemed to mount guard over the head, like the sentinels of dress. But this style of ruff was only suitable to a person of high rank, and to one whose features were strongly marked. Quite different is the character of the Gabrielle ruff (cut No. 29), which, hiding the lower part of the neck under a cloud of gauze or a quilling of lawn forms a light frame for the face, while it discreetly covers the chest. It is easy to see in how many ways the appearance of the feminine ornament can be varied.

Who does not associate with a plain, low collar, a frank, open face, and whether this collar is turned down like a boy's, or falls over a student's cravat, it gives a mischievous expression to a young woman's dress, adding piquancy to her charms. (Cut No. 32.) In fig. 30 we are shown the costume of Watteau's time (1684–1721), which, from his love of painting it, has received his name, and has lately been revived.

While dress receives far more attention in America than anywhere else in the world, it has less interest here than anywhere else for the artist and the student of manners, because it is absolutely wanting in originality or in motive, pays no attention to considerations of common sense or propriety, grows out of nothing, and expresses nothing, being merely put on or off in accordance with orders received from France, or in a few places from England. But here, as everywhere, the laws of taste and of sense may be studied, and if they cannot teach us to originate anything, they can at least help us to choose with discretion, and to copy with some regard to the use that is to be made of our model.

Those of our readers who are sufficiently interested in the subject will find charming illustrations of the costume of various times and peoples in Racinet's "History of Costume. [See "Culture and Progress" department of the present number.]

As a conclusion to this paper, we may introduce a little story, told by Balzac, which will show how, to some people at least, man is absolutely nothing more than an animal that wears clothing:

Queen Catherine de Medicis was, at the time of our story, the Dauphiness, and in order to ingratiate herself with her father-in-law, who was failing in health, she presented him from time to time with Italian pictures, which she knew he was fond of, being the friend of Monsieur Raphael of Urbino, and also of Messieurs Primaticcio and Leonardo da Vinci, to whom he used to send considerable sums of money. At one time she obtained from her family, who were very rich in these things, because the Duke Medici governed Tuscany at that time, a precious picture painted by a Venetian named Titian, painter to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and high in favor with his Majesty, in which picture he had portrayed Adam and Eve at the moment when God left them to themselves in the terrestrial Paradise, and they were of the size of life, and in the costume of their time, in which it would have been difficult for the painter to err, seeing that they had no garments but their ignorance, and no adornments but the divine grace which enveloped them,—a thing difficult to represent because of the color, in which, however, the aforesaid Monsieur Titian excelled. The picture was placed in the chamber of the poor king, who at that time was a great sufferer from the sickness of which he afterward died. It had a great success at the Court of France, where every one wished to see it, but no one had leave to do so before the death of the king, seeing that by his desire this said picture was kept in his chamber as long as he continued to live.

One day Madame Catherine led to the king's apartment her son Francis and the little Margot, who just then were beginning to chatter and prattle, as all children will. Here and there and everywhere, these children had heard this portrait of Adam and Eve talked about, and had tormented their mamma until she had consented to take them to see it. And as these two little creatures sometimes cheered up the spirits of the old king, Madame the Dauphiness finally took them to his room.

"You wanted to see Adam and Eve, who were our first parents," said she. "There they are."

Then she left them standing in great astonishment before the picture of Monsieur Titian, and went to sit by the bedside of the king, who took pleasure in looking at the children.

"Which of the two is Adam?" said Francis, nudging his sister Margaret with his elbow.

"Don't know," said the little girl. "If you want to know, you must wait till they are dressed."

Here is Doré's clever cut illustrating this story. How well he has managed to give Catherine the look of a great venomous spider!

NO. 39. CATHERINE DE MEDICIS AND THE CHILDREN BEFORE TITIAN'S "ADAM AND EVE." (AFTER DORÉ.)

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

"HE STOOD A MOMENT WITH UNCOVERED HEAD, LOOKING DOWN UPON THE QUIET FACE."

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOUSE WITH DEATH IN IT.

THE train had been attacked at daybreak, but the little company defended itself bravely until re-enforcements from the fort surprised and scattered the enemy. Only two men were killed; of whom the post-sutler was the first to fall. Five or six more were wounded, but not dangerously, and the wagons for which all this jeopardy and loss of life had been incurred were safely convoyed to the fort at last. It was the bustle and din of the camp forming just outside the stockade which had rushed in upon Blossom when she opened the door to meet her father.

No one noticed the girl. The men returned and passed out by the way they had come, leaving the wife alone with her dead. But hardly had the door closed after them, when it was cautiously opened once more, and Cogger, who had been one of the bearers of poor Stubbs's body, appeared again thrusting his head in warily, and finally stepping carefully into the room.

"Wharever's the little gal?" he muttered to himself. Some late remembrance

of Blossom standing in the open door with her happy welcoming face had crossed his mind and made him return. What had become of the child? Who would try to comfort her? And then the man peering about in the dim light discovered a little dark heap lying behind the door. "Poor creeter!" and he raised her in his arms, holding her fearfully and at arm's length. "I declar' t' goodness I don' know what t' do for ye. Whar's yer mother? 'Pears t' me she'd better be tendin' t' the livin' than groanin' over the dead. Cryin' wont bring him t' life." And still bearing Blossom in his arms he crossed the room to the door, from behind which came at intervals the sound of low groans and the restless tread of feet. "*She* aint in no state t' tend t' ye," he said after listening a moment, addressing unconscious Blossom. "I reckon I'll hev t' try my hand."

He laid the girl down upon the floor with her feet to the fire, and going out returned with a handful of snow with which he sprinkled her face and bathed her temples. Then he set himself to rubbing her hands with a corner of his rough coat, carefully choosing the cleanest, and at last, taking a flask from his pocket, wet her lips with its contents from time to time. His awkward, yet gentle efforts were not in vain. The dark eyelashes laid upon the white cheeks trembled visibly, the breath of returning life warmed the death-like face. "She's comin' 'round!" muttered the delighted wagon-master. He took off his drenched, shabby hat and threw it upon the floor, and with both hands proceeded to smooth his rough hair down upon either side of his face. "I aint much t' look at, an' I might skeer her ef she opened her eyes sudden," he apologized to himself for this unusual exercise of the toilet. Acting upon this thought, too, he tried to wrench his countenance into something like a smile, with which to greet her when she should return to life. Fortunately, the fire demanded his attention, and it was at this moment that Blossom, coming to herself and unclosing her eyes, sat up to find a strange figure thrusting the poker sharply among the coals, and laying a forestick upon the andirons. She recognized his profile against the light, and her thoughts flew to the last time she had seen him; then they traveled home to the present and she burst into tears.

"Now don't 'ee," said the man, at his wit's end to know how to console her. "'Taint no use, ye know, he's dead."

"I know it," sobbed Blossom. "Oh, father! father!"

"He set a store by his little gal," Cogger ventured, when she had wept in silence awhile. "You should 'a' heerd him the night ye rode off with the cap'n."

"Did he speak of me? Oh, what did he say?" Blossom forgot her crying for a moment. To hear his words was like bringing her father to life again. "Was he glad that I had gone?"

"Uncommon," Cogger replied sententiously.

"Tell me all he said. Don't leave anything out."

"Wall, ef I ken; but ye see I didn't lay it by, as 'twere, not thinkin' of sech an occasion. 'Twas arter ye'd gone, ye know, an' the boys were mostly sleepin', seein' 's we'd got t' catch up in an hour or two, but thar wa'n't no sleep fur him, he sed. Them was his own words,—'thar aint no sleep fur me!'"

"Did he say so? Poor father! Was he afraid some harm would come to me?"

"Jest that. 'I aint slept day nor night,' sez he, 'for thinkin' o' the little gal. Ef I kin only git her safe to her mother, who's an uncommon woman' (an' so she is; she reminds me of a gal I knew once down Washita way, tho' that aint neither here nor thar)," and Cogger fell into a reverie.

"And was that all? Did he say nothing more?"

"'Pears t' me thar was somethin' about what a comfort ye'd been t' him, and somethin' about how ye'd hung on to his heart, and how he'd wanted most powerful t' see ye. They was good words I know, fur a man t' have in his mouth t'ward the last."

The fire blazed high and set all the room aglow again; it touched Blossom's pale cheek laid against the purple and yellow arm-chair. Outside the storm still raged, but something like comfort stilled the girl's heart. He thought of her, he remembered her to the last!

"But oh, there is something else I want to ask you," she said, trying to keep back her sobs. "Did you know, were you beside him when ——" she shuddered and hid her face.

"No, I can't say 's I wos, an' be truthful. Ye see I aint no sperit whatever when there's Injuns 'round. I can't do nothin' but tear arter 'em an' cut an' slash among 'em."

Blossom raised her head and regarded him with wet, astonished eyes. "But I

should think if you are so afraid you'd run away from them."

"One ud think so, sartain," Cogger replied thoughtfully; "but I don't. It's fear, I s'pose; an' that's all," he said, taking up his shabby hat and moving toward the door. "Don't speak about it," when the girl would have thanked him. "Your father 'n' me was pardners for years. I'd do ye a sarvice with a cheerful sperit any time, if so be as ye needed one. Not thet I'm t' be in these parts long, but anybody along the trail knows Dan Cogger, an' if ye need a friend ye wont look far for one." Then with a like message for her mother he took his leave.

While this interview was taking place down at the sutler's quarters, a very different scene was presented at Major Bryce's, where Captain Elyot had dropped in for a word with Mrs. Bryce. Several ladies had assembled, in spite of the storm, to discuss the attack upon the wagon-train, and pick up any item of news it might have brought in. The major's daughter had been serving tea, and the little flurry of fright and excitement that had pervaded the small community had only stimulated every one to unusual spirits. So that it was a very cheerful and almost gay company in the midst of which Captain Elyot found himself.

"Oh, Captain Elyot," they exclaimed, surrounding him, "how glad we are to see you safely back again! And now we shall hear the truth of it. They say you were quite a hero."

"You are very kind," the young man replied gravely; "but poor Stubbs was the only hero, and he paid dear enough for his honors. How do you do, Miss Claudia?" as the major's daughter set down the cup of tea in her hand and turned to meet him.

His tone was warm enough for friendliness as Claudia gave him her hand, but there was in his manner neither the eagerness nor the confusion with which a lover is supposed to meet his mistress after a long absence. Miss Laud was watching him with her sharp eyes.

"He is very handsome, but not a bit in love," she said to herself.

As for Claudia, she greeted him with an embarrassment she could not control, blushing to her hair; for by this time she had assumed the puffs, and curls, and braids, and made herself fine with the hope that chance or inclination or some good fate would bring the young man here.

"You must be very tired. Will you let me give you some tea?"

She had marked his great cavalry-boots and the disorderly dress which he had had no time to arrange; but did not this speak of his eagerness to come to her, as well as of dangers past, and glory indeed?—for he had fought with the bravest, she knew. She was a soldier's daughter and her heart beat with pride over this handsome, bold young man who was a hero in all eyes to-night. He might deny it, but he was a hero nevertheless. She pulled up an arm-chair, for every one had risen at his entrance.

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable while I call Jinny to bring a fresh pot. It will take but a moment. I wish you had come an hour earlier. You would have been better served."

But Captain Elyot declined the chair turned so invitingly toward the fire.

"I have had a cup of tea already," he said, "and thank you all the same. And I really cannot stay. I only called to pay my respects at head-quarters," he added, with a gallant bow to the major's daughter, —too gallant, by far, Miss Laud thought,— "and to say a word to your mother."

Mrs. Bryce came bustling up at the moment to press Claudia's offer of hospitality. She was a stout, fussy woman, with a red face all aglow now with good-will.

"You are quite too good," he said gratefully, and a little ashamed of the honors thrust so openly upon him. I really cannot stay. I thought perhaps you would go down to the sutler's. Mrs. Stubbs must be in great trouble. I'm on my way there now."

And it was for this he had come! Claudia's heart turned to a stone.

"To be sure I will. I was telling the major a few moments ago that some one ought to go down there. Just wait till I can put on my cloak. Or, don't let me keep you, it is really dreadful! Jinny will go with me, and I'll stop long enough to put up a few things that may be needed."

"And if you could do anything for the daughter," said Captain Elyot, turning to Claudia. "The poor girl must be nearly distracted. If you could bring her here?" he suggested, with well-meant stupidity.

He made the proposition boldly. His reception had been so kind that he was afraid to ask nothing, especially as he remembered that he and Claudia had been the best of friends before he went east.

Miss Laud, standing behind Miss Bryce, pulled at her gown. Now was the time to show herself unsuspicious and to win his gratitude. Claudia could not be so blind, so foolishly perverse as to refuse!

"I—don't—know," Claudia stammered, suddenly cold, and unmindful of this pantomime advice. "I am afraid we are full; but mamma will do what is necessary, I don't doubt."

Then she moved away and left him, somewhat bewildered it must be owned, and not at all sure that she had accepted his suggestion. But Miss Laud followed him to the door.

"Claudia will go down in the morning, I am sure," she said. "You see how impossible it is for her to leave now. If *I* could do anything—but of course a stranger would only be in the way. It is very sad for them! Claudia and I were speaking of the daughter this morning. Such a sweet face as she has!"

And the young man went off with his heart warm toward Miss Bryce and her friend, who would do all they could to heal the cruel hurt Blossom had received. How stupid he had been to misunderstand Claudia for a moment and to leave without a word! He forgot that she had turned away from him.

The windows at the sutler's were dark and beaten full of snow when he reached the house. There was no response to his tap at the door, and he ventured to enter unannounced the room where he had spent so many evenings. It was unlighted—the candle had burned out and no one had thought to replace it—and seemed empty of human presence. For in the darkness he did not notice the girl who had cried herself to sleep upon the floor at last.

A bright line of light under the door at the foot of the room drew him on. It must be there they had laid Stubbs, and there he should find the widow and Blossom.

But again no one responded to his knock at the door, and after a moment he pushed it open and stepped into the room. There was something awful in the stillness of the bare little bedroom in which Stubbs reposed. It was not death alone that struck a chill to his heart. He had become in a measure accustomed to that,—to death in its most dreadful forms—in the vestments and attitudes of life, with open, staring eyes, out under the wide sky. It was the death-in-life of the woman's face beside the bed that filled him with awe and froze the words upon his lips. What comfort could he bring to this woman with her dead lying stretched out before her? He stood a moment with uncovered head looking down upon the quiet face from which all earthly passion had faded. It seemed even to wear an expression of content, as though this long sleep were sweet and dreamless and full of rest. So should he be some day. But he could not bring it home to his consciousness now. With the blood quick and warm in his veins, his thoughts flew rather to the living. Where was Stubbs's daughter? Where was Blossom? He had promised to stand by her at the worst, never dreaming that the worst would be like this. But he would not forget his vow. Here, by the dead body of her father who had committed her to his keeping, he renewed it. She should find a friend in him. Then he approached the woman who sat at the foot of the bed, her hands locked, her eyes staring straight before her. He spoke to her, but she did not move. He touched her arm, but she shook him off. "Where is the child? where is Miss Blossom?" he asked, stooping down and speaking in her ear. That would recall her. But she only turned her vacant, blood-shot eyes upon him without a word. She had forgotten the child.

But Blossom could not be far away. It was cruel to leave her alone. How little Claudia and her friend had realized her forlorn condition! If they had known it, they would have come to her at once, he deluded himself with thinking. He could do nothing for the sutler's wife, but it could not be long now before Mrs. Bryce came to her. One of her own sex would know, as he did not, how to touch the springs of her heart and make an outlet for her sorrow.

He closed the door after him with that hush which the presence of the dead imposes on us all, and returned to the parlor. The room had been familiar enough to him once, but the very outline of it seemed changed now as his eyes became somewhat accustomed to the darkness. A little heap of darker shadows before the dying embers of the fire caught his eye. Could that be Blossom? He crossed the floor, uttering her name in a subdued voice.

There was a movement among the shadows on the hearth-rug, then a figure, slight, and with unbound hair rose between him and the faint glow of the fire-light. "Who is it?" asked Blossom in a heart-broken tone which touched the young man more

than the sight of the dead face he had just left.

"And you are all alone?" said he, without waiting to announce himself. "Let me get a light. There used to be matches here."

He had pushed the heavy chair away and was searching upon the mantel while he spoke. It had been laden, when he knew it last, with pipes, and matches, and boxes of tobacco. But all was indeed changed here.

"Wait; I will bring one," Blossom said, disappearing for a moment to return with a little circle of flaring light about her head from the lamp in her hand, lighting up her pale face and heavy eyes as she set it down upon the table. Then she waited with her hands crossed and a strange calm upon her childish countenance, in an attitude of utter self-forgetfulness for what he had come to say.

There came to him, like an echo, a recollection of the scene he had just left. And not one of those women had thought of this poor child! It was an injustice to the ladies of the post, since more than one of them had spoken pityingly of both Blossom and her mother, though no one but the major's wife had proposed going to them. Mrs. Stubbs had inspired her acquaintances with an awe which amounted to terror among the female and more timid portion. They looked down upon her, to be sure, as belonging to another order than themselves, but they sympathized with her so far as it was possible. And yet, might she not resent a sympathy which had had no forerunner of friendliness?

"And you are entirely alone? This ought not to be," said Captain Elyot, with a glance of surprise over the fine, dismal apartment which had put on such a strange face to him. "But Mrs. Bryce—the major's wife—will be down directly; she'll take you home with her, I hope."

"Oh, don't send me away." Blossom's sobs broke out anew at this.

"Send you away? It's not for me to send you away, or do anything else, as for that matter. Only nobody seems to think of you. They're coming down to see what can be done for your mother, and I hoped some of them would take you home."

"But I would rather stay—with him," said Blossom, brokenly, and hardly above her breath.

"Then you shall," the young man replied, with a decision which set Blossom's timid heart at rest. "But I have something for you here."

He approached the table where she had set the light down and which formed a barrier between them, behind which the child stood with a pitiful attempt at quiet and self-control. Some locks of her soft, brown hair, loosely curling, fell over her face. She pushed them back and took up the scrap of crumpled paper he laid before her, an occasional sobbing breath breaking the silence between them as she tried to make out the scrawling lines written upon it. It was the leaf from the memorandum-book which Stubbs had pinned upon the little gray gown in the wagon. Some curious eyes had found it out, and it had come to Captain Elyot's hand.

"*I kommit my soul to God, and all I die possessed of to my wife and the child. May God have them in his keepin'!*" it read.

It was Stubbs's last will and testament.

Poor Blossom's tears burst out afresh at this. Tender as his heart was toward her in her trouble, the young man was sorely at a loss to comfort her, and yet he would not go away and leave her alone. Would none of the women ever come! "You see he felt that he was going to die, and had you in his mind at the very last," he ventured, when she had cried a few moments with hysterical sobs it frightened him to hear. And then he went on to speak of her father's death; it was instantaneous, painless. Gradually the sobs became less violent as she listened. Without being aware of it, he had said the very words Blossom most longed to hear.

There had been a horror in her mind, which had fairly overcome her grief, in regard to the manner of his death. She knew nothing of it, but vague recollections of stories heard and read in years past of Indian tortures and massacres had crowded together and assumed dreadful shapes in her fancy. His words brought a relief that almost took away her pain.

He did not think it necessary to add that he had risked his own life to drag the lifeless body out of the reach of the savages. He had no thought of himself at the moment. It was enough to see that the child was stilled and comforted. "We were old friends, your father and I," he said at last, making a boast of a friendship he would hardly have given a thought to twenty-four hours before, and yet his heart was really warm at the remembrance of the little sutler's many virtues. "I hope you wont forget it, or that your father trusted you to me. I'll

be a kind of brother to you, if you'll let me," he added with sudden shyness. And Blossom put out one of her little hands, and raised her face, all wet with tears, to smile a feeble smile more sad than crying, at this promise.

Then Mrs. Bryce's loud rap sounded at the door and she came bustling in full of—it must be owned—rather condescending kindness. She would have lowered her voice and chosen her words more carefully in another house. For there are different qualities of sympathy, and we mete them out according to the case in hand. And close behind Mrs. Bryce, followed the chaplain and his wife. Something of the sorrowfulness of grief seemed to fly away from the house as the door opened for all these officious, well-meaning people to enter in. And death was no longer awful and still, but a confusion of strange running to and fro, of whisperings and beckonings, and mysterious figures passing in and out with faces which strove to be sad, but were only strange and bewildering. By and by the echo of a prayer came out from the room where the dead man lay.

Captain Elyot stole away from it all; haunted by Blossom's pale frightened face, and the hoarse sobs coming from the bedside of the dead man like a dreadful response to the prayers the chaplain was reading out of his book.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW LIFE.

THE funeral was over and Stubbs was laid away to his long sleep, and still the earth rolled on. The snows swept in upon Fort Atchison as the winter drew near; the river, shut into its shallow bed, was covered from sight, and only the cold sky overhead and the broken snow-white land, desolate as a sun-scorched desert, met the eyes of the little company locked in at the post.

Long before this, the train of which the sutler's wagons had formed a part had reached its destination. Blossom, with tears in her eyes, and a strange sense of loneliness in her heart, had watched them until the white top of the last disappeared in the distance as they moved off upon the southern trail. Before setting out, Cogger had repeated his offer of friendly aid to Mrs. Stubbs. "I aint o' much 'count, bein' but a fearsome sort o' a person at best," he had said; "but I'd be glad t' do ye a sarvice, seein's Stubbs an' me were as good as pardners for years. Anything short o' fi'tin' the Injuns," he added, as though afraid of having promised too much.

But Mrs. Stubbs received this bashful proffer of service with an indifference almost contemptuous. It was not to such friends as this she should look now. The first shock of stunning grief had passed away; but it had hardened her heart. Her ambition had been checked for a time by the lethargy which held her, to be turned now into new and wider channels, and to flow the swifter, for the accumulated force gathered in the meantime.

All was changed at the sutler's quarters; but this change had been planned before Stubbs's untimely death. There were no more merry stories or hilarious songs over steaming glasses; neither chink of gold nor rustle of cards, nor indeed any other sound of revelry floated out from the sutler's parlor now. A decent respect for Stubbs's memory might have modified this gayety for a while, but it was understood at the post that there was to be no return to these festivities. Stubbs's daughter had come home at last, and the family was to retire within itself and be clothed upon with the decent reserve enveloping the half a dozen other families of the garrison. Although honestly lamented by his friends and patrons, Stubbs would hardly have been mourned as he was but for the fact that his death deprived the post of a social center. His virtues became for the moment the universal topic of conversation, at least among the male residents at the fort. His obliging manners; a friendly familiarity tempered with deference; his stories, in which he never played the hero; above all, his punch,—which might have vied with Sampson for strength,—were extolled to a degree that would have made proud the heart of the sutler could he have known it. Alas! appreciation and honor are plants which grow mostly in grave-yards. But while everything else withered and died, Stubbs's memory was kept green throughout all the long, cold winter.

In one respect there was no perceptible change. Mrs. Stubbs, who had been for years the active partner in affairs pertaining to the store, conducted the business still. This was the more necessary since months must elapse before any one could be appointed to fill the place nominally vacant. It was well, too, for the woman that some sharp necessity urged her on at this time when despair and a sense of loss she could hardly comprehend pulled her down con-

stantly. But as the days went on, she turned more and more from the past. The present was full for her—full of cares and vexations which sharpened the temper,—never of the mildest,—and irritated the nerves, strained almost to breaking by the shock she had endured. The future alone was pleasant to contemplate. All the wild schemes that had been only fascinating dreams over Blossom's rude cradle came back to her now. What should prevent their becoming realities? She courted them, she dwelt among them in her occasional moments of leisure; they crept in upon her work, bewildering her brain and confusing her hands. How to work them out into practical life was the problem that puzzled her. But this she would learn, or it would come to her later. There was nothing to which she might not attain, now that there was no one to put a check upon her desires.

But it was not for herself that she had encouraged these new-formed schemes. The child had come to mingle in all her thoughts. She was the object and end of all her ambitious hopes. To speak gentle words or to caress her, to sympathize in any degree with her tastes, to enter even the gates of her innocent fancies, she could not. But to work for Blossom with her hard hands, to scheme subtly, and even fight for her if need be,—all this she could and would do.

Sometimes the apathy of grief or added years tempted her to seek ease and quiet instead. The old, strong life that had tingled in her veins to her finger-ends, making her restless, active, aggressive, seemed to have ebbed away, leaving her stranded high and dry, moved only by an occasional tide. The muscles of her strong arms lost their solidity, the fresh color died in her cheeks, the keen fire died in her eyes, and white threads began to mark the shining black hair. A strange indifference to everything lay in wait for her continually, against which she battled feebly. She had been knocked down, battered, bruised, left like one dead, but her strength was coming back, though she was still blinded and dizzy. In a little time she could renew the struggle if her courage would but hold out. There was one circumstance which stung her to something of her old keenness, and that was the indifference with which Blossom's appearance had been received at the post by the ladies sojourning there. With one exception, no one of them had called upon her or extended to her the slightest civility. Claudia Bryce had not been persuaded—though Miss Laud had done her best—to follow her mother to the sutler's either on the night he was brought home dead or on any of the succeeding days. Blossom need not have protested against being sent away. She was not asked to exchange the gloom of her own home for the more cheerful atmosphere at the major's. Mrs. Bryce knew nothing of this suggestion, and Claudia had not repeated it.

One exception there was to the general indifference. Mrs. Brown, the chaplain's wife, did indeed call upon the stranger. Mrs. Stubbs, entering hastily from the store one afternoon, unwarned of this visit, found her occupying one of the purple and yellow arm-chairs. The sutler's widow felt that it was but a professional call and in her heart resented it, sitting upon the edge of one of her own fine chairs in stiff, unbending dignity, and taking no part in the conversation. Blossom, meanwhile, by no means self-conscious enough to attribute the visit to any motive but kindness, too simple-hearted to give it a thought, indeed, chattered unreservedly of her eastern home, her friends and her school-life; for to that pleasant past Mrs. Brown had considerately directed the polite interrogations which supported the rather frail discourse between them. Shadows and sunlight crossed the girl's face as one memory after another was awakened, and the long, slanting sunbeams from the little windows passed by the ugly gay chairs and gaudy flowering carpet to touch the graceful figure in the simple dark-blue gown, and to crown, for the moment, with almost perfect beauty the bright, warm face.

Mrs. Brown, who had come at the suggestion of her husband,—Mrs. Stubbs was not so far out of the way, after all,—was quite won by the girl's pretty, childish face and modest, graceful ways. "Who would have believed it!" she said to herself, with an unconscious glance toward the mother, stiff, ill at ease, and almost forbidding in aspect. "How lonely the poor little thing must be!" And she urged Blossom to come and see her very soon. "Come for the afternoon," she said, "I am often alone while Mr. Brown is in his school, and find the time hanging heavy on my hands. We have a few books if you are fond of reading, and some of the late magazines, though I fear they would be old to you. But you will soon, like the rest of us, drop six months behind the times and be quite contented that it should be so, too,—which is

the oddest part of it," she added, with a cheerful laugh. "I suppose we lose our ambition; but I am by no means sure that ambition is a desirable quality to possess," she said, with another laugh. "But you are to come and see me, mind, and very soon."

Blossom was charmed with their visitor and delighted with her offer of friendship. She looked toward her mother before giving the shy assent upon her lips.

"You can go if you want to," Mrs. Stubbs said ungraciously, making Blossom's cheeks tingle with shame. Then the woman did remember her manners sufficiently to thank the chaplain's wife. But the thanks lacked spontaneity, and Mrs. Brown went away chilled and mildly ruffled. After all, it was impossible to make anything of these people.

But Blossom knew nothing of the check which her good-will had received, and set out after what she deemed a suitable time had elapsed to return the visit of the chaplain's wife. She hung a little reticule upon her arm, in which was hidden away some bit of work, since she had been asked to pass the afternoon. But though Mrs. Brown was scrupulously polite and interested in her visitor, something was gone from her graciousness. It seemed, indeed, to be held under lock and key, and to be doled out on demand. There were none of the silly but delightful little outbursts of speech which had so charmed Blossom at their first interview. The truth was that Mrs. Brown had not forgotten how stiffly Mrs. Stubbs had received her. Looking upon Blossom with sharp, critical eyes today, she fancied the daughter had something of the mother's frigidity. Poor Blossom was growing more and more embarrassed every moment at this reception, so unlike what she had looked forward to! She could hardly keep back the tears; and, oh, how could she hide the reticule upon her arm? Mrs. Brown did notice it at last, but only when the girl had gained courage, by a desperate effort, to get up from her chair and make a move to go home.

"I would ask you to take off your hat, but I—I am going down to Mrs. Bryce's to meet some friends," stammered the chaplain's wife.

"I could not stay. Indeed, I could not," said Blossom, trying to hide the dreadful reticule in the folds of her gown, and ready to cry with disappointment, but above all with shame. And she fairly ran away without another word of adieu.

An uncomfortable consciousness that she had not dealt quite fairly with the girl did pursue Mrs. Brown as she tied her rigolette about her head, donned her shawl, and prepared herself for a call at the major's in corroboration of her excuse to Blossom. She was going to the major's, and she should without doubt meet friends there; so she flattered herself that she had not told an untruth. And after all if she had taken up this girl, petted her and made of her as she had been tempted to do at first, she would only have made her discontented in the sphere to which she was born, and prepared her for unnumbered slights and stings, since it was not to be supposed that all the ladies at the post would have been equally gracious to the sutler's daughter. It was tolerable philosophy and it eased the conscience of the good woman, but unfortunately it could not reach Blossom, who hurried home to pour out her tears before her mother, ashamed of a disappointment so childish, and wounded she hardly knew how. And the mother comforted her, roughly, to be sure, but sympathy is from heart to heart, and the words that carry it are nothing. She kept down the bitter, angry words that rose to her lips; she concealed the rage that made her angry and revengeful toward the woman who had slighted her child. For she understood it all. No suddenly remembered engagement had taken her away; Blossom had been unwelcome.

"Send your daughter down to the house," said Mrs. Bryce one morning, not long after this unfortunate visit. The major's wife was lingering at the counter in the store over a web of muslin, testing its quality between thumb and forefinger. "It must be dull for her here," she went on—"I'll take her with me now, since I'm quite alone to-day. Does she understand plain sewing?" And Mrs. Bryce smoothed the web of cloth with her stout, white hand which shone with handsome, old-fashioned rings, while waiting for the reply, which was long in coming.

"My daughter is busy with her own affairs, and thank you, ma'am." Angry as she was, the sutler's wife could not forget the respect due to the wife of the commanding officer. "She understands fine sewing as well as plain, thanks to the ladies as taught her to hold her needle when she was only a little thing. But there's no need of

her using it for other folks, nor for herself, as for that matter, unless she chooses." And Mrs. Stubbs actually turned her back upon the major's wife.

"Highty, tighty!" said Mrs. Bryce, retreating hastily, after a stare of astonishment over this awful procedure. "To hear the woman! It's time the major took it in hand if one can't buy a yard of muslin without being insulted."

She reached home with her wrath full-grown, and her mild, round face in a blaze.

"Such airs!" she exclaimed, recounting the story at dinner. "And over that chit of a girl! You should have heard her, Major Bryce, assure me to my face that her daughter need not so much as take a needle into her hand unless she chose. And then she actually stalked off about her own affairs, without so much as asking if I had been served. It's quite time there was a change. One would think the woman was conferring a favor every time she gives you a spool of thread."

"Ha, ha," laughed the Major boisterously. "So you attacked Mrs. Stubbs! You're braver than I thought you, my dear. Interfere? Not I. You women may fight it out. But she'll give you no quarter, I can tell you. And it's the daughter, is it? Well, she's a pretty little thing, pretty enough to set you all by the ears."

"Pretty!" Claudia repeated disdainfully. "She's a sly minx, peeping out from behind the window, with her pink and white face, at every young man that goes by!"

"Oh, ho!" shouted the major. "Sits the wind in that quarter? You girls had better look out for your laurels. I saw Captain Elyot casting his eyes toward that same window, not half an hour ago." And having fired his heaviest gun, like a wise man, he took himself out of danger of its recoil.

But the wrath of the major's wife was lukewarm to that aroused in Mrs. Stubbs's bosom. Do plain sewing, indeed! Ah, but the time should come (and the woman nailed her vow with an oath) when Blossom should take her place with the best of them. There was money enough; with this and Blossom's pretty face, what might not be done!

For the girl was sweet to look at. With a beauty of delicate outline and soft changing color, and with an expression in her innocent brown eyes as though they had but just opened wonderingly upon the world. It was hardly the highest type of beauty, and one which the touch of illness or long-settled sorrow might sweep away entirely; but very sweet and winsome, nevertheless, and not to be lightly valued. It won for her more friends than she knew; though these, to be sure, were rather of the opposite sex than of her own. Major Bryce, who remembered her as a baby, had always a rough good-natured word for the girl, and the other officers at the post, especially the younger ones, hung about the store upon the flimsiest pretexts with the hope of catching a passing glimpse of her pretty face if nothing more. But in all these schemes they were foiled. No fashionable mother with an eye to the proprieties and a fine settlement, could have watched over a daughter with greater vigilance than did this woman to whom instinct and inborn craft were the only guides.

The young men might squander their pay and dawdle away their time at the store if they chose; but no moated castle was ever more impregnable than that little parlor, with its gaudy furbishing, the door of which was in plain sight, and behind which Blossom was safely ensconced, all unconscious of her state of siege.

"You've turned the cold shoulder on us of late," said the red-faced cavalry captain Luttrell in an insinuating tone after he had hung about the store for a long half-hour one day.

"It isn't for a decent woman and a widow like me to be opening her house to everybody," Mrs. Stubbs rejoined in a coldly virtuous tone.

"But you might give a place to an old friend," said the captain, with a tender leer from his watery eyes. The bold scheme of making love to the old woman did cross his mind, and by this means to gain a footing in that paradise concerning which the wildest rumors floated about the post.

"An old friend!" repeated Mrs. Stubbs contemptuously. "And will you be pleased to tell me, Captain Luttrell, if it is six months or three since we first saw you out here? And if it's my society they want, my old friends, as you call 'em, have enough of that and welcome here in the store. There's no need to open the door of the house."

"So you only opened it to us before for the sake of what you could make out of us?" said the captain, insolent in defeat.

"I sha'n't deny it, if you choose to say so," Mrs. Stubbs replied coldly. "Perhaps you came to us as much for the eatin' an' drinkin' an' a fire to light yer pipes by,

as for the company of such as we. It wasn't for me to be speakin' of you as friends,"—a touch of the old proud humility came to the woman for a moment,—"I served them as came, as he bade me, and asked no questions. I served 'em well and they paid their reckonin'—at least the most of 'em paid for what they had," at which Captain Luttrell looked uncomfortable. "There's no occasion for it now, that's all;" and the woman folded her arms and regarded the discomfited captain from over the counter with a defiance that held not a quaver of fear of him or his words.

"By ——" said the captain in repeating the story (with some omissions), "she routed every man of us. I was glad to get off with my scalp."

CHAPTER IX.

BLOSSOM'S VISITOR.

But if Mrs. Stubbs ruled at the store with an iron scepter, and stood, in spirit, like a mounted guard bristling with spears before the door of the house, she laid by her symbol of power and threw away her weapons of warfare when once in the little parlor. This was Blossom's province. If Mrs. Stubbs was born to resist and do battle, just so surely was Blossom created for all beautiful and delicate things. Though reared in the doctrine of Arminius one can hardly hold to his faith when we see how truly we are all fore-ordained and predestinated to certain paths in life, rooted into earth from which we cannot tear ourselves, bent and twisted and turned into ways where we never desired to go, bound upon Ixion wheels by chains we cannot break. All the roughness and hardness of their life the mother took upon herself, or rather it was hers by right of birth. For Blossom was the easy way, the sunshine, the flowers, or whatever resemblance of them came to this dreary, bleak spot at this untoward season. It is true, they were but paper flowers at the best and gave out very little fragrance, but such as they were the girl took them and was content. Her sorrow had by this time ceased to press heavily upon her. There had been no constant companionship with her father,—except for those few weeks never to be forgotten,—the privation of which she was to feel now. It was over what they were to have been to each other that she had grieved most of all. It was a disappointment even more than a loss which had come to her; and disappointments, though they weigh heavily, weigh not for a long time upon young hearts. She had become accustomed to her new home and learned to adapt herself after a gentle fashion to its ways. Gradually the ugly, low parlor took on a quaint grace from her presence. The painful right angles at which the stiff, uncouth furniture had been disposed were broken up, and even the most obdurate of tables and sofas found their place at last. A little chintz and muslin and skillful handiwork toned down the gay colors, and here, in a bower of her own devising, Blossom spent much of her time. Quiet and sometimes rather lonely hours they were, in which she wrote long letters to the good woman who had been a mother to her, and to the school friends who even so soon began to have interests which she could not share. The mails were necessarily irregular, and perhaps this would explain why so few replies were ever received to her missives, though doubtless Mrs. Stubbs could have told the fate of more than one of them. There was a piano here—the only one at the post—which had come all the way across the plains in the train with Blossom. Stubbs would have brought out a chime of brazen bells, if it could have added to her happiness.

"It is like magic! Why, Miss Blossom, you are a witch," Captain Elyot said the first time he was admitted after this transformation. He had known the place in its shabby old days and had seen it in its hideous new guise, and could hardly believe it to be the same. Blossom blushed and dropped her eyes and laughed shyly, feeling quite repaid for her pains by this brusque outspoken praise. Captain Elyot found his way here often of evenings now. You may be sure that he met with no such reception as had been given to Captain Luttrell when he asked permission to call. No indeed! If he had been the Fairy Prince himself the doors could not have opened wider or more willingly at his approach. Mrs. Stubbs welcomed him with her best smile and gown, though the latter was the fresher of the two, it must be owned. Smiles were not in her way now, poor woman! And such dainty dishes as she set before him when he joined them at supper!—as he did sometimes by special invitation, to the envy of the other officers at the post, who had not forgotten Mrs. Stubbs's culinary skill. And as though this were not

enough, the finest tobacco in the store was brought in for his approval.

"Just one pipe," urged his hostess, "bless you, Blossom and me don't mind. It aint quite what the last was, though I don't hear 'em complain."

But the young man had no desire to puff a pipe in Blossom's very face.

"Thanks, but I've tried it already and fancy it's rather better than that I brought from the States. I'd rather have a song now, if Miss Blossom would be so obliging."

So Blossom tucked her curls behind her little pink ears and sang not only one, but two or three of her simple songs. They were not much to hear. I fear it was hardly worth while to bring the piano so far. Still the young man found it very agreeable to listen to the quaver of the sweet high-pitched voice. The air was thin and poor, the words soulless. They were something about lovers, and sighing and dying, from which, though interesting and awful enough in themselves, very silly verses can be made. She sang them correctly, lingering upon the notes where she had been taught to dwell, playing the accompaniments in horribly good time, and rising from her seat at last with a timid smile upon her lips. Neither she nor the young captain (who believed that Miss Claudia's Italian airs, to a strumming accompaniment on a Spanish guitar, were nothing so charming as these) gave a thought to the sorrows of the song, those happy factitious sorrows which come, at most, only like a grateful cloud between us and the too glaring glow of our happiness.

"I wish you'd sing to Orme—Lieutenant Orme, you know—who came out with us. I'll bring him round some night if you don't mind," Captain Elyot said, when Blossom, innocently satisfied with herself, had taken up her crocheting again. "He's the most homesick fellow on the plains, and as I have taken him in hand, I feel tolerably responsible for his cure. If you have no objection, Mrs. Stubbs."

"I know him," Mrs. Stubbs said graciously. "There don't seem to be any harm in the boy. You may bring him round if you like, though I've no notion of opening the house to everybody, and you may as well stop there."

"I shouldn't think of bringing any one else," Captain Elyot said quickly. Open the house to everybody! That was the last wish of his heart. "He is low-spirited and has fallen into a set I don't like, and I fancied if he could break away from it in some way, by making new friends perhaps, he'd see the folly of it after awhile."

"I should be very glad to sing to him," Blossom said timidly. "That is if you think he would care to hear me."

Care to hear her? It would be strange indeed if he did not.

"No fear of that. And I may bring him to-morrow night?" the captain asked quickly, fearful lest the tide might turn against his friend.

"If you please;" and Blossom gave a timid glance to her mother, who did not object.

And so it came to pass that the very next evening—and many more if the truth be told—found the young lieutenant in Mrs. Stubbs's parlor. He had objected at first.

"Oh, a plague on the women!" he had said, affecting, like a very young man as he was, *blasé*, ill-fitting airs. "I'd half promised Luttrell and the rest of 'em ——"

"But I made a positive engagement," Captain Elyot said steadily. "And, Orme, there isn't a man at the post but would think himself in luck just now to have the chance to go there."

"Well, if you insist," said Orme with the faintest possible air of martyrdom, resigning himself to circumstances.

But he forgot his unwillingness when Blossom came out of a corner to greet him. So this was the young man who was likely to fall into bad ways, and who only needed friends to set him right! Blossom's tender heart yearned over him with a real missionary desire for his well-doing. Oh, how angry he would have been, could he have known in what a light he had been made to appear before this charming girl whose beauty and pretty shy ways startled him out of all indifference!

She sang to him over and over again. It was for this he had come. But she opened her eyes in wonder when the young lieutenant himself sat down to the piano, and to a dashing accompaniment trolled out a bold soldier song in a fine, rich voice. There was something of the clink of glasses in the shivering chords, and women and death in the song, which brought a thrill to Blossom's untried heart and tears to her eyes. She could not have expressed it in words, but she felt that this was not at all like her poor little songs, over which, with all their sighing and dying, nobody had thought of shedding a tear.

"Why did you ask me to sing?" she said, with the tears still in her eyes.

"Why?" repeated the young man, who seemed to have caught all of Blossom's shyness.

He had thrown off the song as a horse shakes the rain-drops from his mane, and was astonished and immensely flattered by the undreamed-of result.

"You gave me a great pleasure," he said, with all his heart in the words.

Captain Elyot should have been quite triumphant over the chord of sympathy which these two seemed to have struck at once. But human nature is a bundle of contradictions, and for one short moment, as he saw the wonder and almost awe creeping over Blossom's face as the song rolled out freighted with a love which defied death, he wished he had not brought him here. Then, ashamed of the ungenerous feeling, he settled himself in a corner and listened to the two, who had ferreted some duets from an old music-book and were patiently picking them out regardless of other ears than their own. Bang, bang! went the heavy bass of the lieutenant's accompaniment. Blossom's shrill, sweet voice trembled as she came in out of all time, and was finally swept away entirely by the tenor which skipped back and forth in a marvelous way from one part to another. The captain, uneasy in his shaded corner, pulled his mustache and tried to believe that this was what he had striven to effect. But, for the first time in his life, he rebelled at the fate which had denied him a voice for singing. It was certainly very good discipline for the young man.

"I had no idea it would be half so jolly," said the young lieutenant when at last they had come away. "I'm under no end of obligations to you, Elyot, for taking me there. The old woman asked me to call again, and so I will. I promised Miss Blossom, by the way, to look in for an hour to-morrow morning and try those duets again."

"Oh, you did, did you?" the captain replied, rather grimly.

But, after all, was not this what he had desired to bring about?

(To be continued.)

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Now gently falls the fading light,
The Autumn's sunset veil,
While dusky grows the wavering flight
Of whip-poor-will and quail.
The grain is bound, the nuts are brown
On every wooded hill.
The light is softened on the down,
And silvered on the rill.

The partridge drums; the plover's call
Salutes the sportsman's ear,
And just above the water-fall
The fisher sets his weir.
The reddened leaves with withered wings
Sweep lightly to the sod,
And Autumn walks the land and sings,
With rustling sandals shod.

CHRISTIANITY AND FREE THOUGHT.

THE Christian church is often accused of being hostile to free thought. The charge is commonly supported by a reference to the many instances in which the authority of the church or the influence of theological teachers has been arrayed against new opinions which have been ultimately established as solid advances in human knowledge. But on behalf of the church a spirited defense is made against the accusation. It is asserted that Christianity has been one of the chief influences in stimulating the mind of men to activity; that it has not only been the teacher of the most important truth known to man, but has in modern times harmonized with the utmost freedom of research and speculation; and that it is as unfair to load existing Christianity with the opprobrium of mediæval inquisitions as it would be to hold modern science responsible for the absurdities of alchemy and osteology. It is further said that if the Christian religion fosters an intensity of conviction which is unfavorable to light or easy change of belief, and which in its exaggeration may become bigotry, this belongs to that deepening of the moral lights and shadows which marks the truth and grandeur of religion. By as much as the destiny of man is seen in its real greatness as involving transcendent issues, by so much must the gravest importance rightfully attach to the beliefs and principles by which his course is guided; and a just sense of the consequences of error must have a sobering and conservative influence on inquiry into truth. This wholesome conservatism, it will be said by the champions of the church, is the only check which Christianity imposes on the progress of thought; and this is a beneficent influence, akin to these deep conservative instincts which in the Teutonic races restrain rash innovations in society and politics, and are a guarantee and aid to safe progress.

We are thus brought to recognize a principle which may perhaps be accepted in its general statement alike by assailants and defenders in the controversy. So far as Christianity asserts certain truths as essential to personal salvation, it practically restricts free inquiry on the part of its adherents in the direction of those assertions of truth. This consequence is inevitable. If, for example, the church, or any branch of the church, affixes to the metaphysical definitions of the Trinity, contained in the "Athanasian Creed," this sentence: "which faith except everyone do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly," it necessarily discourages anything like a sincere and searching inquiry as to whether those definitions really express matter of human knowledge. So of any other doctrine; the voice that tells men they will be eternally lost if they do not believe it, cannot and ought not really encourage them to examine fearlessly its foundations; for any genuine inquiry implies uncertainty and the possibility of a negative decision, to which there has been affixed in advance a penalty so fearful that intellectual curiosity can supply no motive to justify the risk.

The real nature and effect of this limitation can only be appreciated by a glance at the history of Christianity. The feature in the new religion which at first took strongest hold of the woes of mankind was its confident announcement of a future life. To appreciate the power of that announcement, we must remember that Christianity gained its first successes among the poor and unfortunate, for whom the attractions of the present life were small. Paul wrote with unflattering frankness to his Corinthian converts: "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, and the weak things, and base things." So rare were converts among the higher classes that for a very long time scarcely any attention was paid to the new religion by the literary men of the heathen world whose writings have come down to us. Now, it was just this class of the weak and poor, whom the haughty classic civilization made of far less account than even our own society, and whose life was extremely bare and hard, to whom the confident assurance of an eternity of bliss or woe beyond the grave would come home with the greatest force. And when Christianity was at last extending its conquests through the highest classes, the Roman Empire was encountering disasters that appalled the stoutest hearts, and made inexpressibly welcome the refuge offered beyond the reach

of plague and famine, of imperial tyranny and barbarian invader. The greatest theological work of the early church, Augustine's "City of God," was written under the influence of the profound shock which went through the empire when Rome itself fell into the hands of Alaric; the book is a solemn and jubilant acceptance of the transfer of earthly hopes and affections to the invisible city whose builder and maker is God. It was this slow, long darkening that gradually fell upon the Greek and Roman world, once so full of intense life and boundless expectation, which fixed the minds and hearts of men on the future life with an intensity that can hardly be conceived by us to whom the present is so full and vital. Christianity, which as taught by Christ had been pre-eminently an ideal of conduct and character, with eternity set as a background to give energy and emphasis to the present life,—speedily became, and was more and more so regarded, a prescribed and definite means of attaining a consummation which began at death. Eternity was now made the foreground of the picture; the present life had no interest or significance save as an instrumentality to something beyond. To escape hell and win heaven became the one absorbing passion in which all the energies of the new religion were concentrated. This was the end sought: what was the means employed?

At an earlier day, even under the ceremonial system of Judaism, the greatest teachers of religion had presented with wonderful clearness and force the idea that the only service required by God is that of right living and spiritual aspiration. Such was David's answer to the great question: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. * * * He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not. * * * He that doeth these things shall never be moved." This passage is the key-note to the religion of the Psalms. The inadequacy of a ceremonial religion, and the true approach to the Deity through pure spiritual emotion, are brought out with unsurpassable distinctness. "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, and a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." The prophet Micah gives this striking summary of religion: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" When from the older Judaism we pass to the life and teaching of Christ, we find the conception of religion as simply right-doing in the broadest and loftiest sense, set forth with a force and fullness, a familiarity and vividness of illustration, and a power of personal example, to which it is impossible to do any justice in a passing allusion. The typical instances of His doctrine are such passages as the blessings pronounced on the pure in spirit, the merciful, the peace-makers, them that hunger and thirst after righteousness; the summing up of all moral obligation in love to God and love to man; the promise that they who forgive shall be forgiven; the sublime representation of a great day of award, in which the sole test and condition of Divine favor is to have fed the hungry and clothed the naked, and comforted the sick and sorrowful. But to complete the enumeration would be to summarize the greater part of the entire Gospel narrative.

When from this teaching of Jesus we turn to the sentiment and practice of the Christian church in the second or third century, we find that in men's thought the test of man's acceptance with God and hope for the future had altered not a little from the simple and grand ideal which the church's founder had set up. The conception of character is still a high one, and the sense of moral obligation is strong. But we find established at a very early day, and insisted on with constantly growing emphasis, the belief that membership in the visible church, with due reception of its sacraments and firm belief in all its doctrinal teachings, constituted an indispensable condition of escape from everlasting misery and of entrance on endless bliss. To the purely moral and spiritual requirements of Jesus, there had very early been superadded a set of external conditions. And it is the sorrowful task of the candid Christian historian to show that with amazing rapidity the external requirements overshadowed and dwarfed the moral and spiritual elements of Christianity. Church membership and the sacraments and doctrinal agreement with the majority, from being subordinate and incidental accompaniments of a life of moral order and brotherly love, received more

and more the first place, until they came to constitute the most prominent elements of religion, and the chief, if not the sole, conditions of present salvation.

But this great change, so amazing and incomprehensible when we look only at the first and last stages of the process, becomes intelligible as we scrutinize its successive steps. It was natural and inevitable that, for the early Christians, a formal union with the main body of believers should be the immediate consequence of a genuine adherence to their religion. Christianity, in its early purity, was in direct contrast and conflict with the ordinary practice of mankind, at innumerable points. The contrast between "the Church" and "the world" was, in the earliest centuries, such as our society has no parallel or analogy for; it is by an utter perversion of language that the terms denoting the mutual hostility of that period are sometimes applied to the thin and almost invisible distinction which church-membership implies in our modern society. The Christians differed from their neighbors not only in creed but in practices and sentiments interwoven with the whole fabric of daily life; public amusements, personal indulgences, household relations, the offices of state, presented a thousand occasions of difference or sharp collision. Not only in such details, but in the great animating purposes and hopes of his life, the Christian convert found himself at once sundered widely from his old associates, and in imperative need of the closest alliance with those who shared his new life. The Christian Church, as an external organization, with the incidents of formal though simple initiation, and observances that gave expression to its inward fellowship, was an indispensable condition of the survival of Christianity as a spiritual religion. Membership in this visible church was at the outset no arbitrary or unnecessary requirement; it was a privilege, spontaneously and eagerly sought by whoever had an earnest purpose to follow the religion of Christ. A similar remark may be made of the "belief" which was at first inseparably connected with the Christian life; it was no arbitrary exaction, but something necessarily implied in the very idea of turning from heathenism or Judaism to Christianity. The whole appeal of the new religion lay in its presenting a new set of facts by which life was to be shaped; to "believe" those facts, to accept one living and true God, and Jesus Christ the founder and inspirer of the new society, and the future life which he had promised, as realities—this lay of necessity in the very act and process of becoming a Christian. Here again we go on using language which has lost its meaning with the change of times. From the pulpit we constantly hear the exhortation, "only believe!" with a metaphysical and mystical definition of belief, which too often stultifies, or bewilders, or repels the hearer. But "belief" had a very simple and profound meaning when it implied the mind's exchange of the dim, unlovely, immoral deities of Olympus for a spiritual and holy God; the view of life no longer as a transient enjoyment or endurance, beginning and ending in the unknown, but as a heroic service, superintended and rewarded by a beneficent Providence.

The primitive exhortation to believe and be baptized was thus the simple, appropriate and necessary requirement of the earliest Christianity: belief,—such an acceptance by the soul of the great spiritual realities as should supply internal motives to the new life; baptism,—the simple initiation into that brotherhood which was to supply the indispensable social aid.

But, one by one, came additions of requirement and regulation—some helpful, some inevitable, many injurious. The great besetting end of religion—the substitution of some externality for the arduous, unsparing demands of right living—throve and grew in the early church with a rapidity equal to that of its external conquests. Even during its first three centuries,—illustrious though they were with a new nobility of life, with the joyful spread of "good tidings" to the poor and the sorrowful, and with the heroism of martyrs,—the church was yet a hotbed of superstitions. Its original simple rites were already in the second century invested with a magical potency. The sacraments were channels of supernatural grace. The external elements more and more predominated over the internal. In the third century, the great Cyprian declares that "no man has God for his father who has not the church for his mother." He banishes the heretic—the dissenter from the growingly elaborate creed of orthodoxy—from all hope in the world to come, even though he give his body to the flames for the faith which he holds in an imperfect form. Cyprian, though in sterner language than was yet usual, spoke truly the growing sentiment of the church. With every succeeding age, the ritual assumes higher importance; baptism is the washing away

of sins, and the unbaptized infant is lost; without the sacraments there can be no reception of Christ; the priest's absolution clears the soul before God; the church's ministers hold and freely use the keys of heaven and hell. The growing minuteness of the creed, and insistence on its unqualified acceptance, keep pace with the development of ritualism. The passion for speculative theology, and for enforced orthodoxy, burst into full flower at about the very moment when, under Constantine, the church passed from subjection and occasional persecution into the religion of the state. The subtle Greek intellect—its old freshness and originality gone—plunged into abstruse metaphysics concerning the nature of the Godhead. The first universal council was called to decide a controversy—whose terms are so subtle that the mind can scarcely attach any real meaning to them, and whose subject is alike remote from human knowledge and from the conduct of human life; and the Christian world was divided for centuries by a schism that involved persecutions, wars, and unmeasured consignment to perdition of each party by its adversary—on the question whether the Son is of *one* substance with the Father, or only of *like* substance with the Father. A long series of similar controversies succeeded, and the verdict of the majority upon each was duly recorded as infallible divine truth, with an anathema upon dissenters. The controversies which, during the same period, took their rise in the western portion of Christendom related originally to more practical subjects, such as the nature of sin, man's dependence relatively on his own will and divine grace, and the like; but they resulted in the most minute and positive dogmatism on the deepest mysteries of human nature, and in the proscription as heretical and damning of views which, to some minds, unquestionably afford a moral consolation and incentive which are not found in Augustinianism. In a word, the whole church, East and West, having first stimulated the minds of men to great speculative activity, and sincerely believing that on the apprehension of truth in these dim realms depended the attainment of eternal salvation, directed its sternest energies no longer against immorality of life but against speculative error. The woes which the early Christian teachers had denounced against adultery, drunkenness, murder, hatred, and such like, were now proclaimed against Arianism, Pelagianism, Nestorianism. The church still made protest and struggle, more or less successful, against the lusts of the flesh; still sought to cultivate that fruit of the Spirit which is love, joy, peace; but above and before all things she fought and conquered heresy of opinion, and, however she might succeed or fail in promoting morality, triumphantly enforced her creed and her ritual.

One can hardly avoid pausing to ask, Is this the history of Christianity? Must it not be the gross caricature of an enemy? But it is from Christian authorities that the material is drawn. It is Athanasius and Eusebius and Augustine and Jerome—names most highly venerated by the church—that supply to modern compilers the evidence which makes the friendliest narrative of early Christianity a story of swift degeneracy. Dean Milman, eminent in the Church of England for character and attainments, not merely an impartial but a sympathetic historian, says expressly that the one sin against which the church came to throw its whole strength was heresy; that toward all other offenses it was by comparison tolerant. Moral evils eluded and baffled it; but speculative error raised its head only to be crushed. Indeed the briefest glance at what are called the Dark and the Middle Ages—which followed the time we have here especially had in view—is enough amply to confirm Milman's statement. Through these ages the church was the dominant power in Christendom; every child received her baptism; her membership embraced the whole population. We know well how often cruelty and lust and rapine ran their dark course almost unchecked; we know how deeply at times they infected the priesthood itself; we know that while the church often made a brave and not ineffectual struggle against these evils, it often connived at them, and continually gave parting assurance of sure salvation to men reeking with impurity and branded with cruelty, if only by rite or offering they made their peace with this hierarchy. And we know that through this same period no man ever uttered a dissent from the established theology, except at dire peril of his life and the church's eternal curse.

This historical review is necessary to any full understanding of our subject. The present of Christianity can never be thoroughly understood without looking also at its past. Christianity is not merely a system of abstract truths, it is a vast series of facts. It is an historical religion, by no means fixed

and unalterable, though including within it some changeless truths; but, as a whole, possessing an extraordinary capacity for development, both in the line of degeneracy and of reformation. Its present condition as a living religion among men is the resultant of forces of which we can partially trace the historic development; it has long and strong roots, running back for thousands of years. One of these roots we have been following in this article, and these are the facts we have reached: that at a very early period, long before the Papacy, and very soon after the New Testament period, Christians came to believe that among the essential conditions of eternal salvation were membership in the visible church, and acceptance of its rites, and also an implicit belief of all the doctrines set forth by authority of that body; that these ideas grew until they overshadowed the ideas of moral rectitude; and that the controlling and intensely sincere belief of mediæval Christianity was, that to be outside of the one Catholic church, or to reject a single one of her many dogmas, was to incur eternal damnation. The mind of Europe was bound by the twofold and closely linked chain of ecclesiastical subjection and doctrinal orthodoxy.

The effect of the Reformation was to break one strand of this twofold cord, and to leave the other as strong as ever. It freed its adherents from subjection to the church's government, but it enforced, by the whole weight of its authority, a dogmatic creed no less minute and strict than the old one. Luther's great work was to break down completely the rule of the Roman hierarchy over northern Europe. The impulse that inspired him to this achievement, and enabled him to perform it, was essentially a moral impulse. He was not actuated by any abstract love of liberty or reverence for free thought; such feelings were uncongenial to the age, and wholly foreign to Luther. Nor was it a dissent from the doctrinal theology of the Catholic church that first or chiefly moved him; his theological dissent was less the cause than the consequence of his revolt. Luther, along with many other of the best qualities of the Germanic race, had very strongly that profound regard for practical morality which seems especially to belong to it. It was the shameful traffic in indulgences, with its direct license and encouragement of all manner of vice, that drew him from his peaceful professor's chair into battle. It was in the cause of purity of life, the cause of religion, not as a shield for immorality, but as its unrelenting foe, that the great Saxon put on his armor. Only when he found that the head of the church persistently gave protection and countenance to moral corruption, did he at last deny the rightfulness of his rule. Once engaged in that daring revolt,—as full of danger and difficulty as man ever undertook,—he threw his whole strength into the fight, and took, without faltering, every step to which his denial of the pope's sovereignty led him,—a new organization, a modified creed, a line of cleavage running from top to bottom of religious life. But, throughout, the motive that upheld him, and that rallied to his side the best forces of his time, was that desire for moral reformation which had for centuries broken defeated against the walls of church authority, until now, at last, it broke down those walls. Even the alterations in theology on which Luther laid most stress had their real inspiration in this underlying assertion of freedom from an immoral tyranny. Luther's great theological watchword was "justification by faith." Partly, that doctrine was an outgrowth from his own religious experience, and the expression in a somewhat dogmatic form of the soul's priceless right of immediate personal access to the Divine Goodness. But it took definite shape, and was put in the forefront chiefly because it was the completest denial of the dependence of the soul on sacramental grace, which had put in the hands of the priesthood its most irresistible weapon.

Luther, then, and the reformers in general, denied and overthrew the authority of the Catholic church, having for their strongest and best motive a regard for that Christian morality which the church had betrayed. But nothing was further from the thoughts and wishes of the reformers than to liberate men from the obligation of orthodox belief, under the most awful penalties. That inheritance from the mediæval church they found no occasion to part with. They altered somewhat the definitions of orthodoxy, retaining, however, the larger part of the traditional creed, and they enforced it with all the greater vehemence because they dreaded the possible extent of the unsettling which they had themselves begun. They were extremely intolerant toward the differences which very soon rose among themselves. Catholicism has always reproached Protestantism with the multitude of its sects, and the Protestant defense has been that these minor differences were the legitimate

fruits of the fertile human intellect working in its proper freedom. But, unfortunately, the founders of the Reformation, while they lacked the power to suppress these differences, frowned upon them as heretical, and freely affixed the old spiritual anathemas to those who went a little beyond them in their own path.

There is a scene in the early history of the Reformation, not without pathos in itself, but deeply tragical to us who understand its ominous significance. The Swiss leader, Zwingle,—himself an originator in the Reformation, a man of noble character and thoroughly Christian faith,—differed from Luther in his view of the Lord's Supper, he esteeming it only a commemorative ordinance, while Luther gave it a mystical character somewhat approaching the Catholic idea. Their friends brought about a conference between them, and from the largeness of Luther's nature and Zwingle's liberality and kindliness of temper, a good result might well have been hoped. On opposite sides of a table, surrounded by their friends, they argued the matter long, till Luther, taking a piece of chalk, wrote on the table, "*Hoc est meum corpus*," and refused to yield one iota of what he held to be the plain declaration of Scripture. Any doctrinal compromise being impossible, Zwingle, with tears in his eyes, offered to Luther the hand of brotherly fellowship, but Luther refused to take it, and so they parted. Doubtless, the refusal cost a sharp pang to the great and kindly heart that yet was bound by loyalty to what seemed to it vital matter of Christian faith and human salvation. The real tragedy of the scene lies in the fact that, to so good and great a man as Luther, man's acceptance with God should seem to depend on the right construction of a metaphysical dogma, and an upright and faithful life appear exposed to endless ruin for misconstruing a text of Scripture. And Luther stood not alone in this, but as one in a long line of men who have been influential in human affairs, many of them distinguished by noble and even lovable characters, who have verily thought they were doing God service in insisting upon the acceptance of a particular creed as necessary to an escape from his eternal wrath.

We need not dwell upon the period of the Reformation. Its principal leaders—Luther, Calvin, Knox, and their associates—set up and imposed upon the Protestant churches by the most solemn sanctions, schemes of doctrine even more minute and elaborate than the Catholic church had enforced. The heroic age of the Reformation very speedily passed; and the conflict between the two great hostile parties, though sometimes involving moral elements, became to a great extent a warfare in part of temporal interests and in part of metaphysical systems. Protestantism, in its various branches, upon the whole insisted even more strenuously on soundness of orthodoxy than did Catholicism, for the latter made acceptance of its government and ritual the chief requirement. We have not space here, nor is it necessary to our purpose, to trace the general wave of ecclesiastical power, the growth of secular interests, the partial reconcilement with one another of most of the minor Protestant sects. We have followed, in a very general survey, the historic development of the disposition to consider the acceptance of certain beliefs as indispensable to Christian life and to salvation beyond the grave. It remains only to glance at a very few indications of the influence of this attitude of mind in our own day.

A candid comparison of the present state of religious feeling with that which existed three hundred years ago can hardly fail to disclose among its first results a very great mitigation of the severe exclusiveness of orthodoxy. Even the Catholic church, though still in its corporate capacity adhering to its anathema on those who deny its claims, shows in the mass of its members an unmistakable disposition to soften or evade the rigor of its sentence. Very few good Catholics in our day, it is safe to assert, look for the final damnation of their Protestant neighbors in any such confident and vivid way as once was common. Among Protestants, there is no such inexorable insistence on the finer minutiæ of their various creeds as characterized their ecclesiastical ancestors. The modern representatives of Lutheranism would not deny the character of Christians to the followers of Zwingle. The Calvinist and the Arminian, the Baptist and his opponent, the Churchman and Quaker, however firmly each may hold to his own peculiarity, would very rarely deny that divine grace and eternal salvation were amply possible to those who rejected it.

And yet, a very little examination will show that even in our modern Protestant churches an immense influence is exerted by the idea—held either as a definite belief or a vague but powerful sentiment—that

well-founded hope of future salvation is possible only to those who substantially acquiesce in the body of doctrine set forth by the church. This statement hardly needs proof. We may take two illustrations of it, from the opposite extremes of the Protestant body. One of the most interesting religious autobiographies ever written is the "Apologia pro Vita Sua" of John Henry Newman. The writer's exquisite literary skill is not more noteworthy than the attractive and admirable qualities of his mind and heart. In purity of purpose, in painful and patient search for truth, and in sacrifice of the dearest earthly interests to his religious convictions, he is a man whom the Anglican church may alike be proud to have bred, and the Roman church to have won. Now, at the very crisis of his long struggle between the two faiths, we find him writing thus to one who was in a position resembling his own: "The simple question is, can *I* (it is personal, not whether another, but can *I*) be saved in the English church? am *I* in safety, were I to die to-night? Is it a mortal sin in *me*, not joining another communion?" Here we have a man of the finest culture and the most ardent aspiration toward truth, weighed down by the apparently unquestioned conviction that on the right solution of a most complicated and perplexing problem might hang his soul's eternal welfare. What idea could possibly be more prejudicial to that calm, dispassionate atmosphere in which truth is sought for its own sake solely, and with instinctive confidence that the soul's best safety lies in fearlessly following the truth? And what could throw more rational doubt on the soundness of Newman's final decision between the two alternatives, than the circumstance of the tremendous bribe to choose the *safer* course to which his preconceptions exposed him?

At the very antipodes from Dr. Newman's type of character is that of Mr. Moody. He is without scholarly taste or training, supremely indifferent to abstractions, intensely practical, bound by the closest ties of sympathy and mutual understanding to the common people. And Mr. Moody (in this not unlike Dr. Newman) shows not a single trace of the bitter and malign qualities by which the *odium theologicum* is fed. The whole stress of his preaching is in the line of the cheerful, buoyant and hopeful sentiments. Yet Mr. Moody teaches plainly and constantly that the only way to be saved is through belief in the doctrine of substitutional atonement. It is impossible to find fault with him personally for narrowness or uncharitableness. Not only is he wholly kind and helpful in his spirit, but to his mind the scheme of theology in which he has been trained represents a definite, positive, unalterable set of facts; and these "facts" have to him a literal unquestionable reality which is not only unattainable but almost inconceivable to minds of a more speculative and philosophical cast. He honestly presents his view of the moral universe, and to his mind it is as clearly impossible to escape endless ruin except by faith in the literal shedding of Christ's blood for human transgressions, as to walk across the North River dry-shod. Beyond doubt, this intensely literal and absolutely unquestioning belief—which in its fullness is simply impossible to most men who have received as much education as the average minister—is one source of Mr. Moody's power over a very large class. It is equally clear that it must be wholly unfavorable to any genuine and searching inquiry into the truth of the doctrines taught; for it is idle to tell a man he may freely examine the truth of a statement, but if he concludes it is not true he will be damned. And, while Mr. Moody undoubtedly does great good,—much more good than his imitators are likely to do,—it must be recognized that along with this goes a steady, quiet repulsion of a large class of minds from the Christianity which is thus presented. Thoughtful people are not any better necessarily than unthoughtful; but in the long run it is the thoughtful class that draws into its wake the entire community. It seems worth the consideration of those clergymen who are accepting Mr. Moody's style of work not merely as good in its place, but as the sole or main work of the church—whether they are not endangering the future and permanent success of their cause for the sake of visible present results.

To recur from these special instances to general facts, we have apparent at this time on the one side, a strange disposition to turn the intensely active thought and the vast disclosure of new facts which characterize this age in the direction of earnest, serious scrutiny into religious truth. Such questions as these regarding the nature and authority of the Scriptural writings, the cosmogony which has heretofore been a corner-stone of theology, the traditional teaching of a literal eternity of future punishment;

questions yet more fundamental than these; inquiries as to the existence and essential nature of the deity; whether there is a moral governor of the universe; whether there is possible to man any sure knowledge of his Maker, or any spiritual communion with a Heavenly Father; whether there is a life beyond the grave; whether, in a word, the faiths which have been the dearest treasure of suffering humanity are outworn and mischievous delusions, or the expression of eternal truths which are to take on new glory with advancing knowledge,—these and similar questions are pressing upon thoughtful and earnest men with an irresistible demand for fearless consideration and candid answer. And over against this class of facts we have this other: the great body of professional teachers of religion are under the powerful influence of an inherited feeling that to disbelieve a certain general system of doctrine is to incur the risk of perdition; and, are bound in conscience by that belief to give no countenance to any inquiry which is not pledged in advance to lead to the old conclusions. This statement by no means exhausts the grounds of theological conservatism; its force is strengthened by broader and by narrower considerations; by a natural recoil from the temporary weakening of straightforward moral energy that is inevitable when the mind is in a questioning and transitional state; and also by that less disinterested dread of change which inheres in all great "vested interests" like the church. But under all such considerations, giving heaviest weight and sharpest edge to the church's opposition to unlimited freedom of inquiry, lies this ancient, deep-rooted belief or feeling,—seen most distinctly in a man like Mr. Moody,—that certain doctrinal statements are a divinely constructed bridge which offers the only way across a fiery gulf to a heavenly refuge.

We need not further describe the two cooperating forces; nor need we dwell on the peril which their opposition implies—the danger of a religion afraid to examine its own foundations, drifting toward insincerity, cowardice, self-seeking, and the loss of the noblest religious qualities; and on the other side the danger of a philosophy chilled and deadened by want of the devout and reverential spirit which the church fosters, and becoming meager and unspiritual by severance from the great historical embodiment and representative of Christian faith, and hope, and love. The danger is evident enough: where lies the prospect of escape?

It lies, apparently, in the growing development within the church of that conception of religion in which character is central and supreme. The difficulty disappears when the church accepts its Master's definitions of religion. Humility, purity, hunger and thirst for righteousness; love to God and love to man; absolute trust in the Power that rules the universe; the spirit of brotherhood toward all mankind,—these ideals are in perfect consonance with the spirit of the most fearless truth-seeking; they supply to it the firmest basis and the noblest motives.

Such a conception of religion will not ignore the fact that intellectual beliefs have a direct bearing on character. But it will find in that fact the incentive to earnest and fearless essays toward true belief; not thinking of the Divine Ruler as watchful to smite even barest error with eternal wrath, but heartily accepting the word that they who seek shall find.

The question of how far and how fast the church is actually coming to this conception of a religion of character is one to which it is best not to give a too sweeping or confident answer. But it is to be noted, first, that the radical renovation and purification of an historical religious system is by no means impossible. Other religions than Christianity have experienced some degree of such a regeneration; but this capacity peculiarly belongs to the genius of Christianity, and is one secret of its strength. The Protestant Reformation, with all its limitations and drawbacks, was a notable instance of the self-purifying power of Christianity; the moral and spiritual renovation of the Catholic church, which was the counter-stroke to the Protestant revolt supplied another instance, though with a larger infusion of unworthy elements; and both before and since that period there have been not a few cases where either the whole church, or an important branch, has roused from corruption and lethargy to purer life and fresh conquests. It seems not over-sanguine to find in the signs of our times many indications yielding hope of another and a profound regeneration of the religious spirit. These indications point to the identification of religion with personal character, character at once in its simplest and largest sense; as right-doing,—the faithful, patient pursuit of all moral excellence; as aspiration and toil toward a perfect manhood, a manhood firmly planted in fidelity to all human and earthly relation-

ships, and bound by conscious and vital kinship to the spiritual power of the universe. This religion, when fully developed, will recognize goodness as the one thing needful; it will find the noblest employment for all lofty and spiritual faiths in applying them to produce integrity, purity, love, joy, peace, in the lives of men; it will find in such fruit the best approval of the faiths that nurtured it; it will, let us hope, by making men morally better, and purifying their minds of the animalism, bitterness and selfishness that dim the moral vision, enable them to discern as by intuition the great spiritual realities about which we question, thus making good the promise that the pure in heart shall *see* God. While a religion of character will thus be in the strongest sympathy with spiritual faith, it will not condemn any man, whatever his belief, who in his life is pure and benevolent, it will not be afraid to accept the teaching of Jesus, that the supreme test-question is whether we have ministered to the hungry, the naked, the sorrowful, and the sinning. It will affirm without reservation that the only real heresy is wrong-doing.

It may be asked on what grounds there can be based any hope that the church at large is likely to accept such a conception of religion. We would by no means be understood as giving an altogether confident or positive expression to such a hope. The elements of ceremonialism and dogmatism are very strong; they often display a fresh vitality that might astonish us, did we not reflect, first, that these elements have for many centuries been worked deep into the blood and bone of Christendom; and, next, that they have a powerful ally in human nature, which finds great ease and attractiveness in a religion that says "Don't try to reform yourself; don't labor painfully to be good; you have only to *believe* and be safe." It is not impossible that such conceptions of religion, and the kindred conception which makes ritual and sacrament, rather than belief, the substitute for character, may for a long time predominate in the Christian church. Such a result would indicate a future that is painful to contemplate, but is not therefore impossible. But, on the other hand, there is a tendency in the church—a tendency broader and deeper than the surface shows—more and more to give to character the first and supreme place. This tendency exists even in denominations which are in their organization most highly ecclesiastical and dogmatic. In these denominations there are a great many religious teachers who, occupying various attitudes toward the theological systems of their churches, agree in making it the grand aim of their work to promote right living in their hearers. The best and most influential of these workers are not polemic; they have seen the unfruitfulness of doctrinal controversies; they have no desire to break with the churches to which they are bound by habit not only, but by affection and usefulness. They make far less noise than the champions of tradition, to whose voices anxiety and apprehension give a kind of shrill vociferousness. They constitute no party or sect; they have no shibboleths; they differ widely among themselves on questions of theology. But they are working in an almost unrecognized fraternity, whose common object is to make Christianity a living power in the hearts and lives of men. They are open-minded to all new light; they look to science as a friend rather than a foe; they accept it as their business to use all truth old or new in making stronger, sweeter, better men and women. We can take no census of these workers, nor can we weigh and estimate the influence of their spirit among the conflicting forces of the time. But we may remember that "the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation," and in the very quietness of this work we may see a hopeful omen.

Further, it is to be remembered that "Christianity" and "the church" are no longer convertible terms. The church, as an organization, has immense moral power; in the very principle of organization it builds on the social element which is among the strongest forces of human nature; and among its instrumentalities there are many which are most admirably adapted to move and control men. It includes measureless influences of sympathy, memory, association; no comprehensive out-look toward the future of religion can fail to take large account of the organized church. But, after all, we shall find at the present day some of the purest and most beneficent aspects of Christianity outside of the pale of any church. The imposition of a creed at the church-door seems to shut out some of the sincerest and most spiritual men and women; and though the church loses them, they are not lost to the community. Of the great moral reforms of our day, some, like the temperance movement, have been taken under the care of the church; but others, like the anti-slavery cause, and the present

effort for political reform, have had to find leaderships elsewhere. Some of the greatest achievements of the practical Christian spirit, in thought and life, have been wrought under the indifference or hostility of the church. It must be said that toward these dangers in our commercial and political society which give most concern to thoughtful men, the church, as an organization, fails to display any such sensitive apprehension and energetic opposition as she shows toward church innovations in philosophy. Not unnaturally or illogically, from her traditional stand-point, she is far more enthusiastic in the work of "saving souls" than in that of purifying the government, or raising the standard of public and private morals. It would not be unjust to add that those denominations and those churchmen who are most serviceable in these directions are to a great extent—by no means exclusively—those who are under the open ban, or at least the marked suspicion of the ecclesiastical majority, as of unsound or doubtful orthodoxy. Many times before now the "heretics" have been the salt that kept life in the church, and it may be so again.

But, after all, the church is not Christianity. Even if the church should fail to recognize the supremacy of character, and thus wed faith to free thought, we may still look with hope to that large and vital Christianity which is nobly expressed in literature, and more nobly expressed in countless humble lives, to meet the emergency. As Abraham left the land of his fathers, as the children of Israel marched through the wilderness to the promised land, as the Pilgrim Fathers turned their backs on the Harlem Meer and the Zuyder Zee to build a new nation in the free West, so man still leaves behind him the old abodes that he has outgrown, to find a home larger, fairer, nearer to God.

EXPERIENCE IN POST-OFFICE APPOINTMENTS.

I BECAME a member of Congress on the 4th of March, 1869, at a time when a great many changes were about to be made in the offices of the country. Andrew Johnson had succeeded in filling the larger part of them with Democrats, or with such Republicans as indorsed his policy, and when General Grant became President it was universally expected that most of these heads would drop into the basket.

Nearly all the post-offices were to be considered vacant, and I was asked to make recommendations of postmasters to be appointed in my district. It was known to every office-seeker in the state that I would be asked to do this, and I was literally overwhelmed with applications. I saw that I must go through all those papers and undertake the difficult task of providing berths for more than one hundred patriots, and that I must select them from a thousand applicants, each of whom supposed himself just the man above all others who had earned and ought to have the place, and who was, besides, the direct instrument by which I became a member. Most of these applicants were very profuse in the expression of their good-will toward me, in which some of them, I doubt not, were sincere; perhaps nearly all thought they were. But when one of them, who was then in Washington, wrote home to a friend with what pride he had seen me rise in the House, and how ably I had spoken; and when the friend copied the paragraph and sent it to me, I could not help suspecting that there was a little "ring," for both the writer and his friend were applicants for office, while the fact was, I had not yet risen in the House or attempted to speak at all! To the honor of this army of applicants it must be said that only three of them ever offered any bribe of money to secure an office. One of these wanted a route agency, and wrote me that he was poor, but that if I would secure him the place, he would give me a hundred dollars. His letter was put in the grate and never answered. Another visited me in person and applied for an Indian agency, but he said he did not want that I should work for him for nothing, and I could have a thousand dollars if I procured him the place. His application was never presented to the department, nor his name mentioned by me in connection with an appointment. Another, with whom I had a personal acquaintance that had prepossessed me in his favor, sent me word by letter that he would give me fifty dollars if I would secure him

an Indian agency. Because of my former respect for him, I replied to his letter, and told him plainly that if he meant his offer in earnest, I should not only not do anything for him, but should see that he got nothing from any other source. He answered me in a letter which he meant to be sarcastic, closing with the insinuation that he had probably not offered enough. Many of the applicants (and I will admit that they did not see the bribery of it) assured me that if they were appointed, I should have working friends who could do for me more than any others. Believing that those who were my friends for the sake of office were scarcely the persons to be intrusted with government interests, I avoided the appointment of any of them, choosing from among those who made no other professions than that they considered themselves capable and would try to discharge the duties acceptably. I was on one occasion taken into the office of one of my newly discovered friends and button-holed for a long time, and assured that there was no other person among all the applicants for the post-office which he desired who could bring so many votes to my support for a renomination as he. I told him frankly that I did not regard the post-offices as my personal perquisites to be dealt out for my own benefit, and that I should have two controlling principles; first, the best interests of the government service, and second, submission to the popular will whenever I could ascertain it, provided it did not indicate a person who, in my judgment, was incompetent or otherwise unfit for the place. This friend was not appointed, and a little more than a year from that time, when the people of the district were beginning to talk of a candidate for the next Congress, he attacked me bitterly in the newspapers. It was easy then to measure the depth of the friendship which he had so earnestly professed.

In one of the towns of the district an editor was seized with a desire to be appointed postmaster. He did not speak to me about it himself, but I suddenly found people coming to me and writing to me in his behalf. I knew, of course, that he had suggested it, and I caused him to be informed that I meant to be governed by the wishes of the people within the post-office delivery; that several applicants had circulated petitions; that those who had done so, as far as I knew, were all good and competent men, and that I intended to recommend the one who should furnish me the best evidence that he was the choice of the people. This did not suit the applicant in question. He claimed that I owed him the office for the support his paper had given me, and said that he would present no petition to the people, and that if I did not make him postmaster he would "blow me out of water" through his paper, or words to that effect. I did not make him postmaster, and he opened fire upon me at once. During three campaigns he kept it up with a persistence and vigor worthy of a better cause. He did not "blow me out of water," nor out of my place in Congress, but he did his utmost to make good his threat, as I supposed he would when he uttered it.

A case in another town was peculiarly embarrassing. There were two prominent applicants for the post-office, both of whom were my friends, and, as I believed, sincere ones. Toward both I had the most friendly feelings, but unfortunately each of them stood at the head of a small faction of Republicans, and each was intensely hostile to the other. I knew that the appointment of either would introduce discord in the party, which I naturally wished to avoid. I should have been satisfied to recommend either if the other had been out of the way. Hoping that something would turn up, I delayed the appointment. To my great relief, the one to whom my sympathies were the more strongly drawn wrote me, saying that he realized the embarrassment of the situation, and for the sake of harmony had decided to withdraw his application; he hoped, however, that I would secure the appointment of a friend of his, whom he named. This person was entirely worthy; and the other applicant having meantime withdrawn, I immediately recommended his appointment. I really wanted to oblige the man, to whom I felt under considerable obligation, so far as I could do so without injury to the party; and although I knew I should awake the enmity of the other original applicant, yet, as this could affect only myself, and as I believed the new candidate competent and honest, I did not hesitate a moment. But no sooner had my friend obtained the appointment of his man than he indited a letter to a newspaper of the district, published by a relative of his, in which he opened the vials of his wrath to an extent exceeding anything I had ever seen before. The relative accompanied the letter with an editorial which, for villification and abuse, has seldom had its equal in the newspaper

literature of the day. And this attack was but a preamble of what was to follow. For months and years I was the standing subject of that newspaper's maledictions. Whenever the editor lacked another subject to write upon, he resorted to the representative in Congress. If he needed three lines to fill up a column, he found room in them to utter a denunciation of the member of Congress. If he needed a column, or two columns, of padding, he could fill all with anathemas against the member of Congress. The most of it was low, coarse, ribald abuse, and the rest was slander; but he seemed to enjoy it, and as it did me no harm, I paid no attention to his madness.

In another part of the district there was a quiet little country town, and here I thought I should escape all trouble. The post-office incumbent was a good Republican, who had not bowed the knee to Andrew Johnson. Moreover, the people apparently desired his retention. However, some months after I had taken my seat, to my surprise I was informed that a man was circulating through the country, away from the town in question, a petition for the removal of the postmaster and for his own appointment. I determined that when the application reached me, I would reply that no change was contemplated at that place, and that I would put the application on file at the department for future consideration in case a vacancy should occur. But, to my still greater surprise, soon after this, I received a letter from one of the two editors of the Republican paper in the place asking for the appointment of his partner as postmaster, a request which was accompanied by the resignation of the incumbent, and a letter from him recommending the appointment of the new man. Here was a vacancy, with but the one applicant, and in a day or two thereafter I made the recommendation for appointment. I had scarcely done so before a score of letters reached me from some of the best and most trustworthy citizens of the place protesting against the appointment, and some of them informing me that the postmaster's resignation had been procured through misrepresentation, he having been made to believe that I was going to have him removed and the man appointed who had circulated the petition. I at once caused a suspension of proceedings at the department, and then wrote to the postmaster, stating that I had never had a thought of his removal, and that if he still desired the office, he might withdraw his resignation. He replied at once in a very grateful letter, saying that he had resigned only because he thought he was about to be removed; that, being a poor man with a large family, he did not know what he should do without the office, and much more of the same sort. As I afterward learned, the editors had seized upon the circumstance of the circulation of the petition (even if they did not actually procure its circulation) to make the postmaster believe he was to be removed; and they told him that if he did not wish to see the man appointed who had thus attempted to injure him, he could prevent it by resigning, and sending on with his resignation a letter recommending the appointment of the editor. It was a clear case of "bulldozing," but a bungling piece of strategy. It was sure to be exposed, and the schemers should have known that, when exposed, it could not and would not be sanctioned or sustained. It is scarcely worth while to say that these men were angry at the failure of their plans. But to say that they were angry does not sufficiently emphasize the state of their minds. They were furious. They hurled firebrands in every direction. They devoted their paper to the work of defaming the representative, and when they found they could not break him down, they abandoned their party and tried to break that down. Gross abuse, bitter vituperation and infamous slander characterized the columns of their paper for years.

Thus three newspapers were engaged together in the work of defamation, and they pursued their task with steady, malignant industry. As each campaign came around, they all insisted that I made discord in the party, and ought not therefore to be renominated, when the only firebrands that had been thrown were those lighted and scattered by their own hands. Like the three tailors of Tooley street who styled themselves, "We, the people of England," these editors vehemently declared, "The people of the district are dissatisfied with their representative in Congress." At each successive convention they gathered around them a little knot of men who had wanted office and failed to get it, and said, "See the discord which he has created," and, boisterously declaring that I could not be re-elected, they tried, by all disreputable means, to make their assertion good. Then, having succeeded in diminishing the Republican vote, they declared that I had done it, although, in spite of their hostility, I ran ahead of the ticket.

I could relate other similar instances, but these will be sufficient to establish the conclusion that a cogent reason for the reform of the civil service in the manner of making appointments is to be found in the consideration of the benefit and relief of members of Congress. I am out of the field now, and I write only on behalf of those who are yet in this "sea of trouble," and are having a similar experience. The worst phase of the subject is, that many a representative will yield and do a wrong thing. If, however, he pursues an upright, independent course, he opens a hornet's nest about his head; he soon finds that his usefulness is crippled, that whatever he does is misrepresented and belittled, and that the country is robbed of the time which should be given to legislative work. The proper department officer should bear the responsibility for official appointments. Being independent of the district, he can act independently, and when he acts, all will acquiesce, because, as he is not going to be a candidate for Congress, the disappointed ones cannot get a chance to stab him, and their passions will gradually subside.

CLEMATIS.

Coy frequenter of woodland ways! It flings
A frolic wealth of sweetness broadcast where
The undergrowths are thickest, and the air
Is vibrant with the rush and whir of wings!
From branch to branch its hardy tendril swings
In wild, dense tangles, where no foot will care
To follow, and the brown wood-thrushes rear
Their broods unstartled. Here the vireo sings
In answering cadence through the fleet, free hours
Unto the rhythmic growing of the flowers,
Whose revelation in each dusky place
Is of blithe strength, unworn, and fine, shy grace,
As of rare souls, that joyously their own
Best lives do live, though knowing them unknown.

RIPE CORN.

THE golden ear peeps through the husk,
The faded tassels dryly rustle.
So, ho, boys, ho! From morn till dusk,
We'll at it then with shout and bustle!
So, ho, boys, ho! Now for the tussle!
The lively work, we'll weather it!
The ripened corn, we'll gather it,—
Ho, boys, ho! We'll gather it!

JUNE CHANTRY.

He went along the village street in the still, mellow glow of the October afternoon. And as he walked, all the beauty and serenity, the grace and color and tenderness of the time, took personified shape in his mind; and then, as if his thought had projected itself upon the scene, it put on bodily presence before his eyes and came toward him along the path. He lingered and watched her coming, feeling the dusky sunshine grow hot on his cheeks. He was not a backward fellow usually; though reserved with most people, he was apt to be rather incisive when he did speak, and was sometimes even strenuous in support of his very decided opinions. But at sight of this fair, fragile girl, a great timidity overcame him and he met her with a shy smile, putting out his hand.

"Good-afternoon," he said. "It's a beautiful day for walking, don't you think so?"

"Yes," she answered in a voice clear but very light, with the thrilling quality of a violin-string across which the bow is drawn slowly and steadily. "Yes, it's a very lovely day." Then, as if something in his manner suggested the question, "Were you going to stop at our house?"

"Yes," he answered. "I was thinking of it. Are you going far? Should I be in the way if I came with you?"

He smiled, and a sudden gentle playfulness, characteristic of her, broke out in her face and voice.

"Not if you keep your own side of the path," she said. Then she added seriously, though the inward laughter still lingered in a certain deepening and richness of her light tones, "I should like you to come. I was going to see my friend, Annie Landreth, but I can go home now and see Annie again."

"Oh no," he replied; "I was going to ask you to go out. It is too fine to stay in-doors."

So they strolled along, chatting lightly, looking at a tree on fire with autumn's red and yellow flames or the flood of gold poured over field and hill-side. He paused and looked down a lane that led to the river.

"I'm envious of Miss Annie, do you know?" he said, smiling but plainly meaning it. "I was going to ask you to come out on the river. It's such a day as we may not get again, and I have to go to court to-morrow."

"Well, I think Annie would survive if she did not see me till to-morrow," she replied, the inward laughter welling up in her voice and eyes again. "The river looks very tempting; don't plead too hard unless you really feel the envy you affect."

He laughed a pleased, low laugh.

"Come, then," he said, but added with a change of voice and face, "It was no affectation, though; I wouldn't change places with many people this afternoon."

She glanced up at him without any sign of displeasure, but interposed a gentle banter to that strain.

"You're rehearsing your part for to-morrow now. You will be assuring the butchers and oystermen on the jury of your distinguished regard and confidence, and draw tears to their eyes with your unaffected horror at the fellows on the other side."

So, while they strolled down toward and along the river-bank and embarked in the pretty skiff,—while he pulled slowly up among the hills and she watched the sliding, enchanted picture over which the warm haze cast a glamour and the sunlight and glowing foliage a glory of color,—while the current lapped low on the shore and bubbled musically against the prow,—while they floated down again toward the village as the sun sank behind the illumined hills, he talked to make her talk, listened to the vibrant sweetness of her gentle tones and watched the play of color and expression in her pure, speaking face, and shy, calm eyes. He felt that she was pleased and kind, and he was happy, happy, happy! When the low sun broke suddenly through the hills and stretched its shining pathway across the flood to her and transfigured her for a moment, making her hair a halo and her face as it were a flame, it seemed to him like an attestation of his feeling that she was no creature of the common earth but of some diviner race. That feeling was strong upon him and made him silent as he regretfully drew the boat to shore and helped her to land. Apparently to break the spell, as they walked away she asked him about his cases at the coming court, and he told her of one in which he was to appear for a poor widow. He grew warm in the narra-

tion and by the time it was finished they were at her gate. He opened it for her but lingered.

"You don't think a lawyer's enthusiasm is always insincere?" he queried. "Your jibe a while ago was not all true?"

"Oh, I'm only a woman, you know," she returned, the inward laughter swelling again in her throat. "You don't expect reasonableness in a woman, do you?"

He laughed softly.

"Only a woman?" he answered. "Do you know I was thinking, when the sunset shone on you down there, that you looked like something more?"

"Oh," she returned, with the same still laughter, "you were very much mistaken then; I should want much more than wings for that." Then she sobered suddenly. "But you don't think I question your sincerity in your case. I should like to hear you 'judge the fatherless and plead for the widow.'" She gave him her hand and said "Good-night."

He held it a moment.

"Good-night," he said, adding, with an only partly successful attempt to speak, lightly, "The longest excursion must come to an end, and the best friends must part."

"To meet again," she answered. "*Auf wiedersehen!*" and then she was gone.

The enchanted, brief afternoon had already turned to dusk; but, as he went his way, her light, pathetic, happy tones sounded and sounded still, and the light of her countenance pierced the gloom with the radiant brightness of morning.

This young lawyer, Gilbert Davney, was not so fond of June Chantry's father as he was of June. Rockville Chantry—"the Hon. Rockville Chantry," as the county papers styled him—was a large, smooth-faced, pleasant-spoken, shining gentleman, with a hand and word and smile for all comers. He was very popular; some of the first ladies said he was the only gentleman in the place. As may have been inferred, he had represented his district in the legislature, and was a very public-spirited citizen. In the minds of the patriotic gentlemen who devoted their lives to the salvation of the country and the service of the people, his opinions carried weight, and he was, indeed, commonly spoken of among them by the endearing diminutive of "Rock" Chantry. But, strange as it may seem, Davney did not like him. He naturally wanted to be friendly with June's father, and was scrupulously polite to him, but the politician's effusive kindness always seemed to freeze up his gentle feelings and make him cold and still. Nevertheless, there was one thing about him that Davney was quite sure was deep and sincere, and that was his love for June. He had brought her to Riverloop a mere child, and there were no more of their name in that region. All that was good in him went out to his gentle, unworldly daughter, and there was no reserve in her return. To her, and for her, he was another man than the one all the world saw. There was nothing he would not, and did not, do for her but part with her. He had even dared unpopularity in endeavors to establish a good school in the town in order that June might be educated at home. He had not always thriven, but she had never known want. She had grown up with the best that money could buy, and it never occurred to her to ask where the money came from. Other people asked behind his back who were very polite to his face, but June knew only the side of him that no one else saw. Davney used to ask himself how such a daughter came of such a father. Her instincts were all so true and fine, her intelligence so keen, her appreciation of humor exceptional in her sex; and, withal, she was so modest and so good. He wondered what her mother had been like; June had told him once that she named her from the month in which she was born.

Davney went to the court-town of Hillsfield, across the county, the next morning. The case that occupied most of his attention was the one of which he had told June. A stock company, called the "High Rock Water-power Association," had been organized in Riverloop some years before, in which some of the best men had taken shares, and Davney's client, a soldier's widow, had been induced to invest her little fortune. After a very fair apparent success for a year or two, one of the managers had absconded one night, and investigation showed that the concern was bankrupt and deeply in debt. What had become of the money had never been clearly made out; but the result was that, in addition to the loss of the invested capital, a suit had been brought against the stockholders, which most of them had preferred to compromise. But this widow, having nothing left but a cottage and garden, was likely to be turned into the street with her children. Much sympathy was felt for her in Riverloop, and Mr. Chantry had been active in promoting a subscription to pay Davney to defend her.

Davney had got the case put over one term. He had satisfied himself that the whole affair was an organized fraud, to which the suing creditors were parties, but he had failed to find proof. There were many little circumstances, none of which amounted to legal evidence, but which all fitted into one another, and wanted but a central link to unite them, which he had come upon in working up the case, but which would go for nothing as the matter stood. On this Tuesday morning, then, he was sitting in the court-room, going over these indications in his mind for the hundredth time rather despondently, for the case was coming on to-morrow. All the clues, as he followed them one by one, seemed to center upon a man named Raines who had been in the employ of the High Rock Company. He was more sure than ever that this man could clear up the whole black business if he would. Raising his eyes, then, whose should he meet watching him from among the audience but those of the man in his mind. When the court adjourned, he went among the lawyers and jurors from Riverloop, but no one knew of any business Raines had there. When the court was assembling again, Davney spoke with the sheriff a minute or two, turned and saw Raines watching them.

"Sheriff, I wish you'd keep an eye on that man this afternoon," he said.

He managed to get five minutes' talk with the district attorney. As Raines was going into a hotel that evening, Davney touched his shoulder.

"I want to see you a minute. Come in here."

When they were in a private room, Davney locked the door.

"Now then," he said, his voice deep and strong, with abhorrence, "you know all about this damnable High Rock business. I know that the whole thing is a conspiracy to defraud. I mean to make it hot for the whole gang. The best thing you can do is to save yourself while you've got the chance."

The fellow tried to brass it out, but Davney's tirade took him off his feet. He fell into a chair and could not say a word. Davney threw him a paper and bade him read it. It was a guaranty that he should not be prosecuted if he gave such evidence as would convict the other conspirators.

"You give me your word of honor that this paper will clear me if I show the thing up?" asked Raines.

"Of course; that is the district attorney's signature

"Then I throw up my hand," he answered. "They'd sell me out cheap." He put the paper carefully away.

Davney questioned him closely and got papers from him. He said,—

"There's been one hand on the tiller of this thing all through; I want to know whose it is. Who was your head man?"

The answer was—"Rock Chantry."

"Rock Chantry!" Davney repeated slowly. He sat down and turned white and weak. "Go out now," he said. "Keep this quiet: be on hand to-morrow. Don't try any tricks. You're watched."

He locked the fellow out. He felt as if, riding in full career, he had been flung against an unseen wall. He was bruised from face to feet. "Her father, her father!" was all he could say. An hour ago he had been so strong; he had always felt such contempt for people without the courage of their opinions, such scorn of the mercantile principle that business men cannot afford to take sides; he had preached that he was unworthy the name of man who could not put aside his own interest and do the right, let what would come. He had been proudly confident that he could despise considerations of ease, or fortune, or reputation for conscience' sake; had sometimes felt the ardor and exaltation of them that court death for honor, for country, for love. Yes, he had longed for a chance to prove to June that chivalry was not dead. Where was his pride now? his scorn and despite? Low in the dust.

Then began that conflict between settled convictions that have become habitual, and assaulting, clamorous, passionate desires and fears, that will rise and wage in the man whose fate leads him unsuspecting to such a dividing of the ways.

Duty? It was no such simple matter. Did he owe no duty to this girl—this tender, spotless, compassionate creature? Could it be any man's duty to strike her for another woman's sake, much less he of all the world? Had he a right to do evil that good might come? Could there be any justice in destroying her life and his own to keep a roof over this woman's head? It was preposterous; it was monstrous. He would sleep under a hay-stack all his life long to prevent such misery. Crowding suggestions, sophistries, regrets and resentments were followed by more and more cowardly whisperings, which, for a while, held entire possession of him.

It could yet be hushed up. Raines had confessed to no one but him; his fears could be allayed. The people would not let Mrs. Tiernan suffer; he would take it upon himself to see that they did not; he would deny himself to help her, and save money to buy back her house. Then he suddenly remembered seeing Chantry himself going about with a subscription-paper in the same behalf; and at sight of that reflection of all the wretched deceit and subterfuge in which he thought to plunge beyond return, he turned with fear and loathing, rose up and went out, and sought for the judge.

"Judge Mandred," said Davney, "I have a case coming on before you to-morrow. I have just discovered evidence which involves persons whom I cannot expose."

The judge extracted the general facts with a few sharp questions.

"And who is the head devil?"

"Rockville Chantry."

The judge expressed a very frank and forcible disgust.

"And do you want to shield such a —— scoundrel? Is he any relative of yours?"

Davney flushed and was silent a moment.

"I want to shield no scoundrel; he is no kin of mine. But he has a daughter who is very unlike him."

The judge sat facing him a minute, stern and silent, turned away and smoked awhile in abstraction. Then he turned back and said:

"Some one has got to do this; you can't have another adjournment. If you had time to coach other counsel, you would only be doing it with another man's hand. It would do Chantry no good nor you; they know it is your case, and any one else would give him a rougher handling than you would be likely to. But I leave it to yourself; is there any one else who knows the case well enough to do your client justice?"

Davney's head fell. He rose slowly and turned away. The judge came over and opened the door for him. His face remained stern, but he gave his hand.

"Good-night, Mr. Davney," he said. "I'm sorry I can't serve you; but I must do my duty, and you must do yours."

"Thank you," he replied, and came away.

Already it was nine o'clock at night. In fifteen or sixteen hours the case would be called. He heard the droning call of the clerk, the sharp, unsympathizing voice of the judge, the pleas of counsel, his own turn coming on remorselessly. He knew now what those sounds must mean to the quaking criminal. It was impossible; human fortitude was unequal to such a strain. Yet, again, he was counting the hours,—fifteen? No, only twelve! Not twelve! He bowed his head and groaned. It could not be; it was more than strength could bear. Yet he counted the hours. He was capable of no resolve, no courage. The piercing keenness of his anguish was the instinctive feeling that it was inevitable. He made no motion toward it; all his soul turned from it, sickening. Yet he felt it, saw it coming, already so near, coming with the terrible, unhasting swiftness of doom. He knew he should do it, though he felt he could not

The time was so short, and one of the hours fast slipping away! He wished he could hold them back; then he felt his helplessness, his utter impotence; how could he hold the world? Yes, that was it; it was the world against one man. There was no staying it, no resistance, no escape.

And only yesterday—at the word there leaped out of the darkness the pure, sweet, saint-like face, kindled as with the glory of heaven by the sunset fires, and one great wave of yearning swept him toward her, body and soul. He must go to her, now, to-night; once more before it was impossible. Means and distance were of no account; he had started to walk the twenty miles before he thought. There was no train; he ran in search of a horse, found one, mounted as he was and rode away. He took the nearest road across the rugged hills. The day had been overcast, the night was dark and growing chill, the winds wandering dismally, and scattering the falling and fallen leaves; for him the night was nothing; he galloped up hill and down, mile after mile, steeped in one long dream. It was broad afternoon, still, warm, effulgent; peace and beauty and happiness on field and river; June Chantry, the center, the breadth and height, the light and sweetness of all. He saw her every look, and smile, and flush; her features, her attitudes, her walk, her pretty hand trailing in the water, her eyes reflecting the glowing scene. He heard her every word again and the welling, subdued laughter; felt the touch of her hand and her weight thrown modestly, trustfully upon him, as he helped her from the boat. It was nearly one when he rode into Riverloop village, dark and asleep.

The Chantry house was black under the shadow of its trees whose crisping leaves rustled dismally in the raw wind, as he rode

by to put up his horse. He came back up the street, there was no one abroad; it had been spitting at intervals since midnight, and now it was snowing. He was loth to alarm the house, but he had no time to waste. Fortunately, no one heard the bell but June. She turned the blinds and looked out. Davney spoke to her from below:

"Is that you, June? Will you please to come down?"

It was a minute before she answered:

"Has anything happened? My father—is he sick, or hurt?"

He felt the cold at his heart and a sudden sense of faintness, and his voice turned hard.

"No; he's well. I saw him in court."

She came down presently and opened to him. The wind blew out her light; he stepped in quickly and closed the door. And, in so doing, he seemed to shut out all that was desolate and fearful; and within, with her, was a heavenly peace. The fire-light touched her face and hair with its ruddy glow; gently and silently she moved about, dusting the snow from his clothes, drawing a chair to the fire and kneeling to make it burn, making him come and sit down, doing with him as she would by a touch or a sign. An overpowering yearning and tenderness crept upon him as she stood beside him then, with one little hand on the arm of his chair, and looking wistfully, confidingly in his face; he felt as if all the good and order of the world were in that fire-lit room.

She spoke low with the vibration of restrained anxiety in her light voice.

"Have you come far?—from Hillsfield? Is there a night train?"

"I came on horseback," he said. "I have to go back by morning."

Her eyes but not her lips asked more. He took her hand and held it, bowing his head.

"June," he said, "you are so good to me, and I am in such trouble that I can't tell what I may say to you. Will you please not to mind nor answer. I do not assume anything; I know you are good to all, and I will not misconstrue your kindness or your silence. I am afraid I ought not to have come to-night, and I know I have no right to speak to you. I would not hurt or trouble you for a great deal; but I can't do what I ought to-night. I can't be sure of what I may be led to say; but, for both our sakes, you must not let any kindness or compassion you may feel, lead you to respond; and I could not bear any cross or denial from you now."

He was silent a moment, and June gazed at him in steadfast, wondering concern.

"Yesterday," he went on, "I thought there was nothing in the world that could make me hurt or vex you, and now my very coming must alarm you, and I cannot even tell you why I came."

Her look of anxious inquiry merged into one of confused pain and she dropped her eyes awhile. Then she looked up and said with a mild, kind, steady, low voice,

"Can you not trust me? You should not doubt my friendship. I am sure I would do anything I could to help you."

"Oh no, June," he answered, I don't doubt you. If I doubted you I should believe in nothing else. I am sorry I vex you, but I can't help it I ought not to have come, but I could not stay away. I may never be able to come to see you after to-night."

The glow of the fire-light on her cheek could not hide her sudden pallor.

"Are you in danger?" she asked huskily.

"No, not of bodily harm." Then with sudden eagerness, "I wish I were! I wish it was war. To march out with drum and banner and fight for country or freedom, or for your sake,—that would be joy!" He stretched up his arms.

She stood straight before him, her eyes kindled and cheeks flushed, and an ardent tremor in her heightened voice, and she answered:

"And should I hold you back? Has no woman died for her country? Have not women sent away sons and brothers to battle, and borne dread and suspense worse than death?" She reached out her hands and he took and held them.

"I know, I know!" he responded. "I have often thought of it. The woman's is the harder part: to wait on the shore and watch and listen is a hundred times worse than to be out amid wind and waves. I have often thought of it. But there are worse things in the world than I ever conceived, things so bad that worse and better mean nothing."

But she held to her own high strain:

"I don't care; the greater the trouble, the greater the reason that we should help one another. I don't ask you to tell me what it is, you know best about that. But you have no right to close my mouth. If you come to me in great trouble and say such things to me, you have no right to forbid

me to answer. I will speak; you shall not come and give me such love and honor and go away to struggle and suffer without knowing that you take mine with you."

He drew her to him and laid her cheek against his own. An unspeakable bliss flooded over him and drowned pain and fear for a time.

"Dear June, you are very good to me. You give me a greater happiness than I am fit for, more than I dared to hope." But quickly came back recollection like a sharp thing in his throat, and he bowed his face upon his breast.

"Oh, June, you don't know what you do. I have no right to let you. I had no right to come."

She stood up with a tremulous, reproachful face.

"Oh, why do you speak so? If I were in trouble or danger, you would desire nothing better than to take my part. Can you not believe that of me? Whatever it is, hardship, sorrow, disgrace, I claim my part. I'm not afraid. I want no better lot than to share your good and evil. Do you not care for that?"

"Care? Yes, more than for the hope of heaven. Yes, you will share it all."

There was a great bitterness in the last words. But there came a sudden reaction,—a rebound of his crushed spirit. He straightened up. His voice took on its habitual depth and strength, and more; he bent his head and spoke tenderly:

"Never mind, never mind! Why do I vex you? Why should we fret for to-morrow? To-night is ours; to-morrow is in God's hands." (The thought went through his heart that already it was to-day. But he would not regard it.) "Let us be happy to-night! Why should I not? There is nothing outside this room I would take in exchange. Help me, June, help me to be thankful for to-night, and trust God for to-morrow!"

"Yes, yes,"—her voice and face were suffused and her eyes full,—"He has been very good to us, and shall we not bear what He lays upon us—'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'"

So they comforted one another, and shut themselves in with their great new happiness, hemmed round and pressed upon by crowding dread and foreboding. And the hurrying minutes counted out the bitterly grudged hours; and before they thought, the dim and cheerless dawn looked in upon them and chilled their hearts.

June went and looked out and came back shivering.

"It's snowing and wild," she said. "The ground is all white. You must not go in such a storm. Wont you wait for the train?"

"Oh no, that is nothing. I must go; it is time I were on the road."

But he did not move. A great weakness overcame him, and he sat very still. His face was bent from her, but she saw. She stood beside him and looked at him with a strong, still, eager inquiry.

"You wont go away without letting me know how to sympathize with you? You will trust me; you're not afraid to trust me? Haven't I a right to know now?"

"It is the case I told you of last—last—night before last. I have found out what I suspected, and it comes very near home. Dear June, don't ask me any more; it would be like suffering it twice."

"Never mind, then," she answered, downcast.

He bent down to her, and could not rise or speak distinctly for a little while. When he could speak, he said only "God bless you! Good-bye!"

And he tore himself away.

Then he was in the saddle again, and ere yet it was fairly light he was galloping out among the barren hills where there was not a house for miles. He was whitened with the sleet that beat in his face, but he hardly knew more than he cared. Great tides of passion swept through him to and fro. Now it was the thought of June that filled him with fierce joy, and he stood and leaned in his stirrups, letting the rein swing, and dashing into the storm,—and shouted and laughed like the neighing of horses in battle. But close on the heels of joy trod the thought of what was before him, and wrung him with anguish and dread till he sobbed and cried aloud amid the tempest as madly as he had rejoiced. It was impossible; it was impossible; he could not; he would not; it was not in man! And all the while, though he wept and shrank and refused, he never drew rein, but was riding, riding hard through wind and sleet, up hill and down, mile after mile, that he might not be late!

The court-house bell was ringing as he rode into Hillsfield; there had been no snow-fall here. Ever since then, when he hears of the Judgment Day, he thinks of that black morning, and that jangling bell; the town seemed to rock to and fro with the discordant clang-clang, clang-clang

The judge had been less genial than usual this morning; had hardly noticed the group of lawyers chatting amicably preparatory to their professional battles, and sat apart, looking forbidding enough. When the clock pointed to nine, he stepped over and spoke to the clerk, and still did not mount the bench. Wondering eyes began to glance from the clock to the most punctual judge. At ten minutes past, Davney came in, bent and old, pale, unwashed, disheveled, his clothes and hair crusted white with sleet and snow. He spoke to no one, though all eyes turned upon him, and silence fell upon the room. He looked round the house and saw that Raines was present. The judge got up when he saw him, and came across to him.

"Good-morning, Mr. Davney," he said. "We're waiting for you. You've been where there's snow, I see. Here, Ruggles,"—he called an officer,—"take Mr. Davney's coat out and shake it. Your case will be called at once; I suppose you'd like to have it over?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

Court was opened; "Venable *versus* Tiernan" called, a jury chosen, Davney only challenging one or two men peremptorily. The plaintiffs stated their case, and proved it by witnesses and documents. The news had gone abroad that the High Rock case was on, and of Davney's strange appearance, and the house rapidly filled. Chantry was there, bland and broadclothed, whispering busily with the county treasurer.

Davney rose slowly and began to speak. His pallor, his haggard and disordered appearance, the depth and solemnity of his voice, were more telling than any oratorical display. There was no whispering now; all eyes and ears were bent.

He said he had little to do with the formal case presented by the plaintiffs; care had been taken that it should be regular and complete. The defense he should put in was simply that the entire enterprise, from its inception to the present time,—the incorporation, the management, the defalcation, the bankruptcy, the prosecution of the stockholders,—had been one ingenious, continuous and remorseless conspiracy and robbery. He called Jeremiah Raines. He elicited from him the infamous narrative, and the authorship and meaning of the papers he had supplied. Instinctively he had kept back as long as possible a certain name, but he could not have contrived any way to give it greater emphasis, for the audience were wrought up beforehand, not only to a deep abhorrence but to eager expectation; and when the well-known name of Rockville Chantry came from the witness at last, a moment of unbroken silence followed, succeeded by a burst of fierce hisses. Then there was a sudden bustle behind Davney, and he turned mechanically. The people about Chantry rose with a common feeling and drew from him, and, as Davney turned, their eyes met. For a minute they looked at one another with equally pallid faces; the one, stolid, haggard, expressionless; the other, an embodiment of hate and fear. The judge commanded silence, and in a low, clear, peremptory tone:

"Mr. Davney, proceed."

"That is all," said Davney, and sat down.

Raines having been cross-examined, Davney called some prominent men to testify to signatures, and rested his case.

The judge examined the papers, passed them to the jury, and said:

"This case need go no further; I direct the jury to find for the defendant. What do you say, gentlemen?"

The jurymen whispered together.

"For the defendant," said the foreman.

The court ordered judgment with costs and additional allowance, and called the next case.

Davney found his way out and to his hotel, fell on the bed, and slept heavily for hours. Then he got up and washed and dressed himself. He took the afternoon train for Riverloop. Chantry was on the same train. The news had reached Riverloop, and flown from mouth to mouth. There was not a house in the village it had not entered, save one. In stores and on the streets, knots of men gathered and talked excitedly, and there was no division of opinion. A crowd collected at the station at dusk to await the train. As Chantry got down, some rough fellows stood in his way. He had regained part of his habitual assurance, and he said, with exaggerated urbanity and a persuasive touch:

"Make room, gentlemen; let us pass."

But they stood their ground, and the fellow he had touched asked, sulkily and profanely, who he was a-shovin'. He found the way blocked wherever he turned, and by the time he got off the platform he was badly rumpled.

"High Rock! High Rock!" began to be shouted. Then, "High Rock Chantry!" Something knocked off his shining high hat,

and it was kicked about with hoarse and derisive cries and laughter.

A little further on he emerged into a lighted place, bareheaded and coatless, pelted and buffeted. Suddenly Davney appeared by his side, and the crowd fell back. Some one called out:

"Davney! Davney! Three cheers for Gil Davney!"

"Keep off now," Davney shouted.

He waved them away, and walked on beside Chantry without looking at him or speaking. A mob of boys and loafers followed, hooting, but no more molestation was offered. They reached Chantry's door. Chantry went in, and Davney stood on the threshold. June stood inside in the full glare of the lamps, speechless and motionless, her eyes upon her father, and her look made Davney feel as if he were in hell.

The battered man turned on him and cursed him, and tried to force the door upon him. He paid no heed, only barred the door with his body, and called to her:

"June! June!"

All things swam before June, and she turned about unconsciously; but it seemed to Davney that heaven and earth turned their backs upon him, and with one loud sob he wheeled away, and Chantry locked him out.

Chantry turned and spoke to June, as he never had before. She could not answer; she trembled as though at the point of dissolution. That could not be her father—that shaken, battered, wild-haired, bent old man with the dark face and blasphemous tongue! She shrank from him into a corner, and he turned his back and sat bowed before the fire. A dreadful silence followed, and lasted a good while. Then suddenly the father's body heaved; he lifted himself, covered his face, and began to sob. Swift as a bird, then, the girl came fluttering to him and threw her arms about his neck. The fountains of the hard man's nature, that only she had kept from drying up, broke forth and he wept like a woman.

"Oh, June," he complained, "to think that you should turn against me! You were all that I had; I did everything for you; I never let you want for anything. I have been troubled many a day to know how to make my way, and I never showed you an anxious face or denied you anything. Whatever I have done was for your sake; I should never have come to this but for you. And now when the whole world turns upon me you take sides with them and shrink from me; you choose between me and the man who has put me to shame. Go away; you are no daughter, but an ungrateful girl."

She clung to him, though his words beat her like murderous blows.

"Oh, stop, father!" she cried hoarsely. "You are mistaken; you don't know; I will not go away; I am your daughter; nothing shall separate us. Oh, why did you not let me know? I would have worked; I would have suffered anything. How could I know; you should have told me. I would have shared want or trouble with you gladly, and then worse would not have come. But, never mind; it has come now, and we will share it together. We will give up everything and go away. I can teach or sew, or do anything."

He raised his face and looked into hers. He spoke to her once more, and she answered. Then she lay like dead upon his breast a good while. Finally she got up, brought a basin, washed his face and smoothed his hair, and made him clothe himself. She set out the supper that had been awaiting him and made him sit down to it, though she tottered now and then as she went and could not speak. Then she put on her hat and cloak and went out, saying only:

"I will be back soon."

How she went, hurried and shrinking, through the dark streets, and the more dreaded lighted places with their groups of excited men, she hardly knew; but she came to Davney's door and rang timidly. His sister Grace let her in. She asked for him, and the elder lady regarded her with a grave tenderness and drew her gently toward her.

"Come in, June," she said softly. "Gilbert is lying down. He is ill to-night, but he will come down to you."

She lingered a moment when June was seated.

"Can I do anything for you, dear? I should be glad."

The tears sprang to June's dry eyes. She pressed them against the kind hand.

"Oh no, you're very good; but you can do nothing for me. No one can but God."

Grace soothed her with silent caresses, and went for her brother. He had heard the voice and got up. She met him in the hall. "June," she said softly, and he went in.

She was sitting still across the room, her face in shadow bent upon her hand. He leaned against the closed door, waiting.

Presently she raised her head and looked at him with a far-off, unearthly gaze, as perchance our dead friends look at us out of heaven. She motioned toward a chair near her and he came slowly and sat down. Both were quite calm, and when Davney spoke after a little, his words, though very low, had the full, deep sound of a voice heard at prayer through cathedral aisles.

"Do you blame me, June?"

"No. That is what I came to tell you. I could not come after to-night, I have promised."

He bowed before those unfaltering words, as they tell us great trees break silently under the sierra snows. But June was unshaken; the crushing weight seemed to have pressed her into the ground and fixed her immovably. She sat still. Then she said slowly, with a hoarse strain in her voice:

"Don't do that, Gilbert. We have no time. I must go soon. Tell me what I must do."

He sat up slowly, calmed by her calm.

"You must take him away to-night," he said. "To-morrow may be too late."

She started up. But he took hold of her, impelled by a rush of passion.

"Oh, June, you mustn't go; I can't let you go; I can't bear it! It is not right!"

She began to shake then, but she answered with a low but passionate intensity:

"Oh yes, it is right. 'The iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generations;' I am his child; I cannot escape. He has done everything for me; he has cared for nothing else. He did this for my sake. I have profited by his sin; I must share the penalty. I cannot escape. I have eaten the bread of robbery." Her eyes fell upon the ruby on her finger. "See, I have worn furs and jewels that belonged to the hungry and cold." She stripped the gold from her finger, her wrists, her neck and breast. She heaped it in his hands.

"Take them, they burn me! Sell them and give the money to the rightful owners. I have nothing; the clothes I have on are theirs. Oh yes, it is right!"

There was a strain in her voice like a cry of resentment that pierced him and broke him up. He poured the trinkets on the table and bent in still but irrestrainable sobbing. Instantly she was softened. She forgot herself; she sank on her knees and took hold of his wrists.

"Oh, forgive me!" she pleaded. "I was hard; I was wicked. But it's gone now; I don't rebel; I am going to do my best and trust God. You know what we said last night; you will help me,—you will share it with me?"

"With you! Yes, I could share anything with you; but without you ——"

She could answer nothing to that.

"You must take my place," she went on. "You must be my representative in righting the wronged. We shall leave the house and everything for their benefit, and I want you to take charge of them, and do what is right with them. You will, wont you?"

"Yes, yes," he mourned. "I will do anything for you, anything you tell me. Don't let me trouble you. But I can't give you up. I shall want to be dead and have to live."

"Oh, Gilbert!" Now it was her turn. She fell away from him and broke into abandoned weeping. She crouched on a low seat, and he threw himself down at her feet. He could only look at her and yearn impotently to save her from sorrow and pain; that pure flood washed away all selfish considerations, all resentment and hardness.

He did not try to stop her; he felt that her crying was the best thing for her bitterly full heart. But he half rose after a little and took her hands from her streaming face, and spoke to her.

"I am sorry, June. Don't mind me. I was selfish; I was a brute. But I will be good. I will do what you wish me to."

She was still crying as she replied, but there was no bitterness in it:

"I know you will. I was hard too. Forget my wicked words. I do love my father; you know I would not desert him. He has loved me better than everything; he has no one else but me. And I had rather know the truth than live on in that dreadful way."

"I know," he answered. "I knew it from the first. There is no other way."

Her voice grew more clear as she replied, and a light of inspiration came in her face.

"What does it matter? It is not what we have, but what we are. 'Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble.' It is a little world; we cannot be far apart. The same sun will shine upon us and the same heaven inclose us."

They sat silent awhile; then both stood up. June said slowly:

"I trust you to act for me in doing all that is possible for the people we have wronged. I should suffer remorse as well as ——"

She faltered and could not finish the sentence, but went on with a tremor:

"I will think of you doing that and feel as if I were righting them myself. It will be a great satisfaction to me. Will it not to you? Shall you not like to think that you are doing it for me?"

The eyes that looked up at him were full still, and he turned his own aside. But he answered:

"Yes, yes. That will be my greatest joy."

He meant to bear up and not make it harder for her; but in spite of him his tone plainly said he did not expect great joy. She looked at him a moment with an expression between weakness and entreaty. He felt a loosening of the knees and sat down close beside her without looking at her. She looked in his face intently and then said:

"You wont let this hurt you? You wont be less steadfast or faithful? less gentle or true, because—because of me?"

Her eyes dropped, and her face grew more and more tremulous. He saw it.

"No," he answered, quick and strong. "No. I ought not. I will not. I will try to deserve ——"

His voice broke in spite of him, but he would be strong. He put his hand on her forehead and cheek; he stroked her hair.

"And you?" he said.

Her eyes looked into his.

"I shall not change."

She took one look, sighed and turned away. She would not let him come with her. Grace met her in the hall and saw her safe home. Then she went back to her brother. In the morning Chantry's coachman brought Davney the key of the house and asked him for orders. He said he had driven Mr. and Miss Chantry to the Northern Railway terminus.

Three years afterward Davney was walking in a city street. Among the thronging people he was looking, as always, for one face and form. There was no reason that he knew why any one of the passing thousands should not be she as well as another. There was one coming now who looked like her so far away, and the nearer she came the more like she looked. He stopped before her and put out his hand. She knew her ruby ring on his little finger before she looked up.

"June."

"Is it you, Gilbert?"

Neither seemed surprised. He held her hand. Neither said more for a moment. Both were older. She saw there was gray in his hair.

"I am very glad to see you," she said. "Have you been well?"

"Yes, quite well. Have you?"

"I am well. We have done nicely."

She asked about Grace mildly, and one or two more. Then there was another silence in the midst of the roar of Broadway.

"Is there any change, June?"

"No."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"No, I think not."

"And I may not come with you?"

"I am afraid we must not. Thank you for being so good."

He cannot remember anything else that passed, only how he stood watching her till the human river swallowed her once more.

Grace's boys ran to the door to meet Uncle Gil. that night, but they came back quieted and Grace went out. They looked at one another. Then she said:

"You have seen June?"

"Yes."

He did not go out again for a week, and no more was said till at the end of that time the two were sitting together. Davney asked abruptly:

"Gracey, do you think God is good or just?"

She let her hands fall in her lap and looked away out of the window.

"He has been good to me."

He looked at her and his expression changed. He stood up and spread himself as if tired with long sitting in one position.

"Yes, and to me," he cried. "I would not change places with any man in the world."

And he went out about his affairs.

WOODBINES IN OCTOBER.

As dyed in blood, the streaming vines appear,
While long and low the wind about them grieves;
The heart of Autumn must have broken here,
And poured its treasures out upon the leaves.

THE POLYZOA.

THE polyzoa—or multiple animal, as the name may be freely translated—are always composite existences when mature. Each bud, as it develops, remains attached to the parent form, and in its turn gives rise to other buds,—the mode of gemmation common to vegetable, and to many simple forms of animal, life.

The form finally assumed by each polyzoan colony is dependent upon the particular mode of its gemmation. Some of these curious organisms spread their lacy meshes over the bottom stones, others spring in grassy tufts, each spear of which, under the microscope, shows itself to be a linked chain of elaborate cells; others again imprison the sea-weed in silvery nets, or creep over foreign bodies like delicate mosses, or wave their graceful plumes with every motion of the water. Here, we find great coral-like masses erecting themselves,—the work of myriads of tiny polypides; and there, the submerged stones, or broad fronds of algæ, are incrusted by these fairy architects of the sea, with laminæ of delicate frosted tubes, sculptured in the most wonderful and beautiful patterns. The edges of dark rock pools, and the deepest recesses in ocean caves, are adorned with mimic forests of microscopic proportions, all alike the work of one or another member of the polyzoan group.

The beautiful forms—traces of which are found everywhere, on the earliest as on the

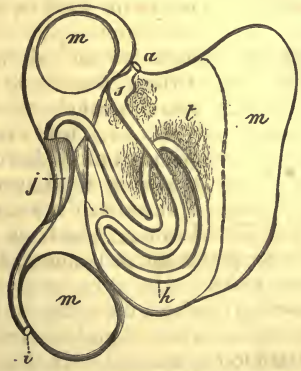


FIG. 2. FRESH-WATER MUSSEL.
a, Mouth; *s*, stomach; *k*, intestine; *v*, anus; *j*, heart; *t*, reproductive elements; *m*, muscles. [From nature.]

latest rocks—are merely the indestructible shells, secreted by the living animals or polypides of the polyzoa. In external form, the polypide is very much like a zoöphyte. The two were always classified together till closer study, directed less to external form

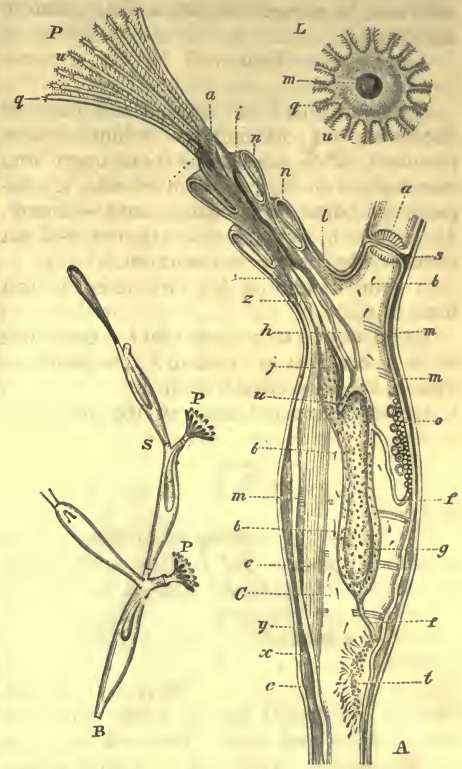


FIG. 1.
A, Paludicella Ehrenbergii: *a*, mouth; *b*, spermatozoa floating in perigastric space; C, perigastric cavity; *c*, principal muscle; *e*, excreted shell; *f*, funiculus; *g*, stomach; *h*, intestine; *i*, anus; *j*, gizzard; *l*, muscles of tentacles; *m*, circular muscles; *n*, *n*, permanent invaginations; *o*, ovary; P, tentacular crown; *q*, tentacles; *s*, testis; *u*, cilia; *x*, ectocyst; *y*, endocyst; *z*, œsophagus. B, same. (5 diams.). L, Tentacular disk from above: *m*, mouth; *q*, tentacles; *u*, cilia. [After nature.]

and more to internal organization, proved them to belong to different kingdoms of the animal creation.

The delicate polyzoön, which spreads abroad its wreath of tentacles for the capture of prey, which shrinks into its cell for safety at the slightest alarm of danger, is found to be nearer of kin to a clam or an oyster than to an actinia or a hydroid, and belongs to the sub-kingdom of the mollusca.

Instead of being a simple animal sac with one orifice,—the form rendered familiar to us in our study of the zoöphyte,—the polyzoön is an elaborate and complex structure. There are, it is true, certain points of resem-

blance between our polyzoön and an actinoid, or a hydroid polyp. Like them, it is a sac composed of two membranes—ectocyst and endocyst. It possesses, in common with the zoöphytes, the power of secreting about its outer surface a shell, sometimes calcareous and sometimes chitinous. It has, like the polyps, at its upper surface a disk, around which are arranged tentacles, for the catching of prey, and in the midst of which is an orifice for its reception.

Here, however, the analogy ceases. The polyzoön, instead of being a mere animal sac, with one opening into which prey is received, and from which unassimilated material is ejected, really possesses a complete alimentary canal, with mouth,—œsophagus, gizzard, stomach and intestine,—which is suspended in the investing sac.

A comparison of Fig. 1, which is a typical form of polyzoa, with Fig. 2, a representation of the structure of a fresh-water mussel, will show at once, even to the most casual observation, the structural resemblance between these two representatives of the mollusca.

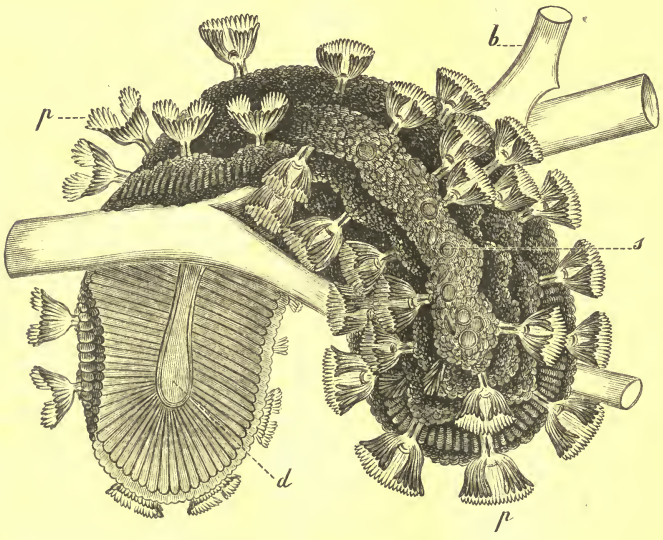


FIG. 3. CRYSTATELLA MUCEDO.
b, Branch upon which it rests; *d*, contractile disk; *p*, polypides; *s*, statoblasts. [After Allman.]

The lettering of analogous parts, it will be seen, is similar.

In the animal sac of the polyzoön, surrounded by the perigastric fluid, the entire alimentary canal is suspended, its two openings, buccal and anal, leading into the outside space. In the body of the mussel, the entire digestive system is in the same way included, with its two orifices also opening outwardly. The outer, structureless investment, or ectocyst [Fig. 1, *x*], forms a cup or cell for the protection of the delicate internal organs. This cup is lined with the endocyst, *y*, a soft, organized, flexible bag which reaches above and beyond the upper rim of the ectocyst cup, and is gathered closely around the base of the tentacular crown, *d*. The sac, C, thus formed by the endocyst and its investing ectocyst, is filled with a perigastric fluid, in the midst of which hangs down, like a loop, the alimentary canal.

The disk, in most marine species, is circular, and around its edge is ranged the single row of tubular tentacles, which project upward and outward, forming a sort of funnel, from which is derived their name, *Infundibulata*. The disk in the fresh-water species is usually of a deeply crescentic form, the tentacles being disposed around both the concave and convex edges, giving to these species the name of *Hippocrepia*, or horse-shoe like [Figs. 3, 4].

The tentacles of the polyzoa [Fig. 1, A, *q*] not only serve to capture prey, but they also perform the office of lungs, and aerate the life-sustaining perigastric fluid. They are covered with tiny lashes, or cilia, whose rhythmic vibrations create within them a mimic whirlpool, into which myriads of the smallest of small fry are drawn. The tentacles are not contractile, but, at an alarm, coil up, and are drawn into the cell in a flash.

The mouth *a* is situated in the disk, conveniently below the vortex of the tiny whirlpool, and engulfs the food washed down to it. Below the mouth is a pharangeal chamber and a gullet, *z*, well furnished with vibratile lashes, that urge the food downward, and aid in the act of swallowing, which is mainly effected by a peristaltic movement, like that of our own gullets. In some species, before the stomach is reached, the gullet widens out into a gizzard, *j*, where a preliminary trituration of the food is effected. In the others, the stomach, *s*, is divided into two portions, the upper of which answers the purpose of a gizzard, and the lower, of stomach proper.

The polypide has no separate biliary glands like those found in the higher mol-

lusca, but the inner coat of its stomach is composed of bile-secreting cells [Fig. 4, 1]. The second layer of the stomach is formed of hexagonal cells with a bright nucleus [Fig. 4, 5]; and the third is muscular. The process of digestion may be watched, in certain varieties, through the transparent walls of the body. The contents of the stomach are then seen to be constantly moved up and down, the lower portion being every now and then shut off from the upper by an hour-glass constriction. Here the food separated from the main mass is moved about, and finally forced back by a powerful muscular contraction. Just where this constriction occurs, on the side of the animal opposite the main nerve center, a tube, *h*, sets off upward, and terminates just outside the tentacular crown, *i*. This is the intestine, and it is opened or closed at its point of junction with the stomach by means of a valve.

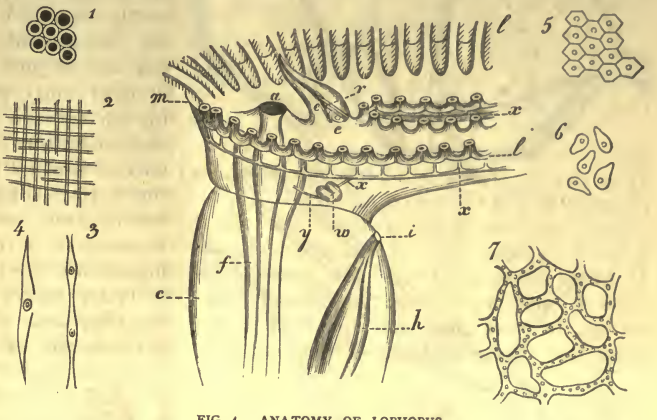


FIG. 4. ANATOMY OF LOPHOPUS.

e, Epistome; *a*, mouth; *x*, *x*, *x*, nervous cord; *w*, nerve ganglion; *i*, anus; *l*, *l*, tentacles, cut off so as to show tubular structure; *m*, transparent cup-like membrane; 1, internal coat of stomach; 2, muscular fiber of endocyst; 3, same, more magnified; 4, still more magnified; 5, middle layer of stomach; 6, cells and tubular net-work of endocyst; 7, cells more magnified. [After Allman.]

From the base of the lower stomach a cord, *f*,—the funiculus,—may be seen connecting that organ with the testis, *t*. This cord appears to have some close connection with the process of reproduction. The testis is composed of a mass of cells, from the nucleus of each of which is developing a spermatozoön. In the figure [Fig. 1, *t*] the mature spermatozoa may be seen escaping and others floating freely in the perigastric space, *b*; opposite the base of the intestine another funiculus leads to the ovary, *o*.

The bag-like endocyst, in the marine varieties, is entirely drawn in when the tentacles are retracted, and as entirely turned out when they are spread: in the fresh-water varieties the turning out is not complete, one or two circular folds, like tucks around the bag, occur in the endocyst. Two such invaginations may be seen in *Paludicella* [Fig. 1, *n*, *n*]. Just where the bag of the endocyst is drawn together around the base of the tentacular crown is placed a sphincter muscle, *d*, which, when the polypide is retracted, draws closely together, and completely shuts the little hermit away from the outside world. By means of its elaborately developed muscular system the animal can expand or contract at will, but the tissues of the body are no longer in themselves contractile as in the case of the hydra. They have become differentiated into muscular fiber and non-contractile tissue.

In this higher form we find, too, a simple but perfectly manifest nervous system. In Fig. 4, a heart-shaped nerve ganglion may be seen, *w*, sending a nerve, *x*, *y*, into each tentacle. Besides the individual nervous system a common system of nerves has been discovered binding into unity the many individuals composing a colony.

With all this elaboration of details in certain directions, the polyzoa show a singular simplicity of structure in others. A polypide possesses no blood-vessels, no heart, no lungs. The perigastric fluid does common duty for all the organs that are wanting; it is an aquiferous system bearing air and the results of digestion to the various parts of the body where they are needed. It affords the medium for conveying the spermatozoa to the ova. It is, in fact, a sort of maid-of-all-work, performing for the animal economy all the services for which no special provision has been made. This fluid is probably sea-water, loaded with particles of food, air, and other matters; but how it gains entrance into the perigastric space is a mystery, no orifice having ever been found. Water may perhaps transude through the walls of the stomach to which it has free access through both mouth and anus, or it may be conveyed by means of an infinitesimally minute system of canals found to exist in the endocyst of certain varieties [Fig. 4, 7].

Many of the colonies of marine polyzoa

have most curious appendages called *vibracula* and *avicularia* which aid in protecting, or in providing for the community. The former [Fig. 5, B] are long bristles set somewhere in the vicinity of the animal cell, and

FIG. 5.
A, Avicularia; B, vibracula. [From nature.]

supplied with an elaborate set of muscles, by means of which they are kept in constant motion. The in-setting current of water, created by the timed lashings of the tentacular cilia, would, of course, cause an accumulation of dirt and *débris* about the mouth of the animal cell. The vibracula are supposed to play the part of scavengers and to clear away this accumulation by their unceasing sweeping movements.

The avicularia, A,—so called from the curious "bird's-head" shape which they so frequently assume,—are scattered here and there, without any special order, over the surface of the colony. They are usually set in a movable socket, and both the head itself and the lower jaw have a strong set of muscles by means of which they nod up and down, and snap their beaks in a most vigorous and amusing manner [Fig. 5, A]. The living animal seems to have no vital connection with the vibracular and avicularial cells. These would seem to be quite isolated, seated upon their thick knobby sockets outside the calcareous shells of the polypide. We must, however, conclude that there is some connection between them. Gosse suggests that some delicate and subtle, but living tissue, may not only line but cover the strong cell, as is the case with the spines of the sea-urchins. Again and again the snapping jaws have been seen to catch prey, and the avicularia were, in consequence, rather hastily supposed to be the colonial purveyors. This cannot, of course, be their true use, as the prey caught is much too large for our dainty polyzoön, which feeds upon the microscopic life involved in the whirlpool created by its cilia. And besides, anything caught by the beak of the bird's head would be caught *from* and not *for* the mouth, and would be effectually beyond the reach of the animals themselves. Gosse suggests that the office of the bird's head is indirectly rather than directly beneficial to the polypides. "When a small aquatic animal is seized by the snapping jaws of the bird's-head cell, it is held firmly there till it dies, and it then offers an attractive bait to the infusoria of the surrounding water. The presence of decomposing animal matter in water, he tells us, invariably attracts swarming myriads of these creatures, which breed so fast as soon to form a cloud of living atoms around the decaying body, quite visible in the aggregate to the unassisted eye; and these remain in the vicinity, playing round and round until the organic matter is quite consumed. Now a tiny annelid

FIG. 6. BICELLARIA TUBA. [FROM NATURE.]

or other animal, caught by the bird's head of a polyzoan, and tightly held, would presently die; and though in its own substance it would not yield any nutriment to the capturer, yet by becoming the center of a crowd of busy infusoria,—multitudes of

which would be constantly drawn into the tentacular vortex, and swallowed,—it would

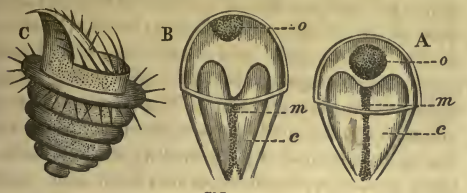


FIG. 7.
A, B, Marsupium of Bicellaria ciliata: *c*, capsule; *m*, muscle; *e*, ovum. C, Ciliated embryo. [After Hincks.]

be ancillary to its support, and the organ in question would play no unimportant part in the economy of the animal." The birds' heads in Fig. 5 were drawn from a bit of *Flustra avicularium*; in the head with the closed beak, the muscular apparatus is very apparent; the closest scrutiny, however, utterly failed to detect any in the head when the jaws were open.

The fresh-water polyzoa have some other peculiarities which accompany their crescent-shaped disk. Running around the outer rim of the tentacular crown is a delicate, transparent membrane [Fig. 4, *m*] not found in marine polypides. Along with this there is always found a curious ciliated appendage which covers and guards the mouth, called the epistome [*e*].

The mode of propagation most common to vegetable life, and to the lower forms of animal existence, is budding. This mode is retained by the polyzoa; but another very common mode, that by fission, is lost. Though the life of the polyzoa is very simple it still shows a marked advance upon any life which we have yet considered. These little creatures possess distinct organs for the performance of special functions, and are not like the hydroids and actiniæ, mere aggregations of cells, each containing within itself the essential elements of life, and from which a complete organism may be evolved. We have seen that any portion cut from a hydroid is capable, under favorable conditions, of developing itself into a perfect animal, just as a bit of the stem, or even the leaf of certain vegetable organisms will strike root, and finally develop into a perfect plant. The formation of new individuals by fission, whether it be by self-division or by artificial section, disappears as we reach the higher and more specialized life of the polyzoa.

There are six different kinds of cells found on the polyzoa; these all increase alike by budding. In the earlier stages no difference can be detected between them,—that is, for example, an immature polyzoön cannot be distinguished from vibracula, or avicularia of the same degree of development. If we take an erect specimen of plant-like polyzoa,—*Bicellaria tuba*, for instance [Fig. 6],—in a living, and unmutilated state, we shall find the animal cells in

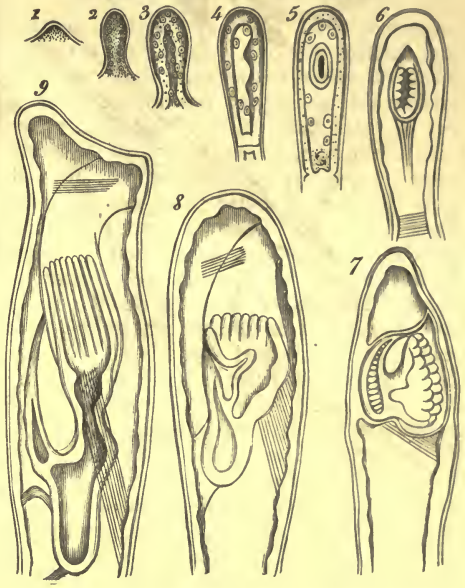


FIG. 9.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, Progressive forms in development of gemma into perfect polypide. [After Allman.]

every possible stage of development. On the tips of the branches the cells are in course of formation; below these they contain polypides still immature; below again, the various branches show cells in which the polypides are in the full vigor of active and predatory life, while lowest of all the cells are seen either to be empty, or to contain certain apparently lifeless "brown bodies." This is a generalized description, and gives a fair idea of a polyzoön colony, though the animals in these different stages of development are not marked off from one another by any distinct dividing lines.

Of the four modes of reproduction

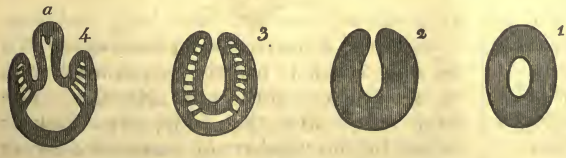


FIG. 8.
1, 2, 3, 4, Progressive forms in development of embryo. [After Allman.]

among the polyzoa, three are asexual, and one is by ova. In Fig. 1, the relative position of the testis, *t*, and of the ovary, *o*, may be seen. The spermatozoa, as has been already said, develop from the nucleus of the cells (or vesicles of evolution) of the testis; when mature they escape and propel themselves, by means of a vibratile cilium, through the

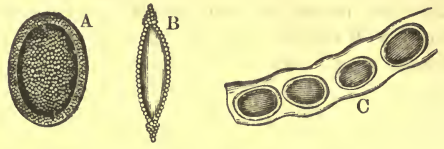


FIG. 10. STATOBLASTS.
A, Side; B, edge view; C, inclosed in investment.

perigastric fluid till they finally penetrate and fertilize the ova. In certain varieties, *Bicellaria ciliata*, for instance, the ovum after fertilization undergoes development in a sort of marsupial pouch. This [Fig. 7] retains the ovum, *o*, by means of a heart-shaped capsule, *c*, which may be retracted by aid of the muscular band, *m*, and thus allow the ovum when mature to escape without injury. The marsupium is often the nursery to several successive generations of ova. The whole process of development, from the ovum to the mature animal, has been carefully noted by Allman, in the case of *Alcyonella fungosa*—one of the fresh-water polyzoa. After the formation of the germinal spot, and the breaking up of the vitellus into the usual mulberry-like mass, the contents of the egg are seen to assume an oval or roundish shape, possessing a central cavity, and richly ciliated on its external surface. This ciliated embryo—still confined within the walls of the ovum—undergoes the changes represented diagrammatically in Fig. 8, 1, 2, 3, 4. Finally, one polypide shows itself, and then a second, within the upper turned out or evaginated portion [Fig. 8, 4 *a*]. The two polypides grow in size and develop into perfect animals—the external membrane of the ovum growing to meet the requirements of the growing animals. This finally gives way, and the embryo swims freely through the fluid of the perigastric space. After a time the entire sac becomes developed into an ectocyst, which with the endocyst constitutes the cell of the new polyzoön. A colony of alcyonella, by the budding out of new polypides from these two, which have developed from the ovum as has just been described.

The *Cristatella mucedo* [Fig. 3] is one of the most beautiful of polyzoan colonies. It begins with a single plumy crown projecting above the investing cell, which is formed of endocyst only. From a definite spot in the side of this form,—which is to be the parent of the colony,—a bud develops, and then from another spot, another bud springs out, each new bud in its turn giving rise to others; but always according to a definite plan, so that a mature colony invariably assumes the form of an oval disk, convex above and flat below. Upon the upper surface of this disk in three rows, concentrically arranged, are the orifices from which the polypides emerge. These [*p*, *p*] are so disposed as to alternate with each other, and to leave an oval space in the center in which statoblasts [*s*] are developed. On the under surface, in the center of a radial arrangement of tubular cells, a corresponding oval space may be seen. This is a contractile disk, *d*, by means of which the whole colony can creep about over the stones or the stems and leaves of aquatic plants. The ordinary colonies of

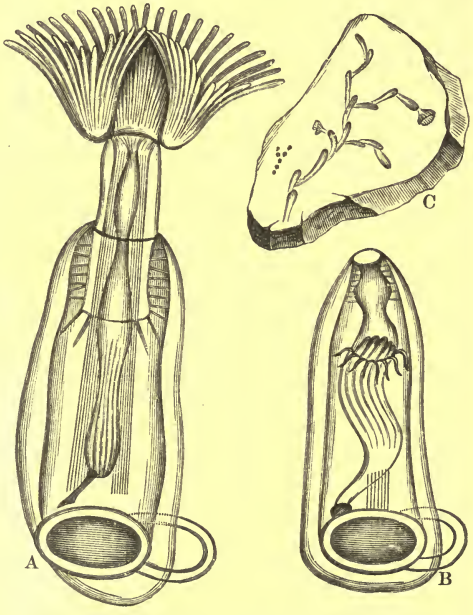


FIG. 11. POLYPIDES STILL ATTACHED TO VALVES OF STATOBLASTS.
A, Exserted; B, retracted; B. polypides and statoblasts. (Natural size.) [After Allman.]

cristatella are about an inch long, and from an eighth to a quarter of an inch wide. To the naked eye it has the appearance of a bit of greenish-gray silk chenille. The glass shows that the fluffy, silky look is caused by the numbers of exserted delicate flower-like polypides. Most of the polyzoa are found lurking under stones or in shady

crevices, and are easily alarmed, so that the least movement near them causes them to fold up and stow away their tentacles for safety; but cristatella rejoices in the brightness and warmth of the sunshine and does not withdraw its tentacles unless very roughly treated. "This exquisite little polyzoön," Allman says, "seems, in fact, capable of existing only under the full influence of the light, and in the midst of the innumerable vortices excited in the surrounding water by the vibratile cilia of its tentacles." The form produced by gemmation of the ordinary kind is illustrated by *Paludicella* [Fig. 1, B]. The form assumed in the course of development from a small bud to the mature polypide is shown in Fig. 9, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, showing successive stages.

Another mode of asexual reproduction, found in certain fresh-water varieties, is by means of statoblasts [Fig. 10 A, B] which develop in cristatella in the central oval disk, and in other varieties in the funiculus [Fig. 1, *f*]. Their form and delicate sculpture are shown in the figure. They are not eggs, but a kind of internal bud which develops, and is freed after the death of the parent organism, and its consequent decomposition. When these statoblasts happen to fall in a favorable place the polypide within them develops; the valves then open and the crouching Venus arises out of her fairy-like shell, and floats away in her tiny boat over or through the surrounding waters.

By a fourth mode, which is truly marvelous, the older cells of certain salt-water colonies are repeopled when their earlier tenants die off. Before the death of a polypide in such a case, an hour-glass constriction is seen to take place in the lower part of its stomach [Fig 12, A]. This constriction deepens till the lower stomach looks like a separate organ, and in the meantime the polypide dies, leaving this globular body, of a brownish color, still attached to the funiculus. This is the brown body, which has already been alluded to as the sole tenant of many of the older cells of a colony [*Bicellaria ciliata*]. From this body,—germ capsule as it is called,—a new polypide arises. Fig. 12 shows the successive stages of such a development in A, B, C, D, E, F.

This mode of reproduction is so unprecedented that Claparède, one of the first modern naturalists, came to the conclusion that the delicate gray buds of the new polypide, seen among the brown matter of the old, was the result of a retrogressive metamorphosis through the same stages (only in a reverse order) in their decline as in their development. The scientific imagination in this case is nearly akin to the poetic, and might well express itself in one of the loveliest lines of Keats's beautiful poem:

"As though a rose should shut and be a bud again."

The empty animal cells of a polyzoarium

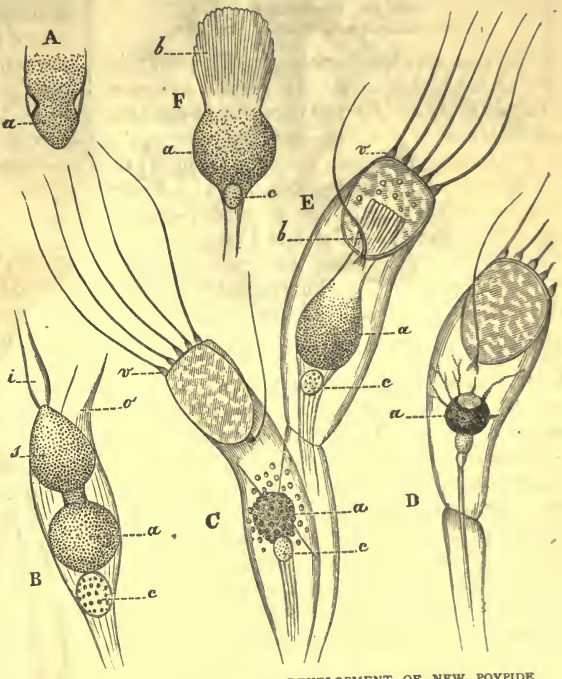


FIG. 12. BICELLARIA CILIATA. DEVELOPMENT OF NEW POYPIDE FROM GERM CAPSULE.

A, *a*, Lower part of stomach. B, digestive sac removed from cell: *o*, œsophagus; *s*, stomach; *a*, globular appendage to form germ capsule; *c*, oval gold-colored body in funiculus; *i*, intestine. C, Germ surrounded by oil globules. D, Germ capsule just beginning to form. E, Polypide developed from germ capsule. F, same removed from cell. [After Hincks.]

are sometimes repeopled by a true budding from the inner lining of the cell wall. Colonies of cristatella and lophopus [Figs. 3 and 4] are also multiplied by fission, but this is very different from true self-division, as it is the colonies, and not the individuals, which divide, and it is really a division, and not a multiplication.

Some varieties, among which is numbered the beautiful *Anguinaria spathulata*, instead of producing buds immediately from the animal cell, send up their gemmæ from a creeping stolon. Its irregular creeping stem

winds about the stalks of certain sea-weed,—those clothed with hair like fibers being generally chosen,—and sends up every now and then tubular processes terminating in cups [Fig. 13]. In the living state, this

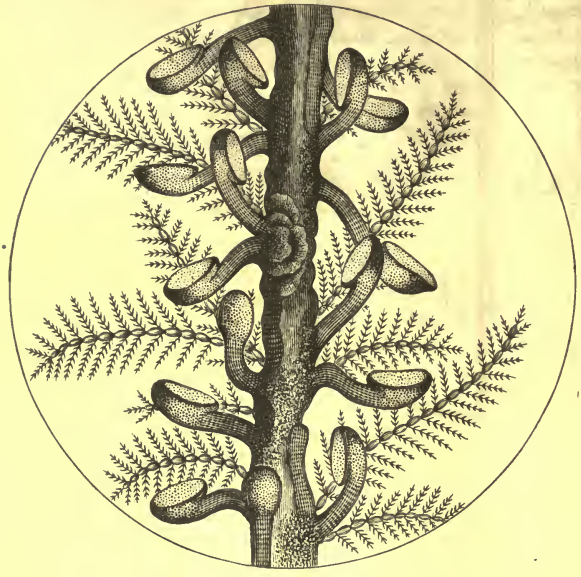


FIG. 13. ANGUINARIA SPATHULATA. [FROM NATURE.]

variety is of a delicate rose-color, or glossy white. In the figure, the cup-shaped cells are polyzoa, and the feathery fronds are the sea-weed to which they are clinging.

In other varieties, of which *Crisea eburnea* is a good example, the cells are long and tubular, arranged on a branching plant-like plan, with round orifices looking to opposite sides. This species belongs to the infundibulata, and forms a common, very minute, coralline, of which Fig. 14 is a representation.

Some of the most common, as well as the most beautiful of the polyzoa are the *Flustræ*, or sea-mats. These develop, by lateral budding, into beautiful filmy textures, rivaling the most delicate lace. Fig. 15 gives, side by side, the representation of the texture of an exceptionally fine piece of round-point lace, B, and a bit of *Flustra paraçeta*, A. The same magnifying power is used for both—100 diameters. Gosse, in describing a living specimen of flustra, uses such a felicitous figure that the temptation to borrow may be pardoned. It is the leafy sea-mat [Fig. 16] of which he is speaking. It spreads itself out, when mature, into a film about three square inches in area, which is composed of two layers of cells placed back to back. Let us suppose, with him, that each one of these myriad cells is a baby's wicker cradle, which it resembles in shape; now let us take twenty thousand such cradles, glued side by side, so that the bulging upper portion of one row of cradles shall fit into the concave curve which marks the side of the lower portion of the next row beyond it—quincunx fashion; when this is done, turn over the plate formed of the twenty thousand cradles, and fasten to its back twenty thousand more, arranged in the same way, and placed bottom to bottom,—this, in everything but size, will represent the three square inches of sea-mat. The head of each cradle is elevated above the level of the lower portion, and over each is drawn a thin transparent membrane with a curved slit over the pillow end. Such an opening may be seen in Fig. 15, A, *a*. Here and there about the surface, instead of the cradle, may be seen a tiny round box with a convex lid. To the naked eye, these look like the minutest of seed pearls studding the delicate lace. These are the avicularia of the flustra which open and shut their little lids as comically and energetically as do the birds' heads their beaks. Each cradle, it may be seen, sends out four stiff spines over the adjacent ones; these rise obliquely across the neighboring bed and guard it from many

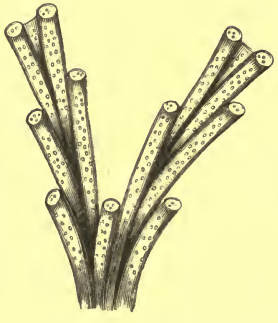


FIG. 14. CRISEA EBURNEA. [FROM NATURE.]

dangers. To the cells containing the pearls there are no spines attached, as they would hinder the movement of the lids, nor on that side of the adjacent cells, as the avicularia want no protection.

"Suppose, yet again," says Gosse, "that in every cradle there lies a baby, with its

FIG. 15.
A, Flustra paraceta; B, round point lace. [From nature.]

little knees bent up to its chin, in that zig-zag fashion that children, little and big, often like to lie in. But stay! here is a child moving softly. He slowly pushes open the semicircular slit in the coverlid, and we see him gradually protruding his head and shoulders in an erect position, straightening his knees at the same time. He is raised half out of bed, when lo! his head falls open and becomes a bell of tentacles! The baby is the tenant polyp."

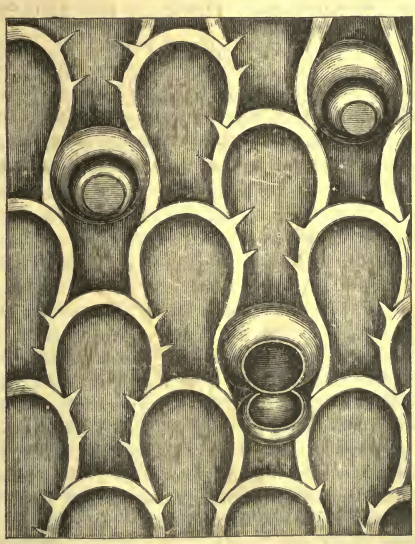


FIG. 16. FLUSTRA. LEAFY SEA-MAT.

This fanciful description is so graphic, and so wonderfully suggestive of the appearance and movement of a polypide as it exserts itself, that it is worth more than many perfectly accurate accounts which would in the end be less true, because less intelligible.

These fragile little creatures, by means of the delicate filmy corals that they leave behind them, have written the records of their lives all over the rock tablets of the past. Just as the great mountains of ice in the polar seas, and the heaped-up masses of snow upon Alpine peaks are built, layer upon layer, of such delicate frost tracery as a clear cold night leaves upon our window-panes, so the vast accumulations of the palæozoic lime-stones are the work of millions upon millions of these tiny polyzoa, heaping up beauty upon beauty, till every detail of delicate grace is lost in the mighty aggregation of solidity and strength.

A VINTAGE SONG.

ONCE more the year its fullness pours
To cheer the heart of toil;
Once more we take with gratitude
The blessing of the soil.
I hear the children laugh and sing,—
They pull the grapes together;
And gladness breathes from everything
In this October weather.

The winter days were long and dark,
The spring was slow to come;
And summer storms brought fear and doubt
To many a humble home.
But rain and sunshine had their will
And wrought their work together,
And see! we heap our baskets still,
In this October weather.

My heart has had its winter, too,
And lain full bare and gray;
I did not think a spring would come,
Much less a summer day.
How little did I dream that life
Would bring us two together,
And I should be a happy wife
In this October weather!

Doubtless the frosts will come again,
And some sweet hopes must die;
But we shall bear the passing pain,
And smile as well as sigh;—
Nor let us cloud with fears of ill
This golden hour together;
For God is in His garden still
In this October weather.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Great Strike.

IT would not be a pleasant task to review the list of influences which led to the great strike. Some of them—more important than has been popularly imagined—have had little notice; and they lie so far back, or so deep down, that they are not likely to be talked about. That the railroad force of the country has been very badly demoralized, is evident enough; but if we should say that its demoralization had come mainly through its rulers and employers, we should be met with pretty universal incredulity, if not with indignant protest.

The example which directors and managers have set to those in their employ has not been a good one. The men who have done the hard work of the railroads have looked on and seen others get rich by illegitimate means. They have seen whole boards of directors drop off gorged from schemes that have left the stock interests without a drop of blood in their veins. They have seen stock watered, tampered with, robbed. They have seen railroads which had absorbed the livings of trustful widows and orphans managed solely for the private interests of their presidents and directors. They have seen roads built with bonds that were lies, and were known to be lies. They have seen roads in ruinous competition with each other, while they were compelled by this competition to do their work at small wages. They have been made to work upon the Sabbath, and have been practically shut away from all religious instruction by those who, with sanctimonious faces and conveniently obtuse consciences, have "taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the House of God in company." The railroad corporations are very few that have manifested the slightest interest in their employés, beyond getting out of them what it was possible to get for the consideration agreed upon.

All this is shockingly true, and all this has had a great deal more to do in preparing for the strike than most people have imagined. Yet there is nothing in this to justify the strike, or, rather, the form and features it assumed. Nobody in the world questions the right of any man to refuse to work for the wages offered him. Labor is a value which a large number of men put into the market for sale. If the man who has it to offer cannot get the price he asks for it, he has an undoubted right to withhold it, precisely as if his labor were a bushel of wheat, or any other commodity. The simple fact that he has been in the habit of selling his labor satisfactorily to a corporation gives him no claim upon the corporation. The fact that a man has sold iron, or oil, or coal, to a corporation, and has received his money for it, gives him no claim upon the corporation. He has parted with his value, received the equivalent, and there is the end. He has no right to insist that he will forever sell iron, or oil, or coal to the corporation at his own price.

Now, there are among these strikers—however bad some of them may be—good and true men, who are mistaken as to their rights. They do not own a dollar of the railroads they help to operate; they have not a power that is not delegated to them; they have no right except to the wages which they have agreed to work for. They have no right to keep others from working at wages at which they themselves refuse to work; they have no right to

obstruct the passage of trains; they have no right to attempt the control of property which does not belong to them. We do not doubt that many of the strikers have been shocked and disappointed at the outrages which have been committed in their name, or professedly on behalf of their cause. Such excesses were inevitable in the nature of the case. The moment the strikers took an illegal step—the moment they placed themselves outside of the law and beyond their right—they became the companions of thieves and outlaws, who recognized the relationship at once, and joined them, or undertook to lead them. They had a perfect right to refuse to work for the wages offered them. So long as they simply refused, and stood to argue the matter fairly they would have had the moral respect if not the sympathy of the people around them. The moment they laid a finger on property not their own, or undertook to control the running of trains, they became a mob of conspirators against the rights of property and the public order, and placed themselves upon even footing with the worst elements of human society.

And now that it is all over, it is a good time to ask once more what good has come from this strike, and what good has ever come of any strike. The laws of nature which, after all, govern the laws of trade, or are the laws of trade, can never be overcome or circumvented by a strike. Labor will always command its value—no more, no less. We mean by this not that it will not vary—not that it will not fall below or rise above its value at any time—but that during any ten years of industrial history it will command its average or aggregate value. Strikes are always mistakes; they are often crimes. Nothing under heaven but ignorance can make them anything less than crimes in all the future. This great strike has been a foul disgrace to the country. It has made us contemptible in the eyes of the world. It has done no good to any human soul. Nobody is the richer for it except some wretched thief. Property has been put out of existence, life has been sacrificed, the wheels of returning prosperity have been stayed, a new distrust has sprung up between employers and employed, and absolutely no good has been accomplished.

The day of the inauguration of trades unions and labor organizations in this country was a day the blackest and fullest of menace to the popular prosperity and peace that ever dawned upon the nation. They have been an unmitigated curse to employers and employed alike. The nature and purpose of many of these organizations are simply outrageous. They have been despotic toward their own members, oppressive toward the class in whose interest they pretend to have been established, impertinent and intermeddling. They have assumed the right to control property and business in which they had no more right than if they lived in the moon. They have practiced a despotism which would long ago have been howled out of existence if it had been indulged in by any other class, and now when many establishments are run entirely for the sake of giving work to the laborer, and without the slightest hope of yielding profit to capitalists, they strike! There should be in the good sense and good principles of the great mass of laborers a reaction against this wretched crime, and this stupendous foolishness.

Pauperizing the Clergy.

We had occasion, in a recent article on the general topic of pauperism, to speak of the bad influences of charitable aid when rendered to young men preparing for the Christian ministry. As everything we said was conceived in a spirit of the warmest friendliness toward the profession, we were not quite prepared for the acrid, not to say contemptuous, criticism with which it was received by a portion of the religious press. We had supposed that the desirableness of independent means in the acquisition of an education, for any profession, was beyond controversy. We had supposed that clergy and laity alike regarded it a misfortune to a young man to be in any way obliged to accept aid in preparing himself for the work of his life. Indeed, they undoubtedly so regard it still; and if it is for any other reason than that it tends to degrade and pauperize him, we have not learned it.

But one religious paper, which ought to be ashamed of its childishness, has undertaken to controvert this very widely held opinion. We have not its words before us, but the point it makes is that if it pauperizes a young man to have his education given him, it will pauperize him equally whether it is given him by the hand of charity or by the hand of his parents! Another religious paper copies this with approval! We should do both papers great injustice if we should assume that they do not know better than this. The sophistry is so puerile that one feels humiliated in being compelled to expose it. A man who takes the responsibility of introducing a child into existence assumes certain duties and obligations which place him in relations to his offspring such as he holds to no other human being. The child possesses certain rights in his father's labor, his acquired capital, his home, his conditions, that can never be alienated except by his crimes. Among these rights is that of a preparation for the work and duty of life. Now, the difference between the position of a boy who feels that in his education he is receiving his natural and legal right, and of one who knows that his education comes to him as a gift of charity to helplessness, is about as wide as can be conceived. Nobody knows this any better than the charity student himself. If he is manly, his position galls and worries him, and he is never happy until he has in some way paid off his debt. If he is not manly, it has a powerful influence in making him a pauper for life. We say, then, that the religious paper which declares that the influence of charitable aid is the same as parental is not candid. It knows better and ought to be ashamed of itself.

More plausible, and more candid without doubt, is a correspondent of a secular paper who compares

the student at West Point with the charity student. At West Point, a young man receives not only his tuition, but his support, without charge; and the influence of this education is not regarded as a pauperizing one. On the contrary, it is looked upon as a most honorable and stimulating one. Now, why should not an education bestowed by the government have the same effect upon the mind of the recipient as one bestowed by the gifts of the benevolent? We may state as a fact that it does not, and that everybody is conscious that it does not. We may assume, therefore, that there is a sound reason for this difference in the facts. The government thinks it worth its money to have an educated body of men, learned in the art of war, to be always ready for service. This body of men, in surrendering themselves to discipline, and holding themselves ready for what is expected of them, have the consciousness of rendering an equivalent for what they receive. They are ready to pay their debt in the only way in which it is desired to be paid, or can be paid. The aid they have received is in no possible sense a charity. It is given by the country for a consideration; it is accepted by the student who perfectly understands the nature of the equivalent he renders.

There are those, undoubtedly, who would undertake to point out a parallel between the church and the government, and to maintain that the young man who gives himself to the church renders an equivalent for all the church may do for him, in preparing him for service. We are not, however, talking about what may or might be, or what ought to be. We are talking about what is, and the simple fact is that the aid given to the students for the ministry is, and is felt to be, charitable aid. It carries no such self-respect with it as is entertained by the son who is educated by his father's money, in the enjoyment of a heaven-bestowed right, and no West Point pride, bred in an institution that takes no note of rich or poor, but identifies itself with the governmental interest and honor.

Whatever we may have written upon this subject, first or last,—and we have written a good deal upon it,—we have had at heart the interest of the Christian ministry. The body is disgraced by a large and not rapidly diminishing mass of men who occupy in their parishes the position of paupers. How and when they became willing to be the constant recipients of gifts we do not know. We do not think they are the sons of men who were able to give them an education. We do not think they are men who wrought out their own education. We have no doubt that they are men who began by being helped, and who, to the disgrace of their profession, have remained willing to be the recipients of charity from year to year. If there is a man in this world who should be in independent circumstances it is the Christian teacher. Generous support is a matter of right, and any minister who will consent to receive the payment for his work with even the smell of charity upon it, is a pauper. This is what we ask for,—a body of men who hate charity as it relates to themselves, who are "touchy" as it concerns their business rights, and who compel their parishes to understand that their money has its equivalent in ministerial work as truly as in any work. This, too, is what we ask for,—a body of young men who will be willing to wait five years that they may earn money rather than touch a dollar of "help,"—a body that will enter the pulpit mortgaged to no society of old women of either sex, and with a sincere hatred of all the influences that tend to degrade their profession in the eyes of a practical business world. And we cannot conceive how anybody can find fault with these views and wishes and motives of ours, unless they touch to consciousness a pauper spirit within himself.

Regulated Production.

In a recent number of "The Popular Science Monthly," we find an important and most suggestive article from the pen of O. B. Bunce, which attempts to enforce the policy of "regulated production." There is no question that the popular doctrine that the supply is always regulated by the demand, and that demand will always elicit supply, does not work with the requisite nicety or sensitiveness. A demand springs up, let us say, for paper. Immediately hundreds of mills start into action, each anxious to do its utmost to meet that demand with supply. They are operated night and day, and before they can feel the subsidence of the demand, the market is glutted. Then the mills are reduced to half time, or the gates are shut down altogether. Thousands of workmen and workwomen are either reduced in wages, or deprived of all wages; and then, of course, comes distress. They cease to be consumers of anything but the bare necessaries of life, and thus every interest with which they hold relations is made to suffer with them. They buy no cloth, they live in the cheapest quarters, they drop all luxuries, and their over-production becomes, in every respect, a popular disaster. The demand brought the supply, but the supply for a year was produced in six months.

We all remember with what opposition the introduction of labor-saving machinery was met in England. The laboring classes had an instinct that there was somewhere in it mischief for them. In this country, less opposition has been manifested, because the labor market, until within a few years, has not been over-supplied. In the development of a new realm there has been enough for everybody to do. It was not long ago in this country that the instincts of labor began to apprehend trouble from over-production. The labor-saving machinery was all invented, however, and in use, and the only remedy that seemed to offer was a reduction of the hours of labor—the shortening of the day's work. This could not work well, because it was not universal, and it was a clumsy resort in every respect. No manufacturer, paying a fixed sum for eight hours' work, could compete with another who paid only the same sum for ten, eleven and twelve hours' work. The matter got into the hands of demagogues, guilds and societies have

endeavored to control the capitalists, and there has grown out of it a long train of mischiefs.

Now, for a series of years, labor and capital alike have been in trouble. Capital has not been able to buy labor, because it could not sell its product. Labor has not been able to buy anything, because it could not earn anything to offer in exchange. It has seemed like an irremediable dead-lock. We look for better times, but they do not come, and there appears to be no mind so gifted with foresight as to be able to predict the date of renewed prosperity. Machinery in vast and multiplied organizations, and capital in large accumulations, lie idle, while labor lives from hand to mouth and waits for something to do. In the meantime, fictitious values have died out, speculation sleeps, and at what point matters can possibly begin to improve surpasses conjecture. Large exportations of produce may start consumption again, and so set capital and labor at work; but nobody knows anything about it.

Of this one fact, however, all men at this time have come to be well aware, viz., that we have the machinery and the labor for producing more of the ordinary materials required in civilized life than we can sell. The further fact, to which we have already alluded, that "the law of demand and supply" works clumsily, and often disastrously, when left to itself, is also pretty definitely apprehended. There would seem, therefore, to be no alternative policy but that of "regulated production." That this is possible in limited spheres has already been abundantly proved. There is at this time in Massachusetts a society of paper-makers who are intelligently and successfully "regulating" the production of their mills. They understand that if they run their mills day and night, as they did when business was good, they will produce paper in such quantities as to raise the price of stock and reduce the price of paper, as well as glut the market. So, by keeping the supply as nearly even with the demand as possible, they manage to run their mills half time—that is, only in the day-time—and to make a profit on which they and their employés can live. This is what may be called "regulated production;" and we know of no reason why the policy may not be adopted by every manufacturing interest in the country.

The government, of course, can have no voice in this regulation, but it can be of incalculable assistance in rendering it intelligent. It can ascertain—approximately at least—how much paper, in all its varieties, how much muslin, how many shoes, how much woolen cloth, how many sewing-machines, reapers, plows, hoes, shovels, how much cutlery, how many hats, are made and sold in a single year. It can also ascertain the producing capacity of the respective groups of manufactories, and thus reduce to the simplest sum in arithmetic the problem of regulated production. This sum, intelligently ciphered out, nothing remains but honest co-operation, free and frank intercommunication, and fraternal loyalty. Our American Silk Association, for instance, with its printed organ, its regular meetings, its thorough intelligence in all matters relating to the supply of the raw material, and the demand for the manufactured product, can so regulate the production of silk that the whole interest can be kept in a healthy condition.

Mr. Bunce cites the combination of the coal companies which recently exploded, with such disastrous results, as a perfectly legitimate one, provided it had been entered into in order to prevent an over-production of coal. We heartily coincide in this opinion, and presume to add that if this had been the only motive of the combination it would not have exploded. The combination to prevent an over-production is not only legitimate—it is necessary. The attempt to force prices and profits on coal, in order to sustain a speculation in railroad stocks, or to bolster up roads that have no legitimate basis, was what burst the combination. Such evils will always correct themselves, though, in the correction, they inflict great disasters. The present low price of coal is not a benefit to anybody, in the long run. The consumers of Pennsylvania cannot suffer without inflicting injury upon the manufacturers of New England and New York, who get their coal for less than it costs to produce it. Regulated production, with all that it promises, means, however, contentment with modest profits—a toning down of the old greed for sudden and enormous wealth. It means also the entrance upon untried fields of enterprise, increased intelligence, and a development of skill. A limitation in quantity will bring an improvement in quality, every man trying his best to lead the market, or to make his market sure. We know that when a manufacturing interest is enormous, like that of iron, or cotton cloth, it is difficult to associate the capital involved, but it can be done—ought to be done—must be done.

THE OLD CABINET.

To the Old Cabinet:—Dost thou remember, most ancient and honorable furniture, the country house from which thou wast removed, to take up thine abode in the loud and multitudinous city? Not, O venerable secretary! that in thy new home thine ears are cracked with noises, and thy brain made dizzy with the endless procession of men. No, the house over which thou lordest is hidden and compassed about by sky-confronting walls. The jingling of the horse-cars; the long, high note like that of a flageolet which the freight-car wheels make as they sweep round the corner under the Washington monument; the cry of the peach-vender and the hot-corn man; the shrill noon-whistle of the

factories; the rumbling of the wagons; the booming of the clock in the steeple; the drone of the hand-organs; and at night the bellowing of extras by the deep-voiced and mendacious newsboys—all these sounds come to thee, in thy city hermitage, mellowed and mixed with the nearer and gentler songs of the barber's trained canaries, the singing of the telegraph wires high over thy head, the fluttering of the vines about thy windows and the household clamor of the parrot which calls "Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up!" from the second story window of thy next-door neighbor, the carpenter.

But surely thou hast not forgotten thy former home! It is of this that I send tidings to thee. In the corner where thou once stoodst, the chintz-covered sofa has taken thy place. But the fire on the hearth is lighted, as when thou wast here, on cool days of summer. Out-doors, the gigantic button woods came out late this year, but they are in full foliage now and show no signs of the mortality which hath taken hold upon others of their kind. The black-heart cherry-tree whose twigs used to knock against the window of the room above, *that* had gone the way of all black-hearts, before thou didst depart from these shades. But now it has been followed by its brother that stood at the edge of the grove. It was farmer Abner's ax that put the poor old creature out of its misery: the last of its sturdy race. It was burned, not buried; and as in life its fruit and shade had given pleasure to many, so was its last end gay and hospitable. The grove is not much changed. The myrtle has spread still wider over the deserted flower-beds. The branches of the pines stretch out still farther, but the sound that the wind makes in their tops is the same as when thou didst last hear it.

When a man goes back to the scenes of his childhood, one of his most curious experiences is that of looking over fences beyond his former range of sight. A fence or hedge once bounded his thoughtless vision in a certain direction, when a boy; now he stretches up and looks over or through and sees how the land lies. Then it is that he discovers that the blacksmith's garden does not open out into infinity, but that it backs up against the shoe-maker's yard. For that vague, yet fixed landscape of the mind, suggested to the youthful gazer, a new one is substituted—correct and limited. He is disturbed, he has even a feeling of melancholy. It is thus that one by one the conventions of life are brought into a new view as we grow older. It is thus that science opposes itself to imagination. Say what any poet or man of science will, the first effect of science upon imagination, as upon religion, is deadening. Keats was right when he drank "confusion to the memory of Newton." The scientific spirit is opposed to the emotional and the imaginative spirit. The poet or the man of religion may recover himself, and be all the stronger and wider in his poetry and in his faith for the shock and for the broader knowledge; but that there is and must be a shock it is idle to deny.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the necessity that the modern poet should gather "material" from science. He certainly ought to know all that he can learn in every direction. But when it comes to his poetry he can ignore science, like Keats, or make much of it, like Tennyson. But Keats is the greater poet; not, indeed, because Tennyson's science has hurt him, but simply because the author of "Hyperion" is more of a poet than the author of "In Memoriam."

In revisiting the old town, year after year, it is interesting to watch how different families "turn out." One constantly sees careful training result happily and honorably. On the other hand, there are the A——s, who live down near the little brick school-house. They have been a notoriously bad lot as long as I can remember,—the parents, at least,—a drinking, brawling, cursing couple, who brought up their children apparently like pigs. Marvelous to relate, every one of those children has turned out well.

This I remember about the father and mother: quarrel as long and as loudly as they might, they were always together—or not far apart. To this day, in their bent and halting old age, they go trailing up the road after the cow,—just as they have done for the past thirty years,—the woman walking a rod or two behind the old man; and as both are deaf as posts, they keep bawling at each other at the top of their lungs, in conversation which may be either friendly or unfriendly.

A young missionary made an address here Sunday morning. I was anxious to hear how he would justify his conduct in going away from his present congregation, his wife and his three children, to be absent three years on the fever-stricken West African coast. Although he did not enter into all the particulars of the case, I knew that he had been over there before, with a plucky young wife, who, however, was compelled to leave. I knew, too, that he had not asked to be sent, but had merely put himself in the hands of the Board, who had thought it necessary to use him. I went to church a good deal prejudiced, but I thought the young man made out a strong case for himself, if not for his superior officers, and perhaps incidentally for them also. Men accept equal dangers for the chance of a fortune, he urged, why not for the sake of religion. The lists of European army officers anxious to be sent out to the military stations in that country are crowded, simply because promotion is more rapid. Shall a "soldier of the Lord" be less willing? The least convincing part of his argument was in reference to "conversions." It was painful to hear him make so much of the mere repetition of the Lord's Prayer by an imitative old savage woman. He brought forth better instances than this, however, and in his own mind seemed to be well satisfied with the results of the work at the "station." He moreover laid special stress on the doing away with certain brutal customs, even among those not fully "converted."

As I walked home, I said to myself: Whether

he is right about his mission or not, he has builded better than he knew. The spectacle of a man who, every one is perfectly aware, would not swear falsely about his income, or stuff ballot-boxes, or log-roll in the legislature, or sell his newspaper for an office, but who, on the contrary, is leading, in this sordid and selfish and deceptive world, a pure, ideal and unselfish life,—such a spectacle exerts a spiritual and ennobling influence which it is impossible to estimate. A talk like that calls the hearer out of himself. It is an appeal to his imagination. It is like reading the "Arabian Nights." Better still; it is like reading "Paradise Lost." For not only the imagination is excited, but the higher feelings and aspirations are stirred; and to many who heard the young missionary that morning, the grinding routine of the week-days has a tendency to deaden both mind and spirit. Whatever that young man may accomplish in Africa, it is evident that he has performed a good work in the United States. He has done his part toward bringing about those days of general goodness when we may expect an international copyright, a better understanding between labor and capital, and the reform of the civil service; and when it will be thought neither odd nor infamous for a president to keep his faith with the people.

In the hammock under the pines it is pleasant to re-read Milton, and profitable to read therewith Landor's "Conversations" about him.

One comes to believe when one reads Milton, Wordsworth and many others of the greatest, that only poor writers and modern Frenchmen fear to be dull. I remember asking a young writer why she did not cut a sentence down by one-half, thus making it clear and unaffected. She was astonished at the suggested pruning, and naïvely declared that she supposed if she wrote "that way" people would say that she wrote stupidly. What she lacked was self-confidence. She should have made her sentence simple and brief, for the same reason that Milton made "Paradise Lost" at least twice too long,—because she had no doubt that what she said was worth while.

But after all, who would want Milton trimmed; and whom would we trust to do it? Certainly not Landor, who, though one of the most acute and liberal and just of Milton's critics, has his own cranks, and if he could would omit some of the most memorable verses. If you cut Milton wherever he is dull, or priggish, or shows any kind of bad taste, then you must cut out of Landor all that is narrow and extravagant. Let them both stand as they are, for the example, edification, and intellectual exercise of mankind.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Wood Fires.

We grant, as has recently been said, that an open fire is "incompetent to heat our houses;" but we believe it can be made such an important factor in the culture of children, that we have no hesitation in urging others to try it. In houses that are wholly warmed by furnace, the family circle is likely to become impaired. The children take their friends to their own rooms, and the mother rarely becomes intimately acquainted with their associates. Around a wood fire, all naturally come together; what interests one, comes in a little while to interest all, and the children learn to be open and free. The fire warms the heart as well as the body. A wood fire lit early in the evening when the children are home from school is all that is necessary. When the boys get used to coming in from the cold and snow to find a cheerful hickory fire blazing on the parlor hearth, with the room not too nicely furnished for them to use, they will not want to leave it for any outside attractions. The moment the familiar whistle is heard in the evening, let some kindling wood be thrust under the logs. The pleasant sensation produced by a blazing fire, if repeated every day, winter after winter, amounts to a great deal of happiness in a boy's life-time, and will never be forgotten. It is difficult to overestimate the value of this central gathering-place for the whole family. Wood fires are not dusty, and when used not for heat, but for cheer, and only in the evening, are not costly. The moderate heat of a furnace or stove is sufficient for the parlor by day, and but little wood in the fire-place is necessary to make it comfortable at night. Indeed, the register often has to be turned off and the doors have to be closed to keep the heat of the house from rushing into the parlor. The wood fire ventilates, and thus, not only are the feet kept warm, but the head remains cool. Half a cord of hickory wood lasts us about a month, and we use it on Sundays after church, and on other days if we have friends to dinner, or the children are to be at home. In spring and fall an open fire-place is particularly useful. Every one knows how the furnace is disliked in moderate weather, but by using at such times the wood alone, the desired heat is obtained and far more than the cost saved in the coal that would be burned to waste. If the fire-place is painted black, there will be a good background for the red flame, and the brick-work will not be made to look shabby by the smoke. Let it be a good hearty blazing fire or none at all. Better to save in fine furniture, or in rich desserts, than put on logs sparingly. Brass andirons are the best, for they never wear out, and the labor in keeping them bright is much exaggerated. The wood should be sawed in but two pieces, so as to reach clear over both andirons. A lot of corn-cobs will make a hot, quick blaze, just before the children go up to bed, and will make their slumber all the sweeter.

Hannah Snowden.

New Varieties of Berries.

Of the hundreds of new seedlings varieties of small fruits that are introduced each year, with high praise and flattering recommendations by the originators, and the warm indorsement of the prominent lawyer, minister and store-keeper from the town where the fruit was raised, only very few ever live long enough to get even a position on the "promising list" of our national or state pomological societies.

Some of these new-fledged aspirants show at first distinctive traits of superior qualities that would indicate to a fond owner, a bright and prosperous future for the bantling, either in size or productiveness or vigorous habits of growth. But with age and experience under different modes of treatment these qualities grow worse instead of better, and by common consent the varieties are soon consigned to a place among the long list of worthless and rejected fruits, never again to be heard from.

Beginners should deal sparingly and with caution in these new and high-priced novelties, no matter how those interested in the sale of plants may speak of their extraordinary qualities, in the advertising or "local" columns of the newspapers. That there is occasionally a rare and valuable new seedling introduced there is no question, and the merits of such are soon recognized and appreciated. But where there is one such instance, there are, speaking within bounds, at least five hundred where the seedlings never get as far as standing alone, before they are fated to oblivion, for lack of any qualities that would warrant their perpetuation. Seedling fruits not infrequently gain local and merited reputations on account of special cultivation or the character of the soil and climate; but when such fruits are transplanted to other and different quarters they turn out to be of little or no value for either garden or field culture. This is the reason why there are, comparatively speaking, so few varieties of fruits that ever attain a high standing in any wide range of territory, and these influences affect the character and growth of small, more than that of large, fruits.

Last season's experience in strawberry culture has developed no marked changes worth mentioning. For family use and garden culture, among the older varieties that have more than held their own, may be named the "Charles Downing," "Seth Boyden" and "Triomphe de Gand," with the "Wilson Seedling" and "Neunan" for market or field cultivation. There are some few new varieties of strawberries that give marked indications of thrift, size of berry and productiveness. Within the confines of their birthplace and under the tender care of their owners, some of these new sorts have attained extraordinary size, while the quality of the fruit is quite promising. But it is yet too soon to allot any of these even an approximate place in the scale of merit. In course of a year or two they will drop into their proper position.

A few of the most noticeable and worthy new kinds are the "Great American," the "President Lincoln" and the "Duncan." The first and second produced during the past summer some of the largest berries ever grown in this country. If with ordinary cultivation these sorts grow as large and yield as abundantly, they will certainly be valuable acquisitions to the now limited list of choice sorts. The "Duncan," while not so large in size as the others, is productive, firm in texture and of good quality, and bids fair for a place among the market sorts. Another year's trial with these berries will place them where they belong.

In the raspberry fields this year's experience has made few acquisitions to the list for general cultivation. For years past the great desideratum was to get a hardy red raspberry as productive and of as good quality as the "Hudson River Antwerp." Of the new sorts, the "Philadelphia" is hardy and very productive, but soft and inferior in quality. The "Brandywine" is tardy in growth when the vines are young, produces average crops of bright, firm berries of very poor quality. The "Highland Hardy" is one of the promising hardy sorts, a free grower, an early bearer, and with fruit of bright color and good quality, commanding higher prices in open market than the "Antwerp." The "Winant" is another of new sorts that gives strong indications of becoming a valuable addition to the hardy list of red raspberries. It makes a stocky growth of cane and bears freely of a large, handsome berry of good quality and showy appearance. The "Cuthbert" gives promise of being a large, productive crimson berry, and of fine quality. The drawback to this sort is its lateness and irregularity in ripening its fruit. The latter, however, would not be an objection in garden culture for home consumption.

There are no changes or additions worth recording in blackberries. The two varieties that still hold their own for garden and field cultivation are the "Kittitinny" and "Wilson's Early." The first named is by far the better for family use, while the productive habits and the brief time of ripening give the "Wilson" special advantages for market purposes.

P. T. Q.

Cookery and Cooks.

Stew-pans and gridirons have seen three changes of rulers in as many generations. Our grandmothers, in the majority of cases, were their own purveyors and cooks. They broiled venison and stirred mush in western cabins, or, if they were so lucky as to be the mistresses of a household, themselves taught the slave or white "bound girl" the mysteries of salting beef or whipping syllabubs. Their daughters, grown rich and fashionable, suddenly dropped the whole matter into the hands of German Lena or Irish Ann, fresh from the cabin and pot of potatoes. Then came the reign of disorder, dirt, and dyspepsia, until it occurred to some bold reformer about ten years ago to present cookery in theory and practice as a fine art, and to offer it again to the consideration of women. The bait took. Ranges and sauces were suddenly discovered to have their æsthetic, scientific, even sentimental, side. Our young matrons crowded to study under Professor

Blot; private classes were established. Even young girls in New York and Philadelphia, last winter, had their cooking clubs. The leading newspapers find they can fill column after column for their women readers with acceptable recipes for frying, brewing, and baking.

Now, we have one word of advice for our zealous readers, especially such among them as are young housekeepers. It is right and proper that they should understand cookery in its hygienic and chemical bearings, especially if there are any invalids in their families. Certain hereditary tendencies to disease require as a preventive certain kinds of food; the physical peculiarities of each child demand a peculiar diet. Yet this is a matter which few physicians will enter into in detail. Every intelligent woman ought to understand it for herself. She ought also to exercise such supervision over her kitchen that she may be confident when a meal is served, that it has been cooked and served with the daintiest cleanliness. Every woman ought to be able also, with her own hands, if need be, to make tea, coffee, and bread, and to cook a wholesome, savory meal of meat and vegetables. Farther than that it is not necessary she should go; unless, indeed, she have a genius for the art, and take such pleasure in it that she finds in it her true vocation.

In the first place, cooking in its recondite branches is an art which requires apprenticeship and long, faithful practice. Many an eager young matron watched the croquette or soufflé turned out of the hands of Professor Blot, apparently the simplest thing in the world, and, going home, made a miserable botch of it. Two-thirds of the recipes given in the papers as practicable require appliances, sauces and skill quite beyond the reach of any private household. Little Mrs. Bligh can no more make one of Francatelli's simplest entreés, than that great *chef* could have equaled her in darning Bligh's coat, or disciplining the children. Let the shoe-maker stick to his last. Mrs. Bligh's table will be more wholesome and acceptable to her guests if she offers them only the savory roasts and broils and the simple desserts which she or any intelligent girl can prepare; let her eschew elaborate dishes until she can afford to employ people to make them who have taken cookery as the business of life, and who understand it as she cannot do.

One word, too, upon the subject of cooks. It is a popular belief that the ignorant Irish still rule in our kitchens. This is no longer true. They have fallen out of employment in most respectable houses in the larger cities, and their places are filled by Scotch, Swedes, Germans, or Irish no longer ignorant. The majority of servants in the houses of the readers of SCRIBNER, we venture to say, are self-respecting, partially educated women, with intelligence sufficient to reward culture. Housekeepers would find it to their own interest to lay aside the popular habit of regarding them as china-breaking machines, and to treat them in their human capacity.

The same amount of study and interest given to the cook, her work, her personal story, hopes and capability that is now given to crockery, would result in a better moral atmosphere in the house, and we have no doubt in an improved table.

Note on "Blue India China."

THE writer of "Blue India China," in the August number of SCRIBNER, wishes to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that the story of the willow pattern plate, there referred to, is now being printed, with a wood-cut of the plate, in the "Tea-Cup," a little sheet issued monthly by the Oriental Tea Company, 85 and 87 Court street, Boston, Mass., in which it will occupy two or three numbers. By inclosing a five-cent stamp to the above address one can have the numbers sent free to any part of the United States.

NOTE.—Contributions to this department of a practical nature are invited and will receive prompt attention.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Gill's "Life of Poe."*

"ABOVE all," said Talleyrand to a young diplomate,—"above all, no zeal." Mr. Gill would have done well if he had remembered this little anecdote while he was writing his "Life of Poe." He is too zealous. In a word, he is so violent a partisan that he has injured the cause he has espoused so warmly. He has convicted Griswold of many flagrant errors, and we are glad to have him convicted of them: for no one now cherishes animosity toward Poe, whatever he may have done thirty years ago. And no one has any respect to spare for Griswold. This fact being understood, the besmirching of Griswold is certainly unjustifiable. He was no saint, perhaps, but he was not a sensualist, as Mr. Gill charges, and a libertine of a very low order. It is not true that "he knew no standard of morality higher than his own." Mr. Gill is mistaken in saying that Poe's susceptibility to the influence of drink became manifest during his first period of isolation from his child-wife at Richmond. It began while he was at the University of Charlottesville. Mr. Gill errs in attributing the passage on page 33 of his "Life" to Griswold. The paper in

* The Life of Edgar Allan Poe. By William F. Gill. Illustrated. C. T. Dillingham: New York. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger: Philadelphia. William F. Gill & Co.: Boston. 1877.

which it appeared was written for the "Southern Literary Messenger," by the late J. M. Daniel, at the request, not of Mr. John P., but John R. Thompson. The error is a slight one; but, as Mr. Gill is a lover of accuracy, we call his attention to it that he may correct it in a future edition. He writes more vaguely than a biographer should. If "a contemporary of Poe writes" this or that, why not state the name of the contemporary? The merest penny-a-liner that writes in the least of the Boston journals is a "contemporary" of Longfellow or Emerson. Let us know who the "contemporary" was, and who was "one of the most respected clergymen in Massachusetts," alluded to on page 79. We should also like to know in what magazine or journal "Hans Pfaal" was first published, and also the date of publication of Locke's celebrated "Moon Hoax." We presume "Hans Pfaal" appeared in the "Messenger," if the "Messenger" was in existence when it was written. Mr. Gill has never seen the "Manual of Conchology" to which Poe put his name,—has never handled it and inspected it visually,—and compared it with the original edition, which, he says, was printed in Glasgow in 1833, or he could not have written his account of Poe's wholesale "conveying" (supposing Griswold's statements to have been correct), and his light dismissal of the charge. Baudelaire was caustic when he described Griswold as "the pedagogue vampire;" but he was not original when he wrote: "Are there no regulations in America to keep the curs out of the cemeteries?" Hannay was beforehand with him, for he wrote in his generous but ill-considered little memoir of Poe: "One pious scribbler told us—very soon after his death (have they not in America, as here, a rule at all cemeteries 'no dogs are admitted?')—

'His faults were many, his virtues few.'"

The severe treatment which Poe received in the biography by Dr. Griswold, which has for so long obtained general acceptance, has perhaps secured in the end a fuller account, and a more satisfactory vindication of his life and character, than would have been placed before us had his original hope been fulfilled and the work of editing been left to the poet Willis. It is no wonder that Griswold's view of him was received, for but few persons have known that in 1850, soon after the publication of Griswold's memoir, Mr. Graham, of "Graham's Magazine," printed an indignant protest against what he thought a calumnious outrage upon the memory of the man he had known and employed. Since then, Mr. Stoddard and other writers have also shown the falsity of some of Griswold's statements.

It is now well ascertained that Poe's intoxication was a thing caused by even the smallest quantity of wine, and took the form of terrible despondency or of strange and highly intellectual but deranged orations on abstruse subjects, and that he was a kind husband, gentle-mannered in his association with many persons, and exceedingly industrious about his writing. Still, that he was subject to intoxication and was at times intensely irritable, are facts sufficiently attested. The excessive susceptibility to liquor is to be charged probably to his father, who was a drinker; and Poe's descent from an old line of Italian nobles who went to Normandy and thence to Ireland, mixing their peculiar traits with the ardor, the simplicity, the powerful affections of the Irish character, may account for his keen sensitiveness as well as for some of his metrical predilections. When we reflect that, in addition, he was bred in our high-tempered South, we have another factor in the difficult problem of his life. It should be remembered that the imaginative literature which we now boast could hardly have come into existence when it did, had not our authors in most cases found other means of support than the poor rewards of writing which the first half of this century yielded in this country. Lowell and Longfellow have had private fortunes and collegiate places; Bryant, from an early date, was connected with the newspaper press, and Whittier was for years a journalist. Cooper had an estate. Dr. Holmes has been a successful physician and medical professor. Hawthorne could perhaps never have reached his best fruition but for government employment. Poe was almost alone among the more important literary aspirants of that time in being absolutely dependent on the work of his pen. The few who were placed in similar circumstances and succeeded, like Willis and the now-forgotten Fenno Hoffman, wore themselves out with overwork; but Poe had not the business talents requisite to gain even their transient and harassed ascendency. It is not difficult for any one who knows the literary life, to conceive how great was the strain, therefore, to which Poe was subjected. With his delicate and emotional organization it would hardly have been wonderful had he sunk into the depths where Griswold's unsympathetic report placed him. All things considered, then, it must be admitted that he made a brave fight, but was overborne by a legacy of drink, by an overweight of genius naturally morbid, and by the asperity of circumstances.

Fisher's "The Californians."*

CONSIDERING how much has been written about California and its people, one may well excuse in the average Californian all the self-conceit with which he is usually credited. Perhaps, no other people now living has been so analyzed, and no inhabited country has been gone over so thoroughly with a microscope. And, after all, we fail to discover any novel or unique developments of character in the Californians. Their state is no longer wonderful since its rapid growth has been arrested and its golden wealth has ceased to flow in a torrent. California, we take it, is an epitome of the republic. If we have any striking national characteristics, they are to be found in their most pronounced form in the Golden State. Is the average American quick

* The Californians. By Walter M. Fisher. London: Macmillan & Co. pp. 236.

in a quarrel? The Californian is only a condensed expression of this universal peculiarity. Is the American a florid boaster? The Californian impoverishes the language in his attempt to catalogue the glories and advantages of his state, the splendor of its achievements and the enormousness of all that appertains to it. He calls a chicken-stealing panther of his beloved thickets a "California lion." His humble flounder is dubbed a "turbot," and the seals that howl dismally along his coast are known as "sea-lions." The steel-blue sky that arches over the bleak and wind-swept city of San Francisco is described as "Italian," and no words of praise are sufficient for the landscape, which is green with sparse tufts of wire-grass three months in the year, and brown and ragged with dryness all the rest of the time. The Californian lives, boasts and enjoys himself as much as if the fantastic beauties and glories about him were real instead of imaginary.

What is all this but slightly forced Americanism? If the American believes that this is the greatest country in all creation, the Californian only caps the climax when he complacently calls his own, "God's country." To the Californian, then, comes the Eastern or foreign visitor, note-book in hand, and with the deliberate purpose of analysis, research and learned publication. Since he is so much written about, the already twice-proud denizen of the soil beholds himself as a demigod of fame. His comrades regard each other through magnifying glasses.

Mr. Walter M. Fisher's book is the latest contribution to the voluminous literature for which California and the Californians have furnished an excuse. Mr. Fisher is an Englishman who was engaged in assisting Mr. H. H. Bancroft in collating materials for his work on "The Native Races of the Pacific." During his sojourn in California, he acted as one of the editors of "The Overland Monthly," and, according to local reports, assisted at the final obsequies of that lamented periodical. Returning to London, and with a ludicrously vivid idea of being at a safe distance from California, he has written a very free-spoken book in which the most careless reader will discover a determination to "get even" with his late entertainers. It is impossible not to see that Mr. Fisher writes like a man with a grievance.

The game is not worth the candle. There is no occasion whatever for this furious onslaught of sarcasm, philosophy, learning, and pedantry. Mr. Fisher, with much malice aforethought, and with manifestly sanguinary intentions, lays out his work as a general would plan a battle. To each particular object of his ferocious disquisition he devotes a special and conspicuous chapter. Thus we have for headings such titles as these: Their Country, Their Pioneers, Their Spanish Californians, Their Chinese, Their Reprobates, Their Women, Their Men, and so on to the end of the book, which, by way of final flourish, has for a title for the concluding chapter, "Pro Aris et Focis."

The author's style is smart and flippant. He means to be as quick and effective as a California rifle: his weapon has the crisp rattle of a pea-shooter. All the dramatists, philosophers, poets, and satirists, ancient and modern, are lugged in as by their ears, and the pages of the book are garnished with inverted commas from the beginning to the end. It is edifying to find how much the author knows, and how prodigiously he has read. What Heine thought, Dr. Dasent said, Calderon imagined, "poor M. Crevel would have said," and all the rest said, sung, or remarked, illustrates Mr. Fisher's learning. But it does not signify. The author's intention was to abuse the Californians, and he has done it to his heart's content.

Racinet's "History of Costume."*

THE Messrs. Firmin-Didot & Co. of Paris, a firm that disputes with the house of Hachette & Co. the honor of supplying France and the world with the most useful books at the cheapest rates compatible with the greatest excellence in editing and "making," have recently published the beginnings of a work which, by making its appeal chiefly to the eye, is sure of a welcome in this picture-loving age of ours. This is "The History of Costume,"—"Le Costume Historique,"—by A. Racinet.

The author of this work is well known already to that portion of our public which is interested in the decorative art by his illustrated work on ornament, "L'Ornement Polychrome,"—intended to cover much the same ground with the late Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament," though with more variety in the objects illustrated, and better fitted, by its size and mode of publication,—separate plates in a portfolio,—for every-day use.

The title of the book, "The History of Costume," is sure to be misleading. Racinet gives the word "costume" almost as wide a sweep of meaning as Viollet-le-Duc gives to "furniture" (*mobilier*), in his now famous "Dictionnaire du Mobilier." In fact, Racinet's book, when it is finished, will supply a multitudinous illustration to Viollet-le-Duc's dictionary, with the addition that, while this comes down only to the Renaissance and is confined to France, the work of Racinet deals largely with the Renaissance, and even follows the stream down to our own time, or, at any rate, to the age immediately preceding our own. Thus, in the first part of the work, of which two parts are already in the market, one of the prettiest plates is that which shows a double row of ladies, eighteen in all, dressed in the costume that prevailed in France from 1794–1800. These are the dresses worn by the great-grandmothers of the generation that is now preparing to say its farewell to the stage; and, as was shown at the delightful Martha Washington tea-party held lately in this city, hundreds of these dresses exist here to-day, laid by in presses and trunks as reverend heirlooms.

As in Viollet-le-Duc's great work, so in this of Racinet's,—the field surveyed consists not only of

* The History of Costume. By A. Racinet, Author of "Polychrome Ornament." Paris: Messrs. Firmin-Didot & Co. New York: J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway. Published by Subscription.

costumes proper, but of arms, armor, drinking-vessels, objects used in the service of the church, modes of transport, harness, head-gear and modes of dressing the hair, domestic interiors, and furniture in the ordinary acceptation of the term. The scope of the work will thus be seen to be considerable, and when it is understood that it will contain no fewer than five hundred plates, of which three hundred will be in colors and in gold and silver, and two hundred in tinted light-and-shade (*camaïeu*), it is evident that there is room and verge enough for an ample presentation of the subject. Each plate is to be accompanied with an explanatory text, and when the work is finished, there will be added an historical study, so that little will be wanting to make this one of the completest encyclopædias of the sort that has ever appeared.

Those people, however, who care but little for the explanations that accompany illustrations, even when they are as brief and full of meat as those supplied here, and who care still less for the historical disquisition that is to bind all these plates together, cannot, if they would, help caring for such a collection of objects, pictured as they are in these plates with all the perfection of the latest discoveries in color-printing, and in printing in metals and in tints. A charming taste has presided over the selection of the subject, and the abundant learning that has been brought to bear in the collection of illustrations from so wide a field of human action is made to seem like play, so lightly is it handled.

In publishing the separate parts, no scientific arrangement is observed in the order in which the subjects are presented. We have ancient Egypt, Assyria, Rome, Greece, India, Europe in the middle ages, and from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, Japan, Turkey, Syria, Russia and Poland mixed up for the present, as if the work were an illustrated report of a fancy ball; and, to most of us, the gay parade as it rolls along is none the less pleasant for this want of order.

The portfolios in which the prints are contained are a little short of eight by nine inches square, a size which makes them very convenient to handle. Each portfolio will contain, beside the twenty-five explanatory sheets, twenty-five plates, of which fifteen will be printed in colors, and ten in tinted light-and-shade. A part will appear once every two months, and the price, to subscribers, will be four dollars and fifty cents each part. When the work is completed, the price is to be raised.

Landor's "Imaginary Conversations."*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR is one of those authors who are either admired exceedingly or read with indifference. Few people who know anything about him are content with a half-way opinion. Being thus read sparingly, but with keen relish, his chances are probably excellent for having his reputation hoarded and mellowed into a well-sustained perpetuity as one of the literary luxuries allowed to discriminating souls; but as his limited constituency has only encouraged small editions of his works,—soon exhausted,—his immortality will perhaps need a succession of publishers with an ardor for pure artistic writing, who will occasionally reprint him, as Messrs. Roberts Brothers are now doing. Some years since they gave us "Pericles and Aspasia," and we now have before us two volumes of the "Imaginary Conversations" in prose, with the third engaged to appear shortly. One cannot re-peruse these books without a fresh sense of surprise at the richly stored mind which they disclose, the combinative faculty which applies a marvelous variety of reading with such delightful ease and tact, and the wary and acute intellect so teeming with observation of men, manners, laws, literature, philosophy, and so fertile in wise suggestions. The dialogue between Plato and Diogenes is delicious; scarcely less so is that between Anacreon and Polycrates. Read this exquisitely wrought simile from "Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero:" "Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference. Look at any long avenue of trees by which the traveler on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions. Men who were far asunder come nearer and nearer in the course of life." A more subtle beauty of a kind, which here and there touches the printed lines with a rift of light, is embodied in the remark on the "invisible flowers" of the grape-vine, which Landor lends to Epicurus: "The scent of them is so delicate that it requires a sigh to inhale it." The second series, comprising the conversations of sovereigns and statesmen, gains all the attractiveness that attaches to what lies nearer our time ("Washington and Franklin," by the way, would make good reading for members of Congress); and we believe the contents to be quite as well turned and full of humorous innuendo as the ancient dialogues.

New English Books.

LONDON, August 4.

LIKE other professions, the publishing trade is settling down for its autumn holiday; and indeed, during the past month, very few books have been issued that are worthy of record. The season, by common consent, is allowed to have been a dull one, both for literature and art. To this condition of things the shadow of war in the East has no doubt largely contributed. Books always stand a bad chance of being noticed when the newspapers contain matter of more immediate and absorbing interest. The increase too of high-class periodicals like the "Nineteenth Century," the "Contemporary," and "Fortnightly" Reviews, etc., makes them formidable rivals of the old-fashioned "standard" books,—the product of some months' thought of arrangement between author, printer, and publisher. In these rapidly recurring monthly numbers, it has become of late years the fashion for leading men of

*Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. First Series: Classical Dialogues, Greek and Roman. Second Series: Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen. 2 vols. Boston: Roberts Bros.

every pursuit in politics, science, art, theology, etc., to claim the confidence of readers, under their own names, on almost every topic of rising interest. Formerly, when a man had anything of importance to communicate to the public he printed a pamphlet on it, and every bibliographer knows the immense extent of the pamphlet literature of England from the days of the Commonwealth to a recent period, and the difficulty or impossibility of securing valuable matter endangered by its appearance in this fugitive form. Now, the paper of the politician, philosopher, or critic, is safely housed in one of these "Monthlies," from which, in due time, it is garnered into a volume of the writer's "miscellanies," and takes its place in the library shelves. The more old-fashioned, anonymous "Quarterlies" barely maintain their existence, and live more on their old reputation than on anything else. It is remarkable that this mode of intercourse between the public and the leading minds of the age has found no favor in the United States, where, of all other places, it would seem to be most available.

Among the great writers of the day who have their own way of addressing themselves to readers, no one equals Mr. Ruskin in singularity. He has now some eight or ten periodicals, of various forms, and uncertain dates of issue, in progress. Two of them are recently commenced,—"St. Mark's Rest: The History of Venice, written for the Help of the few Travelers who still Care for her Monuments," and a "Guide to the Pictures in the Gallery of the Venetian Academy." Besides these, in the late volume of the "Bibliotheca Pastorum," he makes an appearance in a new character, that of a critic and commentator of an old English author, Sir Philip Sidney. It is entitled "Rock Honey-comb: Broken Pieces of Sir Philip Sidney's Psalter, laid up in Store for English Homes, with a Preface and Commentary." 8vo. The original work was first published from an old MS. in 1823, where it is attributed to Sir Philip Sidney and his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. Mr. Ruskin says it is "better written than any other rhymed version of the Psalms at present known to me, and of peculiar value as a classic model of the English language at the time of its culminating perfection." The Commentary and Notes, though "prepared for school service," are, as might be expected, of a very peculiar nature. Mr. Ruskin, who has lately been seeming to fall into a kind of ultramontane quietism, is now strong and vigorous again in his old puritanic wrath, showering contempt on "the modern Charles Dickens manner of Christian who would have nobody hanged," and entering with the highest zest into the denunciations of wickedness and the wicked that pass current under the name of King David. It is unfortunate that this fine writer should adopt the bad habit of calling the people whom he does not agree with disagreeable names. An artist of some celebrity is said to have commenced legal proceedings against him on account of the unmeasured criticism of his work in the current exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery, contained in the July number of "Fors Clavigera." In spite of his many inconsistencies, the influence of Mr. Ruskin's opinions on the artistic taste of the public was exemplified in one of the most remarkable fine-art sales of this year. It comprised between fifty and sixty water-color drawings by Turner, the property of his late friend and patron, Mr. Munro. The greater part of these were about the size of the palm of one's hand,—the drawings for the title-page vignettes of the small edition of Walter Scott's works, where they are engraved the exact size of the original. The sum realized for this little lot of drawings was twenty-one thousand pounds, or about one hundred and ten thousand dollars. In the ante-Ruskin days, before a critic of surpassing eloquence had expatiated with loving admiration on the powers of the great painter, they would have been considered dearly purchased for five hundred pounds.

The newly elected Oxford Professor of Poetry, Principal Shairp, of the Scotch University of St. Andrews, who certainly unites in his own person two offices that have never before met together in a single individual, has just published a charming volume "On the Poetic Interpretation of Nature," 12mo. It includes an inquiry into the true sources of poetry, and the relations of poetry with science; what it has to dread from the prevalence of the latter, and what modification it may have to submit to. The way poets have dealt with nature, among the Hebrews and the classic nations, is considered, and the return to the acknowledgment of its influence in the modern English school, closing with a view of "Wordsworth as an interpreter of nature." As late as the days of Keble the Oxford lectures on poetry were delivered in Latin, but Professor Shairp wisely seeks a wider audience than a mere academic one.

An interesting volume of Shaksperian dissertation is furnished for readers in "Shakspere, the Man and the Book: a Collection of Occasional Papers on the Bard and his Writings," by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D. Dr. Ingleby is known as one of the most acute of the many minds who find their chief enjoyment in the study of Shakspere, and his thorough exposure of the unfortunate (to say the least) "discoveries" and "new facts" of Mr. Collier relative to the great dramatist will not be forgotten. His present volume includes papers on "Shakspere, the Man," and "Shakspere, the Book." In the first division are comprised matters personal,—on the spelling and meaning of the surname, the portraiture of Shakspere, his birthday, etc., etc. As regards portraits of the poet, Dr. Ingleby runs counter to ordinary opinions in violently denying the correctness of the Droeshout engraving, and the Stratford monumental bust. Against these he upholds the Somerset portrait, attributed to Cornelius Jansen, and the supposed *post-mortem* cast of the face discovered in Germany by Dr. Becker. "Shakspere, the Book" includes papers on Hamlet, the sonnets, etc., and is distinguished by the usual independence and shrewdness of the writer, who promises another volume to embrace further elucidation of his theme.

Two collections of the miscellaneous writings of

eminent men, exemplifying the greatest possible opposition in modes of thought, have just appeared. "The Miscellanies of Cardinal Manning" (whose earnestness as a polemic does not obscure his talents as a writer on historical and belles-lettres subjects) comprise lectures and reviews delivered or written during the last fourteen years, and form two volumes, 12mo. The "Critical Miscellanies," by Mr. John Morley, embrace many of his studies on a subject that he has almost made his own—the condition of France in the eighteenth century and the preparatory steps to the great revolution, and in addition, his severe analyses of Macaulay's papers and J. S. Mills's religious views, on popular culture, etc. "Mortimer Collins, His Letters and Friendships, with some Account of his Life," by Frances Collins (his widow), is the record of a life spent in literature, where, however, the writer has scarcely left an abiding name. Many of his works of fiction met with success at the time of publication, and Mr. Collins possessed a vigorous personality that stamped everything proceeding from him with energetic earnestness; while a love of poetry, a country life, and its simple pleasures, saved him from the Bohemianism so often the fate of those with whom literature is the sole dependence.

As yet the war has not been a prolific source of book-making. A very interesting volume "Montenegro: Its People and History," by Rev. William Denton, gives a new view of the country and its people, by whom some at least of the warlike virtues of the heroic ages are reproduced; even if they are accompanied by a harshness and severity that seem out of place in the nineteenth century, and in regions where provocation is unknown. The outlying dependency of the Porte—Egypt—is claiming attention both for its own importance and from its connection with the Turkish empire. Ample accounts of its present state and prospects will be found in two recent works, "The Khedive's Egypt, or the Old House of Bondage under New Masters," by Edwin de Leon; and "Egypt as it is," by J. C. McCoan, late editor of the "Levant Herald." "Two Years of the Eastern Question," is promised by A. Gallenga, the well-known Anglo-Italian traveler and writer; and the new and elegant edition of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," just completed, in six cabinet volumes, may almost be referred to as a book bearing on the present times, enriched as it now is by the later views of the author. For other portions of the world we have a very lively and entertaining book by a traveler who treats of ground almost entirely new in "The Sea of Mountains: an Account of Lord Dufferin's Tour through British Columbia in 1876," by Molyneux St. John, 2 vols. The writer is connected with the press in Canada, and chronicles very amusingly the fortunes of the viceregal party whose route necessarily led them across a portion of the United States when the Governor-General and his lady met with a reception flattering to their own personal qualities, and creditable to the population among whom they played the rôle of "distinguished strangers." "A Summer Holiday in Scandinavia," by G. L. Arnold, and "Through Norway with Ladies," by W. M. Williams, both describe pleasantly what may be called family experiences in the northern regions, where hitherto a love of "sport" has carried the English salmon-fishers; but where increased facilities of locomotion now cause their footsteps to be followed by the ordinary wanderers in search of a change and "the picturesque."

A book, somewhat of the old type of thoroughness in its treatment of a subject is "Servetus and Calvin: a Study of an Important Epoch in the early History of the Reformation," by R. Willis, M.D. 8vo. The writer has gone completely over the existing documents relating to the life of the vain, arrogant, and irrational Michael Servetus, whose career was so fatally opposed to every consideration of prudence or worldly wisdom. His professional studies have enabled him to do justice to the genius unquestionably possessed by Servetus, whom he pronounces to be "the most far-sighted physiologist of the age," as well as "a man of great honesty and sincerity." His relations with John Calvin were such as might be expected from a knowledge of the opposite natures of the two men, and afford a painful subject of study, though a necessary one to all who would rightly appreciate the men and the motives that actuated their conduct in that crisis of the intellectual history of Europe.

Of all the names drawn from neglect by the searching grasp of modern critical research, there is none more remarkable than that of William Blake. In his life contemned as a dreamer if not a madman, both his drawings and his poetry now command prices that seem unaccountable to those whose experience extends a few years back. His greatest work of mingled verse and art—interwoven text and design—"Jerusalem, the Emanation of the Giant Albion, 1804," is called by his biographers "the most marvelous of all his apocalyptic utterances." Only two or three copies have turned up since the artist's death; the last one sold for one hundred pounds, this spring. It has just been reproduced (100 copies) in beautiful fac-simile and will be a treat to the lovers of the mystical in song and art.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Improved Pneumatic Dredgers.

THE increased size and depth of modern ships and the general introduction of sewage works in our cities have combined to raise the subject of port and river navigation to a question of the first importance. The ships demand deeper water and the waste of cities constantly tends to fill up the channels. The success of the South-West Pass Works (a species of natural dredging) and the success of the Suez Canal point to dredging as the best means

of obtaining those desirable ends—1st, the removal of the silt and, 2d, deeper water. Projects for clearing out the Mississippi in place of building retaining banks, or levees, are already attracting attention, and all appliances for raising silt from port and river bottoms thus deserve attention. Among these are two new forms of pneumatic excavators. One of these employs an iron pipe 12.20 meters (40 ft.) long, and 76.2 centimeters (30 in.) in diameter, suspended vertically from a derrick on a steam-barge. The top of the pipe is closed air-tight and the bottom is left open. A steam-pipe takes steam from the barge to the top of this pipe, and beside it is a small water-pipe and an air-lock, controlled from the barge. In using the excavator the pipe is lowered into the water till it touches bottom, where its weight causes it to sink in the silt. The air inside is locked in as the pipe descends, and the moment it comes to rest steam is turned on, at once drives the air out through the air-lock. This done, a water jet is opened and the steam contained in the pipe is condensed at once, forming a vacuum into which the silt and water below instantly rise, partly filling the pipe. The pipe is then raised with its load of silt and water to the surface and may be discharged into scows. This excavation is at present employed in raising auriferous gravels for mining purposes. The other form of dredges employs four large iron tanks arranged in pairs on the deck of a steam-barge. These cylinders are air-tight and are connected in pairs at the top with a large pipe that goes overboard, and by means of flexible hose reaches the bottom of the river, fill or dock that is to be excavated. At the bottom, the hose ends in a semicircular nose that may be guided over the surface of the silt as desired. Other pipes connect the tanks with air-pumps, and suitable discharge-doors are placed below each tank. The work is performed continuously in this way: the air-pumps exhaust one of the pairs of tanks, and as soon as a vacuum is obtained the suction-pipe is opened and the loose silt near the pipe is drawn into the pipe and thus into the tanks. As soon as this process begins, the pumps begin to exhaust the second pair of tanks, and by the time the first are filled and discharged they are ready for a load. To facilitate the work a chain may be employed to guide the nose of the suction-pipe, and to loosen up the silt by means of a jet of water from a hose, or the bottom may be stirred up by explosions, and the hose may be guided by ropes from the barge.

Novel Method of Book-binding.

A NEW process in book-binding is announced that offers a radical departure from the methods usually employed. The sheets of the book are first carefully trimmed at the front and back to secure straight sides, and then the back is cut, reducing the book to single sheets. Vertical lines at equal distances and a diagonal line from corner to corner are drawn on the back to serve as guides. A thin coat of glue is given to the back, and then the binder sorts the leaves into two piles, taking up ten or more sheets at a time and placing them in alternate piles. Each pile is then given four saw-cuts at the vertical marks, two to the right and two to the left in a diagonal direction and at an angle of 45° and a few millimeters deep. The two piles are then laid together in their proper order. The diagonal mark on the back here serves to show if all the heaps of leaves are in their proper order, and it may be seen that, if they are in the right place, the saw-cuts in the sheets will cross each other and leave a hole where they intersect through the entire pile of sheets. Strips of cloth are then pasted to the edge of the first and last pages, and by the aid of a needle the binding-cord is passed through the holes and knotted at the ends and the binding is finished. The fly-leaves and covers may afterward be added in the usual manner.

The Electric Candle.

THE electric candle, already described in this department, has been reduced to still greater simplicity, and continues to maintain its valuable properties in electrical lighting. The two carbon rods, placed side by side, are now separated by a thin strip of kaolin, and by employing an alternating, in place of a direct, current, the difficulty attending the different rates at which the rods burn is avoided, and they may be made of the same size, and may be burned at either end of the candle. In use, the candles are placed in opal glass dishes and are hung high overhead in the shops or railway stations to be lighted. The candle is designed to burn just below the rim of the dish, so that the direct glare is softened, while the full light shines upon the wall and ceiling, and is thus reflected and diffused, so that the intense shadows that accompany this light may be softened. Six or more candles have been used on one circuit where a "Gramme" or "Alliance" machine has been used, and each light is reported to have a photometric value of about 1,600 common candles.

Incised Designs on Felted Fabrics.

ALKALINE solutions of caustic soda or potash have been recently employed to cut or eat away parts of the surface of felted woolen fabrics for the purpose of ornamentation. The solutions, mixed with dissolved Irish moss so as to form a thin paste, are laid on the fabrics by means of stencils or engraved rolls, and the fabrics are then dried leaving the solutions to set. The goods are then steamed under a light steam pressure, till the softened paste dissolves away the fabric to the desired depth. The design being thus developed on the fabrics they are thoroughly washed to remove the caustic paste, when the design appears incised on the surface, and the goods may be dyed or otherwise treated as seems desirable. For cotton felts a dissolving solution formed by saturating a strong solution of ammonia with oxide of copper and mixed with a stiffening or paste of glue is used. The figures thus incised in the fabrics are reported to be neat, clear and durable.

Effect of Wrapping-Papers on Dyes.

It has been found that woolen fabrics dyed in aniline colors, particularly magenta, have faded or changed color when wrapped in white paper. Investigation has shown that white paper prepared from rags, straw or other materials that have been bleached with chlorine, retains a portion of the chlorine for some time after it is made. Aniline colors are susceptible to the influence of chlorine, and change their shade when in contact with it, and even the exceedingly small quantity of chlorine in a sheet of wrapping paper is reported to be sufficient to change the shade of dyed fabrics so that the colors are disfigured and spoiled. To avoid this difficulty it is recommended to use blue wrapping papers for such goods, as these papers are colored with ultramarine, which tends to neutralize the effects of the chlorine.

New and Cheap Antiseptic.

Bisulphide of carbon has been recently reported as possessing remarkable antiseptic and preservative qualities, but the offensive smell and inflammable character of this substance make it both dangerous and troublesome. Zöller reports an improved treatment of bisulphide of carbon by mixing it with an alcoholic solution of caustic potash, with which it combines to form xanthogenate of potassium. This salt adds no taste or smell to substances with which it is mixed, and has all the antiseptic qualities of the bisulphide of carbon. A long series of experiments reported by Zöller places this salt among the best preservative agents known, and its cheapness will undoubtedly soon cause its general introduction. In medicine, the xanthogenate of potassium is reported useful as an antiseptic, but if any bad effects are feared from the potassium, the xanthogenate of sodium may be used instead.

Memoranda.

Powder paper as a substitute for gunpowder is announced. It is made by impregnating paper with a mixture of potassic chlorate, nitrate, prussiate and chromate, powdered wood charcoal, and a little starch. The dried paper is rolled into cylinders the shape of a cartridge, and, in use, is said to give $\frac{1}{6}$ more power than an equal weight of powder, with less smoke, and with no greasy residue left in the gun after firing. It can only be fired by direct contact with fire.

In coal-cutting machinery, the usual vibrating bar armed with teeth, after the manner of a common field-mower, has given place to a long, horizontal, round bar, covered with fixed steel teeth. This is caused to rotate rapidly, and, at the same time, it is pushed forward laterally by suitable feed-motion machinery. By this arrangement, the machine cuts out a smooth horizontal cavity about 10.2 centimeters (4 inches) high, and 152.5 centimeters (5 feet) long, when the bar is withdrawn, and the miner easily breaks down the coal. The machine is designed to be used with compressed air as a motive power.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

REACHING OUT AFTER THE UNATTAINABLE.

An American Stage-coach.

Since a trip on the top of a stage-coach has become so deservedly popular with New Yorkers, a great deal of attention has been drawn to the subject of staging for pleasure, and there seems to be but one objection to the system so admirably carried out by Colonel Kane and the coaching club.

This objection arises from the fact that everything pertaining to these stages is strictly in the English fashion. The stage itself is an English vehicle; the driver is as much like an English stage-coach-driver as it is possible to make him; the guard blows his horn as Britishly as he can; the horses, which are English in all their appointments, are

changed in the English fashion, while the driver and the passengers, like Englishmen, get down to take a glass of English ale; the stage is whirled up to the tavern in regular English style, and, indeed, there is scarcely any difference between one of these New York coaches and an English stage.

Now, to a truly American mind, there is something distasteful in all this. If stage-coaches are to be run for the amusement and diversion of our people, why not have some of them based on an American model?

It may be well enough to give the people of our large cities an idea of how staging is, or was, carried on in England; but would it not be as well to show them how it is conducted in the far West, where there is a system of coaching which is distinctively American?

It would not be difficult, in the vicinity of New York, to make arrangements for running a line of stage-coaches strictly on the American plan. Any of the partly opened streets in the upper portion of the island would do for a starting-place, and a rough bridge, in imitation of those in use in the unsettled portion of the South-west, might be thrown over Spuyten Duyvil creek. The route could then be laid out along some of the least frequented country roads, and some of the low-lying places might be filled in with corduroy.

Then one of our Western stage-coaches, with six mules at full gallop, and a driver who was accustomed to guide them with the lines in his teeth and a rifle in his hands, would tear along the road, with all the clatter and bang and wild excitement that you could get on a road down near the Mexican border. The mules would be of the kind that no driver could stop between stations, and if he could keep them in the road it would be all that would be expected of him.

At certain points there would be armed men, ambushed by the road-side, whose duty it would be to fire at the stage as it passed, and as each of the passengers would be required to carry a rifle, very pretty sport could be had by peppering the bushes as the stage dashed along.

At other points, the stage would be stopped, and each passenger carefully robbed by highwaymen. This part of the exercises might be made very effective. The valuables taken could be returned on application to the stage office, or they could be kept as perquisites by the obliging attendants.

Sometimes the services of Indians or Mexicans might be obtained, and an attack on the stage by a small party of either of these would give variety to the proceedings.

Refreshments, such as are found at the stations on the prairie roads, would be furnished at the stopping-places, and many persons be thus afforded opportunities, which they could not otherwise obtain, of eating the crust off an immense lump of dough, hastily baked over a hot fire, and put on again after the departure of each coach, to be re-crusted for the next load of passengers. Some pork and beans, and hot fried cakes, could also be served, if thought necessary.

WHEN THE BAND BEGINS TO PLAY.

Miners would be hired to play cards in the coaches and all the cards, knives, and revolvers necessary could be furnished by the company.

By careful attention to these and other details, a line of coaches might be established, which should represent, with accuracy and fidelity, some of the characteristic methods of travel in our own country. And it is scarcely necessary to say that this would be a great educational boon to people like the citizens of New York, who will soon begin to believe that there are no stage-coaches excepting those modeled and run upon the English plan.

ALFRED FORINAND.

Sleep.

THE weary portals of the sight we close;
And, in the bark of Somnus, sails unfurled,
In snowy wreaths of cloud, our souls are hurled
At mercy of each fitful breeze that blows.
Then from the depths that prescience never knows,
We through a varied flood of dreams are whirled,
And wake to find the life-stream that has curled
For ages round our planet, changeless flows.
And so, when drowsy death shall seal our eyes,
And from lamenting friends we pass away,
It may be that, awaking, we shall rise
Refreshed and strengthened for a longer stay,
And find the same old earth, the same blue skies
That we but lost in slumber yesterday.

ANDREW B. SAXTON.

Mr. Gently, having heard that there is a mad dog on the premises, goes out with the intention of dispatching him, but is suddenly petrified by the recollection of having recently been chosen to honorary membership in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Mirror.

I WOULD my lady's mirror be,
So might I hold her image fair.
And then perchance she'd smile on me,
Seeing her face reflected there.

I never could her mirror be,
For when she smiled on me, ah, then
My heart would hold the image sweet
And never give it back again.

WALTER LARNED.

Jaffrey.

I AM pretty, I am young, I am sixteen in truth,—
I canno' think o' weddin' so early in my youth!
An' Jaffrey he is old, full fifty years or more,
But he has acres broad, and gold a goodly store.
Ah, me! ah, me! alack! a-well-a-day!
I canno' say yes, an' I will no' say nay!
So Jaffrey in hope waits day after day
For my answer.

My mother she is dead and my father's sick and lame,
An' if I marry Jaffrey there's nay a' one can blame;
For hardship and hunger come creeping in the door,
An' if I marry Jaffrey they never will come more.
Ah, me! ah, me! alack! a-well-a-day!
I canno' say yes, an' I will no' say nay!
So Jaffrey in hope waits day after day
For my answer.

I worship dusky velvets, the sheen of jewels rare;
An' if I marry Jaffrey, I'll never know a care.
What matter Jaffrey's age when I'm a lady fine,
An' if I marry Jaffrey his gleaming gold is mine.
Ah, me! ah, me! alack! a-well-a-day!
I canno' say yes, an' I will no' say nay!
So Jaffrey in hope, waits day after day
For my answer.

Hush, silly heart! Oh, hush! for Jaffrey loveth me;
An' if I marry Jaffrey a good wife I will be;
And love is but a fancy; there's many wed without;
An' when I marry Jaffrey, then love will come, no doubt.
Ah, me! ah, me! alack! a-well-a-day!
I surely will say yes, an' I never will say nay!
So Jaffrey, in hope, wait yet another day
For my answer.

Another day, another day, another day did bring,
Till gone the gloomy winter, till come the bright'ning spring;
The robins in the apple-tree have chosen each a mate,
And I have learned what true love means before it was too late.
Though Martin he is poor and the years may never come
Which will find us man and wife in our humble cottage home,—
Be the future as it may, my pathway is made plain,—
And now I know what true love means, I see the sin and shame,
The misery and sorrow for Jaffrey and for me,
The bitter, bitter, bitter wrong, if wedded we should be.
Ah, me! ah, me! alack! a-well-a-day!
I canno' say yes, an' I ever must say nay.
Go, Jaffrey, go! I canno' bid ye stay
For my answer.

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

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